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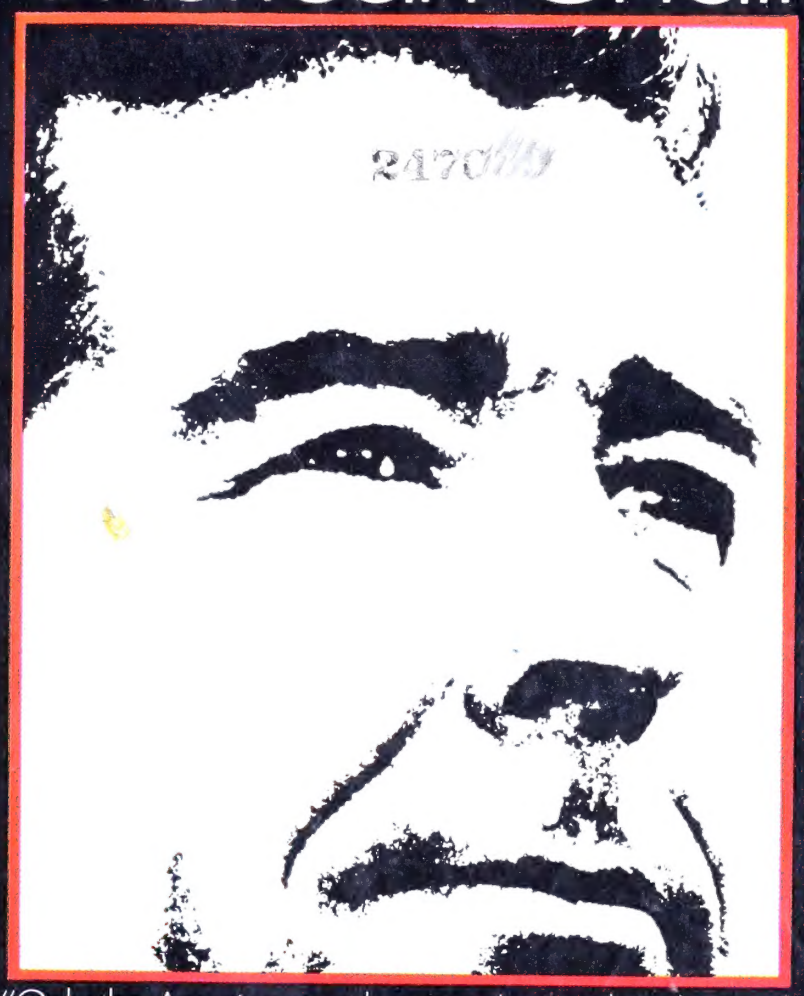
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Harper's

Magazine

J.-J. Servan-Schreiber
The American Challenge



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the opportunities created by the Common Market. The result
has been the economic invasion of Europe by the U. S. . . .
The present European generation has only a few years to decide between
restoring an autonomous European civilization or allowing Europe
to become a subsidiary of the United States."
From the Foreword by Arthur Schlesinger, jr.

d Halberstam: Travels with Bobby Kennedy

John Fowles/Larry L. King



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Vol. 237
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Harper's magazine

July
1968

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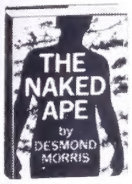
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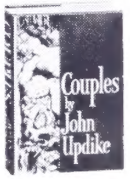
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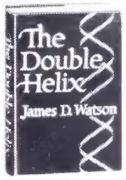
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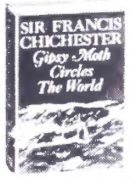
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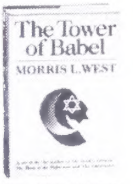
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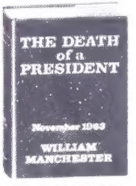
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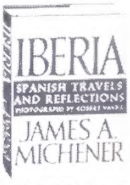
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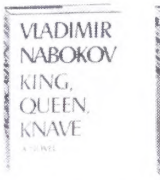
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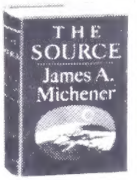


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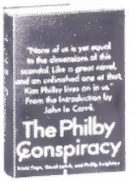
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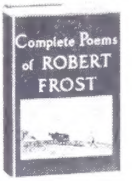
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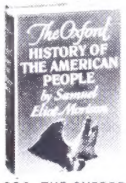
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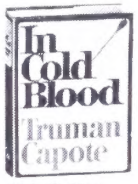
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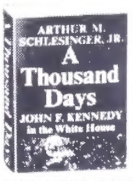
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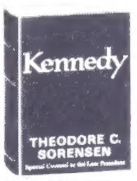
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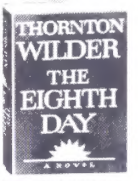
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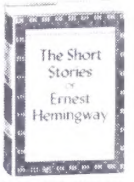
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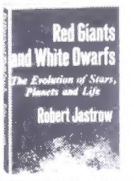
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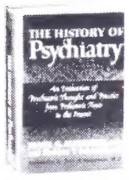
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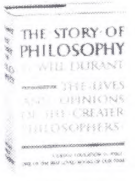
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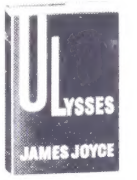
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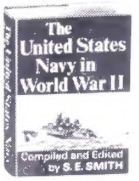
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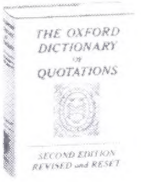
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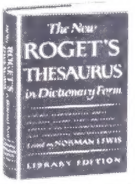
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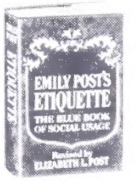
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Beginning with this issue, subscribers to *The Reporter* will receive *Harper's* in lieu of *The Reporter*. The June 13, 1968, issue of *The Reporter* was its last, but many of its major editorial features will be consolidated within our magazine.

Max Ascoli, who founded *The Reporter* and has been its editor and publisher, will join *Harper's* as a Consulting Editor; his articles and essays will appear regularly in these pages. Meg Greenfield, *The Reporter*'s Washington Editor, will head our Washington Bureau, and several of *The Reporter*'s foreign correspondents will be reporting regularly for *Harper's*.

In its nineteen years of publication, *The Reporter* left its mark on the thinking of many thousands of readers. As an experiment in adult journalism, it has made a unique contribution to this country and to America's role in the world. We welcome our new readers.

—The Editors

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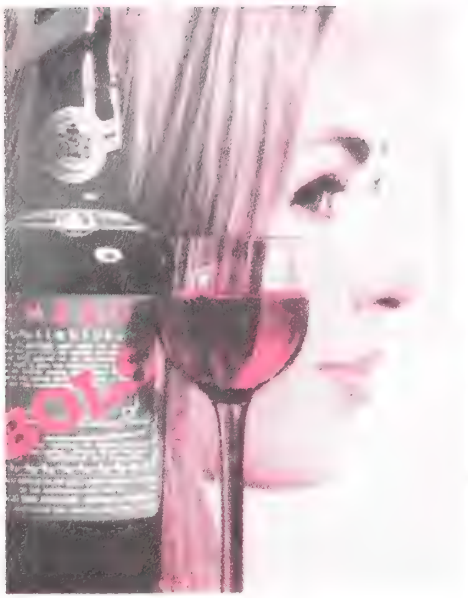
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Letters

Lawyers and Zealots

I have just finished reading Professor Joseph W. Bishop's article ["The Rev. Mr. Coffin, Dr. Spock, and the ACLU," May] and, between howls of laughter, thought several times that this is the intelligence, this is the attitude so desperately needed in today's brouhaha over not only the Spock-Coffin affair, but also many others which agitate us so much. Old Horace had the right idea—*ridentem dicere verum*—and if Professor Bishop or others like him can keep on telling the truth, laughing, we will laugh with them, and learn at the same time. . . . ROBERT A. CULLINS
Midland, Texas

The forthcoming trial in Boston of Dr. Benjamin Spock, Yale Chaplain Mr. Coffin, and three other defendants has been cheered by a large and vocal segment of the citizenry as the focal battleground on which to turn the prosecution into an indictment of the Johnson Administration's escalation of the war in Vietnam. Professor Bishop's article sets the pieces on the stage, not so much as an analysis of the legal complexities of the indictment as a slashing picture of a disruptive struggle within the American Civil Liberties Union over the kind or mode of forensic assistance to be offered to these defendants. . . . The article, as good copy, rather overplays what rumblings there were within the ACLU over the first decision of the Board to appear in the case in the more limited role of *amicus curiae*, leaving to the Union to select the specific issues for its support and the defendants free to range as far as they pleased.

The internal row was not whether the Spock group should be supported in their defense of a fundamental free speech right, for that was foregone from the day the indictment was filed. The question was one of strategy: how could their civil-liberties claims be most effectively asserted? The internal debate and noise were not between young and old of the Board, conservatives and radicals, advocates and opponents of the war in Vietnam.

What aroused the ire of civil libe tarians within and without the Unic was some egregiously bad press r porting, especially a column heade "ACLU Bars Help To Draft R sisters"—a flatly false statemen Protests did flow in, a second Boar meeting was held, the final decisio was, as Professor Bishop accuratel explains, to offer general represent tion to any of the five defendant Actually, each of the five already ha his hand-picked competent couns and it is an open question how muc an additional ACLU lawyer may b able to add.

We don't know what evidence th government will lay at the door o these men, what the rulings will b by the trial judge and on the appeal that are sure to follow. Some nev law may be made by the courts. Whe it is all over, the Union will still b going. ERNEST ANGEL
Chairman, ACL
New York, N.Y

. . . The impact of Joseph W. Bish op's article was soured by his snide ridiculing treatment of the Reveren William Sloane Coffin, especially hi judgments upon the Chaplain's quali fications as a cleric. Unless Professo Bishop is a defrocked priest, or very erudite, or simply did his Sunday school homework before writing the article, this treatment begins to strike the reader as a peek at some kind o Yale faculty personal feud. . . .

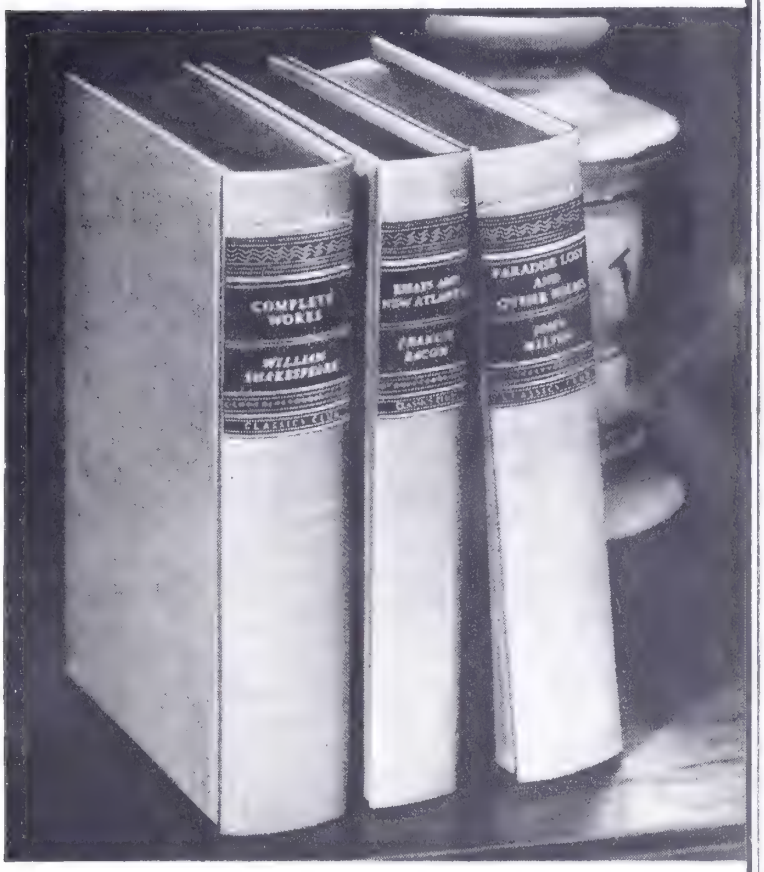
PIRIE M. GAL
Washington, D.C

Professor Bishop attributes to me among other things, the view "that the war in Vietnam is not only un constitutional but illegal and im moral." While my views as to the morality of the war are not a matte of record, it happens that within the ACLU I have opposed any attack on the constitutionality or legality of the war. . . .

On the other hand my zeal for hav ing the ACLU provide direct defense for the Reverend Mr. Coffin, Dr Spock, and others facing similar charges has been considerable. Pro fessor Bishop himself acknowledges

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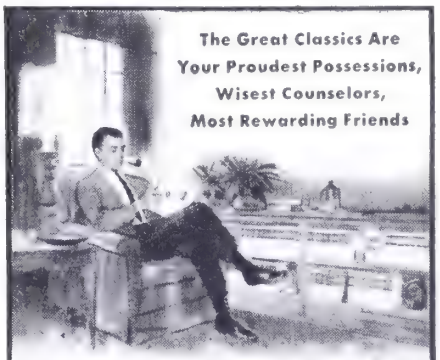
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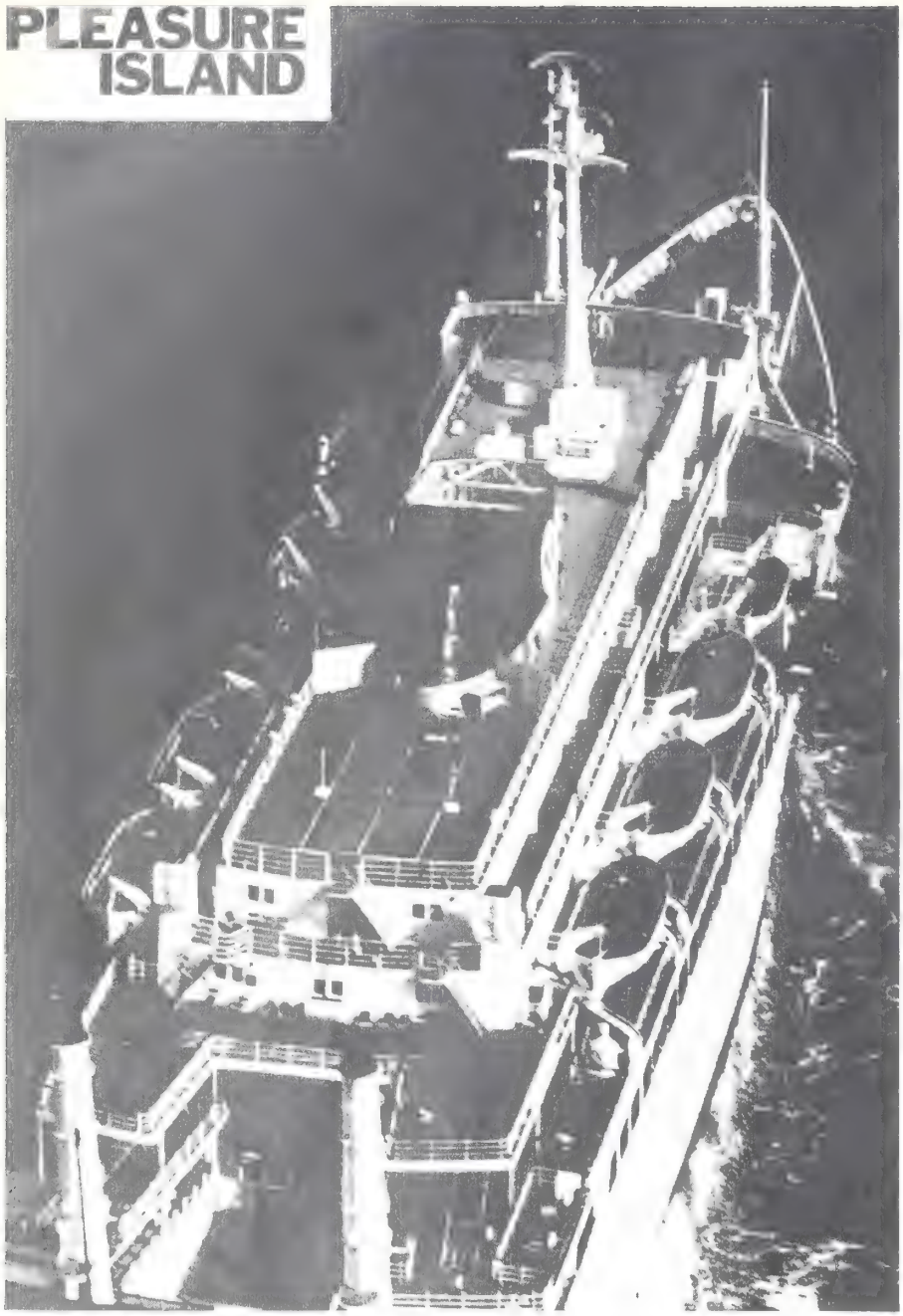
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LETTERS

that he "personally believes that Dr. Spock and the Reverend Mr. Coffin have not exceeded those freedoms which the First Amendment allows them." Same here. It would be peculiarly sad to see Spock-Coffin *et al* abandoned by the American Civil Liberties Union because of a fear that extraneous issues may be dragged into their court cases.

Having set forth the basis for my zeal, please note that it carries rather less weight than suggested by Professor Bishop. Neither I nor any of those grouped with me as zealots by Professor Bishop are members of the ACLU's national Board of Directors; the 75 persons who do serve on that body tend to be of an independent cast of mind. While it won't suit those who delight in finding conspiracies, if Professor Bishop had cared to be a bit more painstaking in his research, the most sinister explanation for the ACLU Board's decision to side with us zealots that he would have found is that a majority of the ACLU is similarly zealous in its devotion to the First Amendment.

ARYEH NEIER
Executive Director, NYCLU
New York, N.Y.

Professor Bishop's essay on Coffin, Spock, and the ACLU purports to examine the controversy within the ACLU exacerbated by the offer of counsel to the indictees; the result is little more than meandering potshots and a conclusion belied by his own professions.

Bishop is obviously distressed by the sympathy expressed among ACLU "activists" toward the Spock-Coffin condemnation of the war. How is this relevant as long as ACLU participation is justified—as he admits—by the "free speech" issue?

Action only as *amicus curiae* would leave the ACLU untainted: the public would misinterpret ACLU counsel to the defendants as an endorsement of their views—which seems to be Bishop's principal concern. Does he advocate ACLU counsel only in "Bill of Rights" cases that are popular or perfectly "clean?" His personal distaste for the style and politics of the Resistance has led to *his* abandonment of civil-liberties principles—not the ACLU. CAPT. DALE E. NOYD
Cannon Air Force Base
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LETTERS

Professor Bishop instructs us that "Most human institutions and activities come not in black and white, but in lighter and darker shades of gray." (Gad, I wish I'd said that!) Yet his main conclusion in the article is based on the same black-and-white analysis that he criticizes. In his view, there are only two kinds of people in the ACLU who participated in the decision regarding the Spock case—the "constitutionalists" (the good guys, with whom Professor Bishop agrees) and the "zealots" (the bad guys, with whom he disagrees). He should have discovered, and should have reported, that the differences in view were not that clear and simple.

For example, along with the constitutionalists who opposed the ACLU's direct representation of Spock and the others, there were also those who were concerned primarily with public relations. They feared that direct representation, even for sound civil-liberties reasons, might be misinterpreted as signifying that the ACLU has become the captive of the peace movement. Professor Bishop's simplistic analysis justified their fears.

On the other hand, along with the "zealots" were those who are convinced that crucial civil-liberties issues are presented by an unconstitutional war and by a grossly inequitable and discriminatory draft system that compels service in such a war.

MONROE H. FREEDMAN
Professor, National Law Center
George Washington University
Washington, D.C.

. . . Professor Bishop's gratuitous characterization of the "New Clergy" as bereft of intellects of the first order is highly insulting to a number of the finest thinkers of the twentieth century. Although his age might disqualify him from membership in the "New Clergy," his public identification with the same causes espoused by Coffin should place Dr. Abraham Joshua Heschel in this category as he is certainly one of the outstanding theologians of this or any other age.

The professor apparently would have us contemporary preachers dealing with witches, evil spirits, a man's eternal soul, to the exclusion of any concern with man's status in the here and now. Having preached from a modern pulpit for the past fifteen years, I can assure Professor Bishop that none of the divines referred to by him would have the temerity to deal exclusively with the subjects that they did in their day in the modern pulpit. Perhaps Professor Bishop would be more comfortable in Battell Chapel on Sunday morning if the Rev. Mr. Coffin would deal with the irrelevancies he suggests. That the religion he would be subjected to would fit into his preconceived idea of something which should not impinge upon the daily life of a man. . . .

RABBI MARTIN I. SILVERMAN
Temple Mizpah
Chicago, Ill.

Male and Female

I hasten to send my congratulations to Marion K. Sanders for her article "The Sex Crusaders from Missouri" [May]. As for the term "counter-revolutionary," I also have sensed, in bull sessions with several male counterrevolutionaries, and especially with one writer I know well, that the root of counterrevolutionism in males is the lack of responsiveness of their female partners; but I never have found an acceptable way of saying it. I'm very glad she said it, and said it so effectively. Ordinarily, I find this *ad hominem* sort of argument objectionable; a man who advances

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LETTERS

rational point of view should be met on his own ground rather than having his point of view "explained" in terms of his sexual problems. But the case here is so obvious, and the male counterrevolutionaries themselves are so obviously talking about their own experience, and they are so plaintive in asking for assurance that the fault is in Masters and Johnson rather than in their wives or mistresses, as to warrant a suspension of the general taboo against *ad hominem* argument.

I suspect that female counterrevolutionaries are different. I don't think their stance can be traced to embitterment over the "denial of their Freudian birthright," since I know women thus embittered who are nevertheless far from counterrevolutionary, and who hope to bring up their daughters differently. In fact, while I know some Puritan women and some women who devalue sex for a variety of reasons, I'm not sure I know even one who is a counterrevolutionary in the sense in which Mrs. Sanders has introduced this valuable term. . . .

EDWARD M. BRECHER
West Cornwall, Conn.

Marion K. Sanders' article made a most unfortunate comparison of the funds available for the Masters and Johnson project with those available to the Salk Institute for Biological Studies. She referred to the latter as a "lavishly endowed research center." The fact is the Salk Institute is operating at a deficit and only substantial private contributions will alleviate the situation. . . .

GEORGE P. VOSS
Vice-Pres., National Foundation-March of Dimes

MARION SANDERS REPLIES:

The Masters-Johnson operation is small-scale indeed in comparison with the monumental Salk Institute which I visited a few years ago. Obviously it will take vast sums to operate the latter and I regret my error in assuming they were at hand.

Columbia and Watts

In view of the recent tumult at Columbia University, in which as a graduate student I have been peripherally involved, Midge Decter's article, "Anti-Americanism in America," [April] is disturbingly pertinent. The sense of isolation, frustration, and impotence that many of us feel in the face of obviously irresponsible rebellion for morally defensible cause has been heightened to a painful intensity. . . .

Just as the Watts riots in Los Angeles made it clear that such destructive action does achieve an amelioration of the abominable condition prevailing in that community, so has the student rebellion at Columbia demonstrated that only by such action could the construction of the gym that robbed the Harlem community of parkland be stopped. It would seem that only by flouting law, by disrupting community life, by violating the rights of the majority of a population . . . can sufficient pressure be brought to bear upon a complacent and morally anesthetized Establishment.

The lesson to be drawn from such incidents, however, is not that violence or confrontation politics are the means to be embraced to achieve admirable ends. The cost is too high. While applauding the community projects nervously instituted in the wake of the Los Angeles riots, while applauding the cessation of the gym's construction, many like myself deplore the means by which such achievements were made, and look with fear and foreboding at the consequences for our society that such a style of action promises. . . .

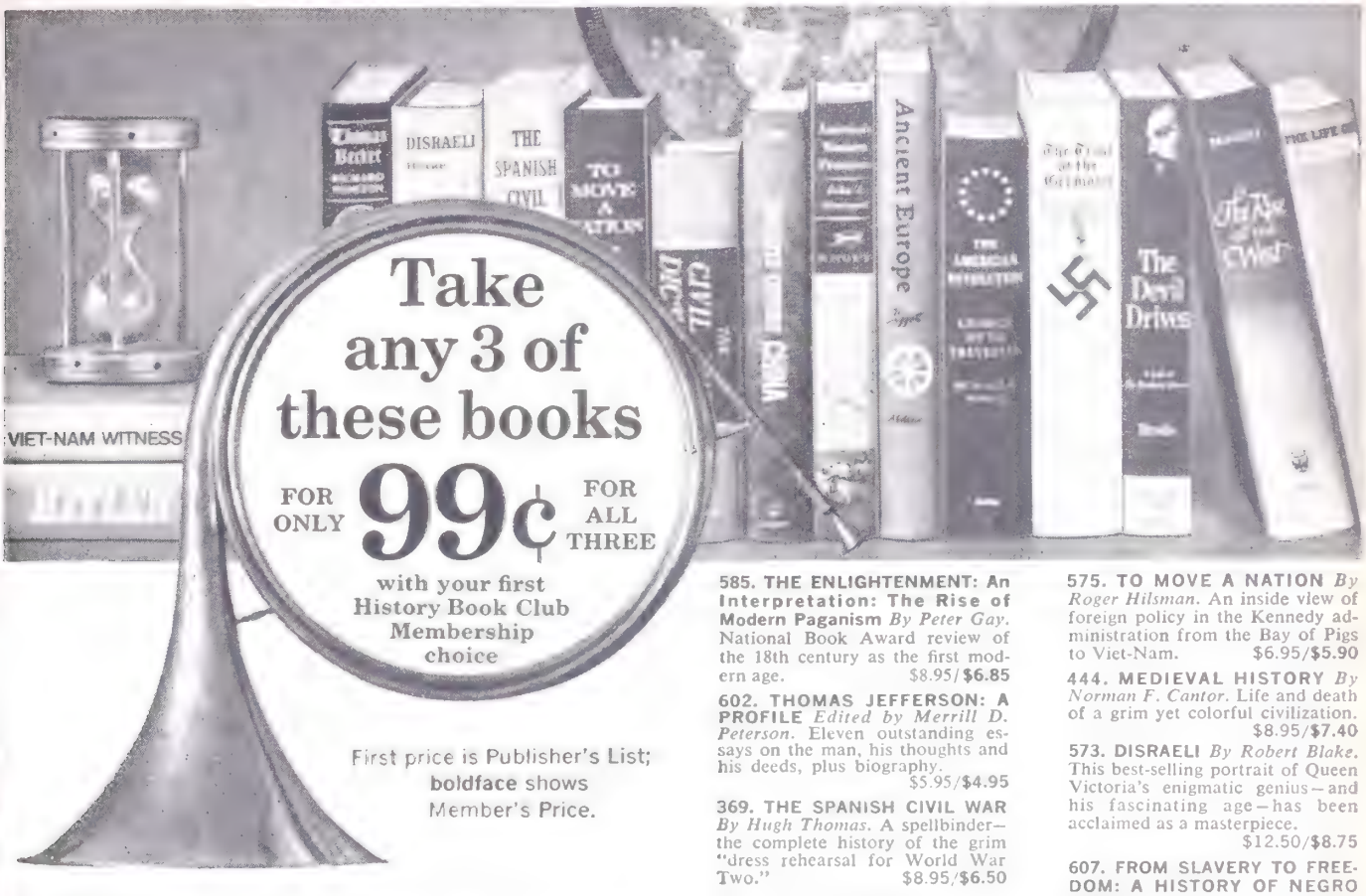
KARIN BERGSTROM
Graduate student, English
Columbia University
New York, N.Y.

Correction

Harper's otherwise excellent treatment of my article "Conversations with Konrad Lorenz" [May] contained three confusing typographical errors, one of which rendered Dr. Lorenz' meaning completely incomprehensible. In his reference to Robert Ardrey on page 73, Dr. Lorenz is quoted as saying that "Ardrey is much more scientific than Arthur Koestler, because he [Ardrey] confines himself to the population of what he really knows." This should have read "to the *popularization* of what he really knows."

EDWARD R. F. SHEEHAN
Paris, France

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The Easy Chair *by John Fischer*

IMAGINARY MEMOS

To: Fidel Castro
From: The Joint Denunciation Committee of the New Left

Dear Fidel, you fink:

In the name of Che, Ho Chi Minh, and Herbert Marcuse, we demand that you resign immediately. Moreover, by a vote of 7 to 2 (Rap Brown abstaining) we recommend that you soak yourself in gasoline and strike a match, in partial atonement for your betrayal of the revolution.

We refer, of course, to your decree of April 3, placing Havana University under Army discipline, instituting compulsory military training, and forbidding students to wear beards, moustaches, tight pants, and long hair. This order desecrates the symbols of heroic youth. It also flouts the principles which unite, in a way, our movement. After all, it was you who taught us—in the days when you were a true revolutionist—to believe in hairiness and anti-discipline, however much we differ on everything else.

Now we are appalled to see you behaving in an even more reactionary fashion than the arch-demon, President Grayson Kirk of Columbia. When our storm troops sacked his office and occupied his university buildings, he merely had us removed, after a week of agonized pleading and negotiation; he never dreamed of threatening us with barbers and compulsory ROTC.

We can only conclude, therefore, that you have sold out to the CIA and joined the corrupt conspiracy of deans, parents, and big business. We denounce you as a renegade, revisionist, agent of American imperialism, and—since your own beard is still intact—a bourgeois hypocrite to boot.

In view of the gasoline shortage in Cuba, we are forwarding under separate cover two gallons of high-octane Super Shell.

Burn, baby, burn.

To: Prime Minister Harold Wilson
From: Lyndon B. Johnson

My dear Harold:

I read with excitement and relief the recent advertisement in the London *Times*, signed by four hundred British scientists and engineers, who suggested an international supersonic nonaggression pact. Those boys have come up with a splendid idea, which could do you and me a lot of good.

As we both know, they are absolutely right in describing the supersonic transport as a "disaster for the public and aviation." If the damn thing ever gets in the air, it obviously will "degrade and destroy our environment," just as your scientists claim. So does Lady Bird. She has this thing about nature and beauty and all, and she keeps asking me do I want to leave the world a dirtier place than I found it. She must have reminded me a hundred times that the SST will dump tons of hydrocarbon exhaust fumes into the atmosphere on every flight. This we don't need here, since the smoke from burning ghettos makes it pretty hard to breathe already. Besides it is always noisy around Washington in an election year, and the additional racket from those supersonic booms would be more than I could take.

Like you, I'm having a little budget trouble again, so I hate to waste a couple of billion—maybe a lot more—on this SST project. God knows, I could use the money in plenty of other places—like feeding hungry kids and rebuilding our slums and hiring school teachers. And neither you nor I really wanted to get stuck with that project in the first place. Who needs it? The aviation lobby, of course; but since I'm not running and you're probably going to get licked anyway, we can now afford to tell the plane lobbyists to go holler up a tailpipe.

Let's face it, Harold, the real reason why we got suckered into this SST business was plain fright. We Americans (a few of us, anyhow) were scared we might look bad if England developed the plane first, and your people were afraid their technological lag would look worse than ever if they didn't. National prestige was what worried us both—which is okay, I guess, in normal times. But these days, can either of us afford it?

Your scientists have come up with the only idea that will ever get us out of this bind. Why don't you and I sign that treaty they suggested? Specifically, I promise that the United States will stop all work on the Boeing SST (which seems to be in trouble anyway) as of next Monday night, if you will close down your Concorde project. Is it a deal?

P.S. Yes, I know that some loudmouths—in Congress and in Parliament—are going to start whooping that the Russians will beat both of us to it. There's always one in every crowd. Personally I doubt that old Kosygin is any more eager than you and I to dribble away his money on such a harebrained toy. But if he wants to squander his rubles that way, let him do it. He'll need all the prestige he can get when the first supersonic boom knocks the windows out of the Kremlin.

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To: Mr. Homer McK. Perkins
From: The Personnel Officer, The Wishwell, Hanky & Fitz Agency

To begin with, let me assure you that the senior executives here view your application with considerable favor. Your academic record is more than adequate. The articles you did for the Harvard *Crimson* are vividly written, particularly your report on the love-in at Radcliffe library and the editorial entitled "Is Pusey Dead?" The fact that you (unlike so many recent graduates who apply here) dressed for your interview in a clean button-down shirt made a sound impression. Indeed, our Creative Director took it to be an indication of the originality and bold thinking which we value so highly. Moreover, your refusal of a third martini at the Test Lunch suggested a certain maturity, which some of the elder statesmen of our profession might well envy.

It is true that we were rather taken aback by your insistence on a starting salary of $35,000; but on reflection we realized that it demonstrated the *chutzpah* which is so essential to success on Madison Avenue, plus a clear understanding of the ideals of the industry.

In candor, however, I must tell you that we are concerned about one deficiency: how come no beard? We do not, of course, insist on conformity. To the contrary, we encourage all of our staff to express their own individual personalities freely, if not with abandon, through such media as lavender haberdashery, Alfa Romeo convertibles, and five-ounce lapis lazuli cuff links. The spirit of swinging, offbeat bravura which we seek to attain in our copy naturally is reflected in the personal style of our creative personnel.

On the other hand, you are aware that this agency hires only geniuses—and how could our clients tell that you are a genius if you don't have a beard? Consequently, if you are serious about a career with W. H. & F., I strongly suggest that you cultivate at least minimal whiskers before you report for work on July 15. A small LeRoi Jones-type goatee would do, although it is my duty to point out that the full-blown Franz-Josef mutton-chop model, with sideburns, is very big just now among rising young account executives.

We are looking forward to many years of happy and profitable association.

To: Professor Adolph Kornhauser
From: Alice Gibbons O'Rory

Thank you for writing me about your study of "Some Aspects of the Psychosociological Nexus of Contemporary Fiction." I appreciated your reference to me as "one of America's leading novelists," and I shall of course be glad to cooperate by answering the seven-page questionnaire you enclosed with your letter. Given enough time and imagination, I feel I can produce a rather interesting document in response to your queries about my childhood traumas, early love affairs, and the real-life models for each of the characters in my novels.

As you will understand, time and imagination are a novelist's stock-in-trade. When I use them in filling out questionnaires, I naturally have to suspend work on my current book. And, since I am now receiving an average of four questionnaires a week from market analysts, graduate students, public-opinion surveyors, and assorted social scientists, I have not been able to write a line for six months.

Because novelists do not have access to the generous foundation grants which finance projects such as yours, this situation raises a serious financial problem. I have solved it in the only way possible—that is, by charging a modest fee (payable in advance) for my time spent in questionnaire-answering. It is based on the standard $25-an-hour scale, which I understand is customary for professional people such as psychoanalysts, plumbers, and the cheaper sort of lawyer. My estimate for your job comes to $2,800. I shall be glad to start work as soon as I receive your check.

To: Mrs. J. Willoughby Carson
From: The Dean of Students

I fully sympathize with your distress about Junior's arrest and imprisonment, and I am glad to tell you that his injuries are not serious. When he bit one of the arresting officers and kicked the other in the groin, they regrettably lost their tempers; but I am informed that the stitches in his scalp will not show, and that a reasonable amount of bridgework will make his mouth practically as good as new.

His formal education will be interrupted, of course, during the six months he will be spending at hard labor on the state prison farm, but I think you will agree with me that the time will not be wasted. We should regard his present experience as an important—indeed, an essential—part of his education.

When Junior arrived at the university he was a typical product of the child-rearing theories popular about twenty years ago among upper-middle-class parents of your generation. That is, he was brought up on the principle that the natural impulses of the child should never, under any circumstances, be frustrated. Conse

June 6, 1968

Today, as this issue went to press, Senator Robert Kennedy died in Los Angeles. In the last four and one half years, Americans have witnessed the murder of three of our most resourceful and courageous leaders, men who stood before the international community as symbols of America's best and most enduring qualities.

On page 61 we present David Halberstam's "Travels with Bobby Kennedy." Timing made it impossible for us to revise this article in the light of the events in Los Angeles, but we believe Halberstam captures certain aspects of Senator Kennedy's character and personality which make his report both relevant and timeless.

On the day Senator Kennedy was shot, Arthur Schlesinger, jr. said in the commencement address at the City University of New York: "We can no longer regard hatred and violence as accidents and aberrations, as nightmares which will pass away when we awake. We must see them as organic in our national past; we must confront them; we must uncover the roots of hatred and violence and, through self-knowledge, move towards self-control."

—*The editors*

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quently he was accustomed to getting anything he asked for; and he soon learned that if gratification wasn't forthcoming, a tantrum would produce it instantly.

"Compromise" was a concept he had never encountered, and when it was explained to him that it involved accommodating his own desires to the needs of other people, he immediately denounced it as evil. We find this a commonplace reaction among our more violent young radicals. They tend to equate "compromise" with "sellout," and to conclude that any institution which works by reconciling the interests of different people and pressure groups must be inherently corrupt. Naturally, too, they tend to regard anyone who disagrees with them as not only stupid, but wicked. This is doubly true of any older person in a position of authority who does not grant all their demands forthwith. In their eyes he is a father-figure who does not behave in the proper—*i.e.*, permissive—fatherly pattern.

We can readily understand, therefore, the behavior of Junior and his fellow members of Students for a Democratic Society when the Trustees refused to resign and to hand over the university endowment to the SDS Revolutionary Action Committee. Their first reaction was one of stunned disbelief. They next decided that such a corrupt and unresponsive institution had to be destroyed—or, in their terminology, "disrupted." In accordance with the tactics they had learned from infancy, they then threw a tantrum in the Board of Trustees meeting room. The subsequent events you already know.

It may comfort you to look at the matter in this light: at some point Junior had to learn that he will not be living in a permissive world that the universe does not run on Spockian principles. He also was bound to meet somebody, sooner or later, who responds to disruption by disrupting right back.

Since he had to get busted someday, you may feel that the sooner it happened the better. Scalp wounds do heal more quickly at an early age. Of course it might have been better—or at least less painful—if he had learned these unavoidable lessons as a two-year-old; but it's too late for you to think about that now.

To: The Smithsonian Institution
From: Margaret Mead

This is my final report on Sub-Project 362-K in our American Folk Habit Series: A Brief Anthropological Inquiry into Male-Female Intercommunication.

Our investigations disclosed that in this respect American males and females behave very much like their counterparts on the Manuan and Trobriand Islands. That is, we observed no difficulty in communication between single males and single females; they usually establish rapport with dizzying, and often disastrous, promptitude. However, when men and women gather together, in approximately equal numbers, in groups of four to twenty, we noted that the conversation quickly splits along sex lines. By the time the second drink is served, all the men are clustered in one corner of the room and the women in another. In extreme cases (87 out of the 192 instances recorded) the men migrated to the kitchen, under the pretext of looking for more ice, and the women convened in the bathroom. Here, again, the group dynamics process appears to be similar to that which I observed some years ago in the South Pacific.

It is noteworthy that parallel studies in the British Isles produced results which are not inconsistent. With their instinct for formality, the English achieve the same kind of sex segregation by a more structured procedure. The men of the upper socioeconomic groups tolerate the presence of women at dinner, but at the end of the meal they drive the females into the living room, while the men remain around the dinner table to talk and drink port, a red, sweetish liquid traditionally used in British upper-class ceremonials. The lower socioeconomic groups practice a variant form of this ritual. After dinner both sexes usually proceed to the nearest pub, where the men assemble around the dart board in the main room while the women are enclosed in the Saloon Bar. (On rare occasions men have been observed in a Saloon Bar, but invariably they turned out to be Americans who had wandered in through ignorance of local custom.) The ceremonial after-dinner drink among the lower classes is a warm, flat, slightly alcoholic variety of beer, brown in color. Port is taboo

(It might be fruitful to investigate whether other red-colored beverages also are forbidden to the British lower classes—a distinct possibility, since red has long been associated in these islands with royalty and aristocracy, as in uniforms of the better regiments, stuffing in The Crown, sidewalk carpets at noble weddings, fox hunters' jackets, etc. Conversely, brown seems to be associated with the working class, as in the soups, stews, and tea which form a major part of their diet, the cloth caps of the men, women's dresses, parlor decor, etc. The foregoing remarks are submitted merely as an insight, which might warrant further systematic study if funding can be obtained from the National Science Foundation.)

There appear to be two reasons for the self-segregation of the sexes in mixed gatherings, at least among Anglo-Saxons:

1. In all such gatherings one female is designated as "the hostess." Her duty is to watch carefully the behavior of other participants ("the guests") and, whenever she notices two or more of them engaged in serious conversation for more than five consecutive minutes, to break it up. This she does by insisting, pleasantly but firmly, that the conversants move to another part of the room and start talking with somebody else. For reasons I am unable to ascertain, during the early stages of the ceremonial the guests almost invariably obey, except for an occasional belligerent drunk.

After being thus chivied by the hostess for approximately half-an-hour, the men naturally grow morose and draw together for self-protection. A favorite formation is a tight half-circle around the bar, shoulder-to-shoulder and backs turned to the females on the opposite side of the room. They can then plausibly pretend that they do not hear the hostess when she commands them to break it up.

2. A separate, though perhaps related, reason for the observed phenomenon is that the purpose of group conversation among American males and females is entirely different. Our investigation on this point was conducted with modern electronic equipment, including microphones hidden in cocktail olives and bras, bugged ashtrays, and a long-range listening

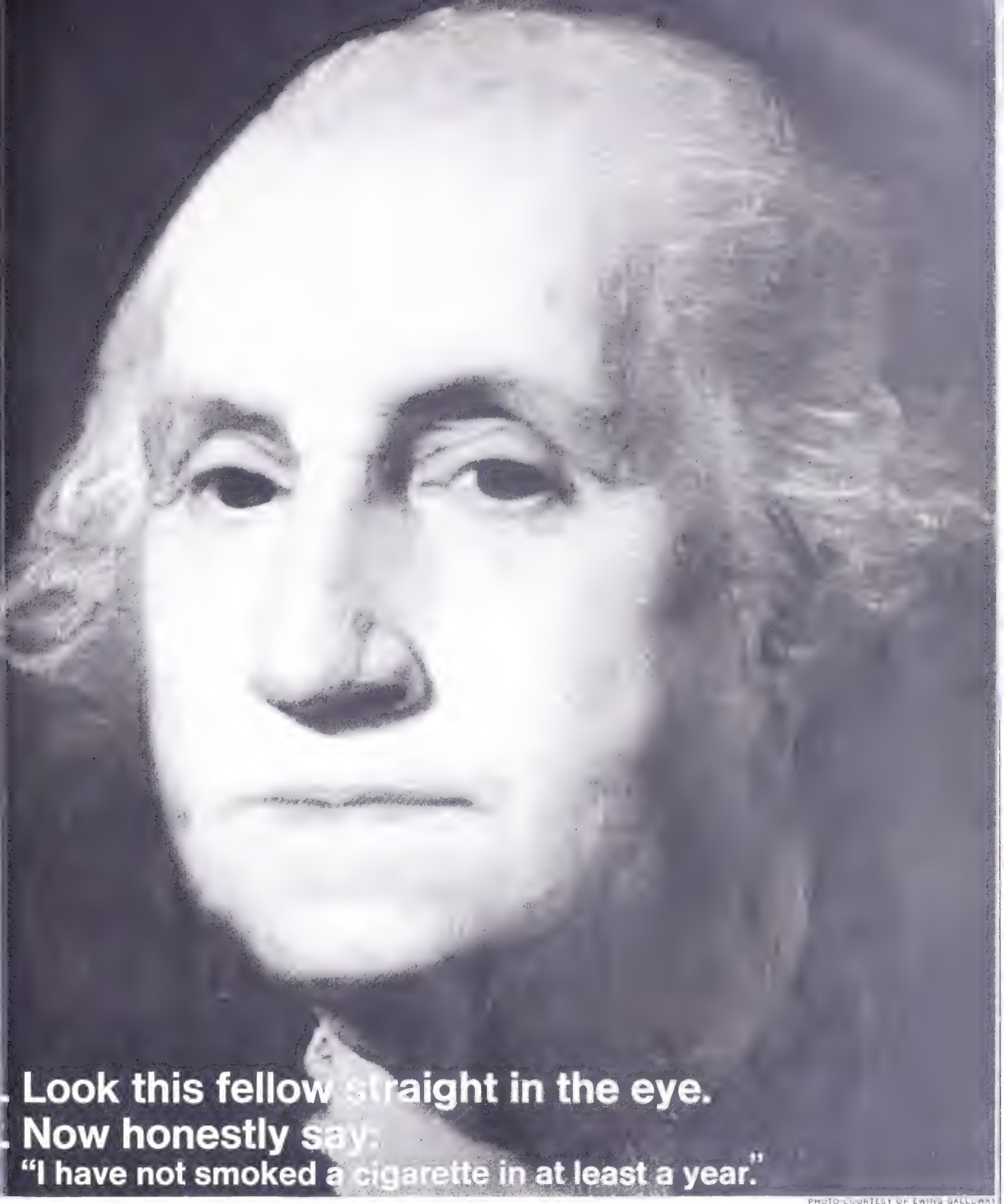


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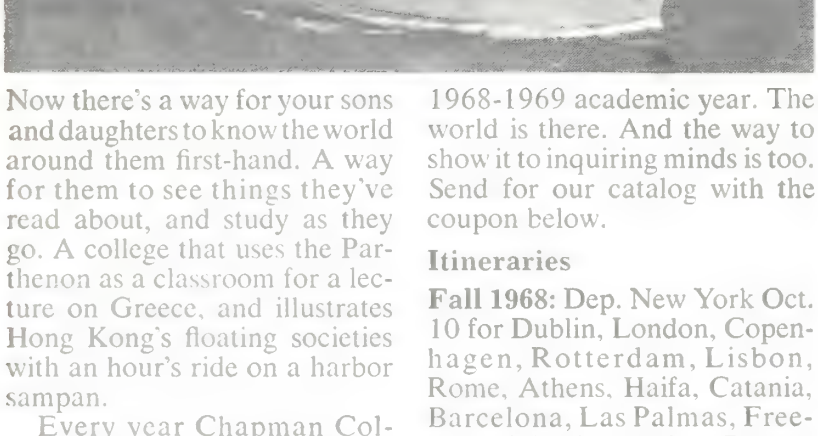
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We found that American m predominantly engage in conve tion among themselves for the p pose of exchanging informat mostly statistical. Of the 286 con sations overheard, 79.3 per cent w concerned almost entirely with l ting averages, mileage per gal stock-market prices, veiled bragg about respective incomes, taxes, e tion predictions, and feminine dim sions. The information exchan often was trivial, misinformed, patently false; but nevertheless w a man asked a question, or respon to one, he purported to be dealing fact, or at least some sort of nar tive.

Intercommunication among males, however, exhibited little gard for information, and a disti negative correlation with statist In 82 per cent of the instan studied, when a woman was c fronted with a figure she didn't h it, misunderstood it, promptly for it, or recollected it simply as "a lion." The exceptions were figures lated to department-store prices the bodily weight of feminine quaintances. Moreover, women ir group displayed marked inattent to whoever happened to be speaki at the moment (often several once), presumably because each them was thinking what she was ing to say next.

We concluded that the purpose female conversation, in group gath ings, is not to exchange informati but to create a mood. Generally th seem most satisfied when the decil count is moderately high, the tone pitched in the upper register, t content is nonconsecutive, and wh giggles or excited exclamations occ at the rate of not less than three minute. On the other hand, all them (especially "the hostess") sh signs of uneasiness when the conve sation becomes quiet, serious, co secutive, or heated. In either cas they appear to pay little attention what is actually said, so long as t ambient mood is sufficiently cheerf and animated.

The males present naturally do understand this, and therefore treat into the formation noted earli for the consecutive exchange of st tistical data, in a generally quiet b occasionally heated tone of voice.

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After Hours *by Russell Lynes*



DIRTY WORDS

Possibly it is a reaction against the prevalence of four-letter words in literature today, but there is a kind of dirty language that has become part of common parlance that seems to me far more pernicious than just plain - - - - ! Four-letter words, whatever one may think of their general use in fiction (where they mostly occur), at least have very specific meanings and convey images or ideas or situations that are at once graphic and precise, and often emphatic. The dirty words to which I object are befouling conversation and nonfiction and most especially the conversation and prose of what is presumed to be the educated community. They are substitutes for thought, most of them, or, to put it another way, they exude a mist which rises between a speaker and his listener so that all that can be perceived through it is a kind of fuzz. Some of the words to which I refer unquestionably meant something once, but they are now used to create an aura of sense, not sense itself.

But let me be meaningful.

If you know what I mean by *meaningful*, you know more than I do. It is one of those words that sounds as though it were loaded and when you fire it the noise is impressive but the blood it draws is none. A "meaningful" conversation in my experience is one from which both parties withdraw, each convinced that the other said nothing but that he himself said something profound. A "meaningful" experience sometimes seems to be one in which the emotions have been stirred but the precise meaning of the situation escapes one. If the word serves any useful function at all it is as a cover-up for indecision. To some persons, for example, looking at a sculpture of a goat by Picasso is a pleasure, to others it is a joke or disgusting; to those who don't know what they think it is a "meaningful experience." One never has to make up one's mind about what is meaningful; the word does it for one.

Some of the dirty words come in pairs like *creative* and *constructive*, both of which are examples of what happens to perfectly nice words when they fall into bad company. "Creative people" are not what you would think; they are not painters, sculptors, choreographers, poets, novelists, or composers, all of whom are artists. Creative people do "constructive" thinking in advertising agencies and in editorial offices and let somebody else worry about the costs. "Creative" people, indeed, do "constructive" thinking which, at its very best, is "meaningful."

One of the ways of promoting creative thinking in both business and bureaucracy today is a method analogous to getting blood from a stone known in the gutter slang of our time as *brainstorming*. It involves another dirty word which I think it necessary to define at once because it is impossible to talk the argot of today without using it. The word is *dialogue*. Private individuals may still have conversations or they may talk things over, but scholars, public servants, foundation executives, radio and television commentators (if you'll excuse the expression), and "generations" indulge in what is usually referred to in the singular as a "dialogue." A dialogue rarely happens between two persons.* A dialogue is an attempt to relieve a situation defined by another cliché known as *lack of communication*. But before we consider "communication," which has a special darkness of its own, let us dispose of "brainstorming," which is the miscellaneous use of untrained and undisciplined brains engaged in a dialogue hoping to produce something that is

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Mr. Lynes is the author of "A Surfeit of Honey" and other books, and is now working on a book about American art, artists, and architecture of the nineteenth century—one of the volumes planned for the centennial of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in 1970.

*Harper's published a notable "Dialogue Between Generations" last October, in which the generations were represented by five old hands and four students.

eaningful. It assumes that even the mest brain under pressure—perhaps ecause it is a nerve (or *nerve center,* phrase now commonly used in the ommunications business and other ıdustries to indicate the office where ıe public-relations department keeps ıanagement from making a public ool of itself)—can produce a *sensitive esponse.*

Recently there appeared in the *New ork Times* a report of a young lady ho had got in trouble with the au-ıorities at Barnard College because ıe was discovered to be living off-ampus with a Columbia College unior. She said she had gone to the ffice of Barnard's president, but eclared, "I just couldn't communi-ate with her. She seemed insensi-ve."

There in a single statement is the ub of the problem commonly re-erred to as "the failure of communi-ation between generations," which s a newly devised verbal weapon used y the young when they do not wish admit that they know what their lders are talking about but in fact ıow quite well, and used by the old to ıield themselves from having to other. Almost the simplest definition f "communication" is that it is some-ıing that doesn't happen between enerations because of the *generation ap.* (See below for a study of the im-ortance of the "gap" in modern so-ety and politics.) Lack of communi-ation between generators, however, not communication's only kind of ck. It is the lack of communication etween those who are sensitive and ıose who are insensitive which keeps ıe generations from being unified.

I can remember back to the time hen *sensitive* was frequently used to ean touchy, chip-on-shoulder, easily ounded, and when *insensitive* meant ick-skinned, Philistine, boorish, and as frequently applied by nonathletes athletes and by English professors scientists. Now a sensitive person one who sees things as I do, and an nsensitive person is one who doesn't ke the things I like and sees no eason to struggle to like them. This especially true in relation to the rts, but it also applies, as in the case the Barnard girl, to mores. There , however, another use of the word hich cannot be overlooked by anyone ho reads book reviews. It is the

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equivalent of inertia, in the sense that the sensitive novel is one in which almost nothing happens but in which the characters (and most especially the one who represents the novelist him- or herself) vibrates with reaction to a situation which is essentially static and which nobody can do anything to change.

People who make a great many other people feel sensitive in the current (and I contend bawdy) use of the word are, as I do not need to remind you, *charismatic*. I sometimes wonder as I listen to my acquaintances, read the press, and hear wise men explain the world on television, how we managed to communicate meaningfully at all until someone a few years ago propelled the ancient word "charisma" into current slang. Now if you haven't charisma you haven't spiritual or political *it*, which was a simpler word in use in the 'twenties to mean much the same thing, except that "it" had the added attraction of *sex appeal*, another phrase that is all but extinct. It is as necessary for the political analyst to use "charisma" today as it is for the political aspirant to incorporate it in his (here's another) *ambience*.* If you can project your charisma in the right ambience you have achieved a position so invulnerable as to leave no room for dialogue, a situation for which we have invented another meaningful phrase, *credibility gap*.

I said we would come to the importance of "gap" to our society. Gap is a three-letter word, though it has the impertinence of a four-letter word. (Gap certainly sounds like ----, for example.) Used with the word credibility, it once may have had some meaning, but it has come to be an epithet and a slogan. Presumably it means the difference between the truth as "they" see it and the truth as "we" see it. There used to be a word "prevarication" which is no more cumbersome than "credibility gap" and suggests much the same thing. Prevarication, a minor kind of camouflage, has always been a part of daily life . . . a state of nature, you might say. Women lie about their age, men about their incomes, children about their marks in school, politicians about their intentions, and girls about their virginity. This is merely p varication. I would call the distar between the knees and the hem o miniskirt a genuine credibility ga

Outside the ambience of politi affairs, and the *ambivalence* (n *there's* one!) of political pundi there are some phrases so benight that I hesitate to mention them in t family magazine. Look upon t phrase "environmental management for example, and blush for your n tive tongue. I am told that putti background music in an art galle (or a dairy barn) is "e - - - - - - - - - m - - - - - - - - -." There is no langua so slovenly as that which is invent to make trades seem like profession There is, indeed, a low expression f this process—to *upgrade*. "Upgra ing" is frequently a matter of co cealing a plain fact with a fanc phrase. I remember a tooth powd that used to carry on its container t legend, "also efficacious for cleansin artificial dentures."

Words like *empathize* and *ecume ism*, which we got along without pe fectly well a few years ago, now fa like showers of commas into the mos innocent conversations. I am not sur that to "empathize with" somebod is much worse than to "identify with him, except for the sound reason tha "to identify" is a respectable ver and "to empathize" is a noun that ha lost its moorings. "Ecumenism," which used to have a certain theologi cal standing, is rapidly becoming synonym for "cool it, boys, let's ge together." Even so, these two bits o intellectualistic slang are preferabl to certain other clichés so commonly heard as to be allowed to befoul the language almost unnoticed. No study today is worth its salt unless it is *in depth;* no memorandum can be taken seriously unless it is a *position paper;* and everyone is at sea until he is *orientated*. No man takes a stand any more; he *assumes a posture* or a *stance*, soft words for soft convictions. I have even heard it said that no head of a family deserves the dignity of that position unless he *nest-eggs!*

I have left to the last the word of all words that seems to me the most offensive nine-letter word in common usage among the educated classes. The word is *dichotomy*.

As for dichotomy, I'm of two minds about it.

* The French spell it *ambiance*.

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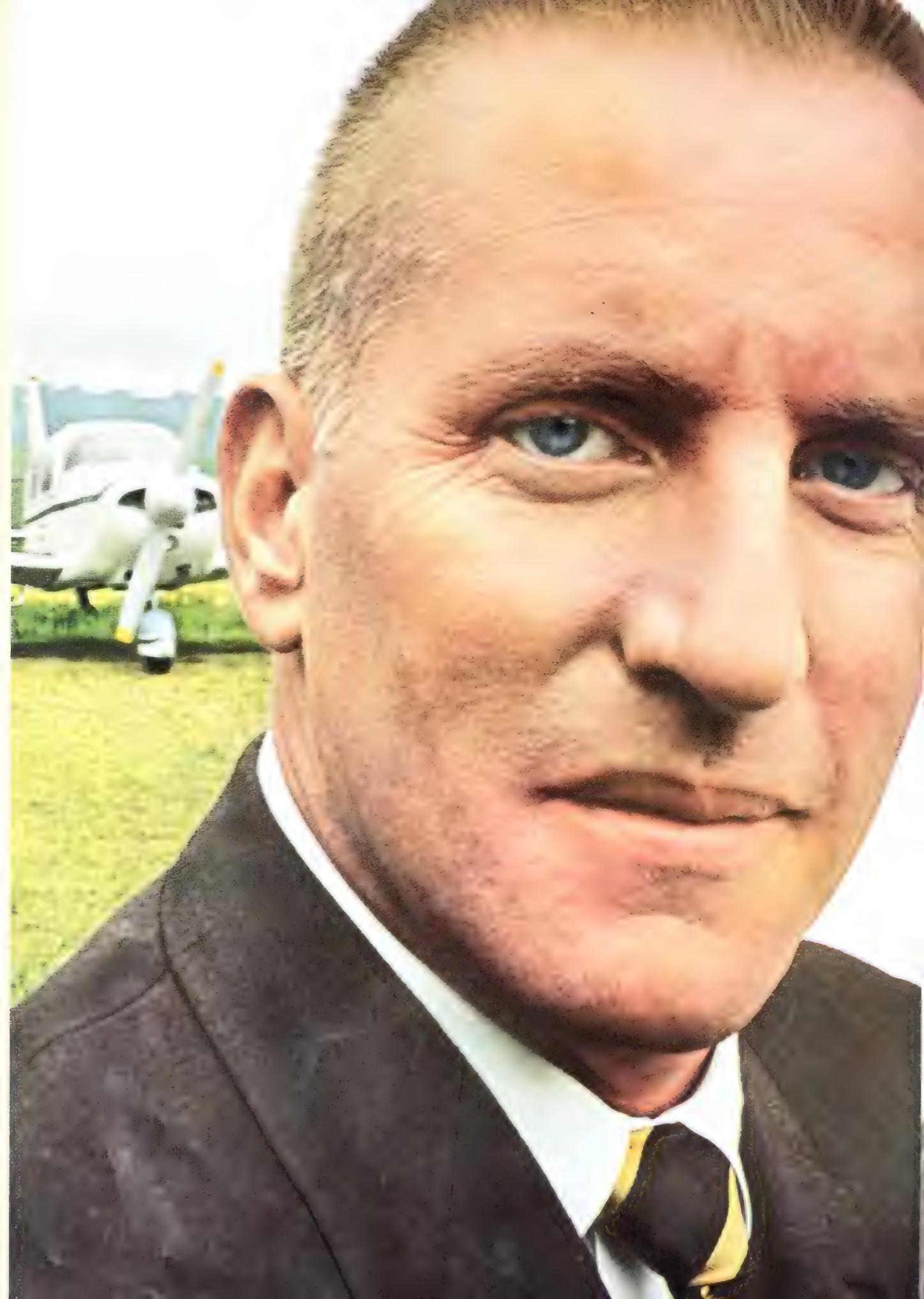
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THE AMERICAN CHALLENGE

Translated from the French by Ronald Steel

Foreword by Arthur Schlesinger, jr.

The American Challenge, from which the following article is adapted, is a book about the crisis of Europe. It has already had an extraordinary impact. In France no book since the war, fiction or nonfiction, sold so many copies in its first three months. Throughout Europe politicians and civil servants, editors and professors, bankers, industrialists, and engineers are studying and quoting it. It has had this impact because M. Servan-Schreiber has stated the dilemma of Europe with brilliant clarity, precision, and urgency, and because he has had the further audacity to point the way to a solution. If Europeans respond to his appeal by acting on this book as well as by reading it, *The American Challenge* may do for European unity very much what Thomas Paine's *Common Sense* did for American independence.

Europe, M. Servan-Schreiber says, is in decline. No one, he warns, should be deceived by the existence of the European Economic Community. Either the EEC had to become more than a Common Market, or else it would revert to national patterns. Since it has not moved toward integration, it is beginning to move toward disintegration. Only the Americans, moreover, have understood and seized the opportunities created by the Common Market. The result has been the economic invasion of Europe by the United States. If present tendencies continue, the third industrial power in the world, after America and Russia, could be, not Europe, but American industry in Europe. The present European generation has only a few years to decide between restoring an autonomous European civilization or allowing Europe to become a subsidiary of the United States.

In evoking the American specter, M. Servan-Schreiber may sound for a moment like General de Gaulle. But he differs sharply from the General both in diagnosis and in remedy. General de Gaulle sees the United States as bent on the establishment of world hegemony. Servan-Schreiber's analysis is both subtler and more profound. He sees the American challenge as the result of the dynamism of American society. And he advocates not the insulation of Europe from America but its salvation through discriminating Americanization.

The American Challenge is a manifesto to the European generation of which Jean-Jacques

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Servan-Schreiber himself is a remarkable representative. Born in 1924, he escaped from France in 1943, received training as a pilot in the United States, and joined the Free French Air Force. After the war he wrote on foreign policy for *Le Monde* and then established his own weekly magazine of opinion, *L'Express*. The Algerian War was now the preoccupying issue; and Servan-Schreiber's lucid and caustic editorials helped mobilize sentiment against the French government. Perhaps in retaliation, the French government soon mobilized him and sent him to Algeria. After serving his tour of duty, he wrote a book, *Lieutenant in Algeria*, which led to his indictment on the ground of supposed injury to the morale of the French Army; in due course, he was acquitted. In the last years of the war he lived under constant threat of assassination from the enthusiasts of the OAS.

When France finally pulled out of Algeria, Servan-Schreiber converted *L'Express* into a highly successful newsweekly, rather as if *The New Republic* were to make itself over on the model of *Time*. In addition to these and other publishing ventures, he has been active in politics, working closely in the 'fifties with Pierre Mendès-France and in the 'sixties with Gaston Defferre. His wit and objectivity of expression, his commitment to reasoned argument, his political activism, and his pèrsonal valor—all stamp him as a European of the Kennedy generation and style. It would not be surprising if he himself were to take a prominent role in shaping the European response to the American challenge.

—Arthur Schlesinger, jr.

●

Fifteen years from now it is quite possible that the world's third greatest industrial power, just after the United States and Russia, will not be Europe, but *American industry in Europe*. Already, in the tenth year of the Common Market, this European market is basically American in organization.

The importance of U. S. penetration rests, first of all, on the sheer amount of capital invested—currently about $14 billion.[1] Add to this the massive size of the firms carrying out this conquest. Recent efforts by European firms to centralize and merge are inspired largely by the need to compete with American giants like International Business Machines and General Motors. This is direct penetration. But there is another aspect of the problem which is considerably more subtle.[2]

Every day an American banker working in Paris gets requests from French firms looking for Frenchmen "with experience in an American corporation." The manager of a German steel mill hires only staff personnel "having been trained with an American firm." The British Marketing Council sends fifty British executives to spend a year at the Harvard Business School—and the British government foots the bill. For European firms, conservative and jealous of their independence, there is now one common denominator: American methods.

During the past ten years Americans in Europe have made more mistakes than their competitors—but they have tried to correct them. And an American firm can change its methods in almost no time, compared to a European firm. The Americans have been reorganizing their European operations. Everywhere they are setting up European-scale headquarters responsible for the firm's Continental business, with sweeping powers of decision, and instructions not to pay any attention to national boundaries.

These U. S. subsidiaries have shown a flexibility and adaptability that have enabled them to adjust to local conditions and be prepared for political decisions taken, or even contemplated, by the Common Market. Since 1958 American corporations have invested $10 billion in Western Europe —*more than a third* of their total investment abroad. Of the 6,000 new businesses started overseas by Americans during that period, *half* were in Europe.[3] One by one, American firms are setting up headquarters to coordinate their activities throughout Western Europe. This is true federalism—the only kind that exists in Europe on an industrial level. And it goes a good deal farther

[1] In *fixed assets*—that is, plant and equipment, not including working capital (about as much again). Source: U. S. Department of Commerce.

[2] This analysis is based on a special report issued by the European offices of McGraw-Hill, Inc.

Measures announced by President Johnson in January 1968 will partially reduce the U. S. payments deficit by reducing the amount of dollars going overseas. But the growing economic dominance of American industry is no longer merely "a matter of money." Nor is the eventual decline of direct investment in Europe in itself a factor in the balance. Indeed, it is quite the contrary—which is why European governments were so alarmed when these economic measures were announced.

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than anything Common Market experts ever imagined.

Union Carbide set up its European headquarters in Lausanne in 1965. The Corn Products Company, which now has ten European branches, moved its coordinating office from Zurich to Brussels and transformed it into a central headquarters. IBM now directs all its European activities from Paris. The Celanese Corporation of America has recently set up headquarters in Brussels; and American Express has established its European central offices in London.

Standard Oil of New Jersey has put its European oil (Esso Europe) headquarters in London, and its European chemical (Esso Chemical SA) command in Brussels. Both have been told to "ignore the present division between the Common Market and the free-trade zone [Britain, Scandinavia]." For Esso, Europe now represents a market *larger than the United States,* and one growing *three times faster.*

Monsanto has moved its international department from St. Louis to Brussels, where Mr. Throdahl, one of its vice-presidents, directs not only European operations but all business outside the United States. Monsanto is now building factories in France, Italy, Luxembourg, Britain, and Spain, and preparing plants for Scotland and Ireland. Half of its sales now comes from Europe.

The greater wealth of American corporations allows them to conduct business in Europe faster and more flexibly than their European competitors. This *flexibility* of the Americans, even more than their wealth, is their major weapon. While Common Market officials are still looking for a law which will permit the creation of European-wide businesses, American firms, with their own headquarters, already form the framework of a real "Europeanization."

A leading Belgian banker recently stated: "The Common Market won't be able to work out a European corporate law in time, and during the next few years U. S. corporations will enjoy a decisive advantage over their European rivals." The American giants in Europe become bigger and stronger all the time, and are hiring "development" experts whose job is to seek new acquisitions. While all this has been going on, Europeans have done little to take advantage of the new market. On the industrial level Europe has almost nothing to compare with the dynamic American corporations being set up on her soil. The one interesting exception is Imperial Chemical Industries (Britain), the only European firm to establish a Continental-scale headquarters to administer its fifty subsidiaries.

Efforts of other European corporations are timid by comparison. Among these the best known is the film company Agfa (part of the Bayer group), which two years ago decided to merge with its Belgian rival, Gevaert. But it was not a very romantic marriage. The two companies exchanged directors, put a hyphen between their names (Agfa-Gevaert), and combined their research departments. That's about all. Aside from that, they have announced their intention to form a truly unified firm the day the Common Market gives the go-ahead by passing a still nonexistent statute permitting Europe-wide corporations. They are still waiting for legislation.

In the meantime, American firms continue to carve up Europe at their pleasure. In the words of a report by McGraw-Hill: "The founders of the Common Market, men like Robert Schuman, Jean Monnet, and Walter Hallstein, can be proud of helping break down the barriers dividing Europe. But it is American business that has understood their idea and is helping Europe understand its own potential by applying, with some variations, the same methods America used to build its own enormous market."

Europeans especially envy the ease with which American firms reorganize themselves to tap the full potential of the new market and they are very much aware of the advantages this flexibility offers. The question they ask me most often, says an American executive working in France, is simply: "How do you do it?"

Hand in hand with this industrial penetration another giant U. S. enterprise is taking shape in Europe—the creation of management-consultant groups. The three American consultant firms with European branches (Booz, Allen and Hamilton, Arthur D. Little, Inc., and McKinsey and Co.) have *doubled* their staff *every year* for the past *five years.* The Americans are creating a "market consciousness" in their wake.

According to an American executive in Frankfurt: "If a German manager wants to increase his production, he studies all the factors that go into the manufacture of his product. But if I want to increase my production, I add to these same calculations our research and market predictions so that I will know not only *how* to produce, but how to produce the desired quantity at the lowest cost. What interests me is my profit margin. What interests my European competitor is a factory that produces. *It isn't the same thing.*" This science of marketing is new in Europe. Nonetheless, there is hardly a major European executive today who does not put it at the top of his list of his concerns.

Thus, even beyond massive U. S. investments, it

is American-style management that is, in its own special way, unifying Europe. As the American businessman from Frankfurt, quoted earlier, added: "The Treaty of Rome [founding the Common Market] is the sweetest deal ever to come out of Europe. It's what brought us here. We're happy to be here. We're making money. And we're going to make a lot more. Whether the political negotiations in Brussels move ahead or not, prospects in commerce and industry are better for us here than they are in the United States."

It really is the sweetest deal anyone ever thought of. But why for the Americans and not for us? Why do they succeed better over here than we do ourselves? Simply by trying to find an answer to this question, we come across a whole new world.

Not a Question of Money

During the *past ten years*, roughly from the end of the Cold War and the launching of the first Sputnik, American power has made an unprecedented leap forward. It has undergone a violent and productive internal revolution. Technological innovation has now become the basic objective of economic policy. In America today the government official, the industrial manager, the economics professor, the engineer, and the scientist have joined forces to develop coordinated techniques for integrating factors of production. These techniques have stimulated what amounts to a permanent industrial revolution. The Americans call it "cross-fertilization."

The originality of this revolution consists precisely in the effect this fusion of talents has on decisions made by government agencies, corporations, and universities. This takes us a long way from the old image of the United States—a country where business was not only separate from government but constantly struggling with it, and where there was a chasm between intellectuals and businessmen. Today, to the contrary, this combination of forces has produced the remarkable integrated entity that John Kenneth Galbraith calls a "technostructure."

If we continue to allow the major decisions about industrial innovation and technological creativity —decisions which directly affect our lives—to be made in Washington, New York, Cambridge, Detroit, Seattle, and Houston, there is a real danger that Europe may forever be confined to second place. We may not be able to build one of those great industrial-intellectual complexes on which a technologically creative society depends. The power, the speed, the pervasive nature of American investment are a warning and a challenge to us. What kind of future do we want?

It is time for us to take stock and face the hard truth. Some of those who witnessed the decline of Rome or Byzantium also caught a glimpse of the future that was coming. But that was not enough to change the course of history. If we are to be



"I figure. Let him be happy, as long as he gets the lawn mowed."

master of our fate, we will need a rude awakening. If this doesn't come, then Europe, like so many other glorious civilizations, will gradually sink into decadence without ever understanding why or how it happened. In the early 1920s Spengler mused over "The Decline of the West." Today we have barely time enough to comprehend what is happening to us.

During the next few years American investment in Europe will continue to grow far more rapidly than European investment. Its profits are already half again as large as ours. It is assuming the major role in strategic areas of development. This is not happening through ordinary investments, but through actual take-overs of European firms that Americans then transform into rich and powerful corporations. And they do this with European money that our own businessmen do not know how to use.

What threatens to crush us today is not a torrent of riches, but a more intelligent use of skills. While French, German, or Italian firms are still groping around in the new open spaces provided by the Treaty of Rome, afraid to emerge from the dilapidated shelter of their old habits, American industry has gauged the terrain and is now rolling from Naples to Amsterdam with the ease and the speed of Israeli tanks in the Sinai desert.

Confronted with this conquering force, European politicians and businessmen do not know how to react. Public opinion, confused by their contradictory statements and mysterious shifts of policy, has no way of judging whether American investment is good or bad.

It is both. The stimulus of competition and the introduction of new techniques are clearly good for Europe. But the cumulative underdevelopment that could transform this assistance into a take-over is bad for us.

The danger is not in what the Americans do, but what the Europeans cannot do, and in the vacuum between the two. This is why the various restrictions and prohibitions that we impose—or would like to impose—either are irrelevant to the problem or deal with it only peripherally. Putting an end to American investment will not fill the vacuum; it will only weaken us further.

The Power to Create

Considering the extraordinary lead enjoyed by American industry in the key sectors of our economy, some economists have asked whether the fastest path to development might not lie in letting the Americans manage our industries. In any case, this has been happening in Europe over the past few years, and there is little indication it is about to change. From an economic point of view, isn't it the simplest solution?

There is no scientific answer to this question. It may be that Europe's lag in innovation and management is so great that any attempt at economic independence would only aggravate it. But even if such a withdrawal from the fight were justified economically, we don't have to accept it. There may be political, cultural, and even moral arguments that should persuade us to reject this easy temptation to "Americanization." For the moment, however, we will leave the political aspect aside and concentrate on economic matters. Here we see that *independence is not an ethical conception, but an economic necessity.*

In the short run, dependence is beneficial. American investment, although it is at present an instrument of domination, is also the principal vehicle of technological progress for our economies. It introduces manufacturing processes and management techniques that are new to us. It forces European manufacturers to a rationalization and modernization they would never have accepted without such competition. The immediate economic effect of American investment is, therefore, quite positive. If we continue to permit American investment in its present form, Europe will share in the profits that foreign investors make from their high productivity. These profits spread throughout the economy, raising the general standard of living.

There is another argument for a liberal attitude toward American investments. Although an effort is being made to reorganize European production methods, a long time will pass, except in a few cases, before it is possible to offer workers the salaries paid by American firms. We ought to remember that if European industry is competitive in some areas with American industry, it is because our wage levels are only half of those in the United States.

But in the long run this will change. To ask if the Europeans should turn an increasing share of their industrial development over to the United States is like asking whether it is better to be a wage earner or a factory owner. In any case, considering Europe's situation today, there is a straightforward answer to this question as far as the nation-state is concerned. Economic analysis shows that foreign investment imposes strict limitations on national development, limitations inherent in the very process of industrial creativity.

The American investor is willing to manufacture in Europe only those products that have al-

ready been profitable in the United States. By giving the Americans a dominant role in the development of new industries, we condemn ourselves to second place in the race for economic progress.

Experience consistently shows that the inventor of a new product or process has a great advantage over his rivals in a modern economy based on rapid technological change. If he agrees to share his discovery with them, he can demand high royalties in return. For large corporations there is a direct correlation between profits and the degree of advanced research: *for the modern corporation, innovation is the major source of profit.*

Thus, the infusion of ever larger amounts of American investment into key industries has the short-term advantage of sparing Europe expensive research costs. But in the long run it deprives the European economy of the possibilities of rapid economic expansion that exist only in these key industries. The result is to reduce the profitability of exclusively European corporations, which are forced to pay increasingly high royalties for American patents and licenses. In addition to this neo-colonial drain on our funds, there are the dividends that are continuously being sent back to the United States. These dividends already exceed the amount of new funds coming into Europe in the form of American capital investments. This is a cumulative snowball phenomenon that is unlikely ever to slow down of its own accord.

The long-term effect of these American investments can be compared to that of the European powers toward their former colonies. When the French built cement plants in Algeria and oil refineries in Senegal they naturally helped diversify the economies of their colonies. Even if they wanted to, these colonies could never have achieved industrial development by their own efforts because the mother country controlled the most modern areas of their economies. We can see this operating today.

But Europe is not Algeria or Senegal. If we can build a better industrial organization here in Europe, we will get faster and considerably greater benefits from it than we could from what American investors would leave us after they have drained off dividends and royalties.

It will not be easy to equip ourselves with the tools of management and organization that could make Europe an independent center of industrial and technological creativity. But if we succeed, we will be able to benefit directly from the two principal sources of modern wealth: (1) technological innovation; (2) the integrated combination of production factors that is the keystone of modern business.

European governments have so far been unwilling to make this effort to catch up, and have not tried to secure the tools they need for the job. The domination of American science and industry continues unabated.

This kind of situation cannot go on forever. Not the least of the risks involved is a sudden and violent reaction that could come, for example, in the form of a new political mood in Europe. "Why don't we nationalize the American-owned corporations?" some politician might suggest.

Suppose a new regime wanted to "nationalize" IBM-France, which has several modern plants and a research laboratory at La Gaude in Provence. Having taken control of these handsome installations the government would find that it had mistaken the shadow for the substance. What counts today for a corporation is not the walls or the machines, but the intangible elements that cannot be nationalized. Just as in biology the cell is different from the sum of its component molecules, so a modern corporation is different from the production factors that go into it. By nationalizing IBM we would simply force its managers and technicians to emigrate. We would be committing, on the scientific and strategic level, the kind of "intellectual suicide" that Hitler's anti-Semitic policies produced in Germany thirty years ago.

To nationalize U. S. industries in response to increased American investment is a typical reaction of an underdeveloped country, and ignores the real nature of the problem. Even if the newly nationalized firm managed to keep American-developed techniques, it would nevertheless be cut off from the flow of creative stimuli from the parent company. Within a few months it would be hopelessly out-of-date. Given a framework of free trade, the nationalization of American investments would simply lead to the ruin of the nationalized industries. Governments which committed such acts of folly would have to close their frontiers to shut out scientific advances made elsewhere. Nationalization may be tempting, for it spares us the effort of thinking and seems to offer an easy answer. But it is a weapon that would only work against our own development.

Is there a less drastic course, one which a more ambitious government might take to oblige foreign investors to carry out a minimum amount of technological research in our own country? This is worth looking into, and might have some beneficial results. But we ought not to fool ourselves about the meager advantages it would offer Europe.



"Well—you know—the ol' pendulum swings."

An article in the *International Management Review* shows that, with a few exceptions, the distribution of power is quite different in American-owned international corporations than it is in European corporations. This difference limits the kind of restrictive measures we could take. European firms such as Philips give their foreign subsidiaries a good deal of independence. In American firms, on the other hand, the home office in the U. S. keeps tight control over every aspect of business strategy. Modern experience shows the importance of concentrating, rather than scattering, strategic decisions.

What is most productive and decisive in the modern economy is the combination of the research factor with an industrial infrastructure, effective means of finance, and a large sales organization. The home office of a giant corporation coordinates all of these. This means that even if American investors allow more research to be carried on in Europe, the basic source of profit for the corporations, and of technological development for the nations concerned, would still be where the decisions are made—the home office in the United States.

The board of directors of a corporation uses the financial resources of its shareholders, bankers, and the capital market. It bases its judgments on assessments of its major market—which is, of course, the American market. It works, especially

in large corporations, in close rapport with the government, which determines the strategy of the firm by its contracts and research grants. Also, we must not forget the importance of the intellectual environment, and particularly the relationship between the corporation and the local university.

All these elements, so tightly integrated in the structure of the modern corporation, show that the connection between the parent company in America and the European subsidiary is not governed by a simple economic law, but by a complex system of hierarchical relationships. Where there is a conflict of interest between the home office and the countries in which subsidiaries are located, obviously the home office is the boss.

Let's return a moment to the case of IBM-France, which is without question a source of wealth and progress for France. For the parent company in the United States, this subsidiary is one of many centers of research and development scattered throughout the world. Discoveries made in the laboratory at La Gaude are immediately transmitted by Telex to the United States, where the coordinating offices are located. Production programs assigned to the French subsidiary are only a part of the global operations of a corporation whose base is in the United States.

It is there that "cross-fertilization" is taking place—the process that makes it possible to concentrate all the forces of research and marketing, all the implements of progress, on a single object. Economists attach a crucial importance to this process. If America is the place where decisions are made, and Europe where they are later put into application, within a single generation we will no longer belong to the same civilization. The United States will have, at least for this period of history, a monopoly on technological innovation.

There is a new society on the horizon, one which will come into being before today's thirty-year-olds go into retirement. Not only will it be a richer society, but a different kind of society, since beyond a certain level wealth is measured not so much by a higher standard of living as by a completely different way of life. The "post-industrial society" will be distinguished by man's unprecedented freedom from physical, economic, and biological constraints. Manual labor will have virtually disappeared, there will be more leisure time than hours of work, distance will be annihilated, spectacular new methods for the diffusion of culture and information will be developed, and we will enjoy a vastly increased new power over nature and life. Will this be a happier society? That is another question to which we have no answer. But it is certain that this society will form the avant-garde of human history, and that is what concerns us.

By extrapolating present trends, it seems clear that we Europeans cannot hope to participate fully in that world of the future. This does not mean we will be poor; probably we will grow even richer. But we will be overtaken and dominated, for the first time in our history, by a more advanced civilization.

These scientific forecasts do not describe a certainty, but a probability we are still free to change. This is particularly true because wealth and power are no longer measured in material terms. They are not gifts of nature or chance, like oil, or gold, or even population. Rather they are victories won by the human spirit: the ability to transform an idea into a reality through the industrial process; the talent for coordinating skills and making rigid organizations susceptible to change. Does Europe lack the fertile soil these skills spring from?

The know-how that opens the gate to the post-industrial society can exist only in an independent community, for the community where strategic industrial decisions are made is the community that will break through barriers, occupy forward positions, and hold the reins of power. What we need to put us back into the race is organizational skill and a determination to be independent.

State of the Union

We began by examining the invasion of American industry in Europe. We should now keep two things in mind:

(1) The American challenge is not basically industrial or financial. It is, above all, a challenge to *our intellectual creativity and our ability to turn ideas into practice*. We should have the courage to recognize that our political and mental constructs—our very culture—are being pushed back by this irresistible force.

(2) America today still resembles Europe—with a fifteen-year head start. She belongs to the same industrial society. But in 1980 the United States will have entered another world, and if we fail to catch up, the *Americans will have a monopoly on know-how, science, and power*.

Forecasts indicate that two or three countries (Sweden and Japan, each in its own way) will stay on the same level with the United States by concentrating their forces in special areas. But they will not be strong enough to deal with the U. S. as equals, nor will they be truly competitive. If Europe, like the Soviet Union, is forced out of

the running, the United States will stand alone in its futuristic world. This would be unacceptable for Europe, dangerous for America, and disastrous for the world.

A variety of choices, checks and balances, and competition are vital elements of progress and freedom in every community. They are even more vital on the international level. If the United States had a monopoly on technological progress, it would lose the stimulation that comes from competition. There are already symptoms that this is happening.

Deprived of conversations and dialogues with other societies, Americans would have to work out new forms of social organization all by themselves. The struggle for progress, which holds as many dangers as opportunities, would be pursued without the restraining influence of an equal power, and the risks of error and distortion would multiply. A nation holding a monopoly of power would look on imperialism as a kind of duty, and would take its own success as proof that the rest of the world should follow its example. Thus it is no exaggeration to say that Europe holds more than her own destiny in her hands.

Ten years ago Europe showed that she understood the challenge of American power, and she did something about it by building such organizations as the Coal and Steel Community, Euratom, and the Common Market. Today the balance sheet is in: *Europe has created a market, but she has not transformed herself into a great power.* Even this market, as we have seen, does not help her so much as it does the American industrial machine.

There are only three possible strategies for European industry today, but we have not yet made a conscious choice among them:

(1) Continue along the same path and face a double decline in our business level and our financial structure. For a time our industry could continue its struggle with American competition, but this would only delay the day of reckoning. Financial erosion would continue until European industrialists realized that the lesser evil lay in selling their businesses to an American competitor for two or three times the value of their capitalization—which is the going rate today. This is a strategy of retreat which leads to industrial annexation.

(2) A cleverer strategy would be to try to play a complementary role in the American economy by specializing in those areas where Europe still has an advantage—largely because of lower labor costs and the use of foreign patents. While this is good strategy for a single firm, if it were applied throughout Europe it would mean splitting the world economy into three zones: a first zone of highly developed technological societies responsible for discoveries and innovations; a second zone, mainly Europe, whose role would be to produce the discoveries made elsewhere; finally, a third zone of underdeveloped nations to provide raw materials and simple industrial products using traditional methods. This division of labor is now taking place. The nations of Europe would become *industrial satellites* and could not hope to play a major role on the world stage. The more rigorous the control exercised by the dominant power, the less chance there would be for economic growth in Europe.

(3) As an alternative to annexation or satellization, there is the choice of *competition.* This demands that European businesses, particularly those in the area of "Big Science," become fully competitive on the global market. Figures show that they cannot do this from their own resources, and that government assistance is necessary, particularly in such areas as electronics, data processing, space research, and atomic energy.

How would we envisage such a massive program of government aid for the construction of giant European industries being carried out? On a national level, given the relative weakness of the individual states, such a solution would demand strict specialization. Each state would have to opt for the Swedish or Swiss example, specializing in two or three industrial areas and concentrating its resources along these lines.

Only at a European, rather than a national, level could we hope to meet the American challenge on all major fronts. But not just any kind of European cooperation. If we want to achieve our ambitions, make unpopular decisions, avoid duplication and waste, and draw ourselves up to a level where we can compete, we will have to give the Common Market financial power of its own.

Leaving aside questions of ideology, there is no other solution to our industrial problems than forming some kind of federal organization. For the moment Europe refuses to make this choice, preferring various formulas for cooperation between governments.

The Chosen Generation

The postwar generation was faced with the choice of seeing all Europe unified within the Communist world or of trying to maintain an independent Western Europe. Today's generation faces a less dramatic, but equally clear choice of

building an independent Europe or letting it become an annex of the United States. The sheer weight of American power is pushing our hesitant countries along the path of annexation, and the point of no return may be reached before today's ten-year-olds are able to vote.

It is still possible for us to catch up, but there is a great deal of deadweight to overcome. This does not mean we have to make real sacrifices, for by trying to become her own mistress, Europe will increase her power and wealth, and finally the well-being of her citizens. But perhaps it is asking too much of Europeans to adapt to global competition, shake themselves loose from entrenched national habits, pull together dispersed resources, adjust to severe new rules of management, and stop wasting precious men and capital. Is it reasonable to ask an old continent to show the vitality of a new nation—especially when the satellization of Europe is accompanied, at least initially, by a rising standard of living and by only a very gradual reduction of our freedom of thought? Our dependence will not stop Frenchmen from discussing politics or Germans from going to the opera. Why, then, try to oppose it?

Western Europeans look on self-determination as an acquired right; they cannot imagine it could really be threatened. Man's right to determine the shape of his society and his future seems entirely natural—and with good reason. The principle of self-determination was born in Europe, introduced during a time of slavery in ancient Greece, taken up by the more enlightened theology of the Middle Ages and the Renaissance, put into practice by England, the "mother of parliaments," proclaimed by the French Revolution, and extended to economics through the inspiration of socialism.

This desire for self-determination, for freedom first from physical oppression, then from social restraints, is a hallmark of our civilization. The day this drive weakens to the point where Europeans let "somebody bigger" do their work for them, the spirit of our civilization will have broken, as did that of the Arab and Indian civilizations centuries ago. We would be tainted by the knowledge of our own failure. Without suffering from poverty, we would nevertheless soon submit to a fatalism and depression that would end in impotence and abdication.

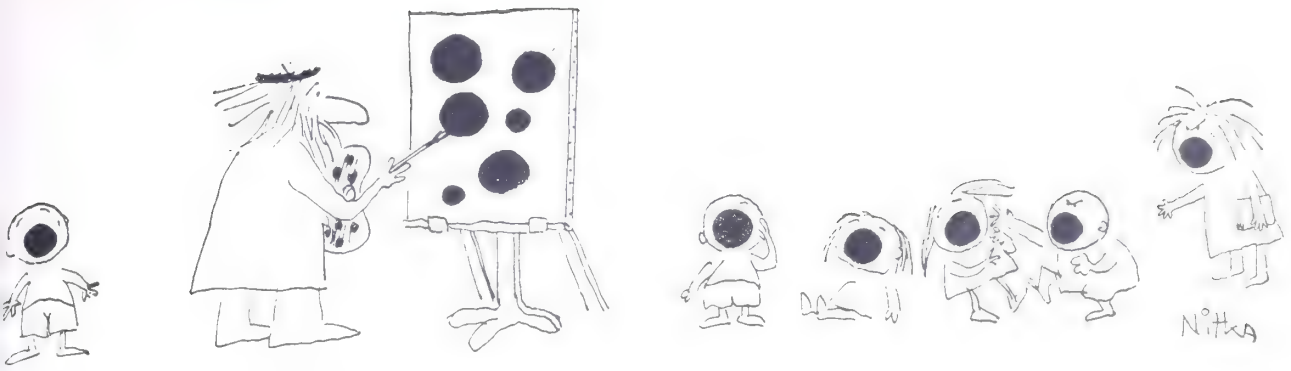
There is no way of leaving the "economic area" to the Americans so that we can get on with the political, social, and cultural areas in our own way, as some people would like to believe. There is no such compartmentalization in the real world. Naturally there will not be any "American committee" to administer Europe, as Paul Valéry imagined. Citizens would continue to vote, trade unions to strike, and parliaments to deliberate. But it would all take place in a vacuum. With our growth rate, our investment priorities, and the distribution of our national income determined by the United States, it is not even necessary to imagine secret meetings between Wall Street bankers and European cabinet ministers to understand that the areas that really count would lie outside the democratic process.

The European elite would be trained at Harvard, Stanford, or Berkeley, continuing a precedent that has already begun. This elite would no doubt worm itself into a kind of Atlantic oligarchy, and even gain some influence over its decisions. But this would only raise another barrier between the governors and the governed: the aptitude for American *savoir-faire* and *savoir-vivre* would bestow privileges as great as those that now go with a degree from the Ecole Polytechnique or Oxford.

A few leading firms, subsidiaries of American corporations, would decide how much European workers would earn and how they would live—work methods, human relations on the job, standards for wages and promotion, and job security. Employers, whether European or American, would be little more than clerks, enjoying some powers of initiative, but only within a framework worked out by the parent company and laid down to its subsidiaries around the world.

American capital and American management will not stop short at the gates of our society. No taboo of the sacred will keep these managers from crossing the threshold of the European sanctuary. They will take a majority interest in, and then control, the firms that dominate the market in publishing, the press, phonograph recording, and television production. The formulas, if not all the details, of our cultural "messages" would be imported. Our system of education in the large sense of channels of communication by which customs are transmitted and ways of life and thought formulated—would be controlled from the outside.

If France and Germany were really able to exercise the same rights as the state of New York or California, if Frenchmen and Germans could become "full-fledged citizens" of the American federation, our abdication would not be so great. We could then take part in the exercise of this world power, and while we sacrificed national identity, we would not also have to sacrifice self-government. But the American republic is a finished product. If Americans wanted to, they



still could not change the federal system laid down in the Constitution. It is too late to contemplate such a solution. Even if a transatlantic union could maintain the essential principle of self-determination, Europeans would find the desire to preserve their own differences reason enough to remain separate.

Will Europe, with infinitely greater means, resources, and power, be incapable of attempting as a world power what Sweden has done by specializing in a few areas? With the highest standard of living in the world (after the United States), this country of eight million people has maintained its own identity—one sharply different from that of the United States. In Sweden they tear down old-age homes in perfectly good condition because advances in geriatrics allow society to offer something better to older people. This concern for noncommercial values has not prevented Sweden from producing highly competitive goods in certain carefully chosen areas.

The experience of Japan, while rather different, leads to a similar conclusion: economic growth can be adapted to social behavior and concepts of society far removed from the American model. Growth is compatible with a great variety of social institutions and individual behavior. Varying balances can then be worked out between initiative and security, individual consumption and community development, private power and public power. A nation that is master of itself is free to stamp its own mark on society.

An independent Europe is essential for orderly world economic development. Is there any group of advanced nations—other than those of the Common Market, together with Britain—that could form a pole of attraction different from both America and Russia? A united Europe could bring about significant changes in the world power balance, and not only from the strength of her ideas. They would come, above all, from the very creation of a third great industrial power with no imperial pretensions—one whose only strategy is to help build a more unified international community.

Some might say that this is pure utopianism. While such a project is feasible, it requires an intellectual leap into the future over a thousand discouraging obstacles. It demands a choice of principles that cannot be justified in terms of pure efficiency. To take this gamble we have to rid ourselves of skepticism. We have to realize that the nation-state is not the ultimate form of social organization and that politics is more than the short-term adjustment of power and of interest groups.

There is no doubt that the problem is political. The technological, industrial, and financial formulas needed to raise European science and industry to the level of world competition are clear to any watchful observer of the process of modern growth. Political rigidity and self-defensive reflexes act as a break on change, often dramatically so. Technological aptitude is not what is missing, but the will to change the rules of the social game. What our countries lack is political ambition. It is entirely up to us to provide it.

The American challenge forces us to face all our problems at once, and the least of these are technical. Above all, it is a matter of organizing production relations and social relations so that Europeans may fulfill the potential of their abilities and our industrial societies may acquire the capacity to fight back and meet this challenge. It is a political problem.

The success of other countries suggests that the *fundamental condition* for an industrial society to catch up is a high level of social integration—a kind of peaceful stability, or at least an absence of civil war, that will allow the society to concentrate on the mechanics of change. In particular this involves:

—the value placed on individual and social security in a time of technological development;

—the generally accepted importance of government leadership;

—a decision by the whole population to do what must be done to build a truly independent society.

We Europeans have to take all these factors into account if we hope to escape the alienation that gave birth to communism. We have to rely on the values and political forces that preserve Europe's special quality, and which are most likely to promote the adaptations necessary for growth. Otherwise there could be a legitimate revolt by those elements of the society most threatened by change.

This may be a debatable interpretation—especially since it underlines the continuing importance of traditional ideas that are linked with social democracy in Germany and Scandinavia, with the Labour party in Britain, and with the Left in Latin countries. We will limit ourselves here to what is a personal interpretation, the interpretation of a man in the forty-year-old generation for whom the American challenge is the crucial question, one we cannot appeal. If the generation now assuming positions of power and determining the direction our societies will take is unable to meet this challenge, it will never have a second chance. The Europe we will pass on in 1980 to men who today are twenty years old will be a continent outside the mainstream of history, leading a life without vitality or purpose, under the shadow of its dependence on America.

In 1936 the reformer who had been elected President of the United States, confronted with the gravest economic and social crisis his country had ever known, made his famous statement: "This generation of Americans has a rendezvous with destiny." These Americans assumed their responsibilities, and by a burst of support for the New Deal, launched the United States on the path of power at the very moment when she seemed to have lost all ambition.

This generation of Europeans, nearly half a century later, also has a rendezvous with destiny.

Conclusion

For societies, as for men, there can be no growth without challenge. Progress is a battle, just as life is a struggle. We have never been able to forget these truths, because so far human history has been nearly indistinguishable from military history.

Today the industrially advanced societies—the United States, the Soviet Union, Europe—are bringing that era of history to a close. Military confrontations between these great powers can be only hypothetical or thermonuclear. We cannot, of course, exclude the possibility of annihilation. But our point of departure for thought and action must be a hypothesis of atomic peace. The war we face will be an industrial one.

The conflict in Vietnam, that absurd and barbarous residue of the Crusades, will inevitably come to an end. We are now beginning to discover what was concealed by twenty years of colonial wars, wars that dominated our thoughts and our behavior: the confrontation of civilizations will henceforth take place in the battlefield of technology, science, and management. The American challenge is not ruthless, like so many Europe has known in her history, but it may be more dramatic, for it embraces everything.

Its weapons are the use and systematic perfection of all the instruments of reason, not simply in the field of science, where it is the only tool, but also in organization and management, where Europeans are used to the irrational—the fetishism of precepts passed down from father to son, the weight of routine, the divine right of authority, and the unjustified priority of flair over systematic thought. In contrast with these entrenched forces, human reason is flexible, light, and mobile.

We can no longer sit back and wait for the renaissance. And it is not going to be evoked by patriotic rhetoric or clarion calls left over from the age of military battles. It can come only from subtle analysis, rigorous thought, and precise reasoning. It calls for a special breed of politicians, businessmen, and labor leaders.

How much time do we have to find them? It would be foolish to set a date. But we know, since each area can be measured, that there is a point of no return, and that it is not far away. There are only a few years left, and if we take electronics as a gauge, very few. In some areas it is already too late, such as full-scale space exploration and supersonic aviation. But these are not the really vital sectors. The new frontiers of human creativity in every area lie in information systems and their utilization, and the Americans themselves do not seem fully to realize this yet. We must forge ahead into this area before it is taken over by others.

In a free society like our own, there is no single political path to follow. Each man should express his ideas, as we have given ours. The debate that follows will cast light on the problem and build the strength we need to follow through. The only condition is that everyone recognize and accept the subject of the debate. This time it is fairly simple. It is not for us to choose, for it is imposed upon us—it is the American challenge. We have only to understand it, to zero in upon it, to ponder it.

Harper's Magazine, July 1968

Larry L. King

THE GRAND OLE OPRY

Ernest Tubb, Roy Acuff, Gentleman Jim Reeves,
Hank Williams, Cowboy Copas, Eddy Arnold, Marty Robbins...
This is the institution which produced them,
and made Nashville the town for country music.

Country music has always expressed those simple truths that sharecroppers, village storekeepers, and truck-stop waitresses could understand and cling to. It was born in the early 1920s of a mixture of Gospel airs, folk songs, English ballads, and race (or "soul") music, but this native American art form soon came to be associated with the Great Depression. We rootless or ruined Depression Children identified with the drifting hobo, a silver-haired daddy waiting somewhere, Old Shep's death, the spurned lover, a promise of the gold streets of Heaven. Our songs commemorated the people and places we knew: whiskey widows, sisters menaced by the wicked cities of the American hinterland, deep mines, and company stores; they recounted our pitifully few conquests and reflected our impoverished and isolated lives.

If country music was our liturgy, then the Grand Ole Opry was our mother church. The Grand Ole Opry brought magic and backwater wisdom across the miles from Nashville, Tennessee. Its music boiled in our blood the week around: through the hot work of the grain harvest, in the fearful soul-searching of midweek prayer meetings, up and down endless rows as we picked six-cent cotton. On Saturday nights in our unpainted rural Texas farmhouse, where one generation had died, one grew to adulthood, and still another was born, that music from our old Zenith battery radio reaffirmed our troubles and refurbished our dreams.

Our poets were Roy Acuff, Ernest Tubb, Lula Bell and Scotty. We depended on Cousin Minnie Pearl for the latest in fashions and gossip out of Grinder's Switch: tales of drinking Uncle Nabob and of Brother, who, it was clear, did not always deal from a full deck; Uncle Dave Macon's honey-stringed banjo caused even our preachers to dance. One of my earliest morality lectures came, not from Deuteronomy, but from a song in which a selfless felon advised his sweetheart against waiting for him because "I'll always be an ex-convict and branded wherever I go." My father, whisker-stubbed and solemn as Job, spoke in the circle of pale yellow light from a kerosene lamp at his elbow: "Son, there's a heap of truth in that song."

Grand Ole Opry is the oldest continuous show in the history of radio; it still claims to attract "the largest single listening audience in the world." Programmed live for five hours on Saturday nights (and on Friday nights for four) over Nashville's 50,000-watt clear-channel outlet WSM, it is broadcast on a delayed basis each week by hundreds of local radio stations; since 1965 some sixty television stations have programmed one or more Opry hours weekly on video-tape. Most of its national sponsors (Coca-Cola, B.C. Headache Powder, Golden Flake Cheese Curls, Martha White Mills, Trail Blazer Dog Food, as examples) have advertised on the Opry for more than twenty years. National Life and Accident Insurance Company, which owns WSM, sponsored the first Opry broadcast back on November 28, 1925, and remains the primary sponsor.

The fifty-odd entertainers making up Grand Ole Opry's permanent troupe are all "stars" in their own right. A bid to join the Opry company is the surest sign that one has arrived in the country-Western field. An Opry beginner is paid as little as ten dollars per broadcast; even a Big Name old-timer will generally top out at seventy-five.*

*There are exceptions. Roy Acuff, "The King of Country Music," is known to command $500 per broadcast. Other old heads are suspected of having reached similar under-the-table deals with WSM.

Still, country artists clamor to appear. There is that vast radio audience out in the brush (and in the cities also, for Grand Ole Opry is now heard in Los Angeles, Chicago, and is beamed across the Hudson to New York from a Newark station) to buy record albums and songbooks. Opry exposure multiplies personal appearance fees: Acuff, Ernest Tubb, Porter Wagoner, Marty Robbins, Flatt & Scruggs, and others annually earn $250,000 or more on the road. "Opry billing is at least a $100,000 gift in terms of individual personal appearance fees," Opry Manager Ott Devine says. To remain in good standing, Opry regulars must make no less than twenty broadcasts annually.

Grand Ole Opry fans are no less hardy or far-ranging than the stars they canonize. The "typical" Opry visitor travels 960 miles round-trip by car; normally he brings along at least one other member of his family, stays in Nashville for three days, and includes in his itinerary a two-dollar bus tour of Opry stars' homes, a visit to the Country Music Hall of Fame, and trips to such Opry Row institutions as Ernest Tubb's Record Shop or Tootsie's Orchid Lounge, where the performers attend to their burning thirsts after, or during, Opry broadcasts. This typical fan will likely be a "blue-collar" worker, about twenty-nine years old, and come either from the Midwest or a Southern state. Though he will have written for Opry tickets months in advance, he may wait in line for more than one hour. Inside, he will sit on cruel hard-backed benches that once served Satan's purpose in a Gospel Tabernacle; several generations of dedicated gum-chewers have deposited their rejects on the undersides.

On an average Opry night, fans from twenty states subject themselves to more than one hundred musical laments and hoedowns. In the summer season a capacity 6,200 persons will witness the two shows, paying two dollars for general admission and three dollars reserved; at least a thousand others will be left disappointed on the sidewalks. Opry fans burst into applause at the pioneer notes of a familiar hit; some few may sing along. When their favorites step to the microphone, dozens of shutter-bugs surge down to blind them with flashbulbs; they beg autographs on popcorn boxes or souvenir programs. Recent patrons included the conductor of the London Symphony Orchestra, a half dozen U. S. Congressmen, and a twenty-year-old Canadian who, after robbing a branch of the Bank of Montreal of more than $9,000, purchased a gaudy Western wardrobe and headed straight for Nashville.

Larry L. King earns his living the hard way—as a free-lance writer with a typewriter in his luggage. A contributing editor of "Harper's," he has written in the past year on President Johnson, Louis Armstrong, Nelson Rockefeller, and William F. Buckley. He is the author of a novel "The One-Eyed Man"; his new book ". . . and Other Dirty Stories" will be out this year.

I Meet Some Old Heroes

I arrived at Nashville Airport at dusk on a chill January day; from the air the countryside had appeared grayish and smoky and the Cumberland River, snaking around the city's edge, was flat and muddy. In the baggage area two young men claimed guitar cases; a third young man with a guitar prepared to catch a flight out.

The Opry House—Ryman Auditorium—is an old red-brick eyesore with balconies and church-like windows, and without air-conditioning.* It is located in a section of Nashville with much to be modest about: curio shops dealing in Sweetheart Pillows and crockery painted with Kitchen Prayers; lunch counters, garages, a barber college; and a series of beer parlors specializing in rollicking jukeboxes, dried-beef sticks, and thirty-cent suds.

Nine Cadillacs were lined fin-to-bumper in the stage-door alley; most showed road dust or signs of general neglect. Backstage, only five minutes before air time, there was a fleeting impression of firemen, policemen, stagehands, loose children, and of all the pickers-and-singers on earth, milling aimlessly as strings were plucked and fiddle bows tested. Some performers wore suits of psychedelic hues, tricked up with rhinestone patterns in the shape of horseshoes, alligators, or ruby-red lips; most, however, wore outfits only mildly Western or plain business suits. "Honey," a cowboy in a yellow shirt and lavender tie called to a red-nosed woman passing by, "how's your music box tonight?" "I got the goddamnedest head cold you ever seen," the lady said without breaking stride.

As a boy I had this private vision of Roy Acuff on stage as he sang "Wabash Cannonball" or "The Great Speckled Bird." He wore threads of gold, no doubt, and on his head was a jeweled crown. When the curtain rose now, however, Roy Acuff was bounding around stage trying to balance a fiddle bow on his chin; as his musicians sawed and pounded, Acuff toyed with a yo-yo. He

*Opry officials deny the frequent charge that they "burn air-conditioning in order to sell hard fans and cold drinks, though they do a booming business.

wore a red jacket, shapeless gray slacks, and white tennis shoes. He spoke in audible asides during the music; at commercial breaks he clowned for the crowd. Later, when I met him backstage, Acuff mumbled thanks to my introductory compliments and then adroitly disappeared. (At some point within the next few hours a midnight discovery was recorded in my notebook: *Roy Acuff is pot-bellied: he is too much of this world and the flesh.*)

When one performer introduced his small daughter on stage, a WSM official assured me there was no end to the sons, grandmothers, and old Army pals who are shoved forward for five-seconds of glory. "Opry people are like one big family," he said. "They intermarry . . . name their kids after each other . . . go fishing together. It's great." Well, yes, there is some of that. One would learn, however, that Opry people have their professional jealousies, messy divorces, and sins of the flesh like everyone else. Cousin Jody, a toothless old baggy-pants comedian who claims to have been in show business "since water," dropped the first hint. "Some of these young 'uns," he said, "try to play it pretty cooliefied. I don't dance much to their music." An Opry youngster or two would complain of too much blue grass and hoedown music at the expense of more modern sounds.

"It isn't like it was in the old days," Minnie Pearl told me. "We used to stay down there all night—acting silly and carrying on. It *was* one big happy family then. I remember during the war we were on the road and had our thirteenth flat of the tour—using those old war retreads—and Pee Wee King threw a jack-stand through the windshield and started cussing in Polish. Pee Wee's real name was Julius Franklin Arthur Chakenski, you know. Oh, we were all so close in those days! That's all changed, though. A while back a fan asked me to say hello to Ernest Tubb for him; he was shocked when I said sometimes I don't see E. T. for three to five months. Everybody thinks we have one perpetual Opry party. Shoot, my husband drives in the alley to wait while I do my ten-minute bit. Then I head straight back to the rocking chair." A few days later one big Opry star would vilify another big Opry star to me in barracks language. Over a three-hour wet lunch I would also learn of the Opry wheel who habitually complains if his name isn't in large enough lights. This old and special hero of mine drinks too much, and requires band members to mow his lawn. And there is a tainted romance or two around town.

When one Jean Peloquin made a much-heralded guest appearance on the Opry stage, Madison Avenue robbed me of my remaining youthful myths. The story ran that this simple barefoot boy, cleaning stables for a West Coast TV studio specializing in Westerns, found himself too broke on Father's Day to buy his old dad a gift. So he dropped a quarter in this recording machine, see, and plunking his trusty guitar recorded an original composition, "My Dad." Somehow a recording studio executive stopped by the stable, or something, and Peloquin happened to sing his song. The executive, possibly weeping, signed him on the spot. Soon the stable boy was written into a TV Western series; now, he would sing "for the public."

You believe it if you wish. Myself, I have seen Jean Peloquin. Handsomer than Rock Hudson, he does funny Elvis-things with his hips; offstage he jive talks and winks at the chicks. A lady from Peloquin's recording house was made nervous by our conversation. Well, no, Peloquin admitted, this wouldn't *exactly* be his first public appearance: he had performed at a few small parties—and on television. Peloquin grinned when asked how were things over at Actors Studio; the moment he admitted to twenty-seven years rather than the twenty-four listed in the official biography, the lady snatched him away. As he finished his number she coached the crowd: "Come *on*. Get off your damned *hands*. Help him! Encore!" Peloquin got one encore and came off to bear hugs from his chaperon. "Crazy, baby!" he said. "Groovy!" The last I saw of the simple stable boy he was drinking something exotic in a night spot called Mister Ed's while avidly discussing Zen.

Near the end of the show, I crossed the alley to Tootsie's Orchid Lounge for beer. The main room has rickety booths and tables, a counter with stools, a jukebox with an overactive thyroid, beer cases stacked head-high, iron curtains of smoke, cowboys in trick pants, and waitresses who consider a food order in the nature of a personal affront. On the walls are yellowed photographs of everyone who has ever played a guitar. Near a homemade sign that reads NO BEER TABS FOR NO BODY—POLICE ORDERS, were three cigar boxes overflowing with beer tabs.

Tootsie Bess, the proprietress, is a girthy aproned woman of indefinite years and a plain-as-mud hair style. "Tootsie," Vic Willis of the Willis Brothers said, winking at a bystander, "one of these nights I'm gonna take you to the wagon-yard." Tootsie, popping beer tops, answered without looking up, "Well, Hon, you better have plenty axle grease with you when you do." The

boss lady of Tootsie's is as good-natured as her clients permit. One night one of the wilder sidemen in a big-name band presumed to win an outrageous bet by displaying his manhood on the bar. Tootsie grabbed a nightstick she retains for just such emergencies and restored order in a particularly effective manner.

Nashville Accepts the Sound

The self-professed "Athens of the South," Nashville is a state capital city with a metropolitan area population of some 300,000. It is the site of Vanderbilt University, Andrew Jackson's "Hermitage" homestead, a replica of the Parthenon, the Tennessee State Museum, and Belle Meade Mansion; here the Confederacy launched its last great offensive. More germane to our story, however, Nashville has become a great music and recording center second only to New York.

"Music City, U. S. A." has more than one hundred publishing houses, some twenty recording studios accounting for approximately half the nation's records, four record-pressing plants, a dozen major booking agencies, more than 700 professional songwriters and countless amateur ones, about 1,000 union-affiliated musicians, and an estimated 1,800 "professional artists" ranging from *Playboy* All-Star Band guitarist Chet Atkins (credited with inventing the famous "Nashville Sound") down to obscure mountaineer fiddlers or weird jug-band combos.

Though Chet Atkins calls himself "just another hunched-over guitar player," this forty-four-year-old native of rural Tennessee is probably the most influential music man in Music City. As top Artist and Repertory executive for RCA Victor in Nashville, Atkins matches some fifty artists with appropriate material and produces their recording sessions. He is a noted songwriter and arranger, his own record albums have sold in the millions, and he designed the world's biggest-selling guitar.

Atkins was discovered by Steve Sholes, Victor vice-president, in the late 1940s. Having heard him play guitar on a commercial transcription, Sholes ordered him tracked down. Scouts found him broke and unemployed in Denver. Atkins' first records went virtually unnoticed. As recently as 1955 he was no more than a $75-per-week assistant to Sholes. Two years later Sholes placed him in charge of Victor's Nashville office, a decision that now seems star-kissed. Working with the kinds of musicians he had grown up with—country boys who read little or no music—Atkins began to create the loose, happy, natural sound for which Nashville is now famed. "You can get the same sound anywhere," Atkins says, "if you've got musicians from this part of the country. They've got soul. It's been suggested that the 'Nashville sound' is no more than an attitude."*

Five years ago local lore had it that music pumped $60 million annually into Nashville; today the figure is quoted as $100 million. Old-line Nashvillians who once dismissed Grand Ole Opry performers as hillbilly trash or took pains to assure visitors that they never went *near* the place now laud the Opry (and the music industry in general) by official proclamation, promotional literature, a celebrities' golf tournament, and annual awards banquets. Minnie Pearl (in real life Mrs. Henry Cannon, wife of a retired aircraft salesman and herself a businesswoman with a chain of fried chicken huts) was honored in 1965 as Nashville's "Woman of the Year" for her civic, church, and social contributions. Local politicos shake hands and slap backs at Ryman Auditorium. Last winter Congressman Richard Fulton of Nashville sang on the Opry his first recording, "Poor Little Paper Boy." When the Country Music Association holds its annual celebration in Nashville, the Governor, the Mayor, and U. S. Senators are there. Vanderbilt University has even established a Grand Ole Opry archives.

Country music has gone international in recent years. Japan has its own Grand Ole Opry. Germany, France, Australia, and Ireland are expanding markets. A country-music program on England's BBC attracts five million listeners. Country-Western is the favored music of GIs in Vietnam and may account for up to 40 per cent of our national record sales. Possibly the new directions it has taken in recent years account for its growing popularity.

Like everything else in America, country music is being urbanized. Drums, once barred from the Opry stage, are now permitted. Amplified guitars have become commonplace. Echo chambers, even a few winds and reeds, and country sounds with psychedelic connotations may be increasingly found in Nashville studios. (The first such song to make the country charts was "Funny, Familiar, Forgotten Feeling," written by a displaced Texan, Mickey Newbury.) There are beards in town, and

*In Nashville recording studios, musicians and back-up voices may hear a song for the first time at 7:00 P.M. and have it on tape by 8:30. While the artist sings the melody the first time, voices behind him hum and musicians write chord changes on 3 x 5 cards. They take it from there. "I can read a little music," the local joke goes, "but not enough to foul up my playing."

mini-skirts; not all the home-rolled cigarettes come from Prince Albert cans.

Grand Ole Opry artists do not yet sing of LSD trips or blood donations to the Vietcong; even so, the Opry style and sound are changing. Jim and Jesse McReynolds come out with their Lyndon Johnson hats, mandolin, and guitar; their big hit is called "Greenwich Village Folk Song Salesman." Bob Luman's wild beat would turn The Fugs on. When a singer named Margie Bowes came out of North Carolina as a Pet Milk talent contest winner ten years ago, she wore puffed sleeves and girlish bows in her hair; now she bounces around as a frost-tipped blonde, calling everybody Dah-ling and saying things like "Hey, man, that is a damned gas!"

Loves and Disasters

On Saturdays, forty-five-passenger tourist busses depart the Opry House every half-hour. The men have those thick, big-boned wrists common to plowboys or interior football linemen; they are partial to Western hats or duck hunters' caps. Their women seem all of a piece—faceless, neither young nor old, easily forgettable.

Our young blonde guide instructed us that our driver would periodically stop to accommodate photographers. The customers paid only perfunctory attention to spiels noting the church attended by Andrew Jackson ("He was a President of the U. S."), Union Street ("One of the greatest concentrations of brokerage commodities outside Wall Street"), or Franklin Road ("The avenue of retreat for Confederate soldiers during the battle of Nashville"). They perked up when we passed Hume Fogg High School ("Alma Mater of Dinah Shore and Phil Harris"), Acuff-Rose Publications, Minnie Pearl's Chicken Hut, and the Biltmore Courts Motel ("where Don Gibson wrote the classic country hit, 'Oh, Lonesome Me'").

There was a stir when we reached the wooded clump where Gentleman Jim Reeves died in a plane crash. Webb Pierce's guitar-shaped mailbox was photographed from impossible angles; his guitar-shaped swimming pool "has the strings painted on the bottom"; his Cadillac "has over three hundred silver dollars embedded in it, zebra upholstery, gun racks, and a set of Longhorn steer horns mounted in front." Photographers climbed down to record Tex Ritter's house; nobody accepted the invitation to pay that honor to Governor Buford Ellington's Mansion. We saw the small frame house off Granny Pike Road where Pat Boone grew up, the homes of Skeeter Davis, Faron Young, Jim Ed Brown and Eddy Arnold—"one of the richest men in the world, though he doesn't act like it." An old-timer in a baseball cap laughed: "He don't need to act like it if he's got it."

Our longest pause was at the home of Audrey Williams, widow of the legendary Hank. "That 1952 Cadillac in the driveway is the one Hank Williams died in on January 1, 1953," our guide said, prompting the greatest camera action since Iwo Jima. "Audrey and her son, Hank Jr., have established a Hank Williams museum in the home. Out back is a $40,000 cabaña decorated in true Hawaiian style. That is an authentic Civil War cannon and Confederate flag you see in the foreground. Hank Jr., who is eighteen, was recently married and signed to a $300,000 recording contract. He sang his father's songs in the movie 'The Hank Williams Story.'"

Hank Williams' big-time career hardly spanned six years; he was dead at twenty-nine. No country singer since Jimmie Rodgers, "The Singing Brakeman" (and also "The father of country music") caused such emotional impact or so quickly became legend. Much of Williams' story is dark: he couldn't drink, he became addicted to narcotics (because, friends say, of constant pain from an old spinal injury), his domestic life was stormy; he slept badly and ate hardly at all. Williams died in the back seat of his Cadillac while being driven to a one-nighter in Charleston, West Virginia.

Hank was one of the first elected to the Country Music Hall of Fame, housed in a handsome glass-walled barn along Record Row. There tourists study Jimmie Rodgers' brakeman uniform and railroad lantern, Hank's guitar and boots, Pee Wee King's accordion, the Carter Family's autoharp, the executive chair occupied by Jimmie Davis, "The Singing Governor" of Louisiana; Burl Ives' banjo, Bob Wills' first fiddle, the "first guitars" of Eddy Arnold, Chet Atkins, Gene Autry, and Tex Ritter. One display of relics was salvaged from the plane crash in 1963 that took the life of Patsy Cline, whose biggest record was darkly titled "I Fall to Pieces": her favorite wig, mascara wand, hairbrush, and a Confederate-flagged cigarette lighter which, though battered, still renders "Dixie."

The crash that killed Patsy Cline also took Cowboy Copas, Hawkshaw Hawkins, and Randy Hughes; Gentleman Jim Reeves and his manager were killed in another crash; Minnie Pearl was injured when her pilot husband was forced to crash-land in a Tennessee field. "You could buy airplanes around here real cheap for a while," one

Opry man said. Opry performers travel so extensively that accidents are inevitable: many play 250 or more road dates annually. Johnny Horton, Jack Anglin, Betty Jack Davis, and Ira Louvin died in auto accidents; dozens of others have been injured. Roy Acuff curtailed his travel schedule following critical injuries three years ago. (One of his old classics is "Wreck on the Highway.") George Jones has seen one of his busses demolished and another plunged into an Oregon lake.

Bus travel is, however, the most popular mode of Opry transportation. Porter Wagoner's own $67,000 marvel includes color television, carpets, and a well-appointed bar; Dottie West whips up her favorite dishes in a mobile kitchenette; George Jones—possibly against a third accident—has carpeted the floors, walls, and ceiling of his latest. By employing two drivers a troupe may roll almost constantly, keep down motel bills, and move in relative safety. Disadvantages include crowded conditions, numbing fatigue, and a terrible disorientation occasioned by odd sleeping hours, marathon poker games, and countless state borders. Many bus tours last twenty or more days.

Bussing the Stars

"Naw," Okie Jones answered my question, "I ain't bitter. Marty's got a world of talent. He rides them high notes out of sight. And nobody writes stronger lines than Marty Robbins when he's doing a certain kind of song like 'El Paso' or 'Fellina.' Any songs I wrote had to be kept simple; I never had enough vocabulary. And my own voice never amounted to much. Too thin." He bent the bus expertly around a curve, discovering new miles of night and the winking lights of several heavy trucks dimly seen through a snow screen. The great rubber wheels made popping sounds on the cold pavement, spinning out dirty little rivers of icy slush on the Ohio landscape.

Okie Jones was driving for the third consecutive night; there would be yet another night of diesels and truck-stop coffee before he reached the house-trailer he occupies on Marty Robbins' ranch twenty miles outside Nashville. "Marty's been real good to me. I showed up in Nashville flat broke seven years ago and he give me a job digging postholes." Now he works Robbins' ranch, takes care of his racing cars, and when the boss is singing to adoring crowds about golden sunsets, love, or devil women, Okie is somewhere out front hawking Marty Robbins albums and songbooks.

"My big record come out in 1951," Okie Jones said. "'Send Me a Penny Postcard.' I bought me a white Cadillac." Okie lit a menthol cigarette and flicked the bus lights. "Marty and me recorded for the same label. But where Marty had that pure, clear voice I was just what they call a 'personality': I'd jump around and act silly—I guess I was doing what Elvis Presley done later. Only Elvis done it a little better." He laughed, and for a moment his thirty-seven-year-old outdoorsman's face was younger. "A *lot* better. Elvis, he's not driving this bus tonight.

"It might seem like a comedown to some people," Okie said, "but I've seen it lots snakier than this. My step-daddy was a farm worker. Moved from place to place. One summer in Texas we lived under a tree. We lived under bridges or culverts several times. When winter come on, a farmer said we could stay in an old sod hut next to his pigpens—as long as we didn't disturb his pigs! Yeah, I've been up and I've been down, just like the old song says. When I was in the Army they sent me to perform on the Arlene Frances Show seventeen times. I wrote a few songs and recitations and got recorded. Then I hit with 'Penny Postcard.' After that I booked out at $550 a night. But if you don't get another hot record or two you cool off, and I never got it." Someone persuaded Okie Jones to invest in the wrong insurance firm; he lost even the aging white Cadillac. "Then I sorta withdrew. Wouldn't play any show dates. Didn't cut any records or write songs. Half the time I didn't answer my phone. It wasn't long before I found myself out of show business.

"Ups-and-downs go with this business. If a guy's got talent it'll usually work out for him. If he's just another entertainer—well, he goes as far as he can. Then he's got to rethink things." Okie Jones pushed the bus toward Indianapolis and the two Sunday shows awaiting Marty Robbins. After a while he began to sing his old hit, "Penny Postcard." Halfway through he forgot the words.

Behind his driver, in a stateroom with a silver star on the door (symbolic of the fame brought by nineteen records in *Billboard*'s Top Ten Tunes, eight in the No. 1 spot) Marty Robbins slept in red silk pajamas and a plush bunk bed. In the cramped rear, six members of Robbins' band lay atop thin mattresses on less than exotic double-decked bunks.

Nashville has a "star" system no less rigid and deadly than Hollywood's. There are the same nervous agents, press flacks, and hangers-on waiting around to sneeze should the star catch a head cold. Our star, Marty Robbins, was not aboard his bus when I began this grinding journey with it; he had flown ahead and would join us in Tren-

ton, New Jersey.* Taking a twenty-seven dollar poker lesson from Robbins' band boys, I was instructed on how to get along with The Chief: "The Chief don't like a lot of big betting. When he checks a bet then *we* check." Again: "We don't ask The Chief many questions. He'll tell us when to tune our boxes." It was suggested that The Chief preferred not to talk about his family, his money, or politics; should he get "a faraway look in his eyes" one would do well to cease talking altogether. I would later note that none of Robbins' men sat at his restaurant table without specific invitation; they were careful not to get the better of The Chief in roughhouse banter, and seemed instinctively to know when he had tired of the game.

Marty Robbins has instructed his drivers that if even one can of beer is discovered to "put it off along with the man who brought it aboard." (A wise rule. More than one country star has missed show dates, wrecked vehicles, or engaged in boxing matches for lack of such a rule.) Every member of the Robbins group has some extra duty to perform: singer-guitarist Don Winters handles travel arrangements; bassman Henry Durrough cuts The Chief's hair, and massages him each night with an electric vibrator; this one is responsible for Robbins' guitar, that one for his costumes. Robbins' hirelings average about $150 weekly. Before they got into music they were farmers, barbers, students, soldiers, and factory hands.

Robbins himself held dozens of jobs before stumbling into a music career. "I'm in this business," he says, "because I despise honest labor." He was ditchdigging in Arizona when a local Western-band leader offered him ten dollars to play substitute guitar, and he kept the job. One night in a roadhouse tavern he sang, and the house roared. Robbins claims that he didn't know he could sing: "I'd seen every Gene Autry movie as a kid, and tried to imitate him, but not seriously." He formed his own group and began to work rodeos, political gatherings, radio stations, and high-school gyms. Grand Ole Opry signed him in 1953. His first big hit, "Singing The Blues," was at the top of every country chart; a few years later his own "El Paso" was so large that he virtually quit personal appearances for a year because of tax considerations. At forty-four, Robbins now owns four music publishing companies, a 600-acre ranch, a house his band boys privately call "Marty's Ramada Inn," racing cars, beef cattle, and assorted real estate.

For all this success, Robbins is insecure. He does little television because "it scares me"; because his latest records have not been smashes he is changing recording sessions from Nashville to New York; he talks of needing new songs, new writers, new arrangements, new approaches. "When did I know I had it *made?*" he said in an all-night diner somewhere in West Virginia. "Hell, I haven't got it made yet! I dropped a bundle building a race track in Nashville; then some oil deals turned sour. And the damned federal government can ruin a man in thirty minutes!"

Robbins campaigned for Goldwater in 1964; this year he is red hot for George Wallace and manages to plug him at every show. (He introduces guitar man Jack Pruett as "my good friend from Ala-*bam*, George Wallace"; his band strikes up "Dixie"; in New Jersey, West Virginia, and Indiana this got big hands.) A farmboy of older and simpler times, Robbins believes that every man can achieve success if he persists: doles, foreign aid, or antipoverty programs are deterrents to ambition. He looks to George Wallace to stop "riots and looting." Surprisingly, perhaps, Robbins opposes the Vietnam war: "It's senseless. I love my country and all that, but if you win the damned war what have you got? Another nation to feed."

"What Marty would really like to be," one of his band boys confided, "is a frontier sheriff. He'd enjoy a 'High Noon' shoot-out every day." Robbins' favorite songs are about cowboys, hangings, posses, dance-hall queens; on moody nights, strumming his guitar, he may sit alone in the darkened bus singing of these subjects in a sweet, haunting voice, and one senses not to go near. Last year he wrote and published a pulp Western, *Small Man*, in the hope he will play its gun-slinging hero in the movies. He flavors his speech with Red Dog Saloon terms: "Playing the road is just like robbing Wells-Fargo. You ride in, take the money, and ride out."

There are certain road hazards, however: crowds seeking autographs, heckling drunks, reckless young women in tight slacks and with hot promises in their eyes. Most persistent of all are The Regulars—those odd characters who single out a given star to haunt at impossible points, seeking him out backstage, knocking on his motel door, asking him to shake hands with an old uncle. "Marty," a middle-aged woman in Indianapolis

*Robbins played a Trenton club on Friday night; the WWVA Jamboree in Wheeling, West Virginia, on Saturday night, and joined an Opry package show in Indianapolis for Sunday afternoon and evening performances. The 2,000-mile bus trip consumed four nights and three days. Robbins was paid a gross of $4,000.

said, "here's a picture I made of you in Oklahoma last year. And this one I made in Maine." A New Jersey couple regularly adapts their two-week vacation to Robbins' road schedule. An Ohio woman delivered a container of fresh strawberries and carefully seeded grapes, then displayed the latest photos of her grandchildren; Robbins politely murmured how much they had grown. "Those good friends and neighbors *mean* well," Robbins sighed one night after a particularly dogged regular had invaded his dressing room. "They buy your albums, they love you, they're loyal. They'll do damn near anything for you except leave you alone."

Sunday afternoon, Indianapolis: Robbins prowled his dressing room in skintight, electric-blue Western garb, restless, drumming on tables, flicking imaginary dust from his shiny black patent-leather cowboy boots. Above, the crowd rumbled into the Indiana State Fairgrounds Auditorium. "God loves a promoter," Robbins said. "Ole Dick Blake will rake that loot in today. He'll fill this thing twice—twenty-two thousand people. The gate may run fifty thousand dollars. All right, say Dick pays between six and seven thousand for his talent, maybe about that much more for advertising, hires all his help—hell, he could bank twenty-five thousand dollars easy. *I'm* the cat working for peanuts."

Dick Blake, the promoter, would later admit to 18,000 paying customers and a $39,000 gate; a huckster he pays $10,000 annually to shill a dozen big promotions added another $4,000 from the sale of assorted merchandise. Counting the house while he stood with Marty Robbins in the wings, the promoter said of his pitchman, "Listen to that guy. He's the best in the world." Within minutes I came to think of the pitchman as "The Golden Fleece": he confided to the good folks that he could make this special offer "by authority of the Continental Optical Company of the Orient." This meant he was willing to part with made-in-Japan binoculars at a nice profit. Then he shilled playing cards "with pictures of your favorite country-Western stars in resplendent colors. Roy Acuff is the King of Diamonds, Dottie West is the Queen of Hearts."

Dick Blake, who works out of Nashville, has packaged country-Western shows for seventeen years. His promotion had played to 8,000 in Louisville the previous night; there had been a $50,000 gate in Detroit and a $40,000 one in Pittsburgh. "Country radio operated right has been the key to our success," he says. "The hip stations program with the same 'Top Forty' format that only pop-music stations once used. The good country disc jockeys don't talk down to people. None of this 'Cousin Jake' stuff, or barnyard humor. Your country-Western audience is much more sophisticated now." Perhaps so. One must remark, however, that Blake's pitchman sold out of everything he brought with him.

One for the Carrousel

They come to Nashville with songs in their hearts and young men's visions. The odds favor their leaving within one year. Police and Travelers Aid Society workers know the telltale signs: an old car, out-of-state tags, a stingy wardrobe hanging in back, a stringed instrument. Warm nights they sleep in their cars; colder nights they seek out twenty-four-hour Laundromats. Unless they are especially cursed, there will come one burning morning when they breakfast on a single glazed doughnut that tastes like crow, and wire home for money. Suddenly the hometown gas pump or the family farm looks good. Nashville struggles along with one less genius.

One night I talked late in a Nashville motel room with Mickey Newbury, a young song writer with Acuff-Rose. Two years ago Newbury literally was on the street; today he owns a gold Cadillac convertible, a sharp wardrobe, and apartments in Houston and Nashville; annual income is more than $50,000. As we talked, sipping good Scotch, there came from the street a thunderous wail. We stepped to the balcony. Below, under a street light, slouched a young man in Western blue denims and an outsized hat, a small canvas bag in one hand and a guitar in the other, repeating again that mournful howl to the empty streets. "Listen to him," Newbury said. "He's trying to communicate! With just *anybody*. That was *me* a couple of years ago. Man, you're looking at me!"

The lonesome cowhand moved toward the dim lights of a gloomy YMCA building, hesitated, walked six steps one way and perhaps eight steps another, then chose a dark side street to lead him toward some uncertain rendezvous with his personal destiny. "He doesn't even know where he's going," Newbury said.

The unknown young man could not know. Not yet. For the carrousel was spinning before him, playing merry tunes with their promise of golden Cadillacs and a certain feathery fame. The young man would eventually lunge at it, but until that moment he could not know whether he would be pulled aboard for the fast sweet ride or whether the carrousel would spin on by, leaving him sprawled in the Tennessee dust.

Harper's Magazine, July 1968

David Halberstam

TRAVELS WITH BOBBY KENNEDY

In the days before his surprising defeat by McCarthy in Oregon, the candidate who may have entered the lists too late fought in the Midwest against enormous personal and family antagonisms.

In the late spring of 1968, Robert Kennedy—a shy, abrupt, and sometimes passionate man—devoid of his privacy, forcibly shorn of his shyness, trying to control some of his passion, was campaigning throughout Indiana in the cities and the villages and even the tiny hamlets, because it is part of the American ethic that the rich may run for office as long as they campaign harder and longer than the poor. He was campaigning among the black and among the white, though rarely among the black and white together, not in the America of the late 'sixties, uneasy days in uneasy territory. For this was alien land, a soil which in 1960 had given Richard Nixon 225,000 more votes than his brother; yes, Richard Nixon by 225,000, and there to remind him of both the past and the present were Nixon bumper stickers again—*Nixon is Safer*.

Kennedy's aides sought ever-smaller villages where hopefully they might avoid some of the shrieking teen-agers who had so lovingly pursued him in his campaign. The squealers kept showing up on television, and it was becoming counterproductive to their parents, and their parents could vote. Yet everywhere the campaign rhythm and the crowds remained a constant—concentric circles forming by age and passion, the inner circle very very young, too young but passionate, the voters of 1972 ("Who Cares if His Hair is a Silly Millimeter Longer?" said the sign). The second ring was filled with a mixed bag, still young but of voting age, a few signs pro, a few signs against ("Defoliate Bobby"). Then finally, on the outer ring, quietly coming and listening and watching, neither jumping nor cheering, the good citizens of Indiana (often outside hearing range, the sound equipment was uniformly terrible, but there was no portable bullhorn; it had been suggested but Ethel Kennedy had vetoed that; it had, she said, looked too coarse on television, too much like Lyndon Johnson) come to see one of those Kennedys, wondering what it was all coming to anyway and where it was all going.

These were tough, exhausting days. It was the same speech over and over again, an echo of 1960—I think we can do better in America—a difficult campaign made more difficult by his opponents, because his favorite opponent had departed the field. Lyndon Johnson had evaporated, and there were Clean Gene McCarthy and Folksy Roger Branigan, but these men were not the real opponent, the real opponent was Robert Kennedy. He was campaigning against himself, the old fears, old suspicions, old hates, though they might be different fears in different parts of the country; for he was at once too ruthless and too gutless for the liberals and the students, and too radical for the middle class, too much the party man for some of the intellectuals, too little the party man for most of the machines. He had finally the look of a man who intended to rock the boat, and rock it indeed he probably would; he sensed the country needed a little rocking.

The suspicions of the good Hoosiers did not surprise him, and he anticipated their distrust, (indeed he was campaigning hard, a little too hard to ease those fears), but the liberal suspicions and the depth of them had hurt and surprised him. They were not exactly new suspicions. They came and bloomed seasonally about the Kennedys. They had existed about John Kennedy on his way to the White House, faded when he attained it, existed about Robert Kennedy (more doubts, for he looked and acted more Catholic) when he was appointed Attorney General, faded upon his performance, bloomed again when he became an instant New Yorker on his way to the Senate, faded again upon his performance as a Senator and faded even more against the backdrop of the real fear of the war and of The Man. They who had once feared him and had perhaps even voted for Kenneth Keating in New York had spent

October and November depressed about the forthcoming Nixon-Johnson-Wallace race. They loved him in the fall; they thought of him often and remembered what was good in his brother's Administration and his own record. He thought often of them too, played brinksmanship with the race, hesitated, stayed out, and then when he did enter he entered a little late and gracelessly, for Robert Kennedy, unlike his older brother, is not a graceful man.

But he was in nonetheless, and he had done what McCarthy perhaps might not have been able to do. He had driven Lyndon Johnson out and probably turned American policy in Vietnam around, and a grateful liberal community, freed from its worry over the war and its fear of Lyndon Johnson, temporarily liberated from the attacks of the New Left, was relaxing amid its old suspicions and dislike of Robert Kennedy. The memories of the old seemed too long, the memories of the young too short. It was symbolic of the fresh breezes suddenly blowing in American politics in the spring that the liberals once more had the luxury of disliking Robert Kennedy; he had helped slay the dragon only to become the dragon. Oregon would prove that on May 28.

* * *

The campaign in Indiana was a search for a domino. It was intense, exhaustive, and expensive, and the hope was that Indiana would come around and then topple Nebraska, and then would topple Oregon, and then California would go for Kennedy and this would stampede other delegations, prove that Kennedy was a winner. So if they were running a little late, a campaign pieced together at the last minute, they were running very hard, but curiously unsure of themselves. Indeed, they had carefully and gratefully listened to the advice of one Gordon St. Angelo, the Indiana state chairman, and the nice Mr. St. Angelo had given them all kinds of friendly advice (such as stay out of Indiana), only to find out, once they were in Indiana, that Mr. St. Angelo was not a friend at all, that he was the ally of Branigan, and that he wished dark days for them. Somehow one sensed Mr. St. Angelo would get his someday.

Everyone told them what was obvious about Indiana: a conservative state, strong Ku Klux in the old days, more like Kentucky or Tennessee than anyplace else, go easy on race, and so they were running a muted campaign, treading light, fearing back- and forelashes, reminding the Hoosiers that he was the nation's top law-enforcement officer. The problem was part religious and part racial; for Southern Indiana was part of that religious belt which began in the Midwest of America, heading Southwest, which harbored old and powerful prejudices against Catholics, even handsome young Catholics; indeed on the eve of *this* primary Larry O'Brien, one of the architects of the 1960 strategy which had been so dependent on winning every single primary, could still offer small and fervent prayers to Stuart Symington, who for reasons known only to God, had chosen not to enter Indiana in 1960. But there were prejudices against Negroes too, and Robert Kennedy entered Indiana identified in the minds of many white Indianans as the man most associated with the upward thrust of the Negro, much more so than Gene McCarthy, whose voting record was so similar.

For this was a different time than 1960, when John Kennedy could easily put together the blue-collar whites and the blacks. Now the whites were restless and it was symbolic that in Gary, one of Indiana's few big industrial cities, a mayorality primary had broken down fifty-fifty between the Negro wards and the white blue-collar machine wards, and indeed Robert Kennedy had been with the blacks on that one; one sensed everywhere the new American thrust toward racial polarization.

The campaign had been going on for several weeks and it was already exhausting. American politics were designed for the days of trains and radio. Now the same schedules exist in the days of jet planes and television. We brutalize our candidates. The plane starts out in the East, filled with television teams, some working for the networks, others working for him—television teams doing instant documentaries, television teams covering television teams. Everywhere he goes they follow, every little word, every background briefing is swallowed up *live* ("Who is the pool man on getting him when he shaves tomorrow?" asked a reporter). The plane zips across the sky (once when John Glenn was traveling with him and the sky was very bumpy he turned, and said, "I have a small announcement to make. John Glenn is terrified"), bloody Marys are broken out to reporters by midmorning. The aides curse the local advance men for not bunching the crowd up at the airport. It has spilled out all along the fence and looks too small, band playing, girls jumping,

David Halberstam has presented other Democrats in political profile this year: Senator Eugene McCarthy in the March "Harper's" and Governor Claude Kirk in May. He is the author of two books about Vietnam, including a novel called "One Very Hot Day."



brief remarks of candidate—*I think we can do better in America, Indiana is important, we can turn this country around*—on the bus into town, same remarks, back on bus, back to airplane, the plane takes off, lands, band plays, girls jump, Kennedy thinks we can do better. Back in busses. Airborne again. We land in Terre Haute to a small crowd at airport, and on the way in Dick Tuck, the wagon master and surviving humorist of American politics (he allegedly placed a stewardess on a Goldwater plane who reportedly asked the candidate, "Coffee, tea, or hemlock," once ran for State Senator in California, making the Los Angeles River, which is dry, his chief issue: "Either Fill it Up or Paint it Blue") notes that the bus driver estimates the crowd "somewhere between seventy-eight hundred and seventy-eight thousand." Though it is a clear day, Tuck adds "that his crowd is much larger than the crowd Richard Nixon drew ten days ago on a day when it was not raining nearly as hard as it is today." Earlier in the day, a reporter had complained that the candidate deviated from a prepared text. "Robert Kennedy is not a text deviate," Tuck snapped.

Terre Haute is cool to the candidate. As Kennedy rides through town several people yell "coon catcher" at him. His speech is weak and edgy, and somewhat defensive on civil rights (violence is unacceptable). That night several of the reporters claim that Kennedy is trimming on civil rights. His staff denies it, but the reporters insist. The next morning Kennedy breakfasts with a group of about 150 women in Terre Haute, and gives a pedestrian speech (Kennedy is not a good speaker, he is not at ease, and by and large formal situations tense him up and constrict him), but in the question and answer session, and this is equally typical, he is very good.

He starts talking about the poor in America and gets carried away: "The poor are hidden in our

society. No one sees them anymore. They are a small minority in a rich country. Yet I am stunned by a lack of awareness of the rest of us toward them and their problems. . . . We don't see them. We pay all these taxes, and pass all these programs to help them and yet the programs don't reach them and the taxes go for other things, and every year their lives are more hopeless than ever and yet we wonder what's wrong with them, after all we did for them." It is very good stuff. There are almost no reporters present.

Off we go to Gary, which is a tough town. On the plane Kennedy talks about the problems in the state. He has had two days of cold receptions and is saying that so far in Indiana he is being seen as a member of the black race. "If that keeps up, I'm lost. That breakfast was very good, but how many people in Indiana will get that much exposure, how many chances will you have to talk at that length?" He stops for a moment and says, "These people never ask me, 'What are you going to do about the Negro problem, or what can we do for the Negro?' They always ask, 'What are you going to do about the violence?' " On to Gary, where the reception is mixed. Unadulterated enthusiasm from the Negroes, although much of it is for Tuck, who is something of a hero here in Gary. (He was dispatched here during the mayoralty race by Kennedy to keep the Democratic machine from stealing the election from Dick Hatcher. Besides keeping the party machine from voting the dead, he also heard of a plot to have all the voting machines in the black wards break down at the height of the election. Tuck sent to Chicago for ten Negro pinball repairmen, had them tutored on a model of the machine, faked credentials for them, sternly warned them at one point about rigging the machines so they added too *quickly*, and on election day, sure enough, when the machines started breaking down, always in the Negro wards, Tuck's men fixed them in minutes, instead of hours.) The whites in Gary are edgy, though there are some signs that the old Kennedy magic with the ethnic groups may work yet. But that night the suspicion that Kennedy is trimming persists, and his press secretary, Frank Mankiewicz, is asked, "Will he place greater emphasis on reconciliation rather than divisiveness?"

Mankiewicz answers, "Well I think you can say that he will not urge divisiveness."

In Washington for one day, then back to the campaign, the plane heading inevitably back to Indiana, there is no escape. On board, the candidate is in a good mood. "Are you ready for my speech today?" he asks a reporter. The reporter replies that he has memorized the speech, indeed given it at several Washington cocktail parties, yes, even given it in the middle of the night to his wife. No, not *that* speech, my new speech about the four Vice Presidents who came from Indiana. I'm getting off the plane, the reporter says. "Or my new speech on the Negroes," he says mocking himself, mocking the clichés, "how they're going too fast . . . and how you can't expect people who lived one way for more than two hundred years to have everything overnight . . . and then my conclusion that they have to earn their rights, just like all the other Americans did, all the other people who came to this country and worked hard and earned a place. Now it's their turn to make it on their own. . . ."

Insider into Outsider

He was an odd and beguiling figure. Patrick Anderson had once written that Robert Kennedy was not a simple man but many simple men, a good description. His reputation was for ruthlessness, yet in 1968 there seemed no major political figure whose image so contrasted with the reality; most politicians seem attractive from a distance but under closer examination they fade; the vanities, the pettiness, the vulgarities come out.

Robert Kennedy was different. Under closer inspection he was far more winning than most: little bitterness or pettiness, for if one is a Kennedy there is little reason to be embittered, to feel cheated; little false vanity or false modesty, for if one is a Kennedy the action swirls around you, you are automatically at the center of things, even when you are out of power. He seemed like the other Kennedys, still a fresh figure in our politics, which in some measure was a benefit of his wealth. For it is true that having money as a national politician is not so important as *not* having money. There is a gradual erosion to a politician who lacks wealth—too many years attending too many dinners, asking too many rich men favors, listening to their inanities and then thanking them. Kennedys and Rockefellers are spared that.

He was intelligent and knowledgeable about the world. Indeed there was no one in his entourage who knew more about the world. There might be people who were more knowledgeable about one aspect of it, or one country, but none who had seen as much of it as he, or had talked to so many people in so many different parts of the world; his education was the best a rich family and a powerful nation could provide. He was open-minded to new ideas and well read, though perhaps

self-consciously so, and a New York magazine writer could say of him, "I'm tired of friends of mine going out to cover Kennedy and coming back telling me he asked them what he should read."

He was quick to admit his own mistakes, curiously fatalistic about himself, for if one is a Kennedy there is the sense that it can all be achieved, but also that it can all be snatched away; he could talk with striking detachment about his own career (though not about John Kennedy, that was still emotional; one could easily criticize anything Robert Kennedy had done, but one did not criticize the Kennedy Administration without changing the tone of the conversation).

He could sit and talk fatalistically about Indiana on the eve of the primary, about the people—they had given him at least a fair chance—and about the people who hated him in the state, the transplanted Kentuckians and Tennesseans. Sometimes, he said, you could feel them hate straight at you ("I can understand that") or he would talk about the kids working for McCarthy who were bitter.

He performed worst in a sterile television studio without any audience. In public he would be cool toward a business group, would seem warmed by young people or Negroes, would always give them more time than the schedule allotted, but often a hostile audience or a hostile question would interest him and he would perform at his best. He lacked John Kennedy's absolute confidence in himself, his charm, and most important his ability to project that charm. The people around Robert Kennedy were regularly telling him to loosen up, to be himself, but it did not come easily, he was not a loose man. Robert Kennedy making a speech was not Ted Williams swinging a bat.

He could bring into American politics some of the very best people for it, fresh and intelligent men of a variety of views. He could inspire them to an extraordinary degree (in part because he did not like sycophants and because he listened to the quiet voices), yet he could also tolerate on the fringes self-serving and frivolous people, so that to the outsider the Robert Kennedy people were blurred. Was it Fred Dutton, one of the brightest men in American politics, who was typical of the inner circle, or Frank Mankiewicz, the thoughtful press secretary, a man extremely knowledgeable about Latin America? Or was it some silly New York socialite? He was visualized as a total politician, yet he was frequently doing things which were, technically at least, bad politics, such as the championing of the California grape strikers, and even his entry into the 1968 race. He had become the chief champion of the dispossessed in this country, and God knows the conservatives and the reactionaries knew it, yet as he started his race he was distrusted by liberals and intellectuals to a surprising degree; people who in the end had first tolerated and then trusted his brother watched him with unconcealed dislike and suspicion, though he was far more committed on race, with far more of a proven record, than John Kennedy had been.

The suspicion was a product of many things. The liberals after all had not changed over sixteen years since that exhilarating first Stevenson campaign, and Robert Kennedy had, and they found that hard to accept. He had carried on his education in public, his mistakes were a matter of public record; he had been the tough lightning rod of his brother's years, and that image stayed with him. For the liberal intellectuals, many of them Jews, it was almost an ethnic thing, he looked too Irish-Catholic for them; they believed him to be more like his father than like his brother. Their defection hurt him the most; he had gone through it before in the 1964 campaign, worn the yarmulke all over New York City, finally won their votes, if not their affection.

Now he was more than a little disappointed. He thought he had established a relationship, and they were not there. Someone suggested that he make a speech on Israel and he said he was damned if he would do that right now. McCarthy he could understand, but these were not even people who were for McCarthy. They were people who had pushed for him to make the race, and now they were for Humphrey. *Humphrey.* Someone said not to worry, if he got the nomination and ran, they would all come. It's not the same thing, he said, if they vote for me against Richard Nixon; what does that mean, what kind of consolation prize is that?

Part of it of course was the Kennedys' own fault; like the rest of us they wanted things both ways, they wanted to be able to complain about the lack of privacy given them by photographers and reporters, and yet be able to summon photographers and reporters from an important magazine, to reveal all kinds of innermost thoughts and permit all kinds of spontaneous family photographs whenever the inclination struck them. The country at times liked him for being part of Camelot, and then hated him because of course there was no Camelot, and why did the Kennedys pretend there was. Thus he could not be like normal men: the night of Martin Luther King's funeral I sat with one of the most distinguished reporters in the country, perhaps more knowledgeable about the race question than any other man in the South and a fan of Kennedy's, and we were

talking about the long grueling march in hot weather, from the church to the grave. Robert Kennedy had made it, had evoked by far the most passionate response from the Negroes along the way, yet he had at the end taken his jacket off (as had others). I was complaining about this; I suppose I felt it was half youth-cult, half toughness-cult, and the other reporter was defending him; others had taken their coats off, it was normal, it was not demagogic, why, Martin Luther King would have taken his coat off at the funeral. No he wouldn't, I said, you just don't do it. No, said the reporter, King had done it at the funeral of Jimmie Lee Jackson, but when Kennedy does something you all read too much into it. Case closed. Yet finally, he had to be judged not just on the past, and on the mythology, but on the growth and the capacity for growth, not just those years around the White House, the right hand of The Man, but on those post-power years when he stood outside the power Establishment looking in and became consumed by the poor in America.

One man, an early Stevensonian who had worked with John Kennedy, had not liked Robert Kennedy, but had done some work for him in the past, came back to him this year and said that he was the most changed man in American life: "Now he is tough of mind and tough of spirit, not just tough of mouth."

* * *

He began his public career as a social illiterate. His first job to attract attention was that of junior counsel to the (Joseph) McCarthy committee. He admired McCarthy (and broke with him more over Roy Cohn than anything else, though staying loyal personally); after that he joined the Senate rackets committee as assistant counsel. A friend from those days remembered him at the beginning as being totally unsympathetic to labor and "to the right of Barry Goldwater." He was a relentless Hoffa-hunter, and to many people in labor he seemed to enjoy the job a little too much; they always wondered if his feelings about labor went beyond Hoffa. Then he ran his brother's campaigns (and ran them well). He was the lightning rod for all the endless tough decisions, so that it was always the Good Jack and the Bad Bobby; in those simplistic days anyone who opposed Jack was a bad guy, and was likely to be roughly treated. Even friends found their sensibilities trampled by Robert Kennedy. He was quick, often far too quick to judge other men by his own standards of toughness and loyalty. Men were not judged by what they had done in their lifetimes, but by how they reacted to the John Kennedy candidacy. The early days of the John Kennedy Administration were marked by a certain arrogance of the hardnosed, *we're eggheads, but we're tough too*, and Robert Kennedy was one of the leading offenders.

It was a time when activist eggheads with muscles were in, and old soft eggheads, Stevensonians, many of them, were out. Chester Bowles was the old kind, out of step in those days; when he appeared ready to blab about having been against the Bay of Pigs, Robert Kennedy's finger went into his stomach: *you were for it, remember that* (the story went around the country and it wasn't the Bowles people who put it out, either). Shortly after the new Administration began with speaking invitations coming in from everywhere and very few being accepted, one came in from a Polish group. *Come on, let's take that one*, said Kennedy, *I like the Poles, they're tough.*

When Burke Marshall was being looked over for Assistant Attorney General, the earlier doubts about him were that he wasn't tough enough. Which is true: Marshall on the outside is a mild quiet man, his fingers do not go into people's stomachs, yet he proved to be a man of as much steel and fiber as anyone that Administration produced. Today he is as close to Robert Kennedy as anyone (and Kennedy relies upon his judgment more than anyone else) and probably as much as anyone he had a part in teaching the young Attorney General that toughness does not come from swaggering, boasting, or hard talk (and the New Frontier had a lot of that) but often from quiet inner conviction. (Though to this day, the word *tough* comes frequently to Robert Kennedy's lips; it is a quality he still admires, though he would probably give a different definition of it than seven years ago.)

The years as Attorney General gave him an identifiable public record. Instead of being just a shadowy background figure slipping in and out of the back door of the White House, he was a man whose record could be checked. He was a good Attorney General and getting better. He made good, even excellent appointments, he gave his people their head; on civil rights he entered with a nominal interest and left with a deep commitment and a growing sensitivity. On the big questions of that era he was an intelligent, cool, and thoughtful influence. He behaved particularly well during the Cuban missile crisis. When I was in Vietnam in 1963, and not exactly the favorite reporter of the Kennedy Administration (which saw that a major foreign-policy disaster was shaping

up and wished that the crisis would go away, or failing that, that my colleagues and I would go away) Michael Forrestal, who was the White House man on Vietnam, and probably more than any other Washington official saw what was coming and used his influence to change Washington policy, told me that if you wanted to get dissident ideas through to the White House, the single person most open to suggestion and to accepting bad news was Robert Kennedy.

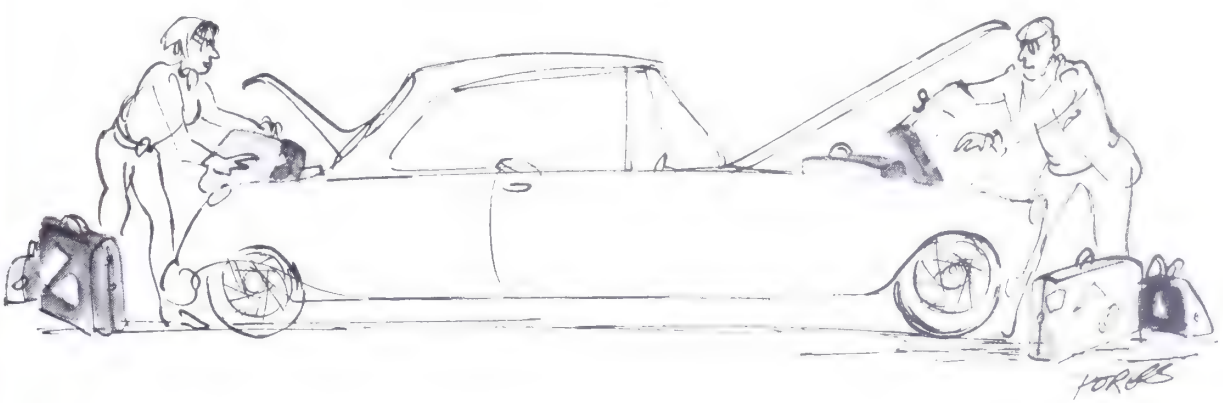
Those were good and heady days for the Kennedys, a confluence of power, intelligence, style, and glamour perhaps never seen before in this country. They seemed to set a style that those of us on the outside might envy, for it was true that the Kennedys with their wealth could have free what money could not buy; they could get people to work for them who would not work for other politicians, no matter how much money was offered, no matter how correct the politician's ideological position or voting record.

It was, in fact, too good a time, for they in fact inhaled people; thoughtful journalists and intellectuals, who could not be bought in the real sense, were taken over by the glamour. They became too close, they saw only what they wanted to see, and finally in the eyes of their colleagues, they became Kennedy satellites, Kennedy insiders, so that their gossip would be listened to, their presence at a dinner party sought, their post-Administration books bought, but finally they would be seen as Kennedy men, and this would come back to haunt Robert Kennedy. Years later when his own candidacy would be advanced many of the people who now spoke for him would be a little tarnished, their independence questioned, their intellectual judgment no longer so valued; Robert Kennedy would be in the position where his enemies would be armed, his supporters disarmed.

That time of excitement ended with the assassination; in those post-assassination days Robert Kennedy was like a man in shock. He was also without a base. He offered himself as an Ambassador to Vietnam and was rejected; he campaigned for the Vice Presidency on a trip to Poland, and was accepted by the Poles but rejected by the President. He came to New York and ran for the Senate, challenging Kenneth Keating for his seat. "That," says one New York liberal, "is why I have doubts about Bobby, even though I knew I'd vote for him if the time came. Because first with Keating and then with Eugene McCarthy he challenged somebody who already had a liberal constituency. So both times in a sense we were asked to make a choice for him against someone who, to a degree, was entitled to our loyalty."

His campaign for the Senate was less than distinguished; he ran a competent campaign, Keating ran an undistinguished one, and it was a Democratic year. Under normal conditions a junior Senate seat (particularly from New York where one must speak for the polyglot ethnic, business, industrial, and labor groups) might have led him to obscurity (particularly with his party in the White House) or saddled him with endless speeches promoting all of New York's vast and conflicting interest groups—the Ukrainian speech one day, the Jewish speech the next.

But the Johnson Presidency soon became dominated by Vietnam and the Democratic party, which controlled the White House, nevertheless soon became the party of dissent. Kennedy joined the Democratic Senators protesting the war, and, as the war intensified the restlessness in the ghettos, he became the chief national spokesman for the black and the poor, the two almost but not quite synonymous in America. He is particularly bitter about Johnson's inability or lack of in-



terest in handling the ghettos: "He didn't care about the Negroes, he thought he could win without them, and they knew this, they knew he felt they had nowhere else to go."

Thus at a crucial time in America, when American politics were changing faster than ever, when the society seemed less able to cope with its accumulated racial problems than ever before, Robert Kennedy was by chance on the outside looking in. He was outside the power Establishment, and he could feel some of the futility which the dispossessed in America felt. His course then was one of increased radicalism.

"The difference between him and Humphrey," says one of his friends "is that Humphrey started out in 1948 outside the Establishment and has slowly and steadily been incorporated into it, step by step, until in 1968 he is an official Establishment figure. When columnists talk about Humphrey being the man of reconciliation because he can bring together the labor unions and the Southern Governors, they are talking about him reconciling two different parts of the Establishment—they may have made it by different roads, but they're both there nevertheless. Now Kennedy began in power, but because of events was thrown out of the Establishment and thus has looked at American society from the outside. There is one other difference, one was out in 1948 and the other was out in 1967, and that means a great deal of difference in outlook."

The (Half) New Politics

He was perhaps the most interesting figure in American politics, not only because he was a Kennedy, not only because so much of his education had taken place in the public eye—we could trace his education almost by putting together film clips of this decade—but primarily because at a time of great flux and enormous change in American life and politics, Robert Kennedy was a transitional figure, exactly at the halfway mark between the old and the new. There was a constant struggle for his body, his soul, and his campaign between the traditionalists, the veterans of 1960, more often John Kennedy men Larry O'Brien, Ted Sorensen, and others—and the new breed. These were more often younger men, more radical, less anti-Communist, less professional in the pure sense, prophets of the New Politics, men like Adam Walinsky, a young speech writer. Though in part this was a struggle in tactics, it was more; it reflected a collision of forces in America just as much as a debate between liberals and conservatives in the Senate reflected a similar kind of collision a decade ago.

The result was that Robert Kennedy, just as he was caught in the great contradictions between the thrusts of American power and American idealism (he had been weaned on power, had exercised it, but he had become a spokesman for American idealism too), was caught in similarly contradictory thrusts between the new and the old politics.

This year was a long way from 1960, and for the first time really since the New Deal our politics were reflecting the major changes in American life. The battle around Kennedy reflected these shifts in the society. The old machine-based, party-centered, economics-oriented, traditionalist politics were shifting in our affluence to new styles. New issues were rising, old alliances were breaking up. The party machinery, once such a dominant force in the Democratic organization, was steadily being weakened by the onslaught of television, for television was wiping out the middleman, the power broker who in return for certain promises and certain controls could offer the candidate exposure. Now someone with money, someone who can bear exposure (which was not always true under the old rules) could go directly to the people. Political power which once rested with the party officials and the labor unions was ebbing there, and shifting to the suburbs and the universities. Labor unions were fast becoming a conservative force in America; other groups, traditionally Republican, now in the suburbs, might be wooed to the cause.

Yet if part of the new politics worked, so did some of the old, and in the nation the mix varied greatly, state by state, region by region, depending on the affluence of the area and on the population shifts. Take California, for example. Its politics were almost totally neurotic, reflecting the most recent of population shifts; of California it was said that you could take the top two thousand Democratic party officials, put them on a barge, sink the barge, and all you would lose would be two thousand votes. Other states, Indiana among them, were moving more slowly toward the new era. The population had not shifted that much, but the party machinery was still important, and the voter profile was probably less changed from 1952 than it was in many other states.

What was happening in politics was not an overnight thing but was the sum of many changes.

Labor, and labor districts, more affluent and more conservative, do not automatically respond to machine and union control; they fear the

Negroes, and this destroys one part of the base of the party.* Similarly, in the suburbs a large portion of middle-class America, nominally Republican, has been freed from some of its economic fears. It is materially successful, it has time on its hands to worry about the course of American life; broader, often moral issues bother it. It is worried about a place for the Negroes (unlike blue collar it does not compete with them), it has the time and energy to work in American politics, but it is distant from blind party loyalty. Whoever gets the suburbs and can continually understand its needs will dominate the New Politics.

The kids too are different. Largely middle-class, not worried about their next jobs, they are radically dissatisfied with the course of American life, and feel no responsibility (or particular affection) for the recent past. It is a politically charged generation, a product of stepped-up American education because of Sputnik. This generation was in high school during the John Kennedy years, and the civil-rights revolution is part of its education, and so is the Vietnam war.

The new energy of the kids and the new hunting ground of the suburbs have broadened the issues of American life to more moral ones; thus the politicalization of American foreign policy, not Quemoy or Matsu as in 1960 or even getting back the *Pueblo*. Rather there is a more general question of the role and the limits of this country's power, a current in American political life which started with the Vietnam teach-ins and continued during the Senate Foreign Relations Committee hearings.

In some states such as California and New York these changes had already come; in much of the country they had not. Technically the first year for the Democrats to operate under the New Politics would be 1972; the Republicans, less tied to the machine, would have a quicker shot at the Presidency if they chose the right candidate, though they appeared headed, like lemmings to the sea, for Richard Nixon, their Old Politics candidate, a choice more of the GOP inner organizations than of the general population. The thing for Robert Kennedy to do would be to wait until 1972. But life is not like that; though the new style was still mixed with the old, though Chicago's Mayor Richard Daley was still a powerful figure, the issue of Vietnam had arrived and was bringing powerful pressures to bear. Thus Kennedy's long and difficult dilemma. In late 1966, to the traditionalists around him, a race for the Presidency seemed the furthest thing away. But others would predict the race, not because he wanted it, but because there were forces outside his control pushing him toward it.

It was a struggle which began in late 1966, perhaps even before that, for as Kennedy shaped his direction and shaped his own staff, a surprisingly radical staff for this country, he was developing both the kind of men he would listen to and also his own increasingly independent course in politics. The intense point of the struggle came during the controversy last fall and early this winter over whether he should run or not; and it continues in the decisions over what type of campaign he runs, what type of speeches he makes, what kind of image he projects. It is a classic struggle between a few older intellectuals, like Arthur Schlesinger, the young radicals (of one very young speech writer an older Kennedy aide said, "That kid gets his draft notice and we're the only campaign in town with a speech writer in Canada") and, on the other hand, the old pros, one of them holding the most radical of seats, Postmaster General under Lyndon Johnson.

As early as the fall of 1966 Adam Walinsky and Peter Edelman, two of Robert Kennedy's legislative aides (they are Robert Kennedy's men, not John Kennedy's) had felt the new currents, had sensed that Lyndon Johnson would become a prisoner of the war, and that by 1968 the country would be ripe for a new *moral* candidacy. They believed that a delicate and fragile balance would work for Kennedy in 1968, blooming once, but that if he did not rise to it, it might never bloom again, for moral leadership once offered could not be easily postponed. (Walinsky and the others sensed that a Republican—a Lindsay—might easily move in and become the odds-on favorite for 1972; the winning army of 1972 would form in 1968; they figured it would be Lindsay because a Republican has a freer hand, with less organization and machine to hold him back; they did not count on Eugene McCarthy).

They pushed hard for a race, as did others: Frank Mankiewicz, John Kenneth Galbraith, Al Lowenstein, Schlesinger (closer and more influential with Robert Kennedy than he ever was with John). But the traditionalists had argued against it. Amateurs willing to take risks in 1960, they had become wealthy and successful professionals, Establishment figures by 1967. The John Kennedy campaign had never really been run outside the political Establishment; it had been run to prove to the Democratic political organiza-

* There was still in high union circles a deep antagonism toward Kennedy, going back to his days on the McClellan Committee. This would particularly come back to haunt him in Oregon.

tion, much of it Catholic, that a young handsome Catholic could win. Now they were passing on the clichés and the mythology of American politics. The same men who had scoffed in 1960 when someone said a Catholic could not win were now saying, you can't unseat a sitting President.

Of all the old Kennedy people who got together at a Kennedy meeting in December 1967, the one most sympathetic to the race was Kenny O'Donnell, because he already could feel the first pressure of the colleges in Massachusetts going for McCarthy; he could feel the potency of the new force, and feel it slipping away from the Kennedys. The traditionalists passed on the mythology that the country was more hawkish than one thought, which was not true. The move was from hawk to dove, and fast; and the polls, which they carried to the meeting and quoted, were wrong for two reasons. First because people do not tell pollsters the truth about how they feel if somehow they feel it might mark them as unpatriotic, so that there is an automatic built-in error. Secondly, and perhaps more important, because the questions were badly posed: *Do you favor the war, are you against it, do you want to win, do you want to lose, do you want to escalate, or de-escalate? Do you want to take a free around-the-world trip, all expenses paid, with a week with Brigitte Bardot in Paris; do you want the same free trip and the same free week if it is going to give you terminal cancer?*

Besides, the traditionalists had seen and worked in the Presidency, seen the power of it, and were uneasy about challenging it. They talked with too many professional politicians who all counseled the conventional wisdom. Indeed they *were* professional polls, and to challenge the laws was to challenge their own being. It was a year, John Kenneth Galbraith was to say last fall, "when the people are right and the politicians are wrong." Some of them, like Pierre Salinger, a fat cat now, a little lazy and arrogant, had said too many silly things about Vietnam, so that after Kennedy finally got in the race, he teased Salinger, "Are you a hawk or a dove now, Pierre?" and Salinger answered quickly and seriously, "Oh, I'm a dove now! I'm a dove now!"

Besides there was a differing view of Vietnam and of the nation. When Kennedy made a major speech on Vietnam against the bombing he turned to Edelman and said, "Am I a big enough dove for you now, Peter?" "No," said Edelman. "Good," said the Senator, "that makes me feel a little better." But Sorensen, a conservative, highly structured politician said of the same speech to Jimmy Breslin that it was a mistake "because Bob Kennedy is the only hope in this country for your children and my children. And we can't afford to have him in controversies this early."

Kennedy's own instincts are more with the future than with the past, and he wanted to run. But he stayed out. Walinsky wanted to quit, and it took great effort to keep him on the staff. So Eugene McCarthy, who had less to lose, went in and showed that it just might be done (though perhaps not by McCarthy) and, more than anything else, that whether it was done or not the things which were important between Robert Kennedy and the new taste-makers of American politics were fast being destroyed. Kennedy was becoming an old politician overnight, long hair or no. For if it is true of our New Politics that, with the old broker out, success can be created almost overnight, then it is also true that this instant success is a fragile thing, that it can die as quickly as it is created.

This almost happened to Kennedy. For weeks before New Hampshire, friends of his, many of them working for McCarthy, pleaded with him to enter, told him again and again that it could be done. As the primary drew near they warned that McCarthy would get 40 per cent of the vote and asked Kennedy at least to say he was considering running (it would not all be so graceless, indeed Kennedy would get credit for part of the McCarthy vote). The Sunday before the primary Kennedy called his wife from the west coast and asked her to phone Schlesinger and Galbraith and have them call McCarthy about getting in the race, a task that neither relished. Finally Richard Goodwin, then working for McCarthy, broached the idea; McCarthy was predictably cool.

Then New Hampshire and one final Kennedy meeting followed, with still some division. Edward Kennedy, a traditional politician, very good at working with delegates, reassuring them, pointing out to them that the Kennedys weren't that dangerous after all, Teddy was still against the race; and Ted Sorensen sat there arguing the old mathematics, that even if Kennedy won all the remaining primaries he would still need three-fourths of all the delegates outside the South. Others who had argued for him to make the race, now told him to wait a little, not to rob McCarthy of his hour of glory, nor to create old fears and issues in the process. Some suggested he let McCarthy do the primaries and then move in; others argued that he wait, create an artificial draft until finally against all his better judgment, for love of country he would run.

Finally, gracelessly, he got into the race. The old Bobby was re-created, and McCarthy was

handed a new issue, the White Knight issue. The sweet bird of youth which Kennedy had coveted had already flown. Yet somehow it did not seem at all insurmountable. Then Johnson withdrew as a candidate and radically changed the Kennedy strategy.

* * *

In the beginning the campaign was New Politics defying the taboos, going outside the party Establishment; its main issues were moral ones.

But the crusade suddenly ended. Instead of a moral campaign where the shock effect was a vital part, a more traditional campaign suddenly became possible. Vietnam disappeared temporarily, at least as a viable issue, Johnson became a less inviting target. Delegates suddenly were unlocked everywhere. The night after Johnson's withdrawal Kennedy began to praise the old hack politicians of the party; phone calls went out to other party machinery people. "Dick Daley's office was like a revolving door for Kennedy people for a couple days," one Chicago politician said. The tone of the campaign was muted, and the role of the radicals was tempered, much to their annoyance. They scorn traditional campaigning such as working the streets and giving speeches by every crossroads; they want to do it all on television. One Kennedy middle-of-the-roader said, "They think the New Politics is already here, and they want Bob to lead it in, or failing that, to be a martyr to it. What they don't see is that Bob is a transitional figure, with ties to both the new and the old, but that he very much wants to win. They have too much conviction. They are too sure of themselves for the complexities and pluralism of American politics. Adam makes too many flat statements such as, 'The country is against the war. The country is for the Negro.' The kind of thing they want Bob to do is the sort of thing you do from the pulpit or from the editorial page, but not necessarily in politics. They want something new, the sharpening of issues and differences. You could almost call it the politics of abrasiveness, whereas the traditionalists want to soften the differences."

The young radicals for their part feel that the generals of 1960 do not understand the new times. They feel they are linked with things that Kennedy is opposed to, that the big city machines are essentially hostile to the Negro's progress, and indeed thus to Kennedy's progress, that deep down the professional politicians are opposed to him and that it is all wasted effort, that Robert Kennedy's final mistake of 1968 is in believing that somehow Richard Daley views Robert Kennedy the same way he viewed John Kennedy (they are different times and different men; Daley is frightened by Robert Kennedy and what he means in the ghettos. Daley is a real foe, though a silent one). They are still a little bitter about the failure to enter the race last fall ("we'd have the nomination by now"), the loss of the real base (professors and kids) to McCarthy, and the new tone of the campaign.

A Different Kind of Voter

These contradictions showed up consistently in the campaign in Indiana, an odd, sometimes subdued, sometimes passionate Kennedy campaign, a curious wooing of a voter they sought and yet almost feared. In many ways the candidate was evoking echoes of the past; the words, the cadence, the call for America to do better were part of the John Kennedy campaign. But that was a different time and a different man; John Kennedy ran on a campaign of preparedness before an uneasy nation which feared that its potency was slipping away, that the Russians were growing bigger missiles. His call to a stronger America touched many people, intellectuals and workers alike, after the Eisenhower years.

But now we are more secure in our power; now the great questions which touch American intellectuals are the limits of that power. Once we had the simple question of whether Negroes could vote and eat hamburgers; now we have tinderbox ghettos, and very few whites who understand the complexity of those problems or who want to. This was a problem for Robert Kennedy, for more than most politicians he stirred passions in the country, he reflected the difference between white and black, young and old, rich and poor. For four years he had not smoothed over the differences in the country but had called attention to them. Now he was running in a country which might not want to face those problems, which was tired of those divisions. There was just the chance, and Kennedy was quite aware of this, that the country might be seeking a quiet man.

One heard a great deal about the quiet man. The sociologists of American politics, knowing where the new battleground would be, had taken their questionnaires and tape recorders and gone into the suburbs of America in the last few years, trying to find out who the people were, and what they wanted. They had found that there were no easy identifiable characteristics of the new candidate. Indeed just the opposite might be true. The

WALDEN
TALES OF THE GOLD RUSH
BALZAC
Droll Stories
notes from underground
DOSTOEVSKY
the gambler
THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA
THE RED AND THE BLACK
THE COMPLETE POEMS OF ROBERT BURNS
VAS
Billy Budd
Benito Cereno
Grimm's FAIRY TALES
Grimm's FAIRY TALES
TULLIKA DOBSON
Don Quixote
THE ESSAYS OF Montaigne
THE ESSAYS OF Montaigne
THE ESSAYS OF Montaigne

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Sir Richard F. Burton, the famous (and notorious) 19th century explorer, adventurer and scholar, worked for three years on this translation.

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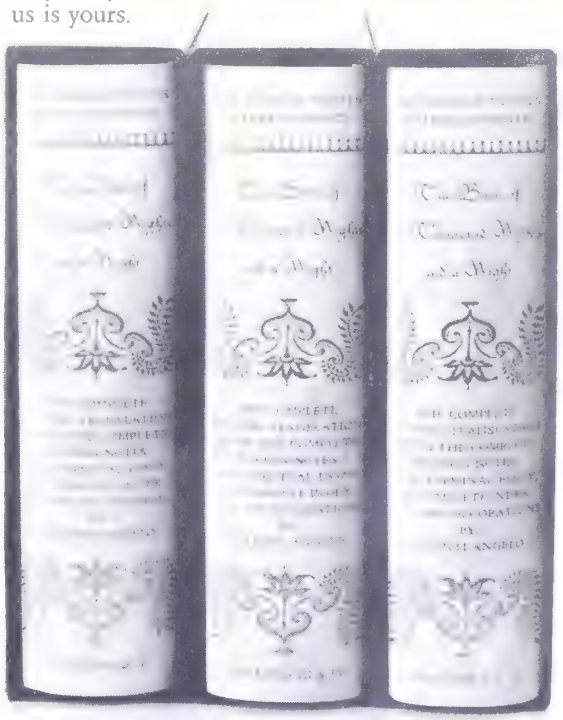
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The Heritage Club

country, uneasy about the new passions stirred at home, wanted someone to give it a quiet confidence. Lyndon Johnson was not the quiet man. Nor was Robert Kennedy.

But Eugene McCarthy, quietly spending about the same amount of money on television, low-key, telling how everyone had said his race was impossible because he didn't raise his voice, scoffing at Washington (one sensed that if elected President he might abolish the U. S. government) might just be the quiet man. One looked at McCarthy on television and one did nothing about angry Negroes in the ghettos. It was part of the genius of McCarthy that running in Indiana he did not even look like a dove, he simply looked like a nice serious man who belonged in Indiana, who had crossed over from a neighboring state. He would go on to do well not only in white middle-class areas in Indiana (appealing to both Democrats and Republicans), but also in Oregon. The Branigan campaign was if anything even folksier—Indiana for Indianans, and everyone else was a tourist. Introduced in one town by a judge as "the next President of the United States," Branigan said, "That's the kind of introduction I expect from a man who I appointed to the bench, and I've never been disappointed."

The Kennedy campaign itself was a contradictory affair. Though his personal feeling is intense on the race issue, he deliberately muted it in Indiana, particularly in the white reaction to the post-assassination riots. He was trying to bring the blue-collar workers in Gary back into the fold, and his daily speech emphasized that violence was unacceptable and intolerable to America. There was more emphasis on this than on why the riots take place. His set speeches (with the exception of a few performances, such as an excellent speech on foreign policy at Indiana University where he called for a post-Vietnam foreign policy which would keep the U. S. from being blackmailed by every ten-cent anti-Communist oligarchy in the world, a speech given only summary treatment in some of the very journals which were attacking the quality of his campaign) were more often than not constricted.

Yet again and again the passion would come to the fore. He would give a pedestrian speech and in the question-and-answer period he would become transformed and start giving a second speech, talking about what it was like to grow up in Bedford-Stuyvesant, what the rats can do, how the schools maim; this kind of performance rang deep and true and never failed to give him applause. The most poignant example was at Purdue, to a conservative audience not at all with him at the beginning, in a moving description of the poor in America, "the almost impassable barriers between the poor and the rest of the country," that won a prolonged standing ovation. On the way back to the press bus, the reporters were also moved by the occasion, and one Washington columnist noted that "Scotty Reston always claimed that Jack Kennedy never educated the people on their country, but you've just seen as good an example of it as you'll ever see in American politics."

But then the campaign would be back to two days of routine, and then a good performance, Kennedy facing the medical students at the Indiana University Medical School, lecturing them on their privileged status in America, and telling them what The Other America was like. Then to Indianapolis, traveling through the Negro section, kids and grown people rushing to him, black hands stretching eagerly out to touch white hands; it was a long time since one had seen that in America. He would be gentle with them, particularly the kids, telling them that this country is our home, our country, it belongs to all of us, we can make it better and not by violence, and then a lesson in history: "Who's your favorite President?" "You, you, you," they shout. "No, that's not what I mean," he grins. One watched him on days like that and thought that just as last November, he should trust his own instincts, for they are very good.

Finally the votes. Not bad for him, actually good, though he wanted better; the Kennedys would have loved 50 per cent and liked 45 per cent, but still 42 in good old Indiana was not bad. Once eight years ago the same figure would have been a staggering victory, but now the Kennedy name is too great. Indiana was a victory, but Kennedy needed an even bigger one. For he had started late, and in those few allotted primaries he needed not only victories but smashing ones. For that reason the defeat in Oregon would not just be a defeat, but possibly a fatal one.

At least in Indiana, some of the magic still worked, though he paid a certain price to the liberals in New York, and to the kids, and to the commentators. Election night, Larry O'Brien was already on television spreading the sweet and syrup, how happy they were, how they had come down to Indiana to run against such a fine popular Governor like Roger Branigan, and they were pleased to do so well against such difficult odds, it had been a tough campaign and a clean one. Adam Walinsky wanted to prepare a statement calling the returns a victory for social justice, but someone tells him no, Adam, not this time.

Harper's Magazine, July 1968

Robert Canzoneri

CHARLES EVERS: Mississippi's Representative Man?

This remarkable brother of the slain Negro leader is saying in his state what men have been unable to say. For the first time there is an effective Negro alliance, and an increasing respect from the white Establishment.

When Mississippi's John Bell Williams left the Congress to become his state's new Governor in January 1968, seven candidates ran in the special primary to fill out his term. Six of them were white. The seventh, Charles Evers, brother of Medgar, won a plurality of the vote. Since Mississippi requires a majority vote for election, Evers had to face runner-up Charlie Griffin, an eighteen-year veteran of Williams' Washington staff, in a new contest. This time Evers lost, but his followers were jubilant nevertheless because of the significant gains demonstrated and precipitated by the campaign.

For the first time in their lives, a large body of Mississippi voters had been faced with a Negro candidate who had to be taken seriously—and since Williams' old district, the Third, includes Jackson, television spread the effect over much of the state.

For the first time in recent history, a single politician had developed an important bloc of votes which he can, presumably, deliver; Griffin's 87,000 votes in the runoff were, everyone knew, not so much votes for him as votes for a white candidate and against a black one. But Charles Evers' 43,000 votes are virtually all his own—he personally led the drive which has registered 75,000 Negro voters in the Third District (more than 200,000 in the state as a whole) since 1965, and he hopes to register an additional 25,000 before the November elections.

For the first time the various Negro factions in Mississippi have formed a viable alliance.

For the first time Mississippians have heard a candidate speak directly—and with impunity—to their primary unspoken concern: what the Negro wants and intends, and what that means to the white man and the community as a whole. A white candidate who advocated the Negro's involvement in politics, advancement in economics, and acceptance by society would be considered a traitor by many who think it not only natural, but perhaps admirable, for a Negro candidate to try to improve the lot of his people. And so some Mississippians have, for the first time, allowed themselves to hear the "other side."

And for the first time in recent history, Mississippi has developed a politician who combines a clear political philosophy with tremendous energy and magnetic personal appeal. The Evers charm is quite different from the Kennedy charm—as different as Mississippi Negro from Boston Irish—but it is strikingly similar in its force.

March 11, 1968, 10:00 P.M.

The day before the runoff, anybody, apparently, could walk into Evers' headquarters—a white frame house on Lynch Street, in Jackson, virtually shingled down the front with EVERS FOR EVERYBODY posters—and strike up a hurried acquaintance, if Evers should happen to be there instead of at his office up the street or off in Fayette or Port Gibson or Vicksburg. A quick handshake, a smile, and Evers turns to one or another staff member trying to get his attention. He moves swiftly and surely; he may pause to think, but there is no hesitation about him. As he walks among his helpers in the living room and dining room of headquarters—now furnished with utilitarian tables and a few folding chairs—listening to this one a moment, instructing that one, accepting a proffered telephone, he gives the effect of gathering them all unto himself. Vitality is the word that comes to mind, and then, power.

The openness, the casualness of the place is almost disturbing. This is the man whose brother,

Medgar, was shot dead here in Jackson five years ago and whose assassin, though there have been two trials, has never been convicted. One of the men charged with the murder of Vernon Dahmer, a Negro whose only offense was to help other Negroes register to vote, is on trial in Hattiesburg as the campaign comes to a close. A few days earlier, volunteer guards at Evers' home exchanged gunfire with white men in a car. Everyone knows that what is soon to happen to Martin Luther King in Memphis is an imminent possibility for any Negro leader. Yet no one seems to have thought of fear; all caution seems concentrated in getting watchers for Negro polling places and organizing a network of voter transportation for the runoff next day.

"If you'll excuse me," Evers says, "I'd better do this television thing." A woman and a cameraman from a New Orleans station are there. "Let me get my campaign manager in this," Evers says. He gathers Lawrence Guyot, leader of the Freedom Democratic Party, in beside him. The woman asks questions, Evers responds. If he stumbles over a word, he seems not to be searching for it, but trying to hold it back until its turn. He speaks decisively, emphatically, not as though his phrases are chosen carefully, but as though they are simply what he is thinking. "Sure," he says, "we're going to keep running Negro candidates. Maybe Mr. Guyot, here, next time." Guyot sits smiling, round-faced. A militant himself, he has joined a campaign which espouses the NAACP doctrine of accommodation with, though not subservience to, the white community. Evers says, "I want to represent everybody, the black man and the white man. I want to get everything I can for the people of my district."

The strong lights are on for a few minutes only. But the interviewer says, "We can use all of it, or any part. Most interviews we have to chop up to make them make sense."

Someone comes in hoping the weather will clear by voting time tomorrow. Putting on his trench coat to go to his office a couple of blocks away, Evers laughs. "This is good weather for us. My people are going to vote anyway, and the white folks won't want to get out in the rain." He talks about winning, though he knows and everybody knows what the odds are. The vote in the primary was more than 80,000 for the six white candidates combined, to 33,000 for Evers. But if he can get out more of the Negro vote—the fact that he led the field in the primary may encourage it—and if the white vote falls off, as it generally does in a second primary, there may be a chance.

Headquarters stays very much alive in Evers' absence. Girls answer the phones, type, check files. Young men work at maps, make out charts, consult with drivers about duty times and precincts for tomorrow. Jackson State students, from just across the street, and other people of all ages come in offering help. The young man in charge of transportation leans over to one of the girls at the telephones. "Is Father down at his office?" he asks. He says Father the way you might say, affectionately, the Old Man.

March 12, 8:00 A.M.

Yesterday the evening news had film clips of Evers' speech at Mississippi College—an all-white Baptist school at Clinton—made the week before. The Board of Trustees has refused federal funds for students rather than sign a compliance oath involving integration, but the students won a battle to hear the runoff candidates in this election on campus, even though one of them is a Negro. On screen, there is a field of white faces, then Evers responding to a question about changes in Mississippi: "The fact that I'm standing here now is a terrible change," he says. Applause thunders immediately, and Evers smiles in response; perhaps he thinks of the irony in his colloquial use of "terrible," to mean tremendous. His smile suddenly illuminates his face, and the students laugh with him.

"You know how it is," he remarks on the way to vote in Fayette, his legal residence. "When white folks finally come around, they kind of overdo it. They were opening doors and ushering me around out there, and they applauded everything." He smiles, that sudden brightening. "But it was nice."

Earlier, he has left his Jackson home—a solid middle-class house in a fairly new, predominantly Negro area—through a paneled meeting room which was probably in the designs as a two-car garage. There are cushioned chairs around the periphery, a bar in one corner, pictures of John F. Kennedy and Medgar Evers on the wall. A tall thin Jackson College student is going off guard duty. Evers himself must be just above six feet and is a compact 235 pounds. He moves like some kind of athlete—a discus thrower?—with all motion seeming to emanate from powerful shoulders. He looks to be in excellent condition: "I don't drink or smoke or run around."

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His route is through a Grey Tours section of Jackson; school is about to begin, and people are driving to work or waiting for buses. He waves to everybody and calls out to those nearby, "You voted yet?" he asks a woman crossing guard.

"Sure have."

"Well, get some more people down there to vote, you hear?" They all know him. If they spot him first they wave first, from cars ahead and from trucks alongside.

At headquarters things are moving fast. People are calling in for transportation, for information on polling places, for lawyers to settle problems at the polls. He makes a call himself: "Be sure and get all your men out to vote for me." He laughs. Then: "Chief, I do have a favor I want to ask. Our headquarters is right on a tow-away zone, and we've got cars taking people to the polls, and no place to park while the drivers come in for instructions. Could you arrange for us to use that today?" A pause. "Yeah, they won't be sitting long, just in and out. Sure, Chief. And thanks a lot, hear?" He turns to the young men handling transportation. "Chief Pierce says it's okay to use the curb out front."

The route to Fayette is down a new interstate highway and then west on blacktop through green pines and bare sweetgums and oaks and dogwood. It is still cold and damp; gray clouds hang ragged above the low hills. "If I have a favor to ask, I believe in asking it straight out," Evers says. "Not begging, but not demanding. Just man to man. And most people respond to that. My father always taught us not to be inferior to anybody, and not superior, either."

One polling station is in a dark old garage or warehouse in a small clearing near a store. Negroes are going in and coming out. "The man in the cap is a federal observer," Evers says. There have been complaints about the federal observers in an earlier election. "Mostly the Justice Department sends in white men from the area," Evers says. "What can we expect?"

When he warms to a subject, he concentrates so emphatically on the most important words that he hardly bothers to move his lips in between. "I believe in going through the law. Pressure and negotiation. But going through the law, and if the law is wrong, then test it. You've got to have law."

He laughs. "One of the boys out at Mississippi College asked me if I would start the boycott at Woodville again if I don't win the election. I told him the election has nothing to do with it. If the merchants at Woodville keep on being willing to hire Negroes and treat Negroes with respect, the boycott will stay lifted. But if they don't we'll institute the boycott again. That's all there is to it. They've been boycotting my people for years and years, refusing to give them work and saying, 'Nigger, get back in the corner,' and I tell my people, 'If they treat you that way, don't go in there.' Why would anybody want to go where he's treated like that?" The boycotts in Evers' district have been startlingly successful. He shakes his head a bit ruefully. "But I see why he asked that. We lifted the Woodville boycott just before I announced for office. I never thought of it before."

This is his first try at politics, and he became a candidate only because there was no one else and after much pressure. "Finally one lady who's been with me through all the times down here said, 'We've done whatever you asked us to do—boycott with you, go to jail with you, everything. And now we ask you to do one thing, and you won't do it.'" He shakes his head. "Man, I had to do it, then. Of course, I enjoy it, now that I'm into it. It seems to come natural to me."

He looks out at the pines spinning by. "We've got to get industry in here. I think I could get more for this section than anybody else, if I did get elected. One white woman—a very intelligent woman—asked me what I'd do if I got elected, and then she said she wouldn't want me to get up there to Washington and embarrass the other representatives from Mississippi. She meant she was afraid I'd get a lot of things for the Third District, and that would make my colleagues look bad because they haven't done anything all these years. I told her I would have to get what I could for my people, white and black, and I wouldn't be *trying* to embarrass anybody. What if I did get it because I'm a Negro? The people need it and had better get it because of something."

March 12, 11:00 A.M.

Fayette is an old town, reminiscent in its back streets of Port Gibson and Natchez, which it is set between. The frail white houses and trees seem to have held the same air motionless among them so long that it has acquired its own faint patina, a coloration like that of ancient wood. The main street used to seem, passing through, old and ragged. On Saturdays, Negroes spilled out from the sidewalks and filling stations aimlessly into the edges of the street. Now, even though a number of the stores are closed and vacant, the place seems ordered and clean, as though its motion has been directed down sidewalks and someone has picked up the litter. There is no affluence, but there is no relinquishing to poverty and idleness.

At the south end of town is a small business complex, the MEDGAR EVERS SHOPPING CENTER. The parking area in front is jammed with cars. The liquor store at one end is closed for election day, but the grocery store and the restaurant are busy. Behind the restaurant is a dance hall; next door a small unit being fitted with shelves to become a shoe store; then Charles Evers' office—with pictures of Medgar Evers and John F. Kennedy, newspaper clippings, keys to cities, proclamations in honor of Charles Evers, photographs of him with well-known people. Behind the office he has living quarters. In the community meeting room overhead, "common sense" sessions are held weekly, helping the Negroes who have been deprived of basic education in living to learn such things as how to stay clean, dress acceptably, nurture children.

Evers has been criticized for building his own business where he has led boycotts. "I've been in business all my life," he says. "My family was in business; I grew up in it. I've set up businesses everywhere I've gone. This one is nothing all that new. We got a little money and had the place graded. And then we got enough to put down the foundation. That's the way it was built, one step at a time as we got the money."

He goes into the grocery store, shaking hands and hugging shoulders. As he passes, each person stops and watches his progress onward, smiling. One small wrinkled man near the door chuckles and says half aloud, "Ain't he a cat!"

It is a short drive to the center of town where he will vote, and he is running a few minutes behind schedule. He has been told that a female volunteer helper was badgering Jackson State students, at a late night work session, to demonstrate against the administration, to get something going. The students had no complaint, no desire to demonstrate; other workers argued vehemently with her. "I'll call Jackson and tell her to get out," Evers says. "She's welcome to help, but I won't have anybody coming in and trying to stir up trouble."

As he gets out of the car downtown, he is met by a swarm of cameramen and newsmen. He seems to be an old hand at the television game. He shakes hands with the Fayette Negroes as he goes, says a few words about voting. They are openly proud: Evers is their man. When he speaks to an old man well-lined with wrinkles—a human-interest face if Norman Rockwell ever saw one—the cameramen are all over themselves rushing in.

In the city hall, Evers waits his turn. Elderly white women, a Negro woman, and a Negro man are the polling officials. A Negro woman is trying to find her name in the registration book. She has been to another precinct and they have sent her



"They've just banned the bomb!"

here. Evers is brought into the discussion; the polling officials, white and black, confer, examining books together. Cameramen are crowded all about the tables, but business goes on. The people seem to be more interested in Charles Evers of Fayette than in Charles Quinn of NBC, in the process of voting than in the prospect of glimpsing themselves on television.

Back on the sidewalk, the cameramen huddle in close at the approach of a one-legged Negro man on a crutch. One of Evers' programs is what he calls workfare; he has said that everybody ought to work for what he gets, that welfare ought to exist only for those who can't work or for whom no jobs can be made available. Now he asks the man how much welfare he gets, and if he would be willing to work, handicapped though he is, if he had a job he could handle. The man says—perhaps reluctantly—that he is willing, and Evers replies quietly, "Then we're going to get work for you."

He talks about what is needed in Fayette—a town of 1,600 or 1,700 in a county of 10,000 or so. "I'd like to see a textile mill in here. What industrialists are looking for now is a place where labor is stable, not just cheap. Where people are getting along with each other. And we've got that here in Fayette, now. We're working together. We could put a Negro in every office, if we wanted to. We've got a Negro constable and two justices of the peace and a supervisor and a school-board member, but we don't want to take all the white people out of office. They kept us all out, but we're not going to treat them the way they treated us. If it was wrong for them, it would be wrong for us. Now, if some of the old hands can't adjust, if they can't keep being decent to the Negroes and if they can't bring themselves to do something about the problems we all have, then we'll vote them out and put in some young white men who *will* do something."

He is driving now, belted in, handling the car casually but firmly at the speed limit. There had been a fight in the dance hall on Saturday night. "Some Alcorn students," Evers says. Alcorn A & M is his own alma mater. "We had them arrested and put in jail, and they won't ever be allowed back in my place. That's final, and everybody's been told that. One fight, and you're out for good. No exceptions. I know my people have had so little to do and so little training that they have been used to having scrapes every Saturday night, some places, but we're not going to have that here, and we've stopped it except for a thing like this, now and then."

He talks about what he would have done if he had been elected. The polls will be open for another six hours, but the necessity for belief in victory is virtually past. "I'd like to get the Pearl River dredged on up through here and get some shipbuilding on it. No reason why not. Other industry, too. I don't care who does it. I'll probaby suggest it to Charlie Griffin; I just want it done. I think I could get it quicker, but I might do more good staying right here. We're working to bring ourselves up, where we are."

He talks about the cooperative stores founded at his suggestion and with his help in Port Gibson, Hazlehurst, and Natchez. The one at Port Gibson, OUR MART, is a fair-sized supermarket for a small Mississippi town, well-stocked, well-arranged, immaculate. More than a hundred local Negroes have bought $25 shares, and more are buying in. They elected officers, brought in a consultant Evers helped them locate, and set up the business in August 1967. Within a few months they bought additional equipment. None of them knew anything about the grocery business, but they have learned. One effect of the venture has been the lowering of prices in the white-owned grocery stores.

Boycotts by Negroes have resulted in the closing of some businesses in Port Gibson as well as Fayette, but apparently it was the new places in Port Gibson that closed down, both because the Negroes had less difficulty with the established merchants ("Port Gibson just never has had that class of white people," one Negro explains) and because the newer businesses were not on their feet financially. In Fayette, it seems to have been many of the older establishments that failed, as much because they were out-of-date, poorly stocked, and grossly overpriced, one white Fayette citizen claims, as because of the boycotts. Now the cooperative stores and Evers' shopping center—which employs thirteen—are developing a new breed of Negro businessmen.

Early in his career, Charles Evers was a disc jockey at a Philadelphia, Mississippi, radio station, established the first taxi company and Negro hotel there, and bought the funeral home his father and uncles had owned. His father had been a lumber contractor, as well. "He never gave us anything," Evers recalls. "Maybe that's why I believe in working; I always worked for everything I got. If we wanted the car, he'd say, 'For how long? Two hours? Three hours?' So we'd say, 'Well, maybe a couple of hours.' Then he'd tell us, 'The charge for an ambulance is three dollars an hour'—this was a long time ago—'but a car shouldn't be that much. We'll make it a dollar an hour.'" Evers laughs, cruising at seventy, now, up a con-

crete freeway set, with the edges still raw, into the cutover pastureland of south Mississippi. "And we had to pay it, too."

Summers, as a boy, he used to go to Chicago to work. "I've been through it all, cleaning up the men's room and brushing off coats and smiling. You know who taught me how to run a business? Conrad Hilton. I was working for him, and he told me, 'Own everything you can and operate nothing.' I put people in charge of my businesses, and they run them. I can't go up if they don't. I add the lowest salary in the business and the highest salary, and that's how much I get. I figure that's my due. I set up the business and I oversee it, but they operate it."

March 12, 7:30 P.M.

The Masonic Hall, where Evers' celebration will be held, is crowded. A group is onstage blaring out soul music, and Jackson State students crowd the dance floor. The network television men are there, waiting. Now and then their lights will play out over the dancers or brighten the faces of those huddled around the television sets. At the far end of the hall, ladies are serving punch and sandwiches. Evers has not appeared, but the mood is happy, electric, despite the fact that the vote, coming in rapidly, is solidly two-to-one for Griffin.

By nine-thirty, Evers still has not appeared. The music has stopped; a few people have gone home, but most mill around, talking, waiting. "Is Father on his way?" Then there is a general movement to the entranceway, and Evers swings through the door in full motion, followed by family and friends. The television crews plow backward at a frantic pace. Evers grasps the hands reaching out from the crowds against the walls, seems to pull himself rapidly along. As he passes through the double doors into the hall, the crowd is solidly in behind him, shouting, surging, waving. He is lifted onto shoulders, and for the length of the basketball-dance floor he rides the waves of pandemonium.

On the stage, he bursts into a smile, and the people shout with pleasure. He tells them that he isn't going to Washington, but this is no defeat. They cheer. They cheer everything he says. He says it is a victory, because they have established themselves as a political force in the state. "They've got to pay attention to us now." It is a victory, he says, because the white candidates can no longer afford to run a racist campaign, and a victory because the people will have to run on real issues now. And, he says, Charlie Griffin is not going to be able to go up to Washington and do nothing, because not only will the Negro voters be looking at him, but "we've got the white folks watching to see what he'll do, too."

He points out that many of the Negroes registered to vote still need to be taught. Some have thought registration was all, others that the primary vote was all. But he says, this has been real education—"and more white people voted than ever before, and that's education, too.

"I went to Charlie Griffin's headquarters a few minutes ago, to congratulate him, and he was very gracious to me. He came forward immediately and shook my hand and said I had run a good race. That wouldn't have happened a short while ago." Evers pauses, and his face lights up. "You know why he shook my hand, don't you? More than forty thousand votes is why."

The group picks up its instruments again and amplified music swells the continued cheering. It will be like this at the conventions later in the year, for the winners of Presidential nominations.

March 13, 6:30 A.M.

The next morning there is no guard outside Evers' home. He comes to the door in a bathrobe. "It's a good thing you were coming," he says, shaking his head. "We didn't wake up."

His wife comes down into the kitchen and, while coffee is brewing, turns on the radio, part of an intercom complex mounted in a wall of bookcases. Two sets of encyclopedias, novels, books of nonfiction crowd the shelves beneath a picture of John F. Kennedy.

"I wonder what the final count was," Mrs. Evers says. She seems pleased at the showing, and she shows no apprehension as Charles Evers leaves for Hattiesburg where a Klansman is on trial for the murder of Vernon Dahmer.

It is somewhat warmer, and the sun is out. Evers seems wide awake. As he drives the freeway southeast to Hattiesburg, he talks of the changes brought about by the Long Hot Summer of 1964 and the white college kids, known locally as outside agitators, who poured into the state. "Sure, they did a lot of good," he says. "For one thing, before they came, all the guns were pointed at my back, and suddenly some of them had to be swung around to cover a lot of other people." He smiles. "Took a little of the pressure off me. And then, a white man and a black man couldn't have driven along like this, before they came. But these kids were not used to Mississippi ways, and they rode with whoever they wanted to, and people began to get used to it." He had returned to the state only a year before the Long Hot Summer, upon the assassination of his brother, Medgar. In 1957

he had lost his radio job and had been forced out of business for helping Negroes register to vote, and he and Medgar had agreed that Charles would go to Chicago and send money back to keep the work going.

He is pensive for a moment. "The Lord blessed me in that I don't worry about anything. I just don't worry. My father died, and I accepted that. My mother died, and I accepted that. The only thing I have never been able to accept is Medgar's death. I still can't accept that. I wasn't here." The obvious response is that he could not have prevented it even if he had been here. He shakes his head. "Everybody says that, and I know it's probably true. And it was Medgar who insisted I go to Chicago." He stares ahead down the bright vacant strip of concrete. "But . . . I was gone."

March 13, 12:30 P.M.

On the way back from the trial, he points to the motels which have sprung up along the new highway at the edge of town. "Pull in there," Evers says. "We can get a pretty good meal at this one."

The other customers, all white, look up, but they show neither surprise nor concern. The white waitress is cordial, helpful, efficient. "When we first began coming in here, they tried to keep from waiting on us. But look how it is now."

He buys a copy of the Jackson morning paper. The election has rated the lead story, and Evers reads it through, carefully. He nods, finally, and remarks, "That story is fair."

The news on the car radio contains a quote from a Negro advocate of violence. "Why do they want to report that?" he asks. "The press has made those people. They don't have any real following; they just jump from one place to another and get other people in trouble. They say to kill, but you don't see *them* shooting anybody."

He seems to brood over the problem for a while, and then he says, "Those people outside the courtroom—a lot of them were dirty and ignorant-looking. Did you see that white woman with old tennis shoes on and no stockings? People don't dress like that anymore." He shakes his head slowly. "That kind has always believed that if something's wrong, you kill somebody. But, you know, I can't hate those people. I feel sorry for them. They don't *know*. Of course, there'll always be nuts around, and you can't tell when one is going to shoot anybody, but most people do as well as they know. Train them. That's what we've got to do with both whites and blacks. *Train* them; don't hate them.

"The white people have sat back and let the racists advocate violence and do violence. We're not going to do that. We're not going to let Black Power people in. When they come in, we'll throw them out. We're going to kill white racism in this state, and we're not going to let black racism get born."

In front of his office on Lynch Street, he starts to get out of the car. A Negro boy of about seven comes along the sidewalk pulling his little sister in a wagon. Evers speaks to him, and the boy, delighted, speaks back. "What are you doing out of school?" Evers asks him.

"I don't go to school," the boy says.

"What do you mean, you don't go to school?"

"Momma says I haven't got any pants good enough to go to school." His trousers are long and dark. They are not new, but they seem to be serviceable.

"You go right home and tell your mother to get you in school right now, you hear? Tell her I said to."

A couple of blocks down the street, headquarters

AN EIGHTEENTH RHYME

by Sam Felder

From the first tooth and word,
Mirrored, echoed on the silver spoon,
Engraved, polished, shoved in my mouth,
I have dreamed and followed on waves
Washed to the gold and seed of country,
Up to pink water over horizon,
And then back again, rock and tree.

From the first step and smile,
Anchored and stayed to walls of eyes,
Sawdust teachers or plastic preachers;
I, threshed and gleaned and preened,
Fly-away wheat, wire-baled and neat,
With skies in my heart plucked from my eye.

From the first breath and tear or before,
The voices stood like prison walls;
I, pushed past foam of morning orange juice,
Past the crusts and birdseed on bullseye plates,
To the lacquer of my smile and shiny kiss.

Today in my eighteenth childhood rhyme,
Grasses on the wing, birds in blooming,
Where do I flee burr words and stares,
Beneath the eucalyptus or the fig,
Wild in island scar or in the coral bay beyond?
I hear your voices still.

is just a neat white house again, except for a final large sign on top. Every poster has already been removed.

Charles Evers went into the campaign reluctantly, and he will not run for the regular term in November.* But power and influence are by no means limited to officeholders. His force in the Negro community is such that likely the little boy has taken up his schooling. Most of that force comes through pride in an effective and magnetic leader, though apparently some of it comes through fear. There are reports of Negroes having been roughed up. (Evers acknowledges that he has heard of a few cases—"But I don't know of any personally. We picket and use union methods, the American way.") The reports have made a number of white people cautious in their appraisal of Evers, though perhaps the caution has more to do with race than they know or can admit.

Some white men do recognize the element of race. One says Evers was an impressive candidate, "But being a native-born white Mississippian, I just couldn't *trust* him." Another native-born white Mississippian of an old-line family, has a different story. "I voted for Evers," he says. "He had something to say, and his opponent said nothing. Not only that, but at a bridge party, I thought I'd drop a bomb, and I *told* that I voted for him." He laughs heartily. "Would you believe that everybody there but one had voted for him?"

Others are newly impressed because Evers went to his victorious opponent and congratulated him; the simple act of courtesy seems to bring him alive for them as "one of us." But for some time at least a few local and state officials have believed that he can be trusted, that his word is good; and they have in effect and in fact worked with him to try to make orderly and peaceful a transition they now know is inevitable.

It is common among prominent white Mississippians who privately grant Charles Evers a great deal of respect, now, to point out that he has changed. It is true that he has learned much in the past five years. ("Medgar always said to get the vote, and I said to get the dollar. I thought we could buy our way. But Medgar was right. We've got to have the vote, too.") But his position on racial cooperation seems to have altered little if at all, in its basic tenets, though his appearance in the campaign clarified it. That his position is now privately acceptable to many white leaders is evidence of considerable accommodation on their part. They had to go through the boycotts and the shift in economic power, the voter-registration drives and the shift of political power, the face-to-face sessions and the shift in personal evaluation before they could say, as some now do, "Charles Evers is our greatest hope."

That opinion is often intended to apply narrowly, as though the Negro's problems could be isolated from larger considerations. But Evers may be "our greatest hope" in ways that are not obvious; he may even epitomize "us" in some respects. The white people of Mississippi believe in cleanliness; Evers is, in his words, "a fanatic" on the subject. White Mississippians believe in being polite; Evers has a remarkable facility for accepting decency of behavior no matter what the past, no matter what force brings it about. White Mississippians admire hard workers and individualistic businessmen almost as much as they enjoy good homegrown politicians.

Furthermore, Evers' desire to build a sound economy, to establish an honorable working relationship with the United States, to bring about a decent relationship between neighbors of whatever race, is a great desire of most Mississippians. It has been frustrated for decades by the fear of the unknown—the white man's fear of what the Negro might become outside "his place."

Now with changes in the law and through pressure-and-negotiation, the Negro has stepped far enough outside "his place" for white men to realize that no drastic effects are suffered from eating in a restaurant with Negroes or from integrating the schools, or from granting mere justice (the Klansman on trial in Hattiesburg was convicted of murder by an all-white jury). Both races have come to see, too, that most of their fellow citizens of whatever color genuinely would like to be "men of goodwill," even if they are unsure how to go about it. Now Charles Evers has confronted Mississippians in person and on television, openly, directly—saying what white men have been unable to say and no black man has been in position to be heard saying. They have recognized in him courage and strength, humor and intelligence; they have encountered no vindictiveness against which to raise their defenses; they have discovered a responsive face, a man much like themselves. It may be that Charles Evers is, though not its Representative, to a high degree Mississippi's Representative Man. And it may be that men and events will allow the proof that he is, in the larger sense, Mississippi's "greatest hope," and his example a paradigm for the rest of the country.

Harper's Magazine, July 1968

*In late May, Evers was elected to serve as delegate from Jefferson County to the State Democratic convention opening July 2; Negro delegates were named in some ten counties.

THINK OF GREEN

a story by Seymour Epstein



I could, I suppose, zero in on the year, and perhaps even the month, when I first met Ted Stern, but I'd rather not rearrange my memory in that way. There's a magnetic pole in personal time, and that's where Ted is fixed.

It begins in the school yard where the two of us were fooling around with a basketball, dribbling, lay-up shots. There's no question about the season. It was summer. My eyes almost squint at the glare. I feel a chill at the sun-scorched emptiness of that school yard. I think of it as an excavation opened by archaeologists in which I am about to be shown the evidence of an ancient civilization where I once lived.

We had nothing else to do. Whether we had arranged to meet there, or had just wandered in, each on his own, driven by the boredom of those moneyless days, I don't remember. I do remember neither of us was much good with a basketball, although I tried harder than Ted. He wasn't interested in basketball, or in any sport, and his indifference was always a source of annoyance to the kids who took their games seriously. I think he would have made a fairly good basketball player had he wished. He was tall even then, had the right kind of shoulders and hands, moved otherwise with a limber grace. He just wasn't interested.

We kept at that playless playing like two figures portraying a Greek punishment. When we stopped, we would spiral down the endlessness of a summer day. It was Ted who finally stopped, and we

walked out of the yard and into a candy store, where he ordered lemon and lime sodas. The store owner served us the sodas in large glasses like inverted bells. Ted leaned his arms on the counter, his chin propped on his hands, and he peered into the pale green enchantment.

I don't remember the words. How could I? What I invent here is an approximation.

"Don't drink," he said.

"Why not?" I asked.

"Just look," he said. "Just look at the color, the green, and keep thinking about it. Do that."

I did.

"Now," he said, "if you keep thinking about green, a tiny green spot will appear in the center of your brain. And it will spread"—his voice taking on the intonations of a medium—"through your brain and through all the veins of your body. You will feel the greenness in your stomach, and in your fingers, and in your eyes. Your brain will drink in the color, and you will no longer be thirsty. Look at it! And think!"

I looked and I thought and my mouth longed for that sweet, cool greenness. No tiny green spot appeared in my brain. The more I looked the more I wanted that soda to irrigate my parched mouth.

"You're not thinking," Ted accused. "You're just looking."

"I'm thinking," I said.

And I did begin to think. I thought of that greenness, thought of nothing but greenness, and something finally did happen. The color of green distilled itself from the soda and let fall a drop of its essence into my being. It spread like a stain. My thirst was gone.

Then the store owner—whom I remember just now moved from where he was standing into our circle of concentration. He wiped a damp rag over the marble counter, drawing semicircles of moisture around our glasses. I looked up at him, and I remember that his eyes, too, were fastened on some inner vision. I know now what that vision was: his profound certainty that no folly or miracle happening on the other side of the counter could release him from the penny-doomed prison of his days.

The man's eyes restored my thirst, and I picked up the lemon and lime soda and drank it, thirstily, greedily, drenching senses outraged by a silly denial. Ted left his soda untouched, rising from the stool.

"Aren't you going to drink it?" I asked.

He said nothing; gave no sign of having heard. He walked to the door, and as I made to follow I saw the candy-store man pick up Ted's glass and pour its contents into the sink.

"Why didn't you drink it?" I asked again.

Ted walked on, as though alone. I followed, growing resentful of his silence. I said something about not being crazy, throwing a nickel away for nothing, that I was thirsty, and so was he, and he was just showing off anyway. But Ted walked on, and I followed, until I felt that he had me by a leash, and though I thrashed and jerked against being pulled along, I was incapable of tearing the leash from his hands.

Of course he didn't say anything to explain his action. We were about thirteen or fourteen. He could no more define than I could understand the reason for such an action—and though I have satisfied thirst every day of my life, many times a day, that glass of lemon and lime, Ted's glass, remains standing on the counter, the glowing emblem of thirst itself, and no amount of drinking has diminished its quantity.

Did I say we were friends? I'm not sure we were. We lived on the same block, went to the same high school, but we did not maintain the level of contact that friendship at that age requires. It was not I who stayed apart. Ted did. I see him walking past a game of stickball, punchball, his narrow head tilted back, and from that plane of vision acquiring a privacy that mystified and irritated.

Where was he going? No one knew.

Others resented him. I was hurt. I made no effort to break away from the pleasant, brainless round of street activity and join his isolation, but I felt he owed me an explanation. I regarded it as a defection on his part that he did not recognize my difference and pay tribute to it by an occasional sign. I have learned since that these vibrations never go unnoticed, but at the time I thought Ted was as oblivious to me as he was to the others. The sense of neglect I felt bridged the time between the lemon and lime and the next season I remember.

Which was spring, when the boys during lunch hour would bring their sandwiches out to the grounds around the school, and after eating would play a quick game of handball or just sit in the sunlight. For some reason, Ted and I didn't see much of each other at school. Different schedules, I suppose.

Seymour Epstein's most recent novel was "Caught ... That Music," which bore out the promise of his earlier "Pillar of Salt" and other fiction. He will be on the fiction staff of the Bread Loaf Writers' Conference at Middlebury, Vermont, this August.

On this day, I was sitting in the embrasure of a double doorway, leaning against the doors. A row of corrugated garbage cans heaped with coal ash lined one side of the school building. An occasional gust blew off a plume of fine gray powder. It was a cool day, but I was sitting in a protected corner. I felt the sun strong on my face and hands. I saw Ted approach.

He held several books clamped against his body, beneath one arm. His hands were in his pockets. I was able to measure his growth. His narrow head tilted back, but now I could see the prominence of his Adam's apple. The man he would be was evident in the bony looseness that ambled toward me. Do I pretend to recall for the sake of this thing I am writing? I don't think I would believe someone else telling me that he remembered exactly what he felt from such a distance in time. But I do remember.

I felt at once the sour phlegm of injured pride and a quick, melting forgiveness. He had come to make amends, to redeem himself. He recognized the injury his long aloofness had inflicted. He stopped before me and looked down from that familiar angle.

"Do you happen to have any money on you?" he asked.

"Some. Why?"

"Could you lend me a dime? I thought I had some change, but I don't. I want to get some milk."

"Sure."

I gave him a dime.

"Be right back."

He went into the school and came back shortly with a container of milk. Then he sat down beside me. He had a sandwich in a brown paper bag. It was a cheese sandwich on white bread, and I who was daily tempted with slices of beef trimmed of all fat, with the white meat of chicken, with fresh seeded rolls and dark rich pumpernickel, felt a surge of pity for Ted because of that pathetic sandwich.

Stupidly I said, "Jeez, that's not much of a sandwich."

He smiled and looked down at it. "What's wrong with it?" he asked. He peeled back a slice of bread. Little white clumps of dough clung to the yellow cheese, "Nauseating," he agreed, humorously. "Want to trade?"

"No, thanks. But you can have one of mine. My mother always makes two. I don't know why. I never eat two. Here."

"Your mother make your sandwiches?" he asked.

"Sure. Doesn't yours?"

"I make my own," he said. "My mother hasn't got the time. She has to be at work by eight-thirty every morning."

"Your mother! Work! What's your father do?"

"He doesn't do anything."

"Unemployed?"

"Dead."

"Oh."

"Say, do you ever read?" he asked me.

"Read? Sure I read. What do you mean?"

"Not school books," he said. "Other books."

"Like what?"

And then Ted told me like what. A torrent of authors spilled from him. Balzac, Dickens, Walpole, Conrad, Poe, Stevenson, Cooper, Sabatini, Dumas . . .

"You read them all?" I asked.

"I'll tell you the ones I like the best," he said.

I knew he was offering me something in exchange for the sandwich, the dime, the life I had known up till that moment. I accepted the offer.

There is one more scene to recall from that time. It was winter, the year of our graduation from high school. We were in the library. It had just begun to snow when Ted and I entered the library, and when we came out big, artificial-looking flakes were swirling around the doorway. We remained there for a few moments.

"Are you going to college?" Ted asked me.

"Yes," I said. "Aren't you?"

"It doesn't look that way," he said. "No money. You wouldn't care to lend me the first year's tuition, would you? I'll pay it back first chance I get."

"Where would I get the money?" I asked.

"I don't know," he said, looking up into the snow, leaving me with the impression that getting the money was my affair, and, by a connection I could not repudiate, my responsibility.

"Why should I lend you the money, even if I had it?" I asked, prying open with a smile one edge of the conversation. Never absolutely sure of Ted's meaning, I had learned to leave a necessary margin through which things could pass as a joke.

"Somebody should," he replied.

"I've heard of guys working their way through college," I said.

"Oh, that's all right if you want to be an accountant, or something like that."

"What do you want to be?"

"A writer," he said, a rising inflection in his voice, as though he had given me this information countless times in the past.

I don't remember what I said to that. The scene stops there, and we are left standing in

the doorway of the library, Ted wearing a leather jacket, and the large, irregular snowflakes imprinted on the air.

Now I must tell you something about myself. I am not a wealthy man, but my yearly income is large enough to satisfy all reasonable needs and some unreasonable indulgences. Like most men my age my history comes in two parts—before the war, and after. I began college with the end of Munich, and finished with the beginning of the Marshall Plan. I went on to become a lawyer, and I had no thought but to remain a lawyer the rest of my life. But as sometimes happens with lawyers, I became involved with one of my clients to the extent that he thought it prudent to offer me a partnership instead of a fee. So I gave up law and became a businessman.

I'm married, have two children, a home, two cars . . . There was a time, shortly after our first child was born, when Irene asked me, "Do you love me? Do you still love me?" I said something about postpartum depression, and I may have been right. At any rate, I'm sure the question would have disappeared entirely but for the next day's occurrence.

I happened to be in Herald Square, waiting at the corner for the light to change, when I saw Ted Stern. Heard him, rather; thought the voice sounded familiar; turned; and there he was.

He was standing beside me, head tilted, prominent Adam's apple. He had changed, of course, but only in the way of accentuating what I remembered. He was Ted Stern in bold face. And it was summer again. He was wearing a sport shirt and a pair of slacks. I hesitated—not because I thought it unlikely that he would remember me; I knew he would—but because I felt affected by a sudden doubt. There was the whole landscape of that time projected in my mind like a picture on a screen, but I couldn't find *myself* in the picture. Who had I been? Who was I now? I was not overwhelmed by a loss of identity, but suffered rather, the social embarrassment of having forgotten the name of someone I meant to introduce.

I think I would have allowed Ted to continue on without greeting him, but he moved at that instant, and I caught a glimpse of the girl beside him. She had very dark hair and very light blue eyes—and Irene's fading question, "*Do you still love me?*" received an infusion of permanent dyes from that girl's hair and eyes.

I moved a little closer and said, "If you concentrate on green, that traffic light will change color."

Ted turned and looked at me. I didn't remember that he had bad skin as an adolescent, but his face was now cratered with small pockmarks. I was once told by an English Air Force girl that that kind of blemish on the right kind of face can be very exciting, sexually.

"Well," he said, "I see you've survived."

The light changed, and the three of us began to cross the street.

"This calls for something or other," I said. "Would you both join me for a drink?"

We reached the other side. Ted looked at the girl, and there passed between them a look so fraught with the complicated intimacies of a love affair that I have never been able to approach that corner since without experiencing a little flurry of excitement, whose vicariousness I immediately recognize, but accept anyway, as I have accepted the shame and exaltation of other acts I did not commit.

"Do we have time for a drink?" Ted asked her.

"*I* haven't," she replied. "But if you—"

Ted turned back to me with a slight gesture of regret. "Sorry," he said. "Perhaps some other time. But tell me something about yourself. What do you do?"

"I'm a lawyer," I said.

He pondered that for a moment, lifting the head that had lifted to receive the snow in the doorway of a library. He gave a little laugh.

"I don't know whether that's strange or not," he said. "Why shouldn't you be a lawyer?"

"And you were interested in writing," I said.

"Did I ever mention that?" he asked, looking amused.

"You did."

"Well, I am a writer." He turned to the girl. "Myra, am I a writer?"

The girl closed her light blue eyes over the question as a lovely tropical fish would close its mouth over a crumb of food, swimming on in bright silence.

"I wish you had more time," I said.

"Yes—well—so do I. Perhaps we'll see each other again sometime."

He raised his hand in a vague salute, and the girl gave me an even vaguer smile.

Less than a year after that meeting, I came across Ted's picture in the book-review section of the Sunday paper. It was in a box ad in the back pages, quoting somebody who had said that Theodore Stern's novel was ". . . a brilliant achievement by one of America's postwar generation of writers."

I showed the picture of Ted to Irene, who was lying an arm's length away, sharing with me the

slothful habit of getting back into bed after breakfast to read the Sunday paper.

"I know that fellow," I said. "We lived on the same block. We went to school together."

Irene took the paper. "Theodore Stern," she said. "I never heard you mention him."

"I don't believe I ever did. Funny thing, I met him about a year ago, near Macy's. He was with a very beautiful girl."

"You never mentioned that either," Irene said. "Is that another one of your secrets?"

"What 'secrets'?"

"You *know* what secrets. Your iceberg life. The nine-tenths you never tell me."

"Irene, don't be ridiculous. How the hell could I conceal nine-tenths of my life between my business and my family?"

"What were you doing on MacDougal Street on Wednesday night?"

"Oh, for the love of God! *Walking!*"

"You were supposed to be at the New Yorker Hotel, at that convention."

"I *was* at the New Yorker Hotel, at that convention. And then I left. And then I took a long walk. How do you know I was on MacDougal Street? Who told you?"

"Does it make a difference who told me?"

"Does it make a difference that I was there, walking?"

"Yes, it does make a difference," she said. "*Why* were you there? Whom do you know there?"

"I don't know a soul there. No one. I went for a walk there because it's colorful and noisy."

"Is that what you want, color and noise?"

"A little, sometimes, yes."

"That means you're unhappy."

"It doesn't mean I'm unhappy, Irene. It doesn't mean anything. Old men in Mexican villages walk through the marketplace just for the sake of the color and noise."

The next day, I went to a bookstore and asked for a copy of Ted's book. The salesman looked reflective, said yes, he thought he remembered the book, but he didn't have it in stock. He'd be glad to order it for me. I said not to bother, I'd look around. I found it in another bookstore. It was not displayed among the stacks of recent fiction. A saleswoman came across a single copy shouldered among other exiles on the shelf below.

That evening I read Ted's novel. It only took a few hours. It was not a very long book. But it was a good one, I thought. It was about a young man in college who falls in love and has an affair—the other way around, actually—and finally enlists in the Navy. I know one is not supposed to assume a writer's life from the fiction he writes, but I felt sure after I had finished the book that Ted had been to college and that he had served in the Navy. But I wasn't at all sure about the affair. There might have been something, but I didn't believe that Ted had experienced love in that way.

That same night, I wrote Ted a letter in care of his publisher. I said that I had read his novel with great enjoyment, congratulated him, wished him success in the future. I didn't expect a reply.

Nor did I get one, immediately. About three months later, a letter from Ted arrived at the house. He apologized for having taken so long to reply. He had been away, and when he returned he had had to work furiously on his new novel. Could we have lunch? He proposed the day, the hour, the place where we could meet.

Obviously he was known in that restaurant. The hostess murmured something to him as she showed us to a table. The waiter nodded to him familiarly. We sat in a booth, Ted opposite me. His narrow head tilted back, and he looked at me from that angle whose precise measurement I have kept all these years.

"Well," he said, "and now tell me about yourself."

The telling didn't take long. He was no more eager to hear than I was to relate circumstances that only the closest personal tie could make interesting.

"And what is your life like?" I asked him. "Are you married?"

"Not any more," he said. "I was, briefly."

"To that girl?"

"What girl?"

"The girl I saw you with on Herald Square. Black hair and blue eyes. Myra."

Ted smiled and shook his head. "No," he said. "Good God, no. Myra is married. To someone else. . . . Did you really like my book?"

"Very much."

"I think my new one is better. I know damn well it's better." He hitched himself forward and was about to say something else when the waiter came and began to fuss with plates. When the waiter left, I waited for Ted to press forward again, but the interruption had thrown him off that delicate timing actors and gamblers depend on. He was silent. He began to eat.

I said, "I suppose I would have heard about your book before, had it been a best-seller."

"Yes, I daresay," Ted said. Then he did press forward. "Look, I've got to finish this thing I'm working on to get some money. It's owed to me, you see, but I've got to finish before I can collect.

I get fifteen hundred dollars when I turn in a completed manuscript. Now, you're a businessman."

"How much do you need?"

"Five hundred. Five hundred would pay the rent and buy the groceries until I finish. I'd be glad to sign a note. I'd *insist* on signing a note. There's really no risk . . ."

There was no note.

Women claim a sensitivity to marital conditions far beyond the most intelligent man's perceptions. I have heard Irene say, "Things aren't going so well between Ralph and Anne," and when I asked if the woman in question had confided in her, Irene said no, that was not the case, that she had made it out from watching Ralph and Anne one evening. I have also heard women comment on a couple scarcely known to them, and agreeing that there was a coolness, or a fever, or some deviation from the temperature of contentment.

I never trusted these judgments. I still don't. There's too much accident and attitude to accept what one sees as sure evidence. A wrong word about parking the car that evening may have touched off a squabble just before the visit. Later, inflamed by hours of inattention (perhaps playing on that inattention for the stimulative value they had learned was in it), they might passionately join their guilt in the guilty car. Others may smile and touch all evening in talismanic gestures against a jealousy that is destroying their lives. I don't know how women can assume knowledge from such charades. Styles in marriage change like styles in dancing. A waltz may seem perverted to a generation that has grown up on separate [illegible].

My knowledge is based on more than intuition. When Irene and I had our crisis, we lived apart for a time. I took a room in a residential hotel in the city. Friends naturally found out, and one by one the male half of long-term marriages came to me and told me about other crises and adjustments, or crises in perpetuity, or unhappiness seeking a crisis. And I wouldn't vouch for these confessions either. Some people feel the need to console and instruct, even if they have to fabricate the means of doing so.

But it was during this time that I learned something about Ted's life. (Oh, he paid me back the five hundred all right; and then borrowed again, and again, offering the publication of his book as collateral each time.) He had an apartment exactly where I expected him to have an apartment, on the Lower East Side, a dirty, quiet street. Two rooms, a kitchen, a bath, and a special odor which is, I guess, the cachet of all bachelor quarters whose owners are neither well off nor fastidious—a kind of moldy staleness, such as one might smell in a third-rate hotel room from whose window one can see minarets and hear the wail of pipes.

We still didn't become friends. Ted's life, for me, resembled the motions of the moon. One half I was permitted to see, but only in phases, in degrees of illumination. He would invite me over occasionally when he was having a party, but where he went and whom he saw when he left his apartment remained cosmically concealed from me.

It was from these outer journeyings that he gathered the people that I came to know. His friends—or at least those who came to his parties. Some were, like himself, writers; some wanted to be writers; some had to do with writers, in one way or another. Like the girls. The young and beautiful girls who came and sat on the floor, heads tipped, hair flowing this way and that in the faint tides of their interest or boredom, I never knew which.

There was Carol, who smoked cigarettes through a short ivory holder, and who moved in with Ted for a short time. She bought a new bedcover, put potted plants on the window sill, and changed the odor of the rooms. Suddenly she was no longer there. The plants withered, the odor returned, the bedcover remained.

And there was Barbara, and Rose, and Jill. And Harriet, with whom I fell in love.

"Why don't you take her home?" Ted said to me one evening, after a party.

"Whose home?"

"Yours. Hers. What difference?"

That was my one affair, a brief and strange affair. Harriet and I were like initiates of an order founded to contemplate the mysteries of Theodore Stern. We talked about Ted—his accomplishments, his character, his potential. That's really all Harriet wanted to talk about, and I took part in these devotions because I knew it would keep our involvement at the needful remove. We were both so patently headed in different directions that the few weeks we had together seem now like a maneuvering to say goodbye.

I went home. I wanted to. Irene wanted me to. I had glimpsed an ocean-sized desolation in my freedom. What I wanted was too ill-defined. Besides I no longer held Irene responsible for my complete happiness. What a simple discovery—the limit of responsibility—but I know very well there'll be no including it among my children's wedding gifts.

Ted's second novel was published, and this time I was aware of its critical reception. It was prominently reviewed in all the important papers, and the reviews were good. I had already received an inscribed copy from Ted, along with a check for the amount he owed me. I read the book, thought it no better than the first, but was pleased that it was receiving so much more attention.

I wrote another note, congratulating Ted, and again received no reply for about a month. This is how I expected it would be—I telescoping into my life, he into his. But again he surprised me with a note saying there would be a cocktail party at his place, please come. The writing was not his. I surmised he had given a list to some ever-present, ever-helpful girl, who was glad to serve the cause of Theodore Stern.

It was one of those parties that makes itself heard two floors below. The door of Ted's apartment was open, the air blue with smoke, dense with talk. I looked around for the hero and spotted him talking to a red-faced, important-looking man whose gray hair curled about his ears. Ted's narrow head was tilted back, and he regarded this new horizon from the unchanged angle of his privacy. Then he saw me and raised an arm, pointing one finger to the table where bottles abounded.

I recognized faces—men and women I had seen before. Harriet was there, serving drinks.

"Isn't it marvelous?" she said.

"Marvelous," I agreed.

"Have you had a chance to speak to him yet?"

"Not yet."

"Have you heard about the reprint sale?"

"No. What about it?"

"Large. Oh, very large!"

"Wonderful."

"And there's talk of a movie."

"My God."

"He's leaving for Europe in a few weeks."

"Well."

It was rather like the stateroom of an outbound ship, this room. There was the excitement of departure. The stale moldiness was gone. The world had finally come to Ted Stern, bringing dimes and extra sandwiches—possibly enough to last a lifetime.

But if by chance this contribution to Ted's fate doesn't last a lifetime, I'm certain he'll find someone who'll feel the obligation as I felt it. It was not Ted's need that compelled it, but my own. For how many things do we remember? Hot school yard, library doorway, glasses of lemon and lime. I drank mine, and I know its taste. Ted's remains on the counter, containing eternally the taste of a life that is not my own.

CAR WASH, MEXICO

by Anthony Ostroff

At the Hotel del Parque where we parked
A beggar tried to get my views
On begging: would I give
Or not? And *what?*
I gave six cents too much. Marked
I found three urchins at my shoes.
They couldn't polish their bare feet.
I let them wax and shine
Three pesos worth apiece. Good God,
Anything to pay the sin
Of being so well shod
And so American!
My wife was saying, "Lamb,
Can't we get inside
Before you're wholly fleeced?"
I said, "We can!" But then
A beggar woman came,
Hand extended like a name. It cost
A coin to say goodbye. A boy
Appeared, said, "Sir, your car."
I told him, "Later. Later." "Sir,
I wash your car!" he grinned. "I'm going in."
My wife insisted. "Yes, go on,"
I said. "I'll join you soon."
Our own son followed. Dead
Tired from the trip, he had
To get to bed. I started, too.
The other boy insisted *he*
Was my responsibility.
"Okay!" I cried. "*Wash* the car!"
Another boy was there:
"I watch it all night long for you.
Very cheap!" What could I do?
It was cheap enough, that much was true.
I left him less than we could miss.
I crossed the porter's smile with brass.
I entered the hotel.
The bellboy rang his bell.
I sprang to give away more guilt.
In bed at last I felt
No better than my prayer: "Wash
That fine car. Wash it! Wash
The car." All night I heard the water slosh.

Franz J. Ingelfinger, M.D.

THE ARCH-HOSPITAL: AN AILING MONOPOLY

A unique investigation has documented the harsh realities of what goes on between doctors, patients, and nurses in a great teaching hospital.

At a recent forum on the ethics of experimentation with living subjects one panelist, a professor of religion, drew a sharp distinction between the doctor's scientific mind, which "wants to find out the truth," and his medical mind, which "wants to heal." He voiced the hope that his own physician would use "only the best of tested knowledge." Yet, a few minutes later he reversed himself. If he were seriously ill, he would want to be treated at his university's hospital, an institution devoted to teaching and research as well as the care of the sick. "At another kind of hospital I wouldn't be experimented on," he said. "But I would be dealing with people who are not at the front of their profession."

The big, urban, often university-affiliated hospital—which I shall call the arch-hospital to distinguish it from the small non-teaching community institution—commonly inspires this kind of ambivalence. For years it has been viewed with fear and aversion, charged with overcrowding and "deplorable conditions." Lately it has acquired two additional taints. Many of its customers believe that to become a patient in an arch-hospital is to offer (1) the body in a state of supine guinea-piggishness to callous science, and (2) the pocketbook to inefficiency and greedy exploitation. Yet patients come and come. They come not only for the traditional round the clock care, but also to take advantage of the arch-hospital's exceptional technology and facilities and the well-publicized skill of its innovating (experimenting?) medical staff. They crowd its emergency floor for minor ailments that used to be treated at the doctor's office. "HOSPITALS REPORT STAGGERING LOAD, LOWER STANDARDS" is a recent *New York Times* headline. Immediately next to it is another: "HEART TRANSPLANT PATIENT 'WELL.'" No wonder antipathy to, and esteem for, hospitals grow side by side in schizophrenic parallelism.

Not only in meeting its obligations to patients, but also in its traditional teaching and research functions, the arch-hospital is sorely overextended. Yet plans to bolster its current operations are superseded by those that would extend its domain into the community and even over entire regions. Proposals for developing "community medicine," for example, envision a universe of satellite clinics clustering about a central arch-hospital, a universe that will bring to the urban poor not only therapy but prevention at socioeconomic, psychiatric, nutritional, genetic, and immunological levels. And if programs promulgated by the Heart, Cancer, and Stroke legislation are to be fully implemented, core strength will again depend on the arch-hospital.

In the distribution of health services the role of the arch-hospital system is comparable to that of the giant corporation, as defined by J. K. Galbraith in *The New Industrial State*. The arch-hospital controls the personnel, for it trains its doctors, nurses, technicians, and its administrators. It largely determines what equipment will be developed and made available. It grossly influences the nature of medical and surgical practice. Its decisions, like those of Galbraith's corporation, are made by committees of the technologically skilled. These decisions, rather than what the public wants, shape the services offered for use. The system is in essence a monopoly.

In their financial achievements, however, the giant corporation and the arch-hospital differ drastically. One usually makes money while the other incurs staggering deficits. Last year, country-wide hospital costs per patient day averaged $55.82, a figure that is increasing by 15 per cent a year. Arch-hospital costs exceed $70 per

patient-day. Even a city hospital charges, in theory at least, $60 a day for ward care. Though they offer the most sophisticated services, most of the nation's two hundred arch-hospitals are housed in restricted quarters crowded with obsolete furniture and worn-out equipment.

At once feared and berated but also respected and heavily used, hospitals are increasingly investigated, studied, and dismembered for public inspection. In *Hospitals, Doctors, and the Public Interest*,* edited and partly written by Dr. John Knowles, broad and philosophic interpretations of the arch-hospital's present and future functions are discussed by concerned professionals. Other examiners use unadorned statistics. Thus *Hospital Use—A Survey of Patient and Physician Decisions* (published by the Center for Health Administration Studies of the University of Chicago) reports the results of a survey made in Massachusetts between 1959 and 1961. Some 2,046 patients and 1,339 physicians were questioned. "What was the attitude of the doctors?" the patients were asked. "Excellent," said 70 per cent and, "Good," another 21 per cent. Only 1 per cent impugned their doctors' attitude as "Poor." Although such studies use objective methods, their validity is subject to erroneous recall, incomplete records, and distortions resulting from the respondents' motivations.

Recently published is an account of hospitalization totally different from any other yet attempted. Entitled *Sickness and Society*,** it is unique in its comprehensiveness and in the unbridled subjectivity of its authors, R. S. Duff and A. B. Hollingshead. Both are employees of Yale University, the former a pediatrician whose recent interests were "not exactly medicine and not necessarily society," and the latter a professor of sociology specializing in the relation between social class and medical care.

Duff and Hollingshead posed five questions: "(1) Did the illnesses of sick persons reflect factors operative in their effective social environment? (2) Was the care patients received related to the organization of medical institutions? (3) Did sick persons influence their own care? (4) Did the role relations of the several lay and professional groups involved in patient care influence the delivery of medical services to the sick person? (5) What was the impact of the illness on the sick person and on his family?"

To obtain the answers, Duff and Hollingshead examined in minute detail the "careers" of 161 patients admitted to what they call the Medical Center of Eastern University. What they have produced is an indictment—a revealing, dismaying, and sensational exposé. For if Duff and Hollingshead are right, this hospital is a reversion to Bedlam, its patients maladjusted and conniving, and its physicians poltroons shirking responsibility to all but themselves.

These charges—if they are true—apply to all major, university-affiliated hospitals; for whatever Eastern's virtues and faults, they are not unique. Inevitably *Sickness and Society* will disturb its readers, particularly the many who have never heard of Knowles' scholarly book or of the sere statistics of the Center of Health Administration. Duff and Hollingshead make sensational charges. How accurate are their observations? How valid are their interpretations?

Dramas Heard and Noted

The 161 men and women studied ranged in age from 40 to 64. All were white, married, and living with their spouses. Sixty-five had private, 54 semi-private, and 42 ward accommodations. Each of these patients was seen within four hours of admission by Duff, and subsequently by one of several "data gatherers." These workers, identified as to sex (female) but not as to age, education, or emotional makeup, were carefully indoctrinated—including the caution not to "talk about their work in elevators." Four times daily on days one, three, and five of hospitalization, data gatherers came for twenty minutes to the patient's bedside to see what was going on. Duff and his data gatherers also examined records and talked extensively to patients, spouses, other relatives, physicians, nurses, and even to other patients in nearby quarters. On the basis of the information so amassed, a patient was taken apart and then reassembled in terms of his past life, his environment, his personality, his illness, his care at the hands of hospital personnel, his influence on that personnel and on his own family, and his reactions to hospitalization.

The reassembled montage is dismal--just how dismal the reader may appreciate if he assumes that he is about to enter an arch-hospital and applies Duff and Hollingshead's findings to himself. Such extrapolation suggests, in the first place, that neither you nor your family are mentally healthy. Irrespective of the ostensible reason for admission, nearly one-third of private and semiprivate patients are moderately disturbed, about one-half severely disturbed and some 10 per

*Harvard University Press, 1965, $8.50.
**Harper & Row, 1968, $12.50.

care. Even when he visits the wards, the chief is portrayed as a detached and unsympathetic figure surrounded by a docile retinue of students and house staff and not concerned with "providing a splendid service to the community's sick poor." How little he appears to adhere to the amenities of ward rounds described by the late Dr. J. Howard Means, who as medical-service chief at the Massachusetts General Hospital, saw to it "that the best interests of the patient are not sacrificed to those of education."

Is what Duff and Hollingshead say and imply about the academically oriented doctors at Eastern true? The answer is Yes and No. Yes, because each unfortunate attitude mentioned, each unhappy conflict of interest, and each deplorable event can be found at any arch-hospital in the United States. No, because the emphasis on these negative features is all out of proportion. House staffs do desire "interesting cases" and unfortunately use these very words in front of patients. They do talk with the ribaldry born of studied detachment toward illness and death, and they do assign various derogatory expressions to patients or, for that matter, to pompous professors. They are frequently maladroit in managing one of the most harrowing of human encounters, the request for autopsy permission from those who have just lost a close relative.

Yet, this conglomeration of disheartening and often horrendous examples does not mean that they are typical. When I was chief of a medical service at the Boston City Hospital, an institution with wards and facilities that make Eastern's seem splendid, ardent letters arrived regularly and spontaneously from unknown patients or their relatives expressing almost embarrassing gratitude for what some house officer had done. I might, by using excerpts from such letters exclusively, suggest that compassion and competence overwhelmingly pervaded our wards. But this would be as misleading as the impression Duff and Hollingshead have created.

Duff and Hollingshead appear quite unaware of the historical necessities that created the present interlocking of medical school and hospital center. "The backbone of clinical instruction must be a pedagogically controlled hospital," wrote Abraham Flexner, who is generally credited with raising American medical education from the muck of diploma mills. Eastern settled this historic issue long ago, but Duff and Hollingshead ignore it.

The authors repeatedly refer to "our research" but research it is not, at least in the light of conventional criteria applied to medical investigations. Research reports selected for *The New England Journal of Medicine*, for example, are expected to observe certain standards of objectivity, a determination to see both sides, a willingness to consider alternative interpretations, an effort to understand the reasons for a situation, and, above all, a strict control of personal bias. Such *sine qua nons* of good research are conspicuously absent from the Duff and Hollingshead report. To be sure, they quote numbers that are statistically analyzed, and they made commendable efforts to have their sample of patients representative. But these are the trappings of research if bias is rampant. I have cited some examples of bias, others abound: bias by bald statements, by tendentious selections, and by unwarranted juxtaposition. The following passage about private nurses is a flagrant example: "However they cared for only 25 per cent of the private surgical patients and less than 1 per cent of the ward medical patients. (It is interesting that the rate of hospital deaths per admission is less than 1 per cent on private surgery but over 12 per cent on ward medicine.)" Since the authors later go to great effort to show that the private-duty nurse is practically an otiose relic, the parenthetical comment seems quite irresponsible.

Duff and Hollingshead are incensed by what they consider shoddy and circumscribed medical care, and the heat of their passion radiates from many pages. It seems unlikely that data collectors trained by the authors were more objective; and if collecting raw data involves making judgments (measuring empathy, for example), mathematical treatment cannot eliminate bias. *Sickness and Society* is no dispassionate research report; it is Zola crying, "*J'accuse!*"

Taken for an exposé rather than for scientific research, *Sickness and Society* has many virtues. The study is a distinct first; no one else has taken such a meticulous and hard look at what goes on as patients enter, pass through, and leave a hospital. And the book has identified deficiencies which can and should be corrected. There is, for example, considerable merit in the recommendation that the private-duty nurse be abolished and the regular nursing staff expanded.

Some of the other suggestions will give impetus to overdue improvements. Others are already under way. Medicare and Medicaid, for instance, should ease the plight of the ward patient, emotionally portrayed in his noisy, dirty, and toiletless room, with a group of medical students lined up and waiting to feel his rectal cancer. (The queue will now have to form by the private patient's bed unless the physician of tomorrow is to be all counsel and no skill.) Duff and Hollings-

head also propose "a new career in the health field—the medical auxiliary." Such training is already being provided at several places, notably at Duke University, under the aegis of Dr. Eugene Stead, one of those powerful Chairman of Department-Service Chiefs. Medical auxiliaries can certainly relieve the physician of some physical tasks. How they will bring more responsibility, more perception, more compassion, and less selfishness to the practice of medicine is not quite clear.

One of the best chapters in *Sickness and Society* deals with "Reactions to Hospitalization." People who enter a hospital are frightened, and their apprehension is increased by incomprehensible goings-on, the ominous apparatus, and the unexplained procedure. Physicians, to whom the atmosphere of the hospital is commonplace, should be more sensitive to these fears. Their alleviation, however, requires fine judgment, for some patients seem to prefer paternalistic reassurance to factual explanation.

All who work in or use a hospital will at first react to *Sickness and Society* with an incredulous "Who me?" Next, one hopes, they will be moved to correct the faults they recognize in themselves. There are many voices today urging doctors, particularly those in the academic branch, to give less emphasis to laboratory research and more to the study of the community and the family. The Duff and Hollingshead book should spur this movement to humanize medical practice.

In other respects, the consequences of the book will be less positive. Duff and Hollingshead have opened new veins of muck for those who make it their business to rake the medical profession. Doctors and organized medicine are certainly not innocent of mistakes. But it is not they who are most damaged by immoderate attack. Who suffers when the already frightening image of the hospital is more distorted to emphasize its fearsomeness? Who loses in the end when an autopsy is given the aura of a grave robber's spree? The authors deplore the lack of an impartial means for evaluating medical performance. The autopsy serves precisely that function. What value then is there in highlighting its lurid aspects?

Who indeed is most deprived when the mystique of medicine is torn to shreds? Recently the physician-superintendent of a British hospital issued a memorandum stating that resuscitation procedures were not to be used in the very elderly (over sixty-five years), malignant disease, chronic chest disease, and chronic renal disease. Those who defend the right to die would not quarrel with such rules and they would deter the house officer who sustains life merely so that he may learn. Yet, in England the memorandum provoked a public outcry, a ministry statement, and committee inquiry. The committee found that "some guidance to medical staff on selection of patients is necessary," but notably it also deplored the distribution of the memorandum "in a way which rendered it liable to public view." While few people want to be kept alive unnecessarily, still fewer want to be deprived of hope. The patient, whether he goes to the medicine man, the Christian Science practitioner, the ultra-scientific doctor, or Duff and Hollingshead's "counsellor" of tomorrow, goes with hope; he puts himself into the hands of someone to whom he imputes a certain amount of mysterious know-how. Even Duff and Hollingshead took advantage of the mystique of medicine when they agreed to have their data gatherers wear white coats on the wards.

Where to Go When One Is Ill

Whatever else this book may be, it is a tribute to Eastern University's Medical Center, presumably at New Haven. The medical school and hospital there appear to go in for this sort of thing. In May of 1959, two third-year medical students, stopwatch in hand, shadowed two of Eastern's medical interns as they went about their duties. During a period of ten days these interns devoted only 8.5 and 5.9 hours respectively to talking to patients or relatives, and most of this time was spent during the first 24 hours of the patient's admission. After that, except in acutely ill patients, less than 10 minutes a day were spent by an intern with a given patient. Another study, this one in 1963, concerned itself with the incidence of "untoward events, complications, and mishaps" resulting from diagnostic or therapeutic maneuvers on the medical wards of Eastern's hospital. A total of 240 such unhappy episodes were uncovered by an eight-month survey involving 1,014 patients.

This must be a great medical school and hospital, with admirable confidence in its performance. It fosters self-examination, it permits the publication of derogatory material, and yet it survives and is respected by laymen and professionals alike. Its unshaken eminence in spite of, or perhaps because of, stringent and at time virulent criticism persuades me that this is where one should go if hospitalization is required by illness. And illness, all must acknowledge, does not offer a choice between the pleasant and the unpleasant; it is *a priori* an unhappy state.

John Fowles

NOTES ON WRITING A NOVEL

The author of "The Magus" describes the process of creating a long work of fiction, in which he discovers only one rule and an endless complex of arbitrary states of mind, work habits, and traps for the unwary.

The novel I am writing at the moment (provisionally entitled *The French Lieutenant's Woman*) is set about a hundred years back. I don't think of it as a historical novel, a genre in which I have very little interest. It started four or five months ago as a visual image. A woman stands at the end of a deserted quay and stares out to sea. That was all. This image rose in my mind one morning when I was still in bed half asleep. It corresponded to no actual incident in my life (or in art) that I can recall, though I have for many years collected obscure books and forgotten prints, all sorts of flotsam and jetsam from the last two or three centuries, relics of past lives—and I suppose this leaves me with a kind of dense hinterland from which such images percolate down to the coast of consciousness.

These mythopoeic "stills" (they seem almost always static) float into my mind very often. I ignore them, since that is the best way of finding whether they really are the door into a new world.

So I ignored this image; but it recurred. Imperceptibly it stopped coming to me. I began deliberately to recall it and to try to analyze and hypothesize why it held some sort of immanent power. It was obviously mysterious. It was vaguely romantic. It also seemed, perhaps because of the latter quality, not to belong to today. The woman obstinately refused to stare out of the window of an airport lounge; it had to be this ancient quay—as I happen to live near one, so near that I can see it from the bottom of my garden, it soon became a specific ancient quay. The woman had no face, no particular degree of sexuality. But she was Victorian; and since I always saw her in the same static long shot, with her back turned, she represented a reproach on the Victorian Age. An outcast. I didn't know her crime, but I wished to protect her. That is, I began to fall in love with her. Or with her stance. I didn't know which.

This—not literally—pregnant female image came at a time (the autumn of 1966) when I was already halfway through another novel and had, still have, three or four others planned to follow it. It was an interference, but of such power that it soon came to make the previously planned work seem the intrusive element in my life. This accidentality of inspiration has to be allowed for in writing; both in the work one is on (unplanned development of character, unintended incidents, and so on) and in one's works as a whole. Follow the accident, fear the fixed plan—that is the rule.

*

Narcissism, or pygmalionism, is the essential vice a writer must have. Characters (and even situations) are like children or lovers, they need constant caressing, concern, listening to, watching, admiring. All these occupations become tiring for the active partner—the writer—and only something akin to love can provide the energy. I've heard people say, "I want to write a book." But wanting to write a book, however ardently, is not enough. Even to say, "I want to be possessed by my own creations," is not enough; all natural or born writers are possessed, and in the old magical sense, by their own imaginations long before they even begin to think of writing.

*

This fluke genesis must break all the rules of creative writing; must sound at best childlike, at worst childish. I suppose the orthodox method is

to work out what one wants to say and what one has experience of, and then to correlate the two. I have tried that method and started out with an analytically arrived-at theme and a set of characters all neatly standing for something; but the manuscripts have all petered out miserably. *The Magus* (written before *The Collector*, which also originated in a single image) sprang from a very trivial visit to a villa on a Greek island; nothing in the least unusual happened. But in my unconscious I kept arriving at the place again and again; something wanted to happen there, something that had not happened to me at the time. Why it should have been at *that* villa, *that* one visit, among so many thousands of other possible launching pads, I do not know. Only a month ago someone showed me some recent photographs of the villa, which is now deserted; and it was just a deserted villa. Its mysterious significance to me fifteen years ago remains mysterious.

Once the seed germinates, reason and knowledge, culture and all the rest have to start to grow it. You cannot create a world by hot instinct; but only by cold experience. That is one good reason why so many novelists produce nothing until, or do all their best work after, the age of forty.

*

I find it very difficult to write if I don't know I shall have several days absolutely clear. All visits, all intrusions, all daily duties become irksome. This is during the first draft. I wrote the first draft of *The Collector* in under a month; sometimes ten thousand words a day. Of course a lot of it was poorly written and had to be endlessly amended and revised. First-draft and revision writing are so different they hardly seem to belong to the same activity. I never do any "research" until the first draft is finished; all that matters to begin with is the flow, the story, the narrating. Research material then is like swimming in a straitjacket.

During the revision period I try to keep some sort of discipline. I make myself revise whether I feel like it or not; in some ways, the more disinclined and dyspeptic one feels, the better—one is harsher with oneself. All the best cutting is done when one is sick of the writing.

But all this advice from senior writers to establish a discipline always, to get down a thousand words a day whatever one's mood, I find an absurdly puritanical and impractical approach. Writing is like eating or making love; a natural process, not an artificial one. Write, if you must, because you feel like writing; never because you feel you ought to write.

I write memoranda to myself about the book I'm on. On this one: *You are not trying to write something one of the Victorian novelists forgot to write; but perhaps something one of them failed to write.* And: *Remember the etymology of the word. A novel is something new. It must have relevance to the writer's now—so don't ever pretend you live in 1867; or make sure the reader knows it's a pretense.*

*

In the matter of clothes, social manners, historical background, and the rest, writing about 1867 is merely a question of research. But I soon get into trouble over dialogue, because the genuine dialogue of 1867 (insofar as it can be heard in books of the time) is far too close to our own to sound convincingly old. It very often fails to agree with our psychological picture of the Victorians—it is not stiff enough, not euphemistic enough, and so on; and here at once I have to start cheating and pick out the more formal and archaic (even for 1867) elements of spoken speech. It is this kind of "cheating," which is intrinsic to the novel, that takes the time.

Even in modern-novel dialogue the most real is not the most conformable to actual current speech. One has only to read a transcribed tape of actual conversation to realize that it is, in the literary context, not very real. Novel dialogue is a form of shorthand, an *impression* of what people actually say; and besides that, it has to perform other functions—to keep the narrative moving (which real conversation rarely does), to reveal character (real conversation often hides it), and so on.

This is the greatest technical problem I have; it is hard enough with modern characters, and doubly so with historical ones.

*

Memorandum: *If you want to be true to life, start lying about the reality of it.*

And: *One cannot describe reality; only give metaphors that indicate it. All human modes of description (photographic, mathematical, and the rest, as well as literary) are metaphorical. Even the most precise scientific description of an object or movement is a tissue of metaphors.*

*

Alain Robbe-Grillet's polemical essay *Pour un nouveau roman* (1963) is indispensable reading for the profession, even where it produces no more than total disagreement. His key question: *Why bother to write in a form whose great mas-*

ters cannot be surpassed? The fallacy of one of his conclusions—we must discover a new form to write in if the novel is to survive—is obvious. It reduces the purpose of the novel to the discovery of new forms: whereas its other purposes—to entertain, to satirize, to describe new sensibilities, to record life, to improve life, and so on—are clearly just as viable and important. But his obsessive pleading for new form places a kind of stress on every passage one writes today. To what extent am I being a coward by writing inside the old tradition? To what extent am I being panicked into avant-gardism? Writing about 1867 doesn't lessen the stress; it increases it, since so much of the subject matter must of its historical nature be "traditional."

There are apparent parallels in other arts: Stravinsky's eighteenth-century rehandlings, Picasso's and Francis Bacon's use of Velasquez. But in this context words are not nearly so tractable as musical notes or brushstrokes. One can parody a rococo musical ornament, a baroque face. Very early on I tried, in a test chapter, to put modern dialogue into Victorian mouths. But the effect was absurd, since the real historical nature of the characters is hopelessly distorted; the only people to get away with this (Julius Caesar speaking with a Brooklyn accent, and so on) are the professional funny men. One is led inevitably, by such a technique, into a comic novel.

My two previous novels were both based on more or less disguised existentialist premises. I want this one to be no exception; and so I am trying to show an existentialist awareness before it was chronologically possible. Kierkegaard was, of course, totally unknown to the British and American Victorians; but it has always seemed to me that the Victorian age, especially from 1850 on, was highly existentialist in many of its personal dilemmas. One can almost invert the reality and say that Camus and Sartre have been trying to lead us, in their fashion, to a Victorian seriousness of purpose and moral sensitivity.

Nor is this the only similarity between the 1960s and 1860s. The great nightmare of the respectable Victorian mind was the only too real one created by the geologist Lyell and the biologist Darwin. Until then man had lived like a child in a small room. They gave him—and never was a present less welcome—infinite space and time, and a hideously mechanistic explanation of human reality into the bargain. Just as we "live with the bomb" the Victorians lived with the theory of evolution. They were hurled into space. They felt themselves infinitely isolated. By the 1860s the great iron structures of their philosophies, religions, and social stratifications were already beginning to look dangerously corroded to the more perspicacious.

Just such a man, an existentialist before his time, walks down the quay and sees that mysterious back, feminine, silent, also existentialist, turned to the horizon.

Magnificent though the Victorian novelists were they almost all (an exception, of course, is the later Hardy) failed miserably in one aspect: nowhere in "respectable" Victorian literature (and most of the pornography was based on the brothel or eighteenth-century accounts) does one see a man and a woman described together in bed. We do not know how they made love, what they said to each other in their most intimate moments, what they felt then.

Writing as I have been today—about two Victorians making love—with no guides except my imagination and vague deductions from the spirit of the age and so on—is really science fiction. A journey is a journey, backwards or forwards.

*

The most difficult task for a writer is to get the right "voice" for his material; by voice I mean the overall impression one has of the creator behind what he creates. Now I've always liked the ironic voice that the line of great nineteenth-century novelists, from Austen through to Conrad, all used so naturally. We tend today to remember the failures of that tone—the satirical overkill in Dickens, the facetiousness of Thackeray, the strained sarcasm of Mark Twain, the priggishness in George Eliot—rather than its virtues. The reason is clear enough: irony needs the assumption of superiority in the ironist. Such an assumption must be anathema to a democratic, egalitarian century like our own. We suspect people who pretend to be omniscient; and that is why so many of us twentieth-century novelists feel driven into first-person narration.

I have heard writers claim that this first-person technique is a last bastion of the novel against the cinema, a form where the camera dictates an inevitable third-person point of view of what happens, however much we may identify with one

John Fowles' earlier novels published in this country had both critical and popular success: "The Collector" and "The Magus." Born in Essex, he studied at Oxford and taught in France before becoming a full-time writer. This essay will be included in "Afterwards: Novelists on Their Novels," an anthology to be published in January 1969 by Harper & Row.



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character. But the matter of whether a contemporary novelist uses "he" or "I" is largely irrelevant. The great majority of modern third-person narration is "I" narration very thinly disguised. The real "I" of the Victorian writers—the writer himself—is as rigorously repressed (out of fear of seeming pretentious, etc. as it is, for obvious semantic and grammatical reasons, when the narration is in literal first-person form.

But in this new book, I shall try to resurrect this technique. It seems in any case natural to look back at the England of a hundred years ago with a somewhat ironical eye—and "I"—although it is my strong belief that history is horizontal in terms of the ratio between understanding and *available* knowledge and (far more important) horizontal in terms of the happiness the individual gets from being alive. In short, there is a danger in being ironic about the apparent follies and miseries of any past age. So I have written myself another memorandum: *You are not the "I" who breaks into the illusion, but the "I" who is a part of it.*

In other words, the "I" who will make first-person commentaries here and there in my story, and on one occasion will even attempt to enter it, will not necessarily be my real "I" in 1967; but much more just another character, though in a different category from the purely fictional ones.

*

September 2, 1967. Now I am about two-thirds of the way through. Always a bad stage, when one begins to doubt major things like basic motivations, dramatic design, the whole bloody enterprise; in the beginning one tends to get dazzled by each page, by one's fertility, those nice Muses always at one's shoulder . . . but then the inherent faults in the plot and characters begin to emerge. One starts to doubt the wisdom of the way the latter make things go; at the stage in an *affaire*, when one begins to thank God that marriage never raised its ugly head. But here one is condemned to a marriage of sorts—I have the woman on the quay (whose name is Sarah) for better or for worse, so to speak; and all seems worse.

*

I have to break off for a fortnight to go down to Majorca, where they're filming *The Magus*. I have written the script, but like most scripts it's really a team effort. The two producers have had their say, and the director; and a number of impersonal factors, such as the budget, the nature of the locations, and the casting of the main roles, have had theirs. Most of the time I feel like a skeleton at the feast; this isn't what I had imagined, either in the book or in the script.

Yet it is interesting to watch, on a big film production, how buttressed each key man is by the other key men; to see how often one will turn to the other and say, "Will it work?" I compare this with the loneliness of the long-distance writer; and I come back with a sort of relief, a reaffirmation in my faith in the novel. For all its faults, it is a statement by one person. In my novels I am the producer, director, and all the actors; I photograph it. This may seem a megalomania beside which the more celebrated cases from Hollywood pale to nothingness. There *is* a vanity about it, a wish to play the godgame, which all the random and author-removing devices of avant-garde technique cannot hide. But there must be a virtue, in an age that is out to exterminate both the individual and the enduring, in the individual's attempt to endure by his own efforts alone.

The truth is, the novel is a free form. Unlike the play or the film script, it has no limits other than those of the language. It is like a poem; it can be what it wants. This is its downfall and its glory; and explains why both forms have been so often used to establish freedom in other fields, social and political.

A charge all of us who sell film rights have to answer is that we write our books with this end in view. What has to be distinguished here is the legitimate and the illegitimate influence of the cinema on the novel. I saw my first film when I was six; I suppose I've seen on average—and discounting television—a film a week ever since: let's say some two and a half thousand films up to now. How can so frequently repeated an experience not have indelibly stamped itself on the seat of imagination? At one time I analyzed my dreams in detail; again and again I recalled purely cinematic effects . . . panning shots, close shots, tracking, jump cuts, and the rest. In short, this mode of imagining is far too deep in me to eradicate—not only in me, in all my generation.

This doesn't mean we have surrendered to the cinema. I don't share the general pessimism about the so-called decline of the novel and its present status as a minority cult. Except for a brief period in the nineteenth century, when a literate majority and a lack of other means of entertainment coincided, it has always been a minority art.

One has in fact only to do a film script to realize how inalienably in possession of a still-vast domaine the novel is; how countless the forms of human experience only to be described in and by it. There is too an essential difference in the qual-

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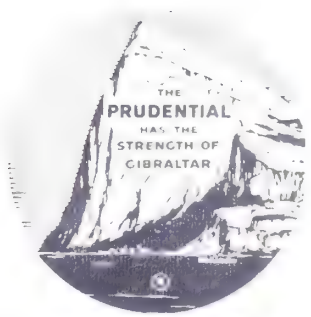


here's no law that says you have to avor the tax collector over your amily. But some men leave him nore—and their families less—than ney have to.

hat can depend to a considerable xtent on how much planning you do r don't do. The kind of planning ou do with the experts—your awyer, accountant, and Prudential nan. Together they know all the uances of estate planning and ow to save your family nnecessary taxes.

Your Prudential man, in addition, can set up an insurance program to provide the ready cash your family will need. So your wife won't have to sell off property or stock at a sacrifice to get money for state and federal taxes, probate fees, and legal expenses.

You'll find that your Prudential man is an expert at getting you lots of estate protection for your money. After all, making insurance dollars work harder is something Prudential understands.



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Prudential understands

ity of image evoked by the two media. The cinematic visual image is virtually the same for all who see it; it stamps out personal imagination, the response from individual *visual* memory. A sentence or paragraph in a novel will evoke a different image in each reader. This necessary cooperation between writer and reader, the one to suggest, the other to make concrete, is a privilege of *verbal* form; and the cinema can never usurp it.

Nor is that all. Here (the opening four paragraphs of a novel) is a flagrant bit of writing for the cinema. The man has obviously spent too much time on filmscripts, and can now think only of his movie sale.

> The temperature is in the 90s and the boulevard is absolutely empty.
>
> Lower down, the inky water of a canal reaches in a straight line. Midway between two locks is a barge full of timber. On the bank, two rows of barrels.
>
> Beyond the canal, between houses separated by work yards, a huge cloudless tropical sky. Under the throbbing sun white façades, slate roofs and granite quays hurt the eyes. An obscure distant murmur rises in the hot air. All seems drugged by the Sunday peace and the sadness of summer days.
>
> Two men appear.

It first appeared on March 25, 1881. The writer's name is Flaubert. All I have done is to transpose his past historic into the present.

*

I woke in the small hours, and the book tormented me. All its failings rose up in the darkness. I saw the novel I dropped in order to write *The French Lieutenant's Woman* was much better. This one was not my sort of book; but an aberration, a folly, a delusion. Sentences from vitriolic reviews floated through my mind: . . . "a clumsy pastiche of Hardy," "pretentious imitation of an inimitable genre," "pointless exploration of an already overexplored age" . . . and so on and so on.

Now it is day, I am back on it again, and it denies what I felt in the night. But the horror of such realizations is that someone, some reader or reviewer, *will* realize them. The nightmare of the writer is that all his worst private fears and self-criticisms will be made public.

The shadow of Thomas Hardy, the heart of whose "country" I can see in the distance from my workroom window, I cannot avoid. Since he and Peacock are my two favorite male novelists of the nineteenth century I don't mind the shadow. It seems best to use it; and by a curious coincidence, which I didn't realize when I placed my own story in that year, 1867 was the crucial year in Hardy's own mysterious personal life. It is somehow encouraging that while my fictitious characters weave their own story in their 1867, only thirty miles away in the real 1867 the pale young architect was entering his own fatal life-incident.

*

My female characters tend to dominate the male. I see man as a kind of artifice, and woman as a kind of reality. The one is cold idea, the other is warm fact. Daedalus faces Venus, and Venus must win. If the technical problems hadn't been so great, I should have liked to make Conchis in *The Magus* a woman. The character of Mrs. de Seitas at the end of the book was simply an aspect of his character; as was Lily. Now Sarah exerts this power. She doesn't realize how. Nor do I yet.

I was stuck this morning to find a good answer from Sarah at the climax of the scene. Characters sometimes reject all the possibilities one offers. They say in effect: *I would never say or do a thing like that.* But they don't say what they would say; and one has to proceed negatively, by a very tedious coaxing kind of trial and error. After an hour over this one wretched sentence, I realized that she had in fact been telling me what to do: silence from her was better than any line she might have said.

*

By the time I left Oxford I found myself much more at home in French than in English literature. There seems to me to be a vital distinction between the French and Anglo-Saxon cultures in this field. Since 1650 French writers have assumed an international audience; and the Anglo-Saxons a national one. This may be no more than a general tendency; the literatures of the two cultures offer hundreds of exceptions, even among the best-known books. Nevertheless I have always found this French assumption that the proper audience of a book is one without frontiers more attractive than the extreme opposite view, which is still widely held in both Britain and America, that the proper job of a writer is to write of and for his own country and countrymen.

I am aware of this when I write, and especially when I revise. English references that will mean nothing to a foreigner I usually cut out, or avoid in the first place. In the present book I have the ubiquity in the West of the Victorian ethos: that helps greatly.

Various things have long made me feel an exile in England. Some years ago I came across a sen-



Just What Your Doctor Ordered

Last year more than 90 million people in the United States alone were examined or treated with x-ray. The persons most frequently seen by patients during routine x-ray procedures are radiologic technologists. Their skills play a vital role in helping your doctor and his consulting radiologist (a physician specializing in x-ray) achieve the correct diagnosis. In assisting the radiologist, the technologist performs a wide variety of functions—positioning patients, operating complex equipment, making x-ray exposures and processing film. X-ray technologists are important members of the staff in hospitals, clinics and private offices. ■ How does a radiologic technologist achieve professional status? Acceptance by the American Registry of Radiologic Technologists requires high school graduation plus the successful completion of a two year program of study and application of x-ray under the direct supervision of a radiologist. Technologists are trained in anatomy, medical and surgical diseases, radiographic exposure and chemistry. They also receive instruction in the basics of electricity, radiological mathematics and psychology. Radiologists depend heavily on their technical assistants to provide properly exposed and developed x-ray films. ■ The rewards of radiologic technology are many. Foremost is the personal satisfaction and pride of working with respected medical practitioners, sharing in the victory over disease and pain. ■ General Electric is proud to be associated with x-ray technologists, providing the finest, most advanced equipment and supplies. For additional information on careers in radiologic technology, write to General Electric X-Ray, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53201.



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tence in an obscure French novel: *Ideas are the only motherland.* Ever since, I have kept it as the most succinct summary I know of what I believe. Perhaps "believe" is the wrong verb—if you are without national feeling, if you find many of your fellow countrymen and most of their beliefs and their institutions foolish and antiquated, you can hardly *believe* in anything, but only accept the loneliness that results.

So I live completely away from other English writers and the literary life of London. What I have to think of as my "public" self is willy-nilly absorbed into or rejected by (mostly the latter, in my case) the national literary "world." Even to me it seems, that public self, very remote and often distastefully alien and spurious; just one more thing that I feel my real self in exile from.

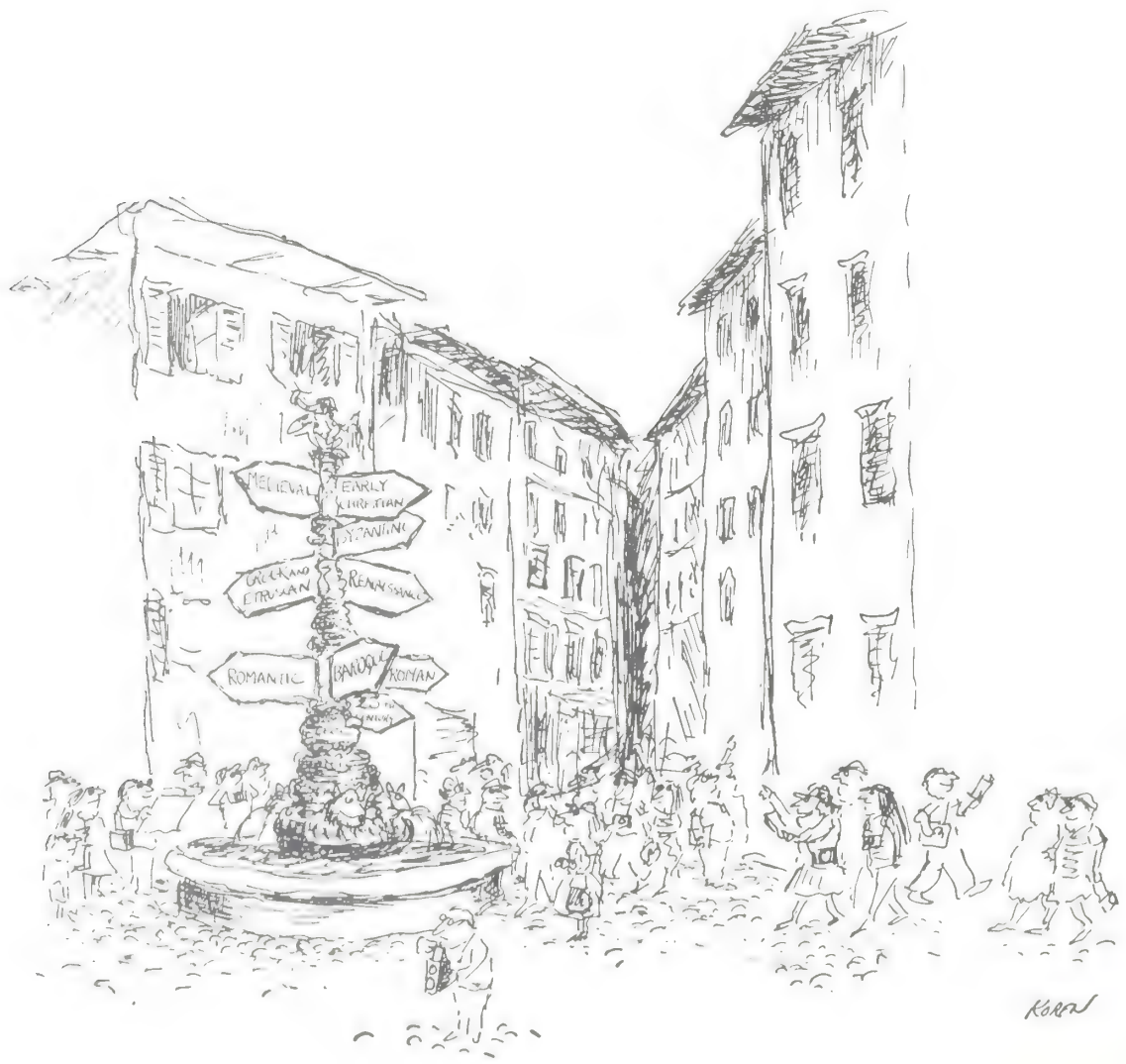
My real self is here and now, writing. Whenever I think of this (the writing, not the written) experience, images to do with exploring, single-handed voyages, lone mountain ascents, always spring unwanted to my mind. They sound romantic, but they're not meant to. It's the damned solitude, the fear of failure (by which I do *not* mean bad reviews), the tedium of the novel form, the often nauseating feeling that one is prey to an unhealthy obsession . . .

When I go out and meet other people, become mixed in their lives and social routines, my own solitude, routinelessness, and freedom (which is a subtle imprisonment) from economic "worries" often make me feel like a visitor from outer space. I like earthmen, but I'm not quite sure what they're at. I mean we regulate things better at home. But there it is—I've been posted here. And there's no transport back.

Something like this lies behind all I write.

*

This total difference between the written and the writing world is what non-writers never realize about us. They see us as we were; we live with



what we are. It is not subjects that matter to writers, but the experience of handling them. In those romantic terms, a difficult pitch scaled, a storm survived, the untrodden moon beneath one's feet. Such pleasures are unholy; and the world in general does right to regard us with malice and suspicion.

I loathe the day a manuscript is sent to the publisher, because on that day the people one has loved die; they become what they are—petrified, fossil organisms for others to study and collect. I get asked what I meant by this and by that. But what I wrote is what I meant. If it wasn't clear in the book, it shouldn't be clear now.

I find Americans especially, the kind people who write and ask questions, have a strangely pragmatic view of what books are. Perhaps because of the miserable heresy that creative writing can be taught ("creative" is here a euphemism for "imitative") they seem to believe that a writer always knows exactly what he's doing. Obscure books, for them, are a kind of crossword puzzle. Somewhere, they feel, in some number of a paper they missed, all the answers have been given to all the clues.

They believe, in short, that a book is like a machine; that if you have the knack, you can take it to bits.

Ordinary readers can hardly be blamed for thinking like this. Both academic criticism and weekly reviewing have in the last forty years grown dangerously scientific, or pseudoscientific, in their general tenor. Analysis and categorization are indispensable scientific tools *in the scientific field*; but the novel, like the poem, is only partly a scientific field. No one wants a return to the kind of belle-lettrist and onanistic accounts of new books that were fashionable in the early years of the century; but we could do with something better than what we have got.

I am an interested party? I confess it. Ever since I began writing *The French Lieutenant's Woman* I've been reading obituaries of the novel; a particularly gloomy one came from Gore Vidal in the December 1966 issue of *Encounter*. And I have been watching novel reviewing in England become this last year increasingly impatient and dismissive. Any moment now I expect one of our fashionable newspapers to decide to drop their *New Novels* column for good and give the released space over to television or pop music. Of course I am interested—but, like Mr. Vidal, I can hardly be personally resentful. If the novel is dead, the corpse still remains oddly fertile. We are told no one reads novels any more; so the authors of *Julian* and *The Collector* must be grateful to the two million ghosts or more who have bought copies of their respective books. But I don't want to be sarcastic. More is at issue here than self-interest.

One has the choice of two views: either that the novel, along with printed-word culture in general, is moribund or that there is something sadly shallow and blinded in our age. I know which view I hold; and the people who astound me are the ones who are sure that the first view is true. If you want omniscience, you have it there; and it ought to worry you, you the reader who is neither critic nor writer, that this omniscient contempt for print is found so widely among people who make a living out of literary dissection. Surgery is what we want, not dissection. It is not only the extirpation of the mind that kills the body; the heart will do the trick just as well.

*

October 27, 1967. I finished the first draft, which was begun on January 25. It is about 140,000 words long, and exactly as I imagined it: perfect, flawless, a lovely novel. But that, alas, is indeed only how I imagine it. When I reread it I see about 140,000 things need to be changed; then it will, perhaps, be less imperfect. But I haven't the energy; the dreaded research now, the interminable sentence-picking. I want to get on with another book. I had a strange image last night . . .

Harper's Magazine, July 1968

SONG: CHERRIES OR LILIES

by Robert Graves

Death can have no alternative but Love,
Or strew me lilies, Death:
Acquaintance dallying on the path of Love,
Sickness on that of Death,
Pause at a bed-side, doing what they can
With fruit and flowers bought from the
barrow man.

Death can have no alternative but Love,
Or Love but Death.
Then shower me cherries from your orchard, Love,
Or strew me lilies, Death:
For she and I were never of that breed
Who vacillate or trifle with true need.

Torment and Therapy

by Irving Howe

Waist Deep in the Big Muddy, by Richard H. Rovere. Atlantic-Little, Brown, $4.50.
Gulliver's Troubles, by Stanley Hoffmann. McGraw-Hill, $11.95.
A Great Society?, edited by Bertram M. Gross. Basic Books, $8.50.

Only a decade ago—it seems like a century—everyone was bemoaning the apathy of American life. The middle class had fallen asleep watching TV; the workers had become fat cats slinking into suburbia; the students had buried themselves in silence, suffering a kind of generational withdrawal. Sometimes these complaints arose from a residual puritanism which led us to see contentment as a vice, sometimes from a fear that technology was replacing human will as the dominant force in society, and sometimes from a post-Marxist acedia.

Now, all is changed. In the 1960s the United States has become, with the possible exception of Communist China, the most tumultuous country in the world: the most self-critical, self-lacerating, self-destructive. With Kennedy there was a moment of healing; with the early Johnson some legislative benefits. But then, for reasons everyone can point to but no one fully grasp, the country started to come apart.

It isn't mere foolishness, these days, to wonder whether the United States will survive as a democracy—though it is worse than foolishness when certain sorts of academics predict the death of democracy with a suicidal glee. For the first time since the Depression, one keeps encountering the fear that our social problems may turn out to be intractable, or, what is perhaps even worse, that solving them might not be an adequate therapy for the malaise creeping into our bones.

Richard Rovere's *Waist Deep in the Big Muddy* starts out from anxieties similar to those I've just expressed. Rovere writes political pieces for *The New Yorker*, and his prose is as lucid as his observations are sharp. In this little book he doesn't pretend to chart the fundamental directions of modern society: there's hardly a phrase about automation, aggregate demand, economic planning, and alienation. What he offers is merely—merely, indeed!—a thoughtful account of the ways this country has changed during the last fifteen years.

Unavoidably, this means that he must begin with a review of the Cold War, as a clash between major power blocs, a competition in ideology, and a pretext for unsavory policies on both sides. Though steadily critical of the Dullesian effort to launch an ideological anti-Communist crusade, Rovere offers a qualified defense of the policy of "containment," especially the Marshall Plan. "Containment" had a double purpose: to speed the economic recovery of Western Europe and to prevent Stalinism from taking over Italy, Germany, and France. Rovere argues, rightly I think, that the policy was successful: the growing nationalism of a country like France would have been impossible if Russia had not been held back and Communism isolated as a political force in Western Europe.

Rovere also seems right in continuing to insist, against both the "revisionist" historians and New Left ideologues, that in the years directly after the second world war there was an urgent need to limit Russian power on the European Continent. To say this is not at all to endorse everything that was done by the Wes nations, or to deny that the U. S gaged in its share of provocat during the worst years of the War. It is only to insist that libe like Rovere and socialists like my were right to believe that the st gle, say, for West Berlin involved very possibility of a democratic ture. Because the Russians *were* tained, certain major conseque could follow: the recovery of Wes Europe, the beginnings of breaku the Communist monolith, and avoidance of a nuclear war.

What has since changed? The ter of world conflict has moved f Europe to the underdeveloped tions, and the major antagonis the U. S. is no longer Russia b shifting spectrum of countries movements—China, Cuba, guer insurgents who find their inspira not in the bureaucrat Brezhnev in the fanatic Mao and the swir Castro. And where the "cont ment" policy worked in Europe, it not been nearly so successful in A nor is it likely to be in Latin Amer The Marshall Plan helped to rees lish bourgeois democracies that developed economies, strong natic traditions, and considerable popu support. In a country like South V nam, however, none of these is p ent. In the underdeveloped w "containment" often means giv support to reactionary regimes t are neither efficient nor secure; means intruding upon potenti

Mr. Howe's books include studies politics as well as literary critici for example, "Steady Work: Ess in the Politics of Democratic R calism 1953-1966."

In hope of doing each other some good

Kodak

)00 persons of influence

hope of doing each other some good on a cold, rain-swept rning at Atlantic City in March, we in company with two er equally well known technology corporations entertained 00 of the most influential people in the country, all wear- convention badges of the Association for Supervision and riculum Development. This pallid appellation identifies fessionals who tell teachers what to teach and how. The ents dutifully send the kids to school, trusting that these ple will know why.

The three of us put on a big multi-media show for them. t the least of the media was the art of the dance: com- ent teeny-bopping by youthful personnel from Atlantic y High School helped convey the message that the li'l red oolhouse had been knocked down by a bulldozer and is about to be rebuilt, not even in spirit.

To our guests this was hardly news. They understand our ition. They can see that we, too, want to be influential in arge way but have only technology—in which we have ced all our faith—to win us a sense of participation.

A tour of the exhibits at the convention was reassuring. otography, the technology in which we happen to spe- lize, need no longer plead hard. It is accepted. It shows child the great and real world direct, not just the way the cher sees the world. The machinery which this technology ngs into the schoolhouse now gets less in the way also, ing been recently shrunk physically. On exactly how to the film image, our powerful friends have not yet en- sed any one line of sales talk. Standardization seems far Bless them.

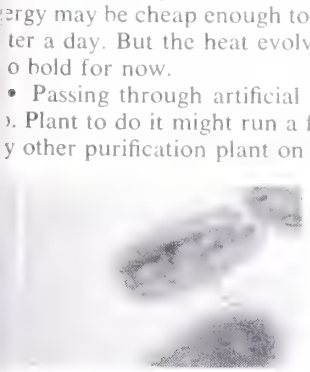
tivated sludge, a fascinating subject

take water from Lake Ontario and put it back in the nesee River after we are through with it. Right now we building a $6.5 million plant further to improve the ality of the discharge. We are going to give the water back rkling clear and fit for trout. Biggest voluntary project of vate industry in support of the state's pure water program, s the Governor.

• If the factory were closed, the benefits of the light- sitive materials made there forgotten, and the people sent away, the quality of the water in the Genesee River would ther improve. There is a better way.

• Distillation purifies water the most. Some day nuclear ergy may be cheap enough to distill half a billion gallons of ter a day. But the heat evolved might change the climate. o bold for now.

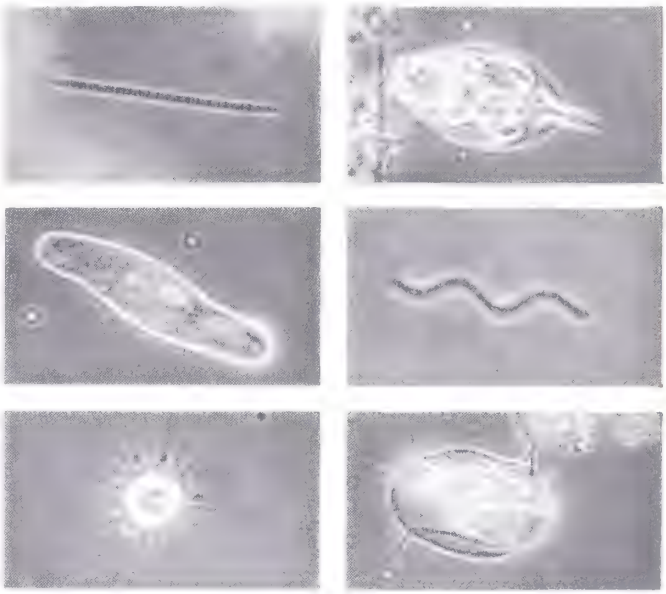
• Passing through artificial membranes also does a good). Plant to do it might run a few hundred times the cost of y other purification plant on earth. Imprudent.



• Better at the job than any passive artificial membrane is the natural one that separates the outside world from the active and incredibly efficient and adaptable chemical plant inside a bacterium. No- dy knows how to build such a plant, nor is there any need Under foot everywhere and awaiting the chance to flourish abundant prototypes in whatever design is required to assemble any compound presented, including phenol and ner "germicides." Poison for one nurtures another.

• The public (including millions of healthy, satisfied own- s of septic tanks) equates all bacteria with disease, failing to understand what a mess there would be if they were all wiped out forever.

• Bacteria serve as food for organisms of more complex form, which are eaten in turn by other forms, and so up a chain. All are so small that one sees with the naked eye only



Members of the team on a certain day

brown broth, an abomination almost by definition. Yeasts and other fungal cells may also be present to compete with the bacteria for the nutrients we wish to get rid of. Except for certain bacteria at the bottom of the chain, all the organisms need oxygen. Supply that in abundance and life is lived in the tank at high pitch. Thus are wastes burned off biologically. Steps are taken to make sure the organisms remain behind when the cleansed water leaves.

• The chain of life that cleanses streams was working long before vertebrates and factories evolved. Engineers just make the process more efficient.

• Activated sludge systems like the one we are building are designed and operated by engineers who wish the biologists would get interested and clear up the mysteries of the day-to-day and hour-to-hour population changes in the tank. Predictability and clear, firm specifications are wanted.

• Biologists are well aware that many mysteries are there to be unraveled, but it's hard to establish a scientific position on a foundation of factory effluvia.

• Our management has committed us to share happily any technology we develop as the plant progresses.

Sit down and be comforted

Try writing down exactly why one upholstered chair or sofa feels good and another does not. Better yet, go to a furniture showroom and ask to see some items that have been built with a new polyester product of ours that we have named "EKTAFILL." You may not care deeply why a new and ingenious concept for bonding together layers of fiber of different diameter promotes a just-right combination of support, softness, and resiliency along with rugged resistance to the passage of the years and responsiveness to the realities of furniture design and production. Just sit down and assess the results. Subjectively, please.

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revolutionary situations with deeply conservative policies. The results are likely to be irrelevant and harmful. Whether the U. S., as the biggest capitalist power in the world, can adapt itself to such situations, is more than a little doubtful; it will take a political reorientation much sharper than is reflected in, say, the political rhetoric of Hubert Humphrey; and in the end it may turn out that, for all our wealth, strength, and occasional good intentions, this country simply cannot cope with a Vietnam or a Guatemala.

Mr. Rovere is much too sophisticated a political analyst to suppose that the racking divisions we have experienced are caused directly or merely by new problems in foreign affairs. Things are more complicated. He argues persuasively that the Korean war was sharply different in character from the Vietnam war; yet he recognizes that this difference alone cannot explain why the Korean war met with little criticism at home and the Vietnam war has been the most unpopular in our history. What have changed are the perceptions of our educated classes. For many Americans, anti-Communism has become a bore, a visible deceit: they have no patience for discriminating between the anti-Communism which is a form of reactionary mindlessness and the anti-Communism which is a premise for liberal values. The tensions of the Cold War years are gone, and no one wants them back. A new myth has arisen which identifies the efforts of the American Negroes with "the Third World," a myth that cannot sustain five minutes of critical scrutiny but nevertheless finds much assent in our universities. There has occurred, in short, an enormous shift in political sensibility among educated Americans, some for the good and some for the bad; and one remarkable sign of this is that in the 1968 election matters of foreign policy have become crucial, something that had not been true in this country for decades.

The result, as Rovere sees it,

> will be ugly no matter what happens in Vietnam. When any nation fails in a great and costly undertaking, it conducts a search for those on whom the failure may be blamed. . . . The doves would fall alongside the hawks and in greater number. For nothing is easier or more plausible than to blame defeat on those who stirred dissension. . . .

In short, the nightmare we call "backlash." But there are other reasons, in addition to failure in Vietnam, for worrying about this possibility. To these I will return.

On the face of it, there could be no sharper contrast than that between Mr. Rovere's slight volume and *Gulliver's Troubles*, a massive study of U. S. foreign policy by Professor Stanley Hoffmann of Harvard. Rovere writes elegantly, Hoffmann sluggishly; Rovere skims, Hoffmann digs; Rovere speaks to educated laymen, Hoffmann to academic colleagues.



Yet there is a congruence of outlook between the two. Both acknowledge that during the immediate postwar years, extraordinary uses of power were needed to save Europe from totalitarianism; both feel that this, in turn, led to rigidities, distortions, and failures in U. S. policy as regards Europe and Asia; and both, while impatient with neo-isolationist yearnings, urge a period in which American power will now be employed with greater restraint—certainly with less inclination to shoot from the hip whenever a client regime in Latin America seems threatened—than has been characteristic of recent Administrations.

Gulliver's Troubles is an expert performance, complex, subtle, thorough. It would be presumptuous to try to summarize, or argue with, this kind of book in a few sentences. The best part of it covers the recent past, a fine diplomatic history of the Cold War years. But the book is also prescriptive, making a careful plea for a change in U. S. policy *vis-à-vis* Europe. Mr. Hoffmann believes that it would further both world peace and our national interests if this country tried to move beyond the uneasy stalemate of quasi-détente which exists in Europe, and to encourage the "Europeanization" of Europe. The two superpowers would agree slowly to withdraw from the Continent, thereby loosening and perhaps scrapping both NATO and the Warsaw Pact, and then would encourage autonomous political confederations in Western and Eastern Europe which, hopefully, would lead to a gradual unification, not as a European superstate but as a kind of assembly of cooperating nations.

Mr. Hoffmann is entirely aware of the barriers facing such a policy, and he discusses with much polemic verve such matters as French nationalism, the division of Germany, and the probable reluctance of the Soviet Union to abandon the *status quo*. The scheme strikes me as persuasive but uninspiring—which, at the present moment, seems a rather useful combination. If there is anything in the U. S. that really can be described as an Establishment, I would imagine that its thought concerning foreign policy would be along the directions proposed in *Gulliver's Troubles*: a reining in of U. S. power, a recognition of limits, a greater readiness to encourage regional autonomy both in Europe and Asia, a strong resistance to undertake further interventions abroad. All of which is fine as long as it does not lead to the kind of neo-isolationist parochialism which would, for example, scant foreign aid to India or claim that it is a matter of indifference whether a democratic regime survives in Venezuela.

I have two criticisms to suggest here, not so much of *Gulliver's Troubles* itself as of the style of political thought it reveals. The first concerns the likely effect of turmoil in the underdeveloped world upon the efforts to ease relations within Europe. Now this turmoil in Asia and Latin America may be exacerbated by the Cold War, but it certainly is not caused by it; no matter what arrangements are struck in Europe, there will continue to be revolutionary desperation and upheavals in Asia and Latin America, and these, in turn, will sharply affect, perhaps even undo, efforts at a European arrangement. Mr. Hoffmann's "model" of European reconstruction seems a bit too self-sufficient.

My second criticism is a related one. Like many specialists in foreign

Mr. Hoffmann tends to speak
ions as if they were abstract
s with coherent and unified
as if somehow they were be-
hange or division. He knows,
se, that nothing of the sort is
out the habit of so regarding
s is almost unavoidable in pro-
al discussions of foreign af-
Yet the reality of modern his-
s that even apparently stable
s change internally, change
ally, and thereby change their
n policies. Consider, for exam-
e recent astonishing events in
slovakia. Such a semirevolu-
ust, I think, make Soviet policy
igid, for the Communist leader-
ears that any large-scale easing
sions in Europe might still fur-
osen its hold on the satellite or
ellite countries. Matters of for-
olicy should be discussed in a
hat larger historical context
Mr. Hoffmann's specialized ap-
n permits.

e, of course, he would reply
you can't take up everything,
the most ambitious discourse
es some limits; and he would
ht. Except that we would then
nto a discussion of precisely
the limits should be set and . . .

reat Society? is also an academic
ct, and of a kind that often
s to be dismal: the series of
s by visiting lecturers loosely
d around a large topic and then
led into a book. But this time
sult, first presented at Syracuse
ersity, is a pleasant surprise.
ot for a tenth-rate piece on
ican culture and a certain
nt of professorial shuffling about
hodology," there are some fine
s, by men as well-known as
el Bell, Kenneth Boulding, Her-
Marcuse, Peter Drucker, and
Morgenthau, concerning the
l and political problems facing
J. S. at this moment.

ading the book, I began to keep
of problems which two or more
ributors discussed in some de-
but soon gave it up as a bad job.
the result was dizzying. Each
er points, naturally enough, to
matters that concern him most,
there is a danger that, both in
ng a book of this kind and in
ng the current discussions about
risis in America, we may end in



Even we were surprised—when we surveyed a cross-section of truck operators—to find so many so active in community affairs. Governor, senator, church elder, volunteer fireman, little leaguer, junior achiever—they're doing a lot more than running the trucks that bring you everything you eat, wear, or use.

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THE WHEELS THAT GO EVERYWHERE
ATA

so acute a condition of social anxiety that the result will be despair rather than a release of energy. Perhaps the point to be stressed is that once a society begins to tackle its problems, they have a way of blending into one another, so a chain of energy and solution is created. If, that is, the problems are tackled at all.

Among the contributors to *A Great Society?* there is agreement that this country is heading toward what Peter Drucker calls "a period of dissension and turmoil . . . perhaps with foreign affairs the storm center. . . ." The reasons cited by the various writers are seemingly without end, from the worsening of race relations to the breakdown of local governmental structures, from the decline of the Calvinist ethic of work to such phenomena as those which Daniel Bell calls "the loss of insulating space" (the country keeps getting more and more crowded, people step on each other's toes and get on each other's nerves) and "communications overload" (we all go a little crazy from a surplus of print, pictures, stimuli—brazen, skillful, but without moral authority).

Norton Long acutely describes local governmental structures:

> Presently subject and [illegible] plagued by social absenteeism and the triviality of the country club suburb with its toy government, the nation's metropolises are organized on a necessary dog-eat-dog, devil-take-the-hindmost basis . . . they are neither [illegible] legally empowered, nor possessed of a political and social theory with which to mobilize their spiritual and material wealth. . . .

Robin Williams cites a variety of ideological doctrines (irresponsible localism in government, *laissez-faire* in economics, racial superiority, rigid anti-Communism) which have become irrelevant to American society as it actually is, but which retain an enormous hold on the popular imagination and thereby keep us from adequate solutions.

Daniel Bell predicts a series of social troubles:

> The relation of the individual to bureaucratic structures will be subject to [illegible] strain. The increasing 'socialization' of consumption creates a need for new social forms that will allow the citizenry greater participation in making decisions. The growth of a large, educated professional and technical class, with its desire for greater autonomy in work, will force institutions to reorganize the older bureaucratic patterns of hierarchy and detailed specialization. . . . The family as the source of primordial attachment may become less important for the child. . . . Finally, there is the growing disjunction between the "culture" and the "social structure." Society becomes more functionally organized, geared to knowledge and the mastery of complex bodies of knowledge. The culture becomes more hedonistic, permissive, expressive, distrustful of authority and of the purposive, delayed-gratification of a bourgeois, achievement-oriented technological world. This tension between the "technocratic" and the "apocalyptic" modes, particularly among the intellectuals, may be one of the great ruptures in moral temper, especially in the universities.

As if to underscore Bell's last and very important observation, Norton Long (with one eye turned quizzically toward his New Left students) writes:

> . . . the cult of the noble savage, whether of the city slum or the underdeveloped countryside, is offered as a nostrum for the *tedium vitae* of the affluent society and its spiritually unemployed. . . . The cult of the noble savage in any of its current guises is, as it always has been, a piece of sentimental attitudinizing.

And then Herbert Marcuse, writing in a somewhat less apocalyptic mood than usual and all the better for it, offers a cogent reminder that the liberal formula which invokes social planning as the answer to our difficulties cannot be considered merely in apolitical or technocratic terms:

> The transformation of the cities into a human universe involves far more than slum clearings: it involves the literal dissolution of the cities and rebuilding according to rigidly enforced architectural plans. If undertaken for the population as a whole rather than for those who can pay, the reconstruction would be plainly unprofitable, and its public financing would mean the abrogation of some of the most powerful lobbies in the country.

Enough! There's no point in continuing piecemeal through these difficulties; the question one asks oneself is whether some sort of workable synthesis can be created a
understanding. A book re
viously not the place to m
fort, but let me list a fe
tions or notions of my o
stimulated by reading *A*
ciety?:

(1) We are living
when the problems of thre
moments painfully conv
agrarian and individualist
industrial and welfare-sta
and our postindustrial fut
present, and future always
but right now, in Ameri
experience, the pressures
cially acute. The racial pr
example, is clearly one that
should have been solved de
That it was allowed to feste
all the more difficult to c
since the rapidity with whi
moving into a postindustri
aggravates rather than e
problem. Concretely: there
belated recognition that ju
Negroes is long overdue; s
ously a large migration of
Negro workers takes place,
South they can no longer t
Northern cities that seem
somewhat more tolerable; b
while, because we are startin
past industrialism, there are
fewer of the sort of unski
that some decades ago mi
provided these people with
measure of security and d
think a similar pattern
shown to operate in many
our society.

(2) Politically, we are e
ing the breakup of the labo
coalition which since 1932
a dominating force in this
and has brought enormous be
social legislation, economic
ment, in short, the welfa
Grown sluggish with time, th
tion has not been nearly
equipped to deal with the pro
the 'sixties, and in respect to
policy it has played a pretty
There are now signs, reflecte
movement behind Eugene M
that a new political alignme
the making—one that would
ally have to involve all the
groups of the old labor-liber
tion, but with a new intern
tionship of forces, so that the
the Negroes, and perha
churches would exert more i

in the past. Immediately, how- the consequences of all this can be bitter dissension, a modish ıation" on the campus, and the ɔility that just at the moment we most need a radical advance blic affairs, we may lapse back ı stagnant conservatism.

In the United States, the wel- state has appeared at a time of e historical and moral tensions. ome decades now there has been ɐable a slow disintegration of binding assumptions which hold iety together and provide its discipline. These values can y be evoked in a phrase but we t least point to a few: a creed dividualist self-reliance linked a belief that the resultant of trained struggle among private ns will be to the common good; ady devotion to privacy, rigor, ɔl, and moral sobriety; a belief rk as salvation and therapy; a ɛtion that the claims of con- ɛe and the promptings of the will aturally harmonious. In short, hole American myth inherited the nineteenth century.

recent decades, however, this has proven inadequate to the ican reality, with the evidence ng from the crisis of urbaniza- o the gradual decay of religion. the American creed served to the nation; now, as it visibly s down, new interest groups and ɛting moral styles start to press claims.

the extreme poles of our society occur enormous vibrations. On ght, a heartfelt cry that moral- s being destroyed, religion ɐd, our way of life abandoned. e left, an impatience to be done ɔld ways and to plunge joyously, imes merely programmatically, xperiment. The earnest suburı- ıiddle class which only a few ago was shaking with indigna- t the collapse of standards, and ppies of the East Village—these symmetrical polarities along the um of American moral life, each ng to the gradual decay of ıcan convictions and neither ɔed by the kind of moderation ıaneuvering encouraged by the ɾe state. The little old lady in shoes and the young hippie in ls are demonstrating equally hostility to the "role playing"



A VISIT TO OUR BOTTLING house by Mr. Tom Motlow brings to mind how he helped win a gold medal for Jack Daniel's whiskey.

Before he became Lynchburg's banker, Mr. Tom worked some at his Uncle Jack's distillery. And it was Mr. Tom who persuaded his uncle to put his whiskey in competition at the 1904 World's Fair. He even helped bottle the case that was entered. As it turned out, Mr. Jack left St. Louis with the gold medal in his pocket. So, even before he went to the bank, Mr. Tom had a way of picking the good risks over the bad.



CHARCOAL MELLOWED DROP BY DROP

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which the current scene demands. Both provide complications of response which our increasingly rationalized society finds it hard to handle. And both are important as far-out symptoms of deep-in troubles.

Now, if one brings together this long-range crisis of American values and moral styles with the kind of short-range political and social troubles examined in *A Great Society?*, the results could be as ugly as Richard Rovere anticipates. So far, there has been a remarkable silence—is it patience, indifference, forbearance, guilt, or a mixture of them all?—in the American hinterland, among the townspeople and suburbanites, both middle-class and upper-working-class. This silence should not lull us, however, into supposing that no reaction is mounting against the turmoil of the ghetto and the campus. What many ordinary Americans take to be a shameful disintegration of our public life—Negro rioting, student demonstrations, sexual libertinism, hippie licentiousness, all bundled together—could lead to a fearful political and moral backlash. It would be a backlash in the name of basic verities, law and order, and our most hallowed national traditions. Indeed, I fail to see how a Republican candidate for major office can avoid being tempted by the thought of appealing to such sentiments—except insofar as he knows that the people holding them are likely to vote for him in any case.

We ought to be clear in our minds that the absence, thus far, of large-scale mob violence among middle- and working-class whites is by no means reliable evidence that the backlash is not a social reality or that it is merely a fantasy conjured up by frightened liberals. In present-day society everything has become bureaucratized, including backlash. What a few decades ago was managed by vigilantes and mobs can now be done more smoothly by the police and National Guard, while millions watch them on TV with benumbed or approving silence.

Turmoil, then, is certain and i only question is, which kind will be. If a new Administration mo rapidly toward peace and at the sa time begins a very large program the socioeconomic reconstruction the cities, there will still be plenty trouble. Parts of the middle class w bitch about taxes, segments of t white working class will compla that the blacks are being coddled, a some of the blacks will cry that pr ress is either a delusion or too slo Yet that is a situation we ought to able to handle within a reorder democratic structure. But if the g ernment drags its feet and behav according to the economics of t nineteenth century, then the a grieved minorities will increasing feel that democracy is of no use them; they will take to the street repressions will follow on an unpre edented scale; and blood will flow. bears thinking about only as a sp toward radical measures of soci change.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

by Katherine Gauss Jackson

Fiction

Tell Me How Long the Train's Been Gone, by James Baldwin.

I have a hard time thinking of this as a book. I have been living with it as one did with novels as a child. I keep seeing the characters in the street and am about to speak to them. It is many, many stories in one, as any life is—the story of a very successful Negro actor, Leo Proudhammer, born in Harlem and raised in the streets. It begins in San Francisco when he is at the top of his career, about forty, on a night when he has a heart attack on the stage. During his convalescence in the hospital he goes back over all his life in a kind of dream, yet realer and more vivid than any dream, and all a part of the hospital present and belonging, too, to the known and unknown future. It's the story of a first-generation Harlem family—his proud black father from Barbados, his paler-skinned mother from New Orleans, and their struggle to bring up their children. It's the story of a heart-breaking relationship between two brothers. It's the story of enduring commitments—of a man to his profession, of a man to a woman and a woman to a man over twenty years, without marriage, and the man is black and an actor and the woman is a white actress. It's the story of Leo's commitment, now middle-aged and successful in the white man's terms, to the young Black Christopher of the new black generation that plans to fight the whites to get what it wants. It's the story of human certainties and uncertainties in the context of the most pressing issues of our times told through memorable and most lovable characters who, though often speaking the vivid if repetitious language of the streets, reach from the depths of despair to the almost equally tragic heights of aspiration achieved, yet still distrusted. The white woman, Barbara, is the creation of a gre novelist if one does indeed come ba to believing this a novel and not li in the raw, and the woman ju around the next corner. Dial. $5.

I Am Mary Dunne, by Brian Moor

This novel relates the plight of thrice-married woman who in one her periodic monthly depressions this one set off by visits from friend of earlier times—can't remember wh she is. The story is her three-da flashback search for self durin which we learn her whole no uninteresting past in Canada an New York. The book has all of M Moore's narrative drive and his mas tery of the novelist's craft. But, as *The Lonely Passion of Judith Hear*

This spring Mrs. Jackson served as national judge in the short story contest of the Hopwood Awards at the University of Michigan.

has set himself that most difficult erary assignment—writing from e point of view of the opposite sex. nd since the story is full of erotic ssages it includes writing not only om inside Mary Dunne's mind but, to speak, from her very bowels. I und myself unpleasantly overpow-ed by so much feminine psychology id feminine physiology as well, and e fact that it was written by a man ves the sense of participating in a nd of weird and unwelcome trans-stitism. An accomplished, but, to e, not endearing *tour de force*.

Viking, $4.95

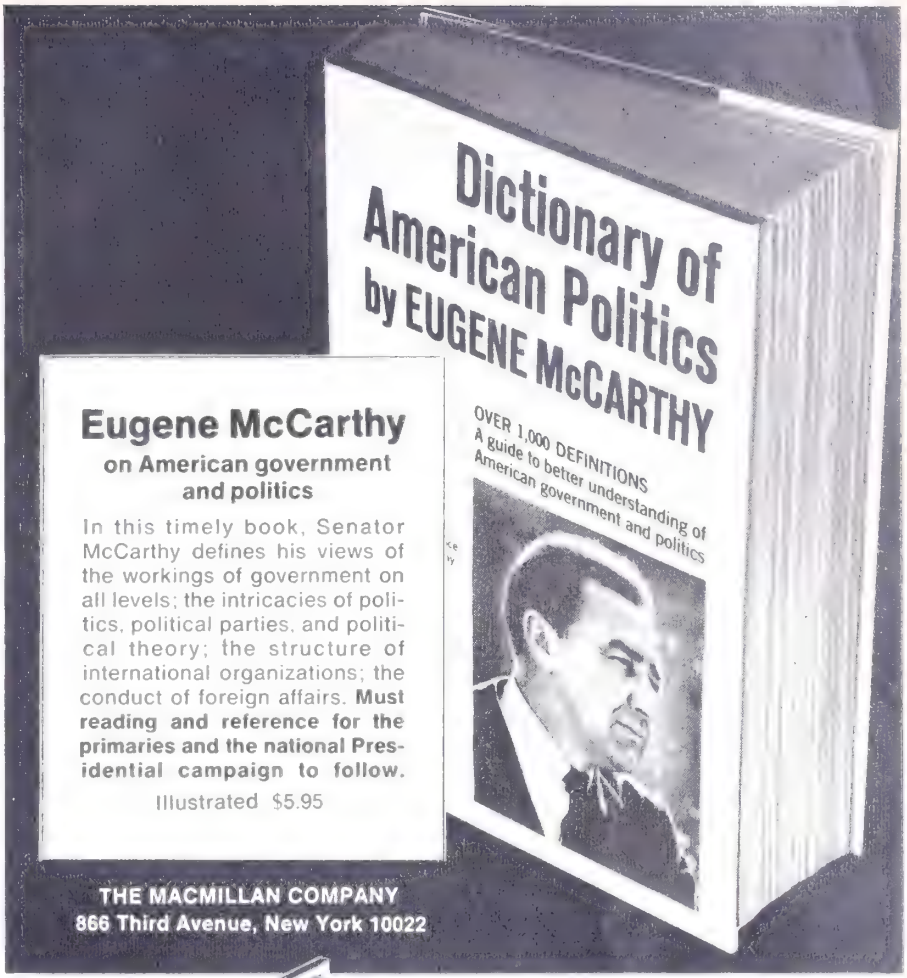
ed Sky at Morning, by Richard radford.

This is a first novel to rejoice in. ne narrator is a Southern boy (Mo-le) transplanted to the family's mmer home in the New Mexican ountains for the duration of World ar II while the father is in the avy. The small, Spanish-speaking ountain village is obviously loved by e author. So are its people, and his aracters, even the bad ones. And all them are full of vital juices. The thor's ear for dialogue seems flaw-ss and the conversations between e two teen-age boys and the teen-ge girl who form the center of the ory are to laugh-out-loud again and gain even though one is quite sure at adolescent language in the 1940s even precocious adolescent language wasn't as sexually daring as theirs . It doesn't matter. The magic qual-y of perennial youth is here, beauti-l, tragic, funny, and evanescent. nd the absent father who appears ly once or twice and in a few re-arkable letters is one of the most vable characters in recent fiction. ow does an author learn to be so as-ingently, not-a-note-wrong, tender?

Lippincott, $4.95

ear Deadly Cara, by Grace Zaring tone.

A young painter goes to visit in a nall New England seaport town and comes involved in what appears to the usual one-family-dominated cial rounds. What he, the newcomer, scovers about the new and old vices oing on under this façade, and about e resulting violence which explodes uring his visit make some pretty nse reading moments, though New ngland (like Victorian) wayward-

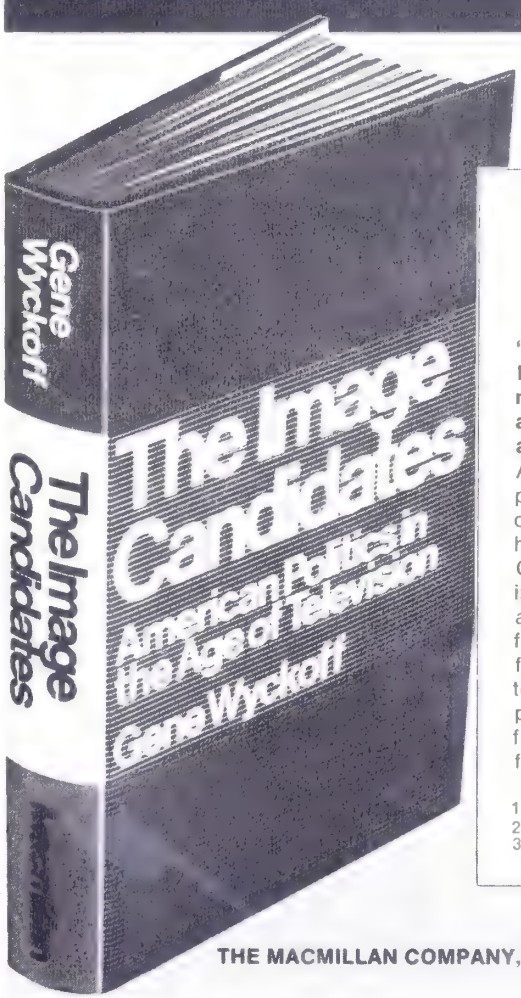


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KOREA

The Politics of the Vortex

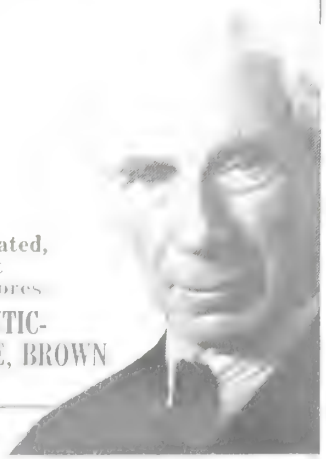
Gregory Henderson

A wholly new interpretation of the pattern of Korean politics up to 1967 and its origins in Korean society and culture, this book is a major contribution to our understanding of that country. The author describes what he calls the "vortex" pattern of political life, and shows that, while Korea offers an extreme example of the phenomenon, it may be found in other societies in Asia and, in some instances, Africa. In his analysis, he provides an extensive treatment of the Japanese period, and one of the only accounts available of the U.S. Military Government in Korea after 1945. Mr. Henderson is a former Foreign Service Officer who served for over seven years in Seoul and Pusan. *Center for International Affairs.* Illus. $11.95

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RANDOM HOUSE



BOOKS IN BRIEF

ness doesn't lift many eyebrows any more. By the veteran author of *The Bitter Tea of General Yen* and, a Ethel Vance, of that never-to-be forgotten mystery of World War I *Escape.* Random House, $4.9

The Collected Short Stories of Edit Wharton, edited and with an intro duction by R. W. B. Lewis.

For many years only fourteen o Mrs. Wharton's eighty-six shor stories (exclusive of the long shor stories and novelettes) have bee generally available. In these tw staunch volumes a distinguishe Wharton scholar has collected the all, including thirteen never publishe in books before and also an excerp "Telling a Short Story," from *Th Writing of Fiction.* The editor ha contributed a concise and knowledge able introduction; has arranged th stories in chronological order whil providing at the same time a sugges tion of groupings into which th stories might be divided: The Mar riage Question, Ghosts, Romance an History, Crime, Art and Human Na ture, Culture and Comedy, Old Ne York, and Illegitimacy. Altogethe the books are a feast not only fo Wharton enthusiasts but for all thos interested in life at the turn of th century and in the early years of th twentieth. Scribners, $12.5

Nonfictio

Late and Soon, by Frances Legget

A remarkable chronicle of th family life of Francis Leggett (1840 1909), a well-to-do New York mer chant and his wife, Betty McLeo based on letters found and woven int an engrossing story by their daugh ter. The marriage of the two matur people who were to become her par ents (they had both been marrie before; he was fifty-two and she wa forty) was to work itself out in strange pattern of social life on bot sides of the Atlantic, ending at las in separation and unhappiness. Bu what a life it was, fascinating to rea of—and in this recreation of it by th daughter, written from the hous within sight of the Catskills whic the father had built more than half a-century ago, it takes on not onl reality but warmth and dignity; no only the nostalgia of all *temps perdu* but a vital sense of continuity be

BOOKS IN BRIEF

tween that formal yet passionate era and our own. "Ridgeley," the homestead, like "Tara" in *Gone with the Wind,* comes to dominate the book and one salutes the author who treats it and so much intimate material (her own socially distinguished English marriage has only a small part of the book) always *con amore* but never with sentimentality.

Houghton Mifflin, $5.95

Covering the Court: A 50-year Love Affair with the Game of Tennis, by Al Laney.

This book by an old tennis hand (he has been writing about the game in the New York *Herald Tribune* and elsewhere for more than half-a-century) is published opportunely. At a moment when revolutionary things are happening in the conduct of tournaments, it reviews in a personal and anecdotal way their history since 1914. It was that year that Mr. Laney as a young apprentice newspaperman came all the way from Florida to Forest Hills to watch Maurice McLoughlin (American) and Norman Brookes (Australian) play their famous Davis Cup Challenge Round match, finally won by McLoughlin. And he carries his narrative from there through "the great international rivalries" of the 'twenties and 'thirties, and how the names ring out! Tilden, Cochet, Budge, Borotra, Lacoste, not to mention Helen Wills and Suzanne Lenglen. (The later ones have their own cachets but become too many to mention.) . . . This is not just history. It is intelligent firsthand reporting of great matches and great moments in the game with vivid character sketches of the players and descriptions of their games, many of which have become legend. As for the changes in the game and tournaments, perhaps it's enough to quote the author on one aspect of them: "In 1920 Tilden and Johnston were five weeks reaching Auckland, New Zealand, by boat, to play the Challenge Round, and they did not arrive back with the Davis Cup, won in December, until well into February." Well, it has changed all right, like everything else, but it's a great old game and those who care about it will thoroughly enjoy this ringside visit with so many heroes in their great moments.

Simon & Schuster, $5.95 [ ]

The Swivel Chair



The Swivel Chair this month circles the work in five books: — Fictionally, beginning in the inner circle of the State Department's Washington, then on to a Chinese grocery in East Africa; historically, back to the China of the Flying Tigers and OSS, and on to the nerve-splitting hours of the siege of Singapore; visually, to a contemplation of the world itself delineated in an incomparable atlas.



The Triumph, a novel by John Kenneth Galbraith demonstrates among many other things that when the internationally-renowned author of *The New Industrial State* turns to writing fiction, his publishers can rejoice in seeing his books appear on both sections of the bestseller lists in the same season. ". . . Let me say at once that the novel is more authoritative and vastly more entertaining than Henry Adams' Democracy. . . . What sets this novel apart from the fat cats we have had about our national Capital is Galbraith's irreverence, his cool wit, and his perception of policy-making which only an insider could gibe at so effectually."

Edward Weeks, *The Atlantic*

Three chapters of **Fong and the Indians** by Paul Theroux are appearing in this month's *Atlantic,* eloquent testimony to this young and gentle satirist's talent.

China the Remembered Life is by Paul Frillmann, who was successively a missionary, chaplain and combat intelligence officer in China, and Graham Peck, artist and author of **Through China's Wall** and **Two Kinds of Time.** They have produced a book that Harry T. Moore says "Is in all ways a fascinating book. . . . Frillmann and Peck make a marvelous pair — the experience first and then the vivid recording of it. It's extremely exciting to be taken back into the China of the 30's."

The massive tragedy of Singapore was almost lost sight of in the holocaust that roared across the Pacific. **A Sinister Twilight: The Fall of Singapore 1942** by Noel Barber tells the story as it can be told most movingly and intimately in the hour-to-hour fight of a few people whose gallantry saved all.

The fifth book is a five-in-one sleight of hand — the tremendous five volume **Times Atlas of The World** now compressed into one volume with new material added. This is the **Comprehensive Edition,** ($45.00). ". . . The best, most comprehensive, accurate and up-to-date single-volume world atlas now available in English. In conception, it is the most responsible; in manner of presentation, the most mature; in cartography and design, the handsomest, most legible and convenient. These superlatives are not given lightly." No indeed!

New York Times



Houghton Mifflin Company, *Publishers*

Performing Arts *by Robert Kotlowitz*

FILMS: SHORT TAKES



La Chinoise: There are six characters in Jean-Luc Godard's new film, five of them skinny, good-looking, revolutionary, and well under thirty. Together they make up the entire membership of a Maoist cell set in a virtually depopulated Paris whose other inhabitants remain invisible except at the odd moments when Godard chooses to let us see them. So the film is focused on these young Reds alone, as though the rest of the world—with its ordinary daily preoccupations—has vanished.

The five live in a borrowed bourgeois apartment, which they have filled with volumes of Mao's sayings, bound in red, and political slogans painted on the walls. One sign reads: "Reaction + revision + police = yankees." Another says: "A minority with the correct revolutionary line is no longer a minority." All the signs are the handiwork of a cell member named Kirilov, a Russian painter soused from an overdose of Dostoevskian notions. Kirilov looks at the world through paranoid Tartar eyes and the soul of an artist; revolutionary politics, as it turns out, are too much for him.

But they exist in real, everyday terms for his comrades. Yvonne—the only nonintellectual among them—has come to Paris from the countryside. To make her way, she's been a housekeeper and a whore, working, appropriately enough, the streets around the Sebastopol métro stop. She remains what she is from first to last, still whoring to keep herself in capitalist funds so that she can carry the Chinese banner in the struggle between Russia's Marxism and the Orient's. Henri believes in coexistence between Moscow and Peking: a new-styled reactionary of the European Left. Guillaume is an actor (although his mind is so firmly on things other than himself that it is hard to believe it); for him, Mao's way connects life and the theater.

The cell, however, would disintegrate without Véronique, the Levi-ed daughter of a provincial banking family, student at Nanterre, the suburban branch of the Sorbonne, and the one Maoist among them ready to give up revolutionary talk for the heady work of political assassination. Out for her first blood in a local hotel (the victim is a visiting cultural hack from Moscow), she shoots the wrong man, and upon discovering her mistake simply turns around and corrects it: two down, both faceless. It is Véronique who is "The Chinese Girl"; the assassination marks her as the real thing in revolutionary terms; it is, as Godard sentimentally describes it on the screen at the film's conclusion, "the end of a beginning."

Godard has put all this together in the usual pithy, epigrammatic way, with abrupt transitions, quick cuts, staccato shots, sudden changes in rhythm and pace—the whole Godardian technical grab bag spread out before our eyes. Lovers tell each other they no longer love each other ("I don't like the color of your sweaters anymore. Now do you understand?") before we have been told that they do; we not only accept it, we are moved. The group takes calisthenics each morning on the balcony of their apartment and some of them can hardly move a muscle without pinching each other's backsides from the pure excess energy of late adolescence. Most of the time they are pompous and overserious. Undoubtedly they hate too much—and too easily—America and Russia being the prime targets. Except for Véronique, no one in the cell really has a practical, shaped notion of where he or she is going and what, precisely, will constitute their revolution; none knows what he wants beyond undoing the past and the present. They are not so lucky as most of their comrades at the Sorbonne, who had real and stated goals when they recently faced the police on the streets of the Left Bank.

Yet, as Godard pins them against a wall and has them recite their life stories in studied monologues or lecture each other on the perils of revisionism and the pitfalls of Moscow's new *bourgeoisisme* (Brezhnev = Babbitt), their very energy and physicality, the mere fact of their caring so intensely, give them an extraordinary charm—somber, quicksilver, and threatening, by turn. When these young people speak, no matter how demoniacally, no matter how wrongheaded or uncomprehending or naïve, we'd all better listen. They mean what they say, they make things happen

In between preparing for this column and writing it, Mr. Kotlowitz spent two solid weekend days sitting as judge for the Emmy (television) Awards. He is managing editor of "Harper's."

he University at Nanterre was in ct closed this spring by a group e this), and, given considerable tional differences, their counter- rts, as we know, are everywhere. n and on they talk—about Vietnam, out aggression, about love, China, rica, imperialism, the university, e whole litany of the Left and the ung. None of it makes much of a m narrative but their mostly short, arp exchanges do help to suggest a ole state of mind, of living, and a y of expressing oneself. In the ovie's pivotal scene, Godard finally es get around to asking the essen- l question of these kids. In it, he ts Véronique against an experi- ced, aging intellectual who listens mpathetically to her plans for dis- pting the campus life at Nanterre d then quietly asks: "Once you've rown a bomb at the university, hat then?" Of course, she hasn't the ightest idea, nor, it is clear, has the uestion occurred to her.

La Chinoise is perhaps the best ovie Godard has made. Its pace, for l the talk, is exhilarating, its use of rimary colors hard and beautiful, its ifts of mood and action are both tricate and dazzling; while its eling for its characters is always rious and affectionate, even when odard is most mocking. The cast has sureness and vitality beyond most rectors' dreams. Of them all, Anna 'iazemski as Véronique and the ucky, intelligent Jean-Pierre Léaud s Guillaume, the actor, are outstand- g. I wonder what Godard and Léaud ight do if they decided to collabo- ate on Stendhal's *The Red and the lack?*

001: A Space Odyssey: In purely echanical terms, Stanley Kubrick's ew movie may be the most hand- mely crafted of the decade, a per- ct child's playground in which time achines and space liners move eepily through black ether. Fantas- c shapes form on the screen, sailing n their way to Jupiter or the moon. ne is a pipefitter's dream. Another— huge centrifugal gadget—rotates owly, moving on like a ferris wheel oun off Vienna's amusement park, ne Prater; the music of Johann trauss's "Blue Danube" accompanies . It's a nice joke, carried on far too ng, just as the film itself goes on far oo long, moving with the slow, sinu- ous rhythm of a space trip. In the meantime, while the gorgeous objects fly about, the audience waits for something to happen. When it finally does, nearly two hours after the movie's opening, it turns out to be a highly inflated development of the kind of plot that week after week can be seen on a television show called *Star Trek*; this variation, I'm afraid, involves our aging friend, the anthropomorphic computer.

Arthur C. Clarke's screenplay shadows the story with metaphysical overtones, none of them resolved: the questions of divinity, relativity, and time. Of human beings, there is barely a sight. The movie, it seems to me, is a kind of galactic deep freeze, empty inside, both extraordinarily tedious and fancy at the same time. A typical exchange of dialogue—containing a minimal amount of infor mation—can, and often does, go on for ten minutes. A director calculates such tedium at his own peril.

The Young Girls of Rochefort: This follow-up to *The Umbrellas of Cherbourg* is the French at their least charming, being a nearly unbearably coy Gallic imitation of an MGM musical dating from the heyday of Gene Kelly. Mr. Kelly, in fact, is in this film too, singing, I think, with a dubbed voice. Almost everybody's voice is dubbed, some of them badly. In one sequence between an ingenue and an aging rake, both the voice dubbing and the subtitles are out of synchronization, so that his words (and emotions) become hers; curious Genet-like overtones are suddenly heard. Many people seem to admire this kind of movie; for me, it's stale cotton candy, pastel and very sticky. Only one thing redeems it: frequent close-ups of Catherine Deneuve and her late sister, Françoise Dorléac.

Interlude: The theme of this English movie is adulterous romance, and the mood is bittersweet and "mature," *i.e.*, no one yells or throws things or shows anger when the chips are really down. There is, however, a lot of weeping. The hero is a conductor of classical music, à la Leonard Bernstein. His mistress is a journalist in miniskirts, one of those endearing blond birds now nesting all over London. The wife is the sedate daughter of a merchant banker, a lover of

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music, good clothes, and impeccable hairdos. Their story, of course, has been told several times before, under different names, but never, in my memory, at such excruciating length. The film, which might have been satisfactory at an hour and a quarter, goes on for nearly two.

It's a double shame, for the early moments promise a neat satirical edge in its knowing view of various types that hang around the music world, while both Oskar Werner's and Barbara Ferris's performances are always intelligent, and in Miss Ferris's case sometimes even more. There are other effective performances, as well, all wasted: one from Bernard Kay, who is the ultimate incarnation of a vain artist's manager, with sideburns down to his jaws, a balding scalp, and a Great Dane to bolster his ego on public walks; and another from John Cleese as a public-relations man who lives from one humiliation to the next.

War and Peace: This new Russian version of the Tolstoy novel is a great film made great by its unabashed monumentality. But as a smooth-flowing narrative, running six-and-a-half hours, it has its problems. The private stories of Natasha Rostova, Pierre Bezuhov, and Andrei Bolkonsky never quite attain the reality—or credibility—of the big public scenes, nor are they ever a totally natural part of them. Their stories are fictions; the rest is history, also fictitious mainly, but now publicly owned and the common inherited property of everyone. One exception in which the novel's private world perfectly meshes with the public: Natasha's first ball, at which she meets Bolkonsky for the first time, is a seamless set piece in which an entire way of life is dramatized while the nearly psychedelic emotions of first love rise to the surface. The camera sweeps from door to opened door, picking up more of the dancers as they join the crowd on the ballroom floor, creating a perfect counterpointed rhythm to the music itself. In the center, meanwhile, Natasha and Bolkonsky are trapped in each other's arms.

Later, as Bezuhov wanders on the battlefield at Borodino—wearing a white silk top hat as he looks for his baptism into life—his own personal sufferings disappear in the midst of the most gigantic battle scene ever filmed. Bezuhov is the fictional link in the Borodino sequence in the novel; he carries the story; but in the film, Sergei Bondarchuk, the director, (who also plays Bezuhov) has lost the man and, in the process, the very soul of the scene.

But what a battle! Lasting an hour, with virtually no dialogue, it switches from Napoleon's headquarters to General Kutuzov's in its own good time, slowly picking up pace, while literally thousands of soldiers are mangled between the two armies. When horses are thrown to the ground in this film, they are tripped by real wire (and some of them, you can be sure, never got to their feet again). The French and the Russians come at each other in those harrowing nineteenth-century formations, line after line of robot-like infantry, bayonets fixed, until they merge in hand-to-hand fighting. The French goose-step like the Wehrmacht, the Russians are not so well-trained. Fast overhead track shots zoom along trenches and battlements, catching troops preparing for battle. Just before the engagement, hundreds of Russian soldiers race for a last bath in the river; the memory of the scene later helps Bolkonsky hold onto life when he deliriously faces his own death at Borodino. Kutuzov himself, his one good eye feverishly doing the work of two, directs the Russian defense with a single goal: to wound the French mortally even while giving up the battlefield. He is a great, ugly man, with a head clear of nonsense; against him, the dour, sophisticated Napoleon, comes to understand the terrible Slavic trap too late

These are the really wonderful things about the movie, and there are others: the burning of Moscow, a jolly parade of Russian soldiers on their way to Austerlitz, led by a dancing drum major; a great banquet revealed to us from overhead as the camera slowly moves down the endless table. And since the film was made over a relatively long span of time—in four different sections—Bondarchuk has experimented with techniques from one sequence to another, sometimes sensitively, sometimes not. The parties in Anna Scherer's drawing room in St. Petersburg, for example, have all been languorously shot as though the guests and their hostess were moving underwater. The slu gishness and lack of energy in the way of life are heightened in this wa just as the terrible fear and conf sion surrounding Bezuhov's duel wi his wife's lover are heightened by tl use of slow motion and sepia colc Often the techniques don't work. La in the movie, when Natasha's your brother joins a partisan group harry the retreating French, Bonda chuk again uses slow motion ar sepia in a scene in which the boy killed; but while it looks incredib beautiful—giving the feel of old new paper photographs—it is dramatical irrelevant. In the long sequence th recounts Natasha's infatuation ar attempted elopement with Kuragi on the other hand, her sexual hyster is paralleled by the hot colors on tl screen; here the drama is really e hanced, charged with abnormal e citement.

The film has been dubbed, presun ably to attract a mass audience, whi I longed every minute to hear the re Russian voices and words of the characters. What we get are Dr matic Academy readings, witho much personality, although it is cle that an immense effort was made t synchronize the speeches and gi some conviction to what was actual being said. If *War and Peace* seen absurd at times—and when it is bana it is also monumentally banal—it is a least partly because these impeccab Anglo-Saxon voices are attached t Slavic characters. (The French so diers, for some reason, speak Englis with French accents.) There is also narrator who links episodes and fil in the historical background; he i heard too often, in fact, and speak lines that are neither especially er lightening nor interesting.

Still, the Tolstoyan directnes comes through the film, the attempt stated and restated—to resolve th dilemma of how to live. And while th movie sometimes hammers its mora points home with something less tha grace, its epic quality never fails The surface of life has been caugh by Bondarchuk and his cast—all fres Russian faces unembarrassed b emotion—with almost unparallele brilliance. That is what the scree does best of all, of course: move ove the surface and miss nothing. Th surface in *War and Peace* is mor than enough.

Music in the Round *by Discus*

THE VANISHED AGE

osef Hofmann was never bound y the printed note—and who is to y that he was not right?

he three twentieth-century pianists no, above all others, have been the jects of a cult are Ferruccio Busoni, rgei Rachmaninoff, and Josef Hofann. Can they be heard today? Buni, who died in 1924, made a group records for Columbia in England. those, four were released. They e collectors' items, and command a ry high price when they turn up. ney are not available in repressings any kind. Rachmaninoff made sevral recordings for Edison in 1919, en went to Victor and, from about 24, recorded constantly until his ath in 1943. Those discs are easily ailable, and many have been transrred to LP discs. Hofmann is a difrent case. He started recording for olumbia in the United States in 11 and made a long series of discs about 1920. Then he continued reding for Brunswick until 1924. fter that he stopped, though he was his prime and continued playing rough the middle 1940s. Hofmann imed that recording was too primive to do him justice. He made some st pressings for various companies ring the electrical period of reding, in the late 1930s, but never as lured back into the studios. He ed in 1956.

Busoni lives today through those tifully few recordings. (He, like ost other pianists of the day, also ade piano rolls, but rolls are too trustworthy to give much of an incation of any pianist's playing. ney could be, and were, subject to ore doctoring than magnetic tape; d, in addition, the pedaling is all rong. Generally it was superimsed.) Rachmaninoff's many rerdings, most of them of his own usic, are ample testimony to his pianistic genius: his power and drive, his colossal technique (that left hand!), his aristocracy. The Rachmaninoff legacy on records is complete. Nothing more will turn up, for he consistently refused to play on the radio, and that included his appearances with the New York Philharmonic. He would not play on the Sunday matinees, for those were broadcast.

Under the Table

But Hofmann! He made many broadcasts and never seemed to object if they were taken down. His Golden Jubilee concert at the Metropolitan Opera in 1937 was recorded in toto, and in 1955 Columbia released a disc of the solo portion of that event. For the last twenty years or so, collectors of piano music have eagerly been tracking down all Hofmann material, and an enormous amount has been unearthed. Some of this can be purchased under the table. Several record stores in New York and several private collectors will dig out tapes of his playing of Anton Rubinstein concertos and Chopin works and sell them—for a price.

Which brings me to the International Piano Library. This is an organization devoted to pianists and pianism, and it has been concentrating on Hofmanniana. Last year it released material to a record company named Veritas, and one of the discs contained almost a full recital that Hofmann had played at Casimir Hall, at the Curtis Institute of Music, in the late 1930s. Now the International Piano Library has come out with its own label, and has released Hofmann in both of the **Piano Concertos** of Chopin. No. 1 in E minor is on IPL 502, and No. 2 in F minor is on IPL 501. Neither of these discs is on general sale in any record store. IPL is selling them for $10 each as a bonus

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Obviously the two discs are off-the-air recordings with a major orchestra and conductor, presumably the New York Philharmonic under Barbirolli. The sound is pretty good. The piano playing is tremendous. Hofmann indeed was one of the superpianists. Listening to this pair of performances opens a door to a vanished period of music-making, and in many respects a much more absorbing one than is encountered today.

Hofmann was born in Poland in 1876. He was one of the most amazing child prodigies of history. In 1887 he was playing in the United States, astounding the critics and musicians. Apparently he was being exploited, and his health was threatened. A philanthropist gave his family a large amount of money to withdraw the boy from the stage. Young Hofmann then spent some time studying with Anton Rubinstein, the pianist-composer who is said to have rated just under Liszt himself as a virtuoso. On his return to the concert stage, Hofmann was immediately accepted as one of the great pianists of his time, and his position never changed.

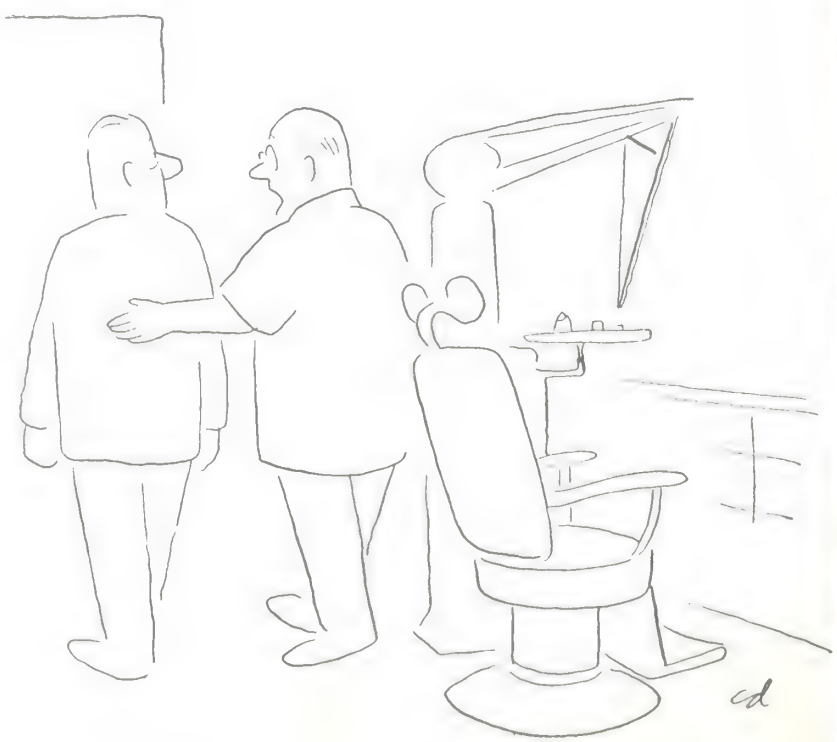
Secrets that Died with Him

Several things are immediately apparent when one listens to his performances of the two Chopin concertos. One is that Hofmann had infinite technique and control. It is a truism today that pianists play better than ever before, and that may be true on the average. But it is hard to think of any pianist before the public today who can get around the keyboard with the sheer ease and contempt for difficulties that Hofmann here shows. In the difficult coda to the F minor finale he throws off notes like a string of firecrackers, using little pedal, showing extraordinary control. Then there is the matter of tone and dynamics. Hofmann illustrates what is meant when the older writers referred to his "singing tone." It is highly nuanced, it seems to lift right from the keyboard, and there is never an ugly sound even at the most crashing fortissimo. In the slow movements, Hofmann's pianissimo playing is ravishing. Clearly he had some secrets that died with him.

His interpretations are highly idiosyncratic, and it could well be that today's younger generation of pianists and musicians, a much stricter lot than their forefathers, will not like this kind of free approach to music. But who are they to say that Hofmann is not right? Hofmann came from the period when musicians were expected to get a great deal of personality into their interpretations, and he was never bound by the printed note. No romantic artist was, nor would the composer have expected him to be. This attitude could, and did, lead to excess; but not when a great artist was at work, and Hofmann was a great artist.

His phrasing was long and aristocratic. Like many pianists of his time, he brought out inner voices, matching connected bass or tenor lines to the treble. We seldom hear that today, and as Hofmann does it, the results can sound unconventional. Yet he does nothing that is not in the music. No notes are changed, no registers tampered with. The result is fascinating, for there is a kind of harmonic interest to the music when other voices are emphasized, and Hofmann's Chopin makes most other Chopin playing sound flat. His playing is in the grand manner, with sweep, power, color, and imaginatio

Quite literally a vanished age piano-playing springs to life. It not only the suppleness and freedo represented by Hofmann. It is t essential philosophy, the idea th notes on the printed page are som thing more than a blueprint. Ho mann and the musicians of his da believed that the notes had to be f tered through an interpreter's mind that re-creation involves the pe former as much as the compose Today's interpreters tend to shri from that idea, working more on t premise that if the notes are co rectly played the interpretation w take care of itself. That may be tr in certain kinds of music, especial the antiromantic of the twentie century. But it does not work wi romantic music, and that is why, b and large, today's young interprete are having such difficulty with t romantic composers. They shou listen to these Hofmann recordin of the Chopin concertos again a again, studying them carefully, o serving the way a great romant pianist in romantic music is able mold the material and, without doi injustice to the wishes of the co poser, make it uniquely his own.

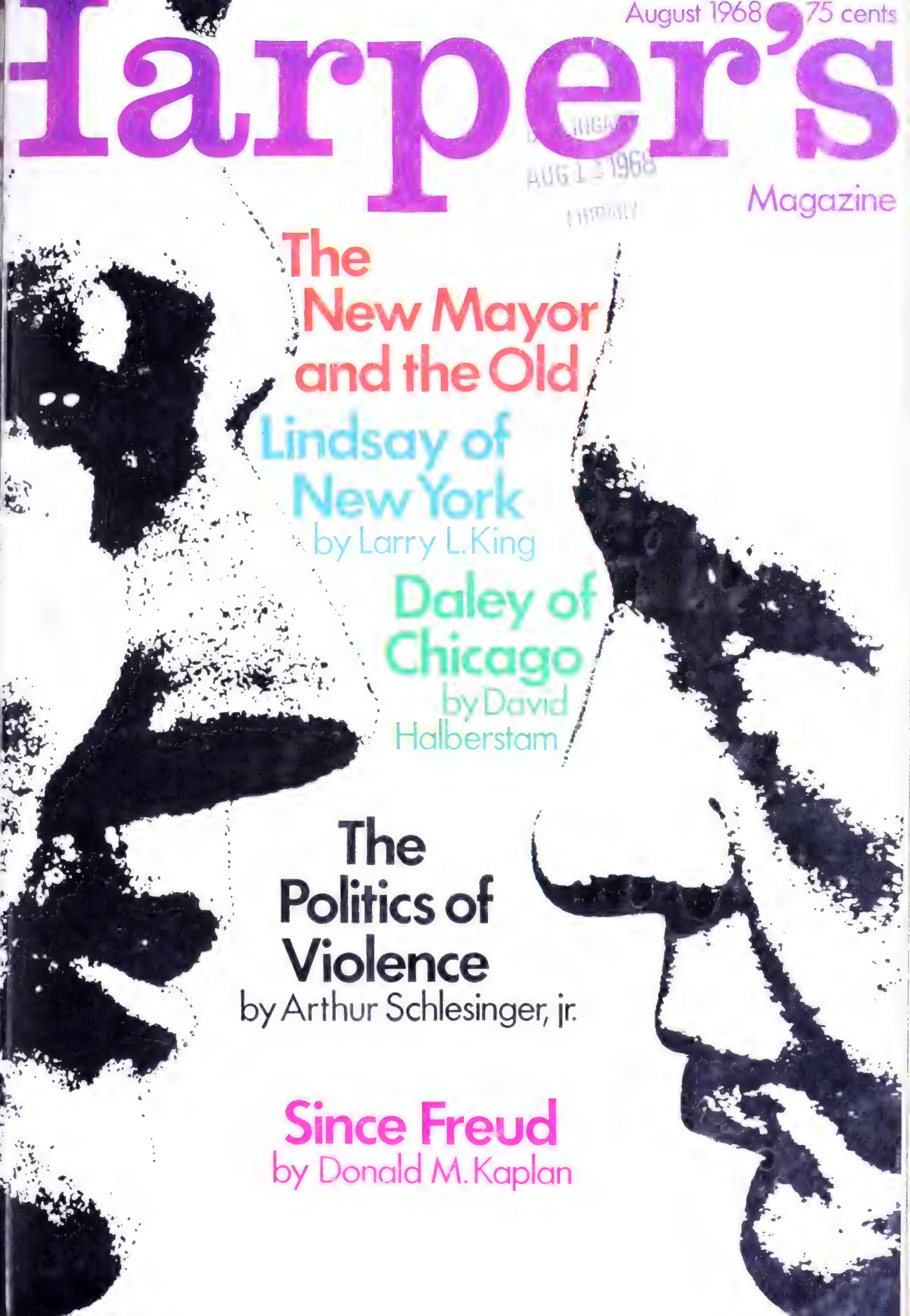


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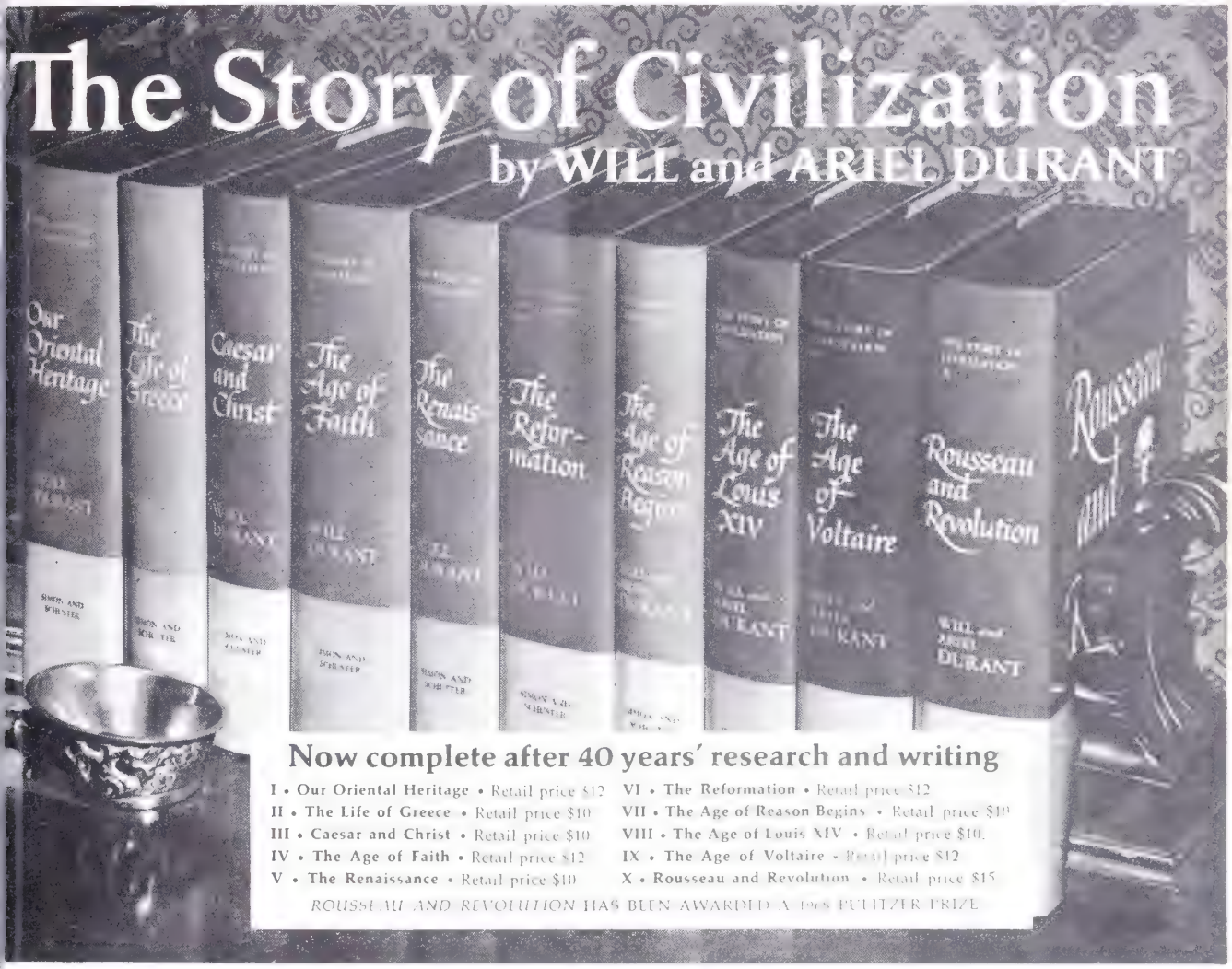
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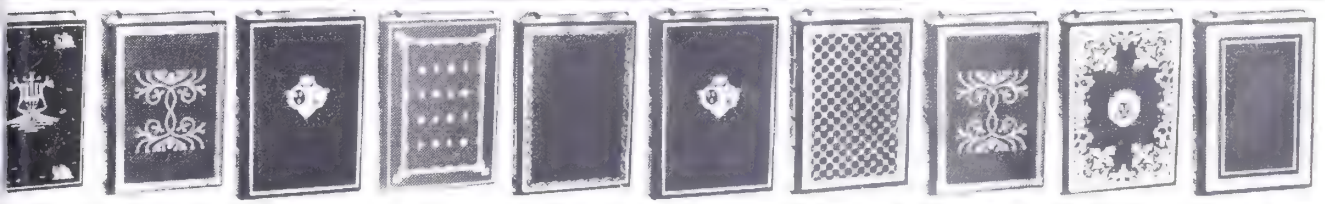
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Letters

Alsop in Vietnam

Mr. Merle Miller ["Washington, the World, and Joseph Alsop," June] has such a gift for inaccuracy that it would be tedious to try to correct all the more obvious errors in his article about me. These range from something as petty as a grossly incorrect description of a portrait in my dining room, which Mr. Miller saw with his own eyes, to a particularly big and ugly lie about my behavior at the wedding of my closest friend, whose wife became my wife after his death.

For professional reasons, however, it is necessary to point out that one of Mr. Miller's informants, Mr. Everett Martin, is guilty of gross untruth—assuming, of course, that Mr. Miller has not been inaccurate again in the words he puts in Mr. Martin's mouth. Unless I am gravely mistaken, I have never laid eyes on Mr. Martin, although he claims acquaintance. But that is immaterial. Mr. Martin describes me as "[saying that I own a jet to fly wherever [I want] to go" in Vietnam, because the "brass" are so eager to assist me. The fact is that I have never set foot in a jet plane in Vietnam, except to leave the place. I get about there in the scheduled transports; in the common courier planes, which are not jets, if any happen to be available; and of course in helicopters like everyone else.

Mr. Martin further says that I do not "like flying," and therefore "tried to get a destroyer detached from the fleet" to take me to Hong Kong. I suppose I like flying very much, and have liked it, indeed, since my first time in an airplane, now forty-two years ago. What is more important, I never tried to "get a destroyer detached from the fleet." The fact is that on my first visit to the Seventh Fleet, I was generously offered a ride to Hong Kong on a destroyer already ordered to go there for a Rest and Recreation visit. I accepted this unexpected invitation, and although being swung across to the destroyer in a bosun's chair in a fairly high sea was a more unusual experience than the roughest flight I have ever made, I enjoyed the trip hugely. When I was next going to visit the Seventh Fleet, I therefore asked if another destroyer or other vessel was scheduled for an R and R visit to Hong Kong. Such visits are made in almost continuous rotation, and I hoped to repeat my earlier trip. In the interval, however, the Defense Department had made a new rule against newspapermen leaving the theater except on commercial aircraft—presumably to prevent the former reportorial rush to hook rides home from Saigon on planes assigned to official visitors. If I remember correctly, a ship was indeed scheduled for Hong Kong at the right time. In any case, the Defense Department rule prevented the second trip I had hoped to make.

That does not mean that I do not get a lot of kind help when I go to Vietnam, sometimes including one of the little courier planes to carry me from here to there when no other transport is available. If you are going to try to form a judgment of the current stage of the war in the space of a month as I try to do twice a year, you desperately need all the help you can get. But giving help is standard practice wi sorts of visitors to Vietnam, Congressmen to editors and pu ers. In order to make sure of a for no help not customarily gi other reporters of comparable s ity, I long ago informed myself what had been done for Scotty ton, who is also a columnist a nearly exact contemporary. N has ever been done for me tha not done for this old friend, views on Vietnam are very dif from mine.

Mr. Martin's version of the ment accorded me in Vietna therefore typical of the versi events that this country reg receives from the minority porters who mainly learn what ing on out there by the fruitf not necessarily factual exchan personal views in the bar o Caravelle Hotel.

JOSEPH
Washington

GHOST WOMEN

by Peter Swerdloff

I am fascinated
by the stories
of ghost women

of Dinesen
& dome-headed Sitwell

of Virginia Woolf
who walk drowned all the sea

cold women & bony women
with deep hooded eyes

fish women & bird women

& [illegible] women
who knew whereof they spoke

& Emily
the moth of Amherst
who burned like a witch

A word or two ought to be s defense of Joseph Alsop, after Miller's piece. I am unaware Alsop "had his own jet to fl South Vietnam. I am aware th worked very hard, harder than One had only to watch the para visiting VIP journalists to kno Alsop, on his frequent trips t gon stayed longer and took risks than any reporter of co able age or reputation.

It was a hell of a lot of fun i gon to tell Alsop stories. heli rides with generals (which, in tally, we all did) and the rest But the fact of the matter is landing at Khe Sanh and so the other battlegrounds under conditions—whether aboard a he ter filled with colonels or one with corporals was and is a s undertaking.

It is one thing to question Alsop's views, quite another to tion his tenacity and courage war correspondent.

WARD S.
Miami, Fl

I was fascinated by Merle M ignorance of what WASP stands "Ma Alsop . . . first cousin of nor Roosevelt . . . Is it possible more WASPish than that?"



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or ever), you may be eligible for reduced
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Yes, it is. Since the initials stand for White Anglo-Saxon Protestant, the Dutch Roosevelts do not qualify.

Again, "Was there ever a less WASPish man in the White House than Harry Truman?"

Yes, there was. Besides two Roosevelts, there was Van Buren, John F. Kennedy, and probably Eisenhower, too.

You can find the really truly WASPs among the hillbillies.

MARY ELLEN ARNOLD
Corvallis, Oregon

Power Seekers

In the June *Status Report* Roger Rapoport discusses "Turmoil at Berkeley and Accommodation at Ann Arbor." He would seem to believe that there would be no campus turmoil if demonstrators were completely accommodated. To prove his point he quotes Michael Davis, a graduate student in philosophy at Michigan: "A demonstration is for someone who has no power. The easiest way for the universities to stop demonstrations is to give the students power."

My reaction to this is: "Someone who has no power" includes such dissident groups as the Ku Klux Klan, Nazis, Minute Men, Home Defenders, John Birchers, etc. The Ku Klux Klan demonstrates by burning crosses, blowing up churches, murder, and assault. Does Mr. Davis prescribe giving more power to the Klan?

In the early days of the Nazis in Germany, they demonstrated by street violence, beer-hall putsches, and persecuting Jews. So the Nazis were finally given power. Mr. Davis and Mr. Rapoport are both too young to have lived through the horrors that followed, but oldsters like me, who did, dread violent activists who are seeking power. We have lived through the results of mistakes made in good faith to appease or accommodate fanatics who are determined to overturn the "establishment." Power seekers are apt to turn to cruelty in suppressing opposition. The callous behavior of student activists toward other students and faculty who disagree with them is not reassuring. . . .

GERTRUDE WHITMAN
Oakland, Cal.

Guidelines for Aid

It is unfortunate that John Fischer's *Easy Chair* ["Western Intellectuals *vs.* Myrdal's Brutal Facts," June], confused Myrdal's political strategies with the honesty of his economic and social fact-finding. It seems clear that this weighty tome is no more intended as a political manifesto for aid-giving, or aid-denying Western democracies, than Myrdal's assessment of trade and employment conditions after World War II was a Soviet Communist plot, as has often been alleged. The fact that both economic assessments may prove faulty does not necessarily impugn the original intent of the assessment. . . .

If foreign aid has been more harmful than helpful here and there in Asia, it is important to know where, when, and why. No longer can aid be lightly regarded as a haphazard act of charity. It is a powerful international instrument which unfortunately has been inadequately employed, insufficient in weight amount, unwillingly committed, nationalistic in purpose, and far political than economic or s Here the fault may lie with the erator of aid and its channels, r than with the recipient of aid.

PROF. KENNETH J. ROTH
U. of New Hamp
Durham,

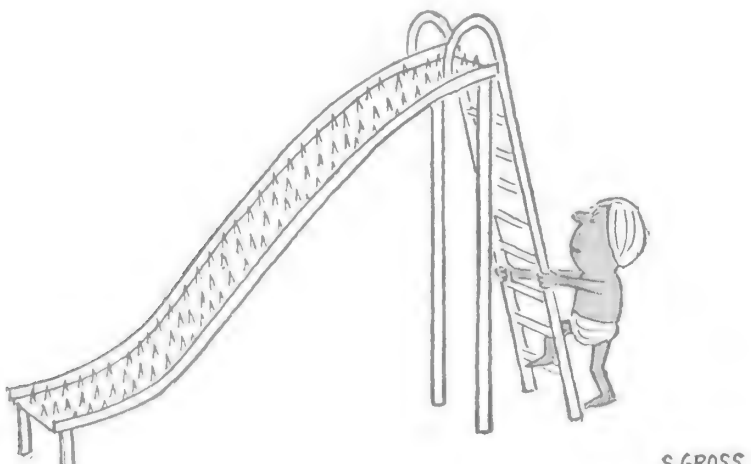
. . . In attempting to confron uncomfortable realities of the developed world without illu both Gunnar Myrdal and Fischer are making a vital cont tion to an important intellectua bate.

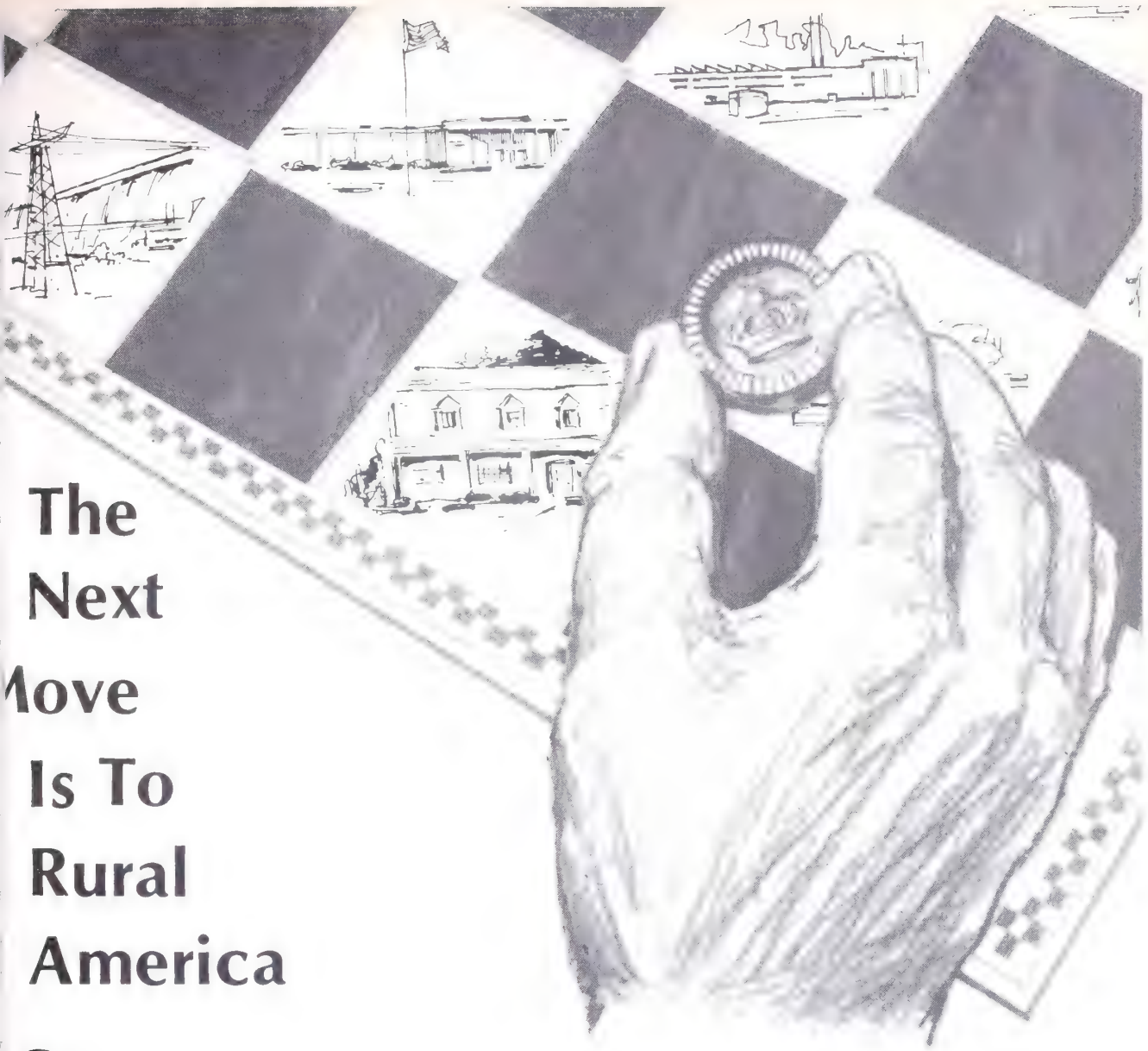
Few economists will demur at dal's and Fischer's insistence financial donors apply a princip selectivity in extending aid to u developed countries so that scar nancial resources are offered to re ients who can make effective us such supplemental inputs. In s ing to avoid the twin errors of suming either that all underde oped countries can absorb exte financial aid or that none can, e omists have been trying to dev criteria of "absorptive capac which can be applied in diverse c try settings. The technical prob in making such determinations still far from resolved. In the terim, the temptation to use s simple, single, rigid formula w has the seeming merit of objecti may be strong. But it will surel wiser to develop multiple meas of absorptive capacity and use t with flexibility. . . .

Although Myrdal confines the vance of his judgments to South Asia, his views are likely to be sidered within a wider geogra frame of reference. Given the p ent state of knowledge it would best to treat all guidelines as pr sional and non-universal. Whet Myrdal's approach or any othe invoked, there is need to identify specific country settings in w particular recommendations are ly to be appropriate. . . .

PROF. SONIA S. G
Radcliffe Insti
Cambridge, M

. . . What Myrdal seems to o look is that where a favorable inv ment climate is created there is





The Next Move Is To Rural America

Over the past few decades, millions of Americans deserted the countryside in search of a better life in the cities. Many found it, but for others the city ghettos offered no more hope than the life they left behind.

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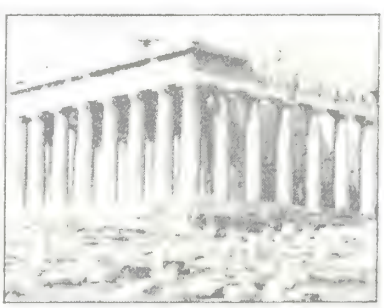
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LETTERS

influx of capital and entrepr
from abroad. Perhaps of equ
portance is that the foreig
trepreneurs and managers pe
a most vital function in traini
local people. The preconditions,
hardly exist anywhere in the
developed countries, are that pc
conditions are reasonably stab
that the foreign firms are a
to make a profit and work w
undue harassment.

What mitigates against th
ation of such conditions is th
governments of underdeveloped
tries prefer to have capital h
over to them in the form of
or preferably grants in aid,
they can use, or misuse, as the
fit. Myrdal has explained why
does not work.

He may be right in assigning
priority to agriculture to feed
starving people, but agricultura
velopment creates the need for i
try to provide agricultural mach
and implements; therefore the
may have to go hand in hand.

THOMAS G. E
Princeton,

Bridging the

On coming to this country I f
one thing which cheered me
Jeremy Larner's piece in the
issue ["The Court-martial of
tain Noyd: A Confrontation
Never Happened."] That is one
which a European could read
understand in the present condit
and I am going to send a copy t
friends in Italy. Under the pre
miserable conditions of Amer
opinion, the gulf between the
continents has become almost
passable, and I want to thank you
having found one stepping-stone
would be needed. Europe is i
messy condition as you know, but
young seem to have become unafr
reckless, largely anarchistic
which is a wonderful beginning a
from all ideologies, and especi
that of prosperity. Nothing but
type of article could be underst
by them even through the havoc
collapsing conventions and religi
Thank you a thousand times for
hand across the ocean.

GIORGIO DE SANTILL
Mass. Institute of Technol
Cambridge, Mass.

he Easy Chair *by John Fischer*

HE CASE FOR THE REBELLIOUS STUDENTS ND THEIR COUNTERREVOLUTION

ne revolts which boiled up on res of campuses last spring—and ich probably will begin to seethe ain next month—have a good deal re justification than one might ther from the press and television counts. Some commentators have t the blame on a handful of roman- New Leftists, playing at revo- ion; or on clumsy, indecisive ademic administrators; or on the laise of Vietnam; or on the gue epidemic of student unrest ich seems to be sweeping the rld. All of these elements are in e cauldron, certainly, but they are t the main ingredient. They could t produce such widespread disor- rs unless a considerable number of dinary, nonrevolutionary, usually- ll-behaved undergraduates felt a ep sense of grievance. And with od reason.

So it seems to me, anyhow, from at I have observed in the academic mmunity where I now live, and m visits during the past year to a od many other campuses. What is ing on is not just a passing com- tion which can be put down by mer discipline. Neither is it a revo- tion. Instead, I believe, it is the be- nning of a *counterrevolution* by dents—liberal-arts undergraduates particular—against a quiet, almost remarked revolution which has anged the whole structure of nerican higher education within e last two or three decades. The ain beneficiaries of that revolution ere the faculty. The victims were e liberal-arts undergraduates. Only cently have these students begun understand how they are victim- ed—and their protest is likely to ell until at least some of the results the earlier revolution are reversed. Or, perhaps, until the victims desert the conventional colleges and universities for some new kind of educational institution.)

During the uproar at Columbia and elsewhere—the rioters were almost never students of engineering, medicine, law, journalism, and the physical sciences. Very few of them were graduate students aiming for a career in teaching. The ones who sacked the president's office, burned the professor's manuscripts, and barricaded the library were, typically, undergraduates in the liberal arts. This, as Lenin used to say, is significant.

Some youngsters come to a university with their life-plans already laid out. They know that they want to be doctors or lawyers or professors, and they are looking for a sound training in their chosen trade. By and large, they are well served. They fit neatly into the structure of the postrevolution university, and—unless their minds begin to roam beyond their narrowly defined professional tracks—they will have no serious complaints. (They probably will have minor complaints, of a kind to be noted in a moment; but these alone seldom lead to riots.)

Other young people (often the brightest) enter the freshman class not yet sure what to do with their lives. They come to college to find out. They want to learn something about the world and about themselves—to make an appraisal of their own capacities, and of the dauntingly complex world beyond the campus gates; and to estimate how they might best come to terms with it. They don't want professional training—not yet, anyhow. What they want is understanding, and they hope to pick up at least a smattering of it by talking to wise, mature men; by reading under these men's guidance; and by observing how such men conduct their own lives. In sum, they are after what used to be called "a liberal education." As recently as twenty years ago they might have found it in most good American universities. Today their chances are close to zero.

For, as Irving Kristol pointed out in *Fortune* last May, ". . . in the overwhelming majority of universities, liberal education is extinct." It was destroyed by the academic revolution. Its destruction probably was unintentional, since many professors and administrators don't yet seem to realize it is gone. In their official oratory, at least, they speak of it with pious respect, implying that their institutions still provide it in copious, life-enhancing drafts. The freshman who is drawn to the university because he takes this rhetoric seriously, quickly discovers that it simply is not true. Hence his accusations of hypocrisy, his disillusionment, and his impulse to throw bricks through classroom windows. He feels that he has been sold a bill of goods under false pretenses; and he is quite right.

What killed liberal education? The best account is set forth by Christopher Jencks and David Riesman in their recent book, *The Academic Revolution*. The revolution began, roughly, at the end of World War II, when the demand for higher education

Mr. Fischer has frequently written in these columns on problems of education. Former editor in chief of "Harper's," he is now working at Yale on a book about coming changes in American government.

began to grow with explosive speed. The increasing complexity of our technological society required a sharply rising supply of university-trained specialists. As a result, a diploma became an almost indispensable document: a combination meal ticket, union card, and passport to upper-middle-class life.

The only people who could meet this demand—the university teachers—suddenly found themselves in a highly strategic position. Only recently they had been humble pedagogues, on a social and economic par with bank clerks and used-car salesmen. Now they were the sole purveyors of a scarce and precious commodity. Like all monopolists, they used this newfound power to enhance their own wealth, prestige, and authority. Their salaries climbed rapidly, as the expanding universities—and scores of brand-new educational institutions—bid for their services. Today $50,000 incomes, from salary, government and foundation grants, outside lectures, and consulting fees, are by no means uncommon in academic circles.

The professoriat also used its new clout to seize a big share of power from university trustees and presidents. Within a decade or so, *de facto* authority to run the university moved from the administration building into the academic departments—just as the governance of France moved during the Merovingian period from the palace into the hands of the great barons. On most campuses the faculty now decides, in fact, who shall be hired and fired, although the president and trustees still give their formal consent. So, too, the new ruling class decides what shall be taught, and to whom. It also controls much of the budget, since an eminent scholar usually hustles up his own research grants; and if he moves to another university he is likely to take the money with him.

With such leverage, the professoriat soon began to reshape the university to suit its own desires, rather than those of the students or their parents.

For one thing, teachers today are doing less and less teaching. Jencks and Riesman note that "until World War II even senior scholars at leading universities did a good deal of what they defined as scut work: teaching small groups of lower-level students, reading papers and examinations, and the like. . . . Today, however, few well-known scholars teach more than six hours a week, and in leading universities many bargain for less. . . . The routine problems of mass higher education have therefore fallen by default to graduate students."

What little teaching the professors do, according to the same authorities,* often "is dull and ineffective." They are never required, at any point in their career, to get any professional training in the art of teaching. And they have no incentive to learn it on their own, because good teaching is "no help in getting a salary increase, moving to a more prestigious campus, or winning their colleagues' admiration." It may even be a handicap, because "the able teacher finds students beating a path to his door and leaving him little time for anything else. If he is really committed to research he may well find that the only way to make free time is to remain aloof."

Research, of course, is what he had better be committed to, for that alone pays off in money and reputation. It doesn't have to be significant research. Much of it, "at least in the social sciences and the humanities, tends to resemble finger exercises for the piano." It is not concerned with "answering real questions or solving important problems; it is simply a display of professional narcissism . . . a roller-coaster ride along a well-worn track." All that is absolutely necessary is that the research be published, so that the senior satraps of the academic realm can measure the scholar's "productivity" by the column inch.

The standard defense for this emphasis on research is that a man cannot be a good teacher unless he is constantly learning something new in theory, research and teaching go hand in hand.

But in practice, they don't. "Teaching is often adjusted to the exigencies of research, but research almost never is shaped by the experience of teaching," Messrs. J. & R. observe. "We have almost never encountered a professor, for example, who said he was working on a research problem because year after year his undergraduate students showed an interest in it." *

Indeed, the typical professor couldn't care less about the interests of undergraduates. As a result of the academic revolution, he can safely ignore them. He is concerned only with graduate students; for, as Kristol noted, "a professor's status is defined by his relation to the graduate program. If he is active in it, his prestige is high. If he is not, he is viewed as not having 'made it.'"

This is true not only in the universities but in the small, so-called liberal-arts colleges.** The prestigious ones, at least, no longer bother with youngsters who merely want four years of liberal education. Since their academic standing depends on the number of students they send on to graduate school, they have become in effect prep schools for the big grad

*Formidable authorities in this field. Riesman is professor of social sciences at Harvard, and has taught at Yale, Johns Hopkins, the University of Chicago, and the University of Buffalo. He is a graduate of the Harvard Law School; his best-known book is *The Lonely Crowd*. Jencks is a resident fellow of the Institute of Policy Studies in Washington, D.C., a sometime lecturer at the Harvard Graduate School of Education, and a former member of *The New Republic* staff. He has written many articles on education.

*By commercial standards, the bulk of this research is unpublishable. Who would buy it? Who would want to read it since its intended readership, in many cases, is merely the tenure committee and a handful of colleagues in the same discipline. Consequently, Academia has created a large and growing machinery for subsidized publication, by university presses and a proliferation of professional journals. This is an expensive business, accounting in part for the steady rise in the cost of higher education.

**There are, of course, exceptional faculty members who dedicate their lives to teaching and to sympathetic guidance of the undergraduates, deliberately jeopardizing their chances for promotion and academic glory to do so. One or two can be found on nearly every campus but they probably are most numerous in the women's colleges, community colleges, and the obscure liberal-arts colleges which make no effort to compete with prestige schools.

institutions. The undergraduate is not aiming for an eventual). is considered "unscholarly"; an be disregarded because "he y doesn't belong in college" and nay even be encouraged to drop

such an undergraduate hangs on rdless, he will get scant nourish- :. The questions he asks—What is good life? The nature of justice? remedy for the evils of society?— a bore and embarrassment to his essors. After all, none of them ess to have answers to such large unscholarly questions; each pro- es his own narrow specialty— ometrics, say, or minor British s of the eighteenth century. The ents who expect "a visible rela- ship between knowledge and ac- between the questions asked in classroom and the lives they live ide it," get instead "pedantry and ated erudition." (Jencks and man again.) Is it any wonder they are "completely turned off" convinced that "all systematic disciplined intellectual effort is a e of time"?

his tragedy is compounded be- e they often are "the best stu- s in the best universities" Jencks and Riesman conclusion h I can confirm from my own ersations with dozens of them. y have considerable talent for ership—a talent which they are oo-likely to use, in their frustra- and disgust, to disrupt the uni- ity which has failed them. Fre- tly they become leaders of the Left, turning for guidance to *s* such as Paul Goodman and bert Marcuse who *do* profess to answers to the Big Questions. e answers may be wrong, as in case of Marcuse, or ridiculously simplified, as with Goodman; but he absence of anything better find many buyers.) In other s they simply drop out—both a the university and from soci- -turning to drugs, hedonism, and pathetic private world of the ies.

ese grievances, it seems to me, are underlying reason for the campus llions. The nominal issues— ther a Columbia gymnasium or dismissal of a favorite instructor e merely triggers, opportune excuses for venting more basic (and often vaguely formulated) discontents. When undergraduates demand "student power" they are really pleading for a partial reversal of the academic revolution which made liberal education extinct. They are protesting against the new kind of university which that revolution created —a university which, in Kristol's words, "is very good at *training* scholars and specialists" but is "very bad at *educating* young men and women."

Because they sometimes do not fully understand the nature of the academic revolution, the students' counterrevolution often is aimed at the wrong target. They are inclined to attack the administration, because the ostensible authority still seems to rest with the president and trustees. Few undergraduates yet realize how much of the administration's former power has now shifted into the hands of the faculty. But in time they will. And my guess is that their rebellion will continue, in one form or another, until the students get a reasonable share of that power for themselves.

Specifically, they want a voice in what is taught, so that at least some courses will be relevant to their lives and interests, rather than to the graduate schools and the research projects of the professors. They also want better teaching, and hope to get it by setting up some kind of procedure for rewarding good teachers and penalizing bad ones.* Moreover, they feel they deserve some say in "the general drift of university policy," for reasons which Joel R. Kramer of the Harvard *Crimson* explained in a brilliant article in *The New York Times Magazine* of May 26. Such as, for example, checking "the incredible growth of graduate education relative to undergraduate education" or finding ways to "devote university man-hours and money

*There are many ways in which students could take a responsible part in such evaluation. Some of them were mentioned here in February 1965 in a column titled "Is There a Teacher on the Faculty?" Predictably, it stirred up choleric indignation among a good many faculty members, who were horrified by the notion that their teaching performance might be called to account by anyone, least of all by students.



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to the improvement of the local ghetto."

The struggle for even this modest amount of student power is likely to be long and tough. For the faculty, like any ruling class, will not surrender its privileges easily. After all, few elites have ever had it so good. Once he gets tenure, a teacher is sure of a lifetime job at a cozy salary; he can do pretty much what he likes, with virtually no supervision; distasteful chores such as teaching or administration can easily be scamped or delegated. As Jencks and Riesman put it, "large numbers of Ph.D.s now regard themselves almost as independent professionals, like doctors and lawyers, primarily responsible to themselves and their colleagues rather than their employers, and committed to the advancement of knowledge rather than of any particular institution."

But in this comparison, the authors overlooked a vital point: if a doctor or lawyer does not satisfy his clients, he is soon out of business.

It is not surprising, then, that academics almost invariably are hard-shelled conservatives on questions of university reform, no matter how radical they may be on other issues. Even Herbert Marcuse, the chief sachem of the New Left, recently admonished his disciples not to dream of "destroying the established universities." They are, he explained, "one of the very rare cases in which I think you can achieve what you want to achieve within the existing institutions." All he wants to destroy are the other institutions of American society, on which the universities depend.

The rebellious students have another set of complaints—relatively minor, although they often are the pretext for campus uprisings and even more frequently make headlines. They are concerned with the housekeeping of the university: its rules about living quarters, food, women, liquor, marijuana, and the like. Historically these rules generally date back to the previous century, when students were regarded as children who were entrusted to the university as a substitute parent. Its chief concern, in those remote years, was supposed to be their moral upbringing; and to this end, parents insisted on regulations like those of the stricter reform schools. What Mama and Papa really feared, of course, was premature pregnancies and shotgun marriages, so they demanded that the college serve as a relentless chaperon.

Today, as we all know, "moral upbringing" sounds as quaint as The White Man's Burden. Children mature so fast nowadays that by eighteen they won't even accept their real parents *in loco parentis*, much less a dean. And for any youngster smart enough to get into college, unwanted pregnancy is no longer a real danger. Yet on many campuses, the old rules remain in force.

Nominally, that is. The administration is afraid to repeal them, lest parents and legislators (who hold the purse strings) suspect that Alma Mater U. has become a hotbed of sin. But it knows it can't enforce them, and usually makes only a perfunctory pretense of doing so. Liquor, for instance, is commonly forbidden to minors, by state laws as well as college regulations. Nevertheless, students are well aware that they can drink all they like without serious risk of trouble, so long as they don't fall down in the public streets and block traffic. (So it was even back in the Bonnie-and-Clyde era, when I was an undergraduate, except that dormitory bars then were stocked with homemade beer and Mason jars of bootleg corn. One enterprising friend of mine, name of Eight-ball Eubanks, went so far as to steal a ten-gallon carboy from the chemistry laboratory, to equip the brewery he installed in his fraternity basement. It paid his way through college.)

Policing the sex lives of students is, of course, equally impractical; boys and girls manage to get together, as they have since Eden, regardless of parietal rules. The pretense that it is an Argus-eyed chaperon merely makes the university look both silly and hypocritical, as Barnard did last spring when one of its girls set up housekeeping off-campus with her boyfriend. After pondering for weeks, the Judicial Council composed of faculty and students "punished" her by withdrawing her right to eat in the school cafeteria.

Most students would consider that a nonpunishment, since the typical college dining hall serves the kind of food that causes riots in badly managed jails. (I have, in fact, eaten better in the Pennsylvania E[illegible] State penitentiary than in so[illegible] the Harvard houses.) At an age [illegible] food is nearly as important a[illegible] undergraduates find university [illegible] ing a perennial cause for comp[illegible]

A sensible solution, as some [illegible] more venturesome academic adm[illegible] trators are beginning to reali[illegible] to hand over to the students a [illegible] share of responsibility for hou[illegible] feeding, discipline, and similar [illegible] termaster operations. When [illegible] the chance, student organiza[illegible] usually handle such responsib[illegible] pretty well. In routine discipl[illegible] matters, student courts often [illegible] proved more strict than the [illegible] would have been. And the under[illegible] uate approach to such matte[illegible] refreshingly realistic. The *Yale [illegible] News*, for example, recently [illegible] gested that in view of the overc[illegible] ing in residential colleges, any[illegible] dent who found it necessary to k[illegible] motor bike, a large dog, or a f[illegible] in his room overnight really s[illegible] be encouraged to seek quarte[illegible] campus.

In the handling of money an[illegible] lated managerial problems, the [illegible] dent organizations naturally [illegible] (and generally welcome) adult [illegible] Serious law violations, such as [illegible] peddling, can be handled by city [illegible] state police. Insurrectionary [illegible] rages, such as sacking college [illegible] and burning professors' manusc[illegible] obviously have to be put down sw[illegible] and decisively by whatever polic[illegible] tion may be necessary. Outrages [illegible] become a little less likely, howev[illegible] students are given a substa[illegible] measure of control over their [illegible] living arrangements. That kin[illegible] student power not only could re[illegible] many exasperations, frustrations [illegible] petty conflicts between the ge[illegible] tions; it might also be the qui[illegible] way to teach adult responsibili[illegible]

Moreover, if the administra[illegible] and faculty could get rid of mo[illegible] their present Aunt Nannie funct[illegible] they should then have more tim[illegible] work on their big problem: ho[illegible] restructure the university to ma[illegible] once more a center of liberal ed[illegible] tion, rather than a mere trai[illegible] camp for professional specia[illegible] Until they solve that one, they [illegible] have no peace.

fter Hours *by Russell Lynes*



RUSSELL LYNES

LUSITANIA FROM THE BACK SEAT

When I was young," Carlos said
r his shoulder, "I used to go into
mountains for three days at a
e just to be alone and think about
ngs. That was in Madeira."
t was the view of the sea from a
h bluff in Portugal that provoked
s reminiscence from Carlos, a fas-
ous, balding man in his mid-
ies, with a neatly trimmed mous-
he and a courtly manner. Carlos
dently had been many things in
day and he had lived in many
ntries and spoke their languages.
had been born on the island of
deira and was entirely Portu-
ese, fiercely loyal, fiercely demo-
tic, as he interpreted the word,
impatient of what was slovenly.
made his living driving a gray
an of which he said, "We under-
nd each other," and patted the
ering wheel.

spent three weeks in Carlos's
tody this spring, from not quite
bottom of Portugal to its top at
Spanish border (Carlos called it
"frontier") and from its east-
most border, to the sea. I was
re to take photographs for a book,
I had an itinerary that stipulated
eries of one-night stands. It was
ort of art-history steeplechase, a course marked with abbeys and churches, cathedrals and museums, shrines and palaces, monasteries and convents, sacristies and bell towers, and it was punctuated with oxcarts and vineyards on terraced hillsides, with fishermen in tartans and stocking caps, with *estalagems* and *pousadas* (government-supervised inns and hotels)—mostly good—and old hotels smelling of floor wax and disinfectant and sometimes of drains.

Carlos could talk his way (and consequently mine) into any place. At Arouca, for example, where there was a convent church now turned parish church, a part of it was sealed off by a great open baroque screen that was locked. This *córo* (or choir) was not under the aegis of the church but of the government, designated as a national monument, and for good reason. The padre who saw my plight told me in minimal French (equal to my minimal French) that the custodian would not be back for two-and-a-half-hours. I reported this to Carlos, who said, "If you have a mouth, you can get to Rome," the meaning of which was not immediately clear.

He went off and came back in a few minutes with a young man in blue work clothes and together they found the priest in a confessional. There was a prolonged shower of Portuguese, a language which hisses and sputters, and Carlos turned to me and said, "It is all right. I hate people who talk too much and do not say anything." I asked him what he had said to the priest who smiled benignly throughout the conversation. "I told him you were on official business and I would call Lisbon." The young man was the bell ringer for the church and had the key which we needed; how Carlos had discovered this I did not ask. Carlos liked to flaunt his personal brand of magic and to keep its secrets.

For a man who makes his living primarily out of tourists Carlos is surprisingly outspoken about his national likes and dislikes, which seem to be all-encompassing at the same time that they do not apply to individuals. He likes Spain but he does not like the Spanish. Portugal's traditional enemy, and, compared with Portugal, an upstart nation. England, Portugal's traditional ally (the first treaty between them was made in 1353 to enable Portuguese fishermen to fish for cod off the coast of England) Carlos dismisses with, "Bah! They have exploited Portugal fiercely." He dislikes England but not the English. When I mentioned to him that it was said that at the great battle of Aljubarrota, where the Portuguese had defeated the Castilians in 1385, there had been five hundred English archers, he said, "They were the first to run away." At the remarkable monastery of Alcobaça, where there is a famous kitchen as

Mr. Lynes is a contributing editor of "Harper's" and the author of several books, including "Confessions of a Dilettante."

high as it is long with a stream rushing into a pool in it to keep the fish fresh, I said that an Englishman, Beckford, who had visited there in the eighteenth century, had written that it was the most lavish cuisine in Europe. Carlos replied, "There is a job for somebody to rewrite the English histories of Portugal, bah!"

In order to get a good martini in Portugal you have to settle for "Swiss soup." There are good martinis in the bars of so-called "first-class" hotels, but if you eat in the restaurants of these same hotels you get what is called "international cuisine" in the trade and "Swiss soup" by my generation of tourists. International cuisine is the hotelkeeper's means of making you forget whether you are in Baden-Baden or Lisbon or Geneva. The food tastes precisely the same in all such caravansaries. It is not quite French, it it is not quite anything, but it is easy on the digestion—broth, white fish, beef cutlets, a pastry, a piece of fruit, a piece of cheese—no local wine, no local brandy, and coffee in the lounge after dinner among the already sleepy. This was Carlos's idea of what was proper for his clients and suitable to his station as courier-driver-and-mother-hen.

"I am not a gastronomer," he declared one morning as lunchtime approached. It seemed a good word, and I think he meant by it that he was not a gourmand rather than not a gourmet. I was tempted to ask him if he was a gastronaut, but I held my tongue. One could take no chances with Carlos's English. He may not have spoken it with entire accuracy, but he did not miss a nuance in anyone else's use of it, and he was not the sort of man who invited even mild teasing. His dignity could be easily offended, and since he was in no slightest sense pompous, nurturing his dignity was a pleasure. It was not difficult to talk him into finding a good, down-to-earth place to eat though sometimes he shrugged his shoulders as if to say, "Be it on your own head." He was likely to dodge in and tell the proprietor to treat his charges kindly and well. The fact that it was he who deposited the customers probably got him a free meal, though I was careful not to ask, and he never ventured to say. Portuguese food is good, especially the fish and, in season, especially the grilled sardines, considered peasant food by first-class hotels. I ate in several extremely good restaurants and no really bad ones even in the deepest provinces. Local wines are uneven, some of them very acid (especially the *vinho verde*), some very potable. I found Grão Vasco (both red and white) consistently good.

Carlos was lyrical about the quality of Portuguese shellfish, not always I thought, justifiably. "Portuguese oysters!" he would say and throw a kiss in the air with his fingertips. He was right about the oysters, the crayfish, some kinds of crab (especially *sapateiro*), but not about the lobsters—tough by Maine standards and tasteless. I ate barnacles on one occasion; they seemed to be members of the clam family from their taste and I would gladly eat them again. They seem only to be available at places that are devoted primarily to the fruits of the sea. (One is never far from the sea in Portugal; the country is only 125 miles wide, and fishing is one of its major industries. Its staple is codfish cooked in many dozens of different ways; unfortunately it tastes much the same the world over.)

Politically Carlos was a conservative; philosophically he was part cynic and part fatalist. He appeared to take his religion seriously but wore it lightly, which seemed to me more characteristic of the Portuguese than of the Spanish, who are in general more given to dramatics. There was an undercurrent of disappointment and loneliness in Carlos, but not of self-pity. His special pride was in his son who had been a flier in the Portuguese air force and had recently gone to work for a commercial airline. Carlos carried his son's picture in his wallet, a tall young man, movie-hero handsome. "The best advice I ever get when I am in trouble is from my son," he said. I asked him if he ever went back to Madeira. "No," he said, "one does not go back unless in a better position than when he left. I have not been back for twelve years." He sounded as though he never expected to go back, which was a sadness to him, for he talked with such delight about his island, its forests and vineyards and foods, and his friends and his brief marriage, which had fou dered, I inferred, on the rocks of l ambition to be a European and r just an islander.

"A few years ago," he said, "' could have got married again. B my son had so long been the man the family, it would not have be right for me to interfere."

In Portugal the family is almost political unit within itself, with i chief of state, its cabinet, and i welfare department. A family loo out for its destitute members, n sentimentally but practically a only *in extremis* after they have e hausted their life-keeping resource It was plain that Carlos felt that l had ostracized himself from this un and he tried to make amends by ta ing into his house near Sintra thr old ladies, one of whom had on run a boarding house where he liv and had been kind to him. When v drove into Vigo in Spain for dinn at the northern frontier, Carl smuggled back with him half-a-doze cans of peaches (considered a gre delicacy for reasons not quite ga tronomically clear) and bars of Swi chocolate. "I always bring the something," he said. "It is a sort joke with us."

During part of our trip an En lishman, Mr. V., who retired eight nine years ago as the director of famous auction house in London live in Portugal, traveled with us. had met him on a previous trip Portugal, and he was a delighted an delightful companion, the kind dilettante of the arts that an expe auctioneer must be in order to ris to the crest of his profession—equall at home with paintings and textile with carpets and sculpture, wit china and silver and glass, with fu niture and firearms. He had travele to nearly every town in Portugal, an there seemed to be none to whic he was not glad to return to rene his acquaintance with some specifi building or object or in hopes o discovering some ivory crucifix o polychromed Virgin he had misse before. He cased a church with th same vacuum-cleaner eye with whic an auctioneer cases a house fille with much junk and a few treasure "I have only one criterion for a wor of art," he said. "Is it alive?"

Carlos's admiration for V. wa

›found, not only because Carlos
d great respect for knowledge and
seemed fairly to burst with it, but
:ause they shared the pleasures of
e chase. If a church or a deserted
›nastery or a country house was
be found they could find it. If a
›r behind which might be con-
ıled a baroque organ could be un-
ked they unlocked it.

If V. was a generalist in the visual
:s, he was very much a specialist
music. "When I graduated from
e university [Oxford]," he said to
, "my father offered me the usual
ir of guns as a present, and I said
would rather have a harpsichord,
d I still have it." Indeed in his
ing room (he has a house in the
ıntry not far from Lisbon) there
e two harpsichords, one a seven-
ınth-century one, and two clavi-
›rds, one ancient and one modern,
d he plays them with great skill,
· he has been an accomplished
ısician since he was a boy at Eton,
d only barely escaped becoming a
›fessional. He has always been in-
ested in ancient instruments, and
recent years in Portugal he has
en especially concerned with the
roque organs many of which still
st, most of them long mute and
›ken, in Portuguese churches. In
ora, one of Portugal's most attrac-
e provincial cities a couple of
ırs southeast from Lisbon, V.
ıght out the sacristan of the ca-
:dral, who greeted him with en-
ısiasm and unlocked the doors to
e stairs that led to the organ loft,
elaborately carved and gilded case
:h pipes rising in ranks above it
d trumpets like the flowers of a
ımpet vine spraying from it. I ex-
:ted to hear a piping, reedy sound
d not the full triumphant blare
ıt filled the tall Gothic nave with
Bach prelude. He played for five or
ı minutes at a keyboard of about
e octaves, a bank of perhaps a
zen stops, and a few pedals.

"Isn't it a magnificent sound?" he
d. "I must come back and spend a
ek with it. It is superb!"

The sacristan said he should come
y time he wants. "You are a mem-
r of the family," he said, and put
ı arm around V.'s shoulder.

Later, at another cathedral city,
seu, he learned that the organ had
en removed to the chapel of a sem-
ary and had not, as he expected,







distinctive

Christmas Cards

The new catalogue of famous Metropolitan Museum cards – Leonardo da Vinci and Rembrandt, a della Robbia in shining white, a panel of angels and golden spires against a starlit sky, lotus flowers, emerald and sapphire stained glass from the chapel of a medieval castle, the Three Kings in scarlet, pink, blue, and gold, a lute player, lion, pear tree and fountain in silk, and a Winslow Homer skating party are among the 60 designs. ☆ The cards, printed in limited editions, cost from 5 to 95 cents each, and can be bought *only* by mail or at the Museum itself. The catalogue – which also illustrates Museum jewelry and other unusual Christmas presents – will be mailed September first.

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been reconstructed and refurbished in its original site. (The government monuments people had not thought its baroque case suitable for the Gothic cathedral, a questionable judgment, as church architecture is a cumulative not a static matter.) Carlos found the seminary, disappeared through its door, and came back in a few minutes with two priests, a young one and an older one who was evidently in charge, and they invited us in. The old organ had been installed, its elaborately carved woodwork oiled and polished and picked out with gold, its pipes freshly polished, and mounted high above the chancel of the seminary church. It too was undergoing a regilding and freshening up, with a new, plain but massive polished-granite altar table, behind which the priest could say mass facing his congregation in accordance with the new ritual. There was a group of fifteen or twenty young seminarians in their black cassocks waiting there for I do not know what reason, and when Mr. V. caused the pipes to let forth, a look of wonder came over their faces. There are eight old organs in Portugal that have been revived but there are not eight organists who understand them and can perform on them as they should be played. It is unlikely that the young men had ever heard an organ properly give tongue before, and the priest who accompanied Mr. V. to the organ loft, and whose instrument this in effect was, urged him to play on and on, to come back tomorrow, to come anytime. I was taking pictures while this was going on, and I saw Carlos speak to the older priest, and the priest nod. "If you want to stand on the altar to get a better angle," Carlos said, "it has not yet been consecrated."

Besides the baroque organs at Evora and Viseu, there are, V. told me, a seventeenth-century one in São Vicente de Fora in Lisbon, two in the palace at Mafra (the Portuguese equivalent of Spain's massive Escorial), and one in the ancient university at Coimbra all restored and in playing order. Many others have been let go to ruin—their pipes bent, the felts eaten away, and the air chambers filled with cobwebs and mold. It was agitation by V. and a few friends that encouraged the Gulbenkian Foundation to undertake the restorations; hopefully, the Foundation will continue to restore others. I asked V. if there were any recordings available of performances on Portuguese baroque organs, and he assured me that Francis Chapelet, the great organist of Paris, "came out here and made fabulous recordings on the São Vicente organ." Except for V.'s brief performances; the only music I heard in great Portuguese churches came from little reed organs such as you might find in village churches in rural Vermont.

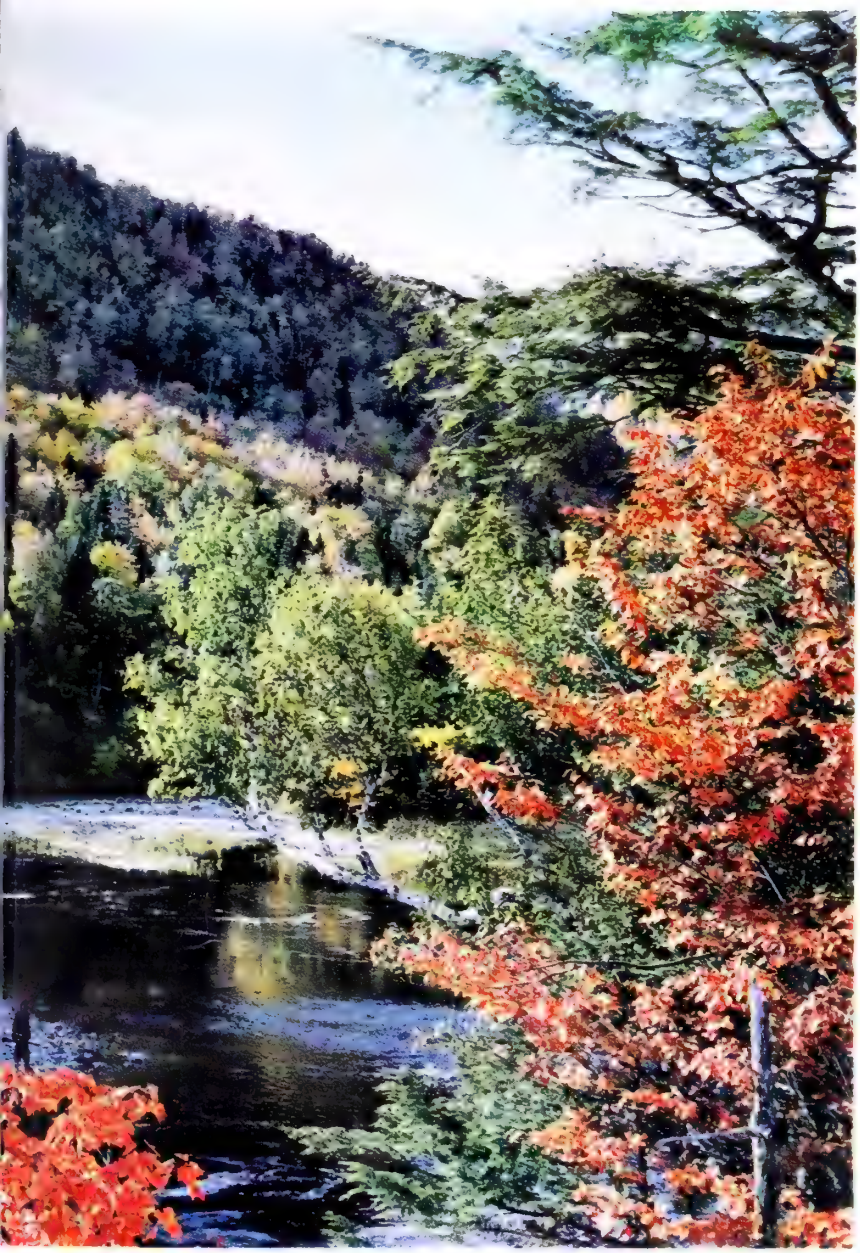
Four hundred years is not a very long time as change happens in Portugal. The organ in Evora was built in the middle of the sixteenth century and the one at Viseu was dated 1806. The four-hundred-year-old organ and the one aged 162 sounded fundamentally alike, which seems reasonable in a country where the oxcarts today roll on the same almost solid, unspoked, whining wheels that were on them when the Romans called the land Lusitania and imported fruit and wines and grain from it and maintained great military outposts there.* Change in Portugal is, one might say, unhurried, but that is not to say that it does not happen. Women carrying amphoras or loads of fagots on their heads that almost obscure them are often accompanied by men pushing motorcycles. Until a few years ago at Nazaré, a fishing town (and tourist trap), oxen were used to pull the fishermen's boats from the surf, which often breaks high on the steep beach; today there are tractors with winches to pull in the boats, though oxen are tethered nearby just in case or rather, I suspect, just for looks. At Peniche, a far more active fishing port with no pretensions of antiquarianism for the tourists' sake, women mending nets sit on the wharves pulling the nets taut with their bare toes, though the material they use to mend them is nylon. In Oporto, the manufacturers of port wine make their barrels (or "pipes" as they are called) precisely as coopers have made them for centuries, with the single exception that a power saw now cuts the oak logs from Yugoslavia into boards which are planed and fitted by hand. After they are steamed they are hooped to absolute tightness over the fire of a brazier encircled by two men swinging wooden hammers in alternating rhythm. (The young Englishman who showed me around the port factory and "lodges" where the pipes are stored said, "Pretty Dickensian, isn't it?") On the other hand, much of the aging and mixing and fortifying of the wine is now done in cement, not wooden, vats, and the cheap wines are shipped in vast aluminum boxes which fit more conveniently than pipes in the holds of ships. That wine is bottled in England.

On the last day of the trip, after nearly three weeks in the north, I asked Carlos to show me what in Lisbon especially interested him. Our itinerary up to then had been fiercely historical, away from places like Estoril and Cascais with their resort hotels and fine beaches and casinos, and from the Algarve in the south which, I am told, is turning into another Costa del Sol or European Miami Beach. It was neither the historical and old-fashioned nor the modern honey to catch the tourist trade that interested Carlos. He took me to see the new high-rise apartments on the edges of Lisbon, balconied boxes bright with curtains of geraniums and bougainvillea, with wide lawns and trees and flower beds between them. Builders, he told me, are required by law to provide a certain amount of park around every building, but, he said, "The rents are very high and apartments are very hard to get. Some families spend sixty per cent of what they earn for these." But this was the new Portugal to Carlos, the Portugal of hard currency and tight reins, a stable government, like a fist, and a bureaucracy that could be bought in all the small, traditional ways—political facts of life which almost everyone took for granted and gave little thought to.

I said to Carlos that if some time he came to the States I would be glad to show him around. "I do not think I would like the States," he said. "Everything there is too big. But I think I would like to go to Canada."

I let it go at that. []

There is a fascinating dig of such a Roman site at Conimbriga near the university city of Coimbra.





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Harper's
magazine

Arthur M. Schlesinger, jr.

AMERICA 1968: THE POLITICS OF VIOLENCE

These words were spoken by Mr. Schlesinger while Senator Robert Kennedy lay dying in a Los Angeles hospital. The occasion was the commencement ceremony at the City University of New York. The site was Bryant Park behind the New York Public Library. Robed graduates and professors, loiterers, bums, passing businessmen, parents, and mothers with small children made up the audience; from everywhere came the violent sounds of the great city.

The world today is asking a terrible question—a question which every citizen of this Republic should be putting to himself: what sort of people are we, we Americans?

And the answer which much of the world is bound to return is that we are today the most frightening people on this planet.

We are a frightening people because for three years we have been devastating a small country on the other side of the world in a war which bears no rational relationship to our national security or our national interest.

We are a frightening people because we have already in this decade murdered the two of our citizens who stood preeminently before the world as the embodiments of American idealism—and because last night we tried to murder a third.

We are a frightening people because the atrocities we commit hardly touch our official self-righteousness, our invincible conviction of our moral infallibility.

The ghastly things we do to our own people, the ghastly things we do to other people—these must at last compel us to look searchingly at ourselves and our society before hatred and violence rush us on to more evil and finally tear our nation apart.

We cannot take the easy course and blame everyone but ourselves for the things we do. We cannot blame the epidemic of murder at home on deranged and solitary individuals separate from the rest of us. For these individuals are plainly weak and suggestible men, stamped by our society with a birthright of hatred and a compulsion toward violence.

We cannot blame our epidemic of murder abroad on the wickedness of those who will not conform to our views of how they should behave

and how they should live. For the zeal with which we have pursued an irrational war suggests the internal impulses of hatred and violence demanding outlet and shaping our foreign policy to their ends.

We must recognize that the evil is in us, that it springs from some dark, intolerable tension in our history and our institutions. It is almost as if a primal curse had been fixed on our nation, perhaps when we first began the practice of killing and enslaving those whom we deemed our inferiors because their skin was another color. We are a violent people with a violent history, and the instinct for violence has seeped into the bloodstream of our national life.

We are also, at our best, a generous and idealistic people. Our great leaders—Lincoln most of all—have perceived both the destructive instinct and the moral necessity of transcending destruction if we are going to have any sort of rational and decent society. They have realized how fragile the membranes of our civilization are, stretched so thin over a nation so disparate in its composition, so tense in its interior relationships, so cunningly enmeshed in underground fears and antagonisms, so entrapped by history in the ethos of violence.

Now, as our nation grows more centralized, our energy more concentrated, our inner tensions more desperate, our frustrations in our own land and in the world more embittered, we can no longer regard hatred and violence as accidents and aberrations, as nightmares which will pass away when we awake. We must see them as organic in our national past; we must confront them; we must uncover the roots of hatred and violence and, through self-knowledge, move toward self-control. And we must exert every effort in the meantime to protect and strengthen the membranes of civility against the impulses of destruction.

In this effort, a special responsibility lies on our intellectual community. For one can expect primitive emotions on the part of those who occupy the right wing of our national politics But the intellectual community should be the particular custodian of the life of reason. It should be the particular champion of discipline and restraint. It should be the particular enemy of hatred and violence.

Little is more dismaying than the way in which some, a few, in the intellectual community have rejected the life of reason, have succumbed to the national susceptibility for hatred and violence, have, indeed, begun themselves to exalt hatred and violence as if primitivism in emotion constituted a higher morality. I do not suggest that such intellectuals are responsible for the atrocities committed at home and abroad. I do suggest that they have contributed to the atmosphere which has begun to legitimize hatred and violence. I do suggest that they are reinforcing the assault on civility and hastening the decomposition of the American social process.

Some wonder, no doubt, whether that social process is worth saving. But the alternative to process is anarchy, where those who use the means of violence win out; and the intellectual community will always lose in this competition. Our process, with all its defects, is a process of change—peaceful change—on which all decency and rationality depend.

Let me make it clear that I am not talking about the student uprisings of recent weeks. I have no question that on balance the world stands to gain from student protest. No doubt such protest has on occasion led to excess. But it is already a shameful state of affairs when excess proves the only way of attracting the attention of complacent university administrations and indifferent faculties to the problems and perplexities of the coming generation.

The causes of student insurgency vary from college to college, and from country to country. It would seem likely that the primary incitement in our own nation has been the war in Vietnam—a war which has tempted our government into its course of appalling and insensate destruction, a war which, through the draft, has demanded that young Americans kill and die where they can see no rational relationship between personal sacrifice and national interest. But the cause is also more than the Vietnam war. For that war has come for many to prefigure a larger incomprehensibility, a larger absurdity, even a larger wickedness, in our official society. For some it has come to seem, not an aberration, but the inevitable result of the irremediable corruption of the American system.

I cannot share the belief that there was something foreordained and ineluctable about the war in Vietnam—that the nature of American society would have compelled any set of men in Washington to pursue the same course of folly. This

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really seems determinist nonsense. One can still understand, though, why the contradictions of our society weigh so heavily on the young—the contradictions between the righteousness of a Secretary of State and the ruthlessness of a B-52; between the notion that violence is fine against simple folk 10,000 miles away and shocking against injustice in our own land; between the equality demanded by our constitutional structure and the equality denied by our social structure; even between the accepted habits of one generation and the emerging habits of the next, as when a parent tipsy on his fourth martini begins a tirade against marijuana.

The very weight of these contradictions has produced a rush of despair about libertarian democracy itself. By libertarian democracy I mean simply the system in which the rule of the majority at any given time rests on the guarantee of the right of minorities to convert themselves into new majorities. Such a system assumes political action to be in its essence a rational process—that is, a deliberate choice of means to achieve desired ends. As a rational process, libertarian democracy requires the widest possible freedom of discussion and debate; and this implies, of course, a considerable indulgence of wrongheadedness and imbecility along the way.

This has been the American theory, as laid down, for example, in the Constitution and the Bill of Rights. And, in the course of our national history, libertarian democracy has led to many useful results. It has also led to many frustrations. It has left problems unsolved, wrongs unredressed, and sinners unpunished. It cannot be relied upon to produce rapid and conclusive change. The very insistence on reasonableness and due process has seemed at times a pretext for inaction and therefore a mask for injustice. This has been particularly the case in recent years. From the moment we started bombing North Vietnam in February 1965, our government appeared rigidly and sanctimoniously unresponsive to reasoned criticism of its course. Increasingly persuaded that change was impossible within the constitutional order, people started to turn to civil disobedience, emotional agitation, and even violent protest. A sense began to arise that libertarian democracy itself was impotent in the new world of economic, military, and intellectual corporatism. One saw a growing conviction, especially among the young, that party politics were a façade and a fake. One saw a growing cynicism about democratic institutions, a growing defection from the democratic process. In due course, the spreading sense of the impotence of libertarian democracy generated a creed systematically and candidly opposed to libertarian democracy.

The new creed has two parts. The first part is an attempt to clear away what its theorists regard as the noxious rubbish of the Bill of Rights. The new creed thus perceives the First Amendment as the keystone, not of liberty, but of a wicked apparatus of tolerance employed by an oppressive social order to thwart basic change. I do not wish to do this new doctrine an injustice, so I will state in the words of its leading advocate—that is, Herbert Marcuse—its belief that it is *necessary* and *right*, as a matter of principle, to suppress views with which one disagrees and to howl down those who utter such views.

Mr. Marcuse begins with the proposition that contemporary society has absorbed and abolished the historic means of social revolution. It has done this through an ingenious and despicable combination of welfarism, tolerance, and manipulation. Capitalism, in short, subverts potential opponents by offering a measure of apparent economic security and personal freedom.

Mr. Marcuse is determined to expose this state of affairs. As he sees it, any improvement in the condition of the powerless and the oppressed only plays into the hands of the rulers—and is therefore to be regretted. And the device of tolerance is particularly evil because it renders "the traditional ways and means of protest ineffective—perhaps even dangerous because they preserve the illusion of popular sovereignty."

The way to revive the hope of social change, Mr. Marcuse suggests, is therefore to do away with tolerance: "Certain things cannot be said, certain ideas cannot be expressed, certain policies cannot be proposed, certain behavior cannot be permitted without making tolerance an instrument for the continuation of servitude." He is commendably specific about what he would forbid. His program, as he states it,

> would include the withdrawal of toleration of speech and assembly from groups and movements which promote aggressive policies, armament, chauvinism, discrimination on the grounds of race and religions, or which oppose the extension of public services, medical care, etc. Moreover, the restoration of freedom of thought may necessitate new and rigid restrictions on teachings and practices in the educational institutions.

Mr. Marcuse's call for the forcible suppression of false ideas is, I have suggested, only the first part of the new creed. Nor is such an assault on the Bill of Rights new, even for radicals. The

Stalinists of the 'thirties, for example, had no compunction in arguing in much the same way that civil freedom should be denied those who resist the Stalinist truth. What particularly distinguishes the New Left of the 'sixties from previous American radicalisms is the second part of its creed—and here not the summons to revolution, which again is familiar, but the refusal to state revolutionary goals except in the most abstract and empty language. To put it more precisely, what distinguishes the New Left is not only its unwillingness to define what it aims for after the revolution but its belief that such reticence is a virtue.

On its positive side, the new creed becomes, so to speak, a kind of existentialism in politics—a primitive kind, no doubt, but still rooted in some manner in the existential perception that man dwells in an absurd universe and defines himself through his choices. In extreme cases, this perception may lead to *voyages au bout de la nuit*: as Nietzsche said, "Nihilism represents the ultimate logical conclusion of our great values and ideals—because we must experience nihilism before we can find out what value these 'values' really had." In its serious form, existentialism can lead to an immense and intense sense of individual responsibility as every man realizes that only he can provide his own escape from the enveloping nothingness around him. In its vulgar form, however, with which we are dealing here, existential politics becomes the notion that we must feel and act before we think; it is the illusion that the experience of feeling and action will produce the insight and the policy.

Existential politics in this form springs much more from Sorel than from Kierkegaard. Georges Sorel, you will recall, drew a distinction between myths, which, he said, were "not descriptions of things, but expressions of a determination to act," and utopias, which were intellectual products, the work of theorists who "seek to establish a model to which they can compare existing society." Sorel regarded utopias—that is, rational programs—as contemptible. The myth must be the basis of action; the myth would produce the revolution, which would thereafter produce its own program; and "the myth," Sorel emphasized, "must be judged as a means of acting on the present; any attempt to discuss how far it can be taken literally as future history is devoid of sense." So, in the footsteps of Sorel, the New Leftists believe in the omnipotence of the deed and the irrelevance of the goal. The political process is no longer seen as the deliberate choice of means to move toward a desired end. Where libertarian democracy had ideally demanded means consistent with the end, and where the Stalinist left of the 'thirties contended that the end justified the means, the New Left propounds a different doctrine: that the means create the end.

Let us not ignore the attractions of the existential approach. After all, there are many absurdities in our world. Our country has never undertaken anything more absurd in its history than the Vietnam war. After all, a man does make himself by his decisions. After all, our conventional liberalism is to a discouraging degree a liberalism of promises and excuses. After all, social renewal can only come from personal commitment.

All these things help explain, I think, the appeal of the new creed. Yet this creed contains so much in the way of fakery and fallacy—to put it bluntly, it is so preposterous and so depraved—that I do not see how it can be long entertained by any serious democrat.

Let us look first at the negative part; the demand for the forcible suppression of false ideas. This immediately raises a self-evident question: how is one to tell which ideas are admissible and which are to be suppressed? "In the interplay of theory and practice," Mr. Marcuse replies, "true and false solutions become distinguishable. . . . Freedom is liberation, a specific historical process in theory and practice, and as such it has its right and wrong, its truth and falsehood." But who is to make this determination? What agency is the repository of final judgment on truth and falsehood? Here, alas, Mr. Marcuse lets us down. His standards are hopelessly vague, and in the end he places his confidence in what he mystically calls "the democratic educational dictatorship of free men."

This is not very satisfactory; so let us pursue the question a step further. I suppose that the new creed does not expect to make such judgments through a man. But, if not through a man, these judgments must be made through a mechanism, which means through men. Such a mechanism would plainly have to have an extraordinary degree of power. What assurance can there ever be that this power would be used disinterestedly—that is, for the good and the true, should there ever be a means of defining the good and the true—rather than in the interests of the men operating the mechanism? What will this mechanism become—what have such mechanisms ever become—but a means for the suppression of all criticism of the manipulators of the mechan-

ism? So the mechanism, in the end, rests on an assumption of human infallibility.

But the assumption of human infallibility has never been justified in the long and varied history of mankind. It implies the rule of those whom Mr. Dooley long ago defined as men who do what they think "th' Lord wud do if He only knew the facts in th' case"—and Mr. Dooley was defining a fanatic.

Not only do men who claim infallibility in politics do far more evil than good; but the systematic suppression of supposedly false ideas would deeply constrict and impoverish human knowledge and understanding. "There is no error so crooked," Tupper said, "but it hath in it some lines of truth." Or, as Norman Mailer recently put it, "Sometimes a profound idea is buried in a particularly ugly notion." Human creativity takes a marvelous and sinister diversity of forms. How dare anyone assume the right to censor and deny the unlimited freedom of human expression? "I tolerate with the utmost latitude the right of others to differ from me in opinion without imputing to them criminality," wrote Jefferson. "I know too well the weakness and uncertainty of human reason to wonder at its different result."

The demand for the forcible suppression of "false" ideas would be an enormously effective way of calling a halt to human progress. Nor does the other half of the new creed make any more sense: that is, the conviction that one should feel and act first and think later, that the means create the end. The kind of action supremely required to strike through the mask of official society, we are told, is violence. Without violence, official society, in its present sophisticated condition, will calmly co-opt and emasculate the opposition. Only violence will force official society to drop the smiling mask of tolerance and reveal its inner viciousness. More than this, violence becomes a means of social and individual redemption. As Frantz Fanon has written, "Violence is a cleaning force. It frees the native from his inferiority complex and from his despair and inaction; it makes him fearless and restores his self-respect. . . . Violence alone, violence committed by the people, violence organized and educated by its leaders, makes it possible for the masses to understand social truths."

This is hardly, of course, a new doctrine. Others in this century have propagated the cult of the deed. Mussolini and Hitler celebrated violence, because violence, by abolishing the procedures and civilities of society, opens the way for those who are most successful in the use of force. I do not know about the situation in developing countries; there violence in certain contexts may have the benign effects claimed by Fanon. But surely little is more pathetic than the view that violence in American society will benefit the left. A limited amount of violence may stimulate the process of democratic change; but, if the left, through the cult of the deed, helps create an atmosphere which destroys the process of democracy itself, the winners will be those who use violence best, and they will be on the right.

The new creed, with its dismissal of free discussion and its conviction that violence will mystically generate policy and program, represents an assault on rationality in politics—an assault based on the ultimate proposition that rights and wrongs in public affairs are so absolute and so easily ascertainable that opposition can be legitimately destroyed. This assault on the Bill of Rights and on libertarian democracy is in my judgment wrong, because no one is infallible. It is stupid, because the beneficiaries of this view will not be the idealists of the left but the brutalists of the right. It is dangerous because it represents a reversion to and rationalization of the strain of hatred and violence in our own national tradition: the politics of lynch law against the politics of Lincoln. It is a vote for the worst against the best in our political ethos.

The new creed above all overlooks the fact of human frailty. "Men are not flattered," wrote Lincoln, "by being shown that there has been a difference of purpose between the Almighty and them." Yet men are not gods. That is why absolutism always fails in human society. Democracy requires consent—it insists, that is, that a majority of the electorate be persuaded that one course is preferable to another. If men or mechanisms were infallible, there would be no need for persuasion. But, because they are not, the discipline of consent is indispensable to civilized society. The discipline of consent means the policies must triumph not through divine right or through a "democratic educational dictatorship" but through making sense to a majority of the people; and the condition of bringing a majority along is the best guarantee that policies relate, not to personal fantasy or personal power, but to the greatest good of the greatest number.

This discussion of the new creed may seem irrelevant to the pragmatic insurgencies of our society. And, indeed, so long as these insurgencies remain pragmatic—that is, related to specific issues and specific injustices—they represent a desperately needed pressure against the established complacencies of a self-righteous nation.

Yet the new creed exists; it has received serious, if not convincing, formulation; it has won support because of the spreading sense in recent years of the impotence of libertarian democracy; and it has created among some of the young a mystical passion for revolutionary upheaval.

I have said that the new creed will only weaken democracy against its enemies. I would say further that it underestimates the power of rational democracy—that is, the power of the people, in one way or another, to modify the system and alter its course. We have had, I noted earlier, a season of despair about our democracy. But those whom despair led on to desperation underestimated the capacity of public opinion eventually to catch on to what is happening, even in fairly controlled and manipulated societies, and to demand a change in things. This has happened even in authoritarian states, like France. It has happened even in communist states, like Czechoslovakia. And it has happened in our own country.

Here the democratic process has turned out to be more effective than its critics had supposed. The rebellion against libertarian democracy gathered momentum, we have noted, because of the obstinate and righteous determination of our government to pursue a policy of military escalation in Vietnam. Yet in the last six months the democratic process, working in its own inscrutable way, has forced the President to abandon—for a moment, at least—the escalation policy; it has forced him to begin serious peace talks; it has forced him to withdraw from the Presidential contest. These are not inconsiderable accomplishments.

I do not contend that the process works swiftly. Obviously if President Johnson had given his March 31 speech a year earlier, many Americans and Vietnamese now dead, might be alive; and the evidence against the escalation policy was just as strong on March 31, 1967, as it was on March 31, 1968. Nor do I contend that the process works surely. There is no guarantee against the re-escalation of the war. Nor is there any guarantee, given the irresponsibility of the romantic left, against the election of a President committed to continue the persons and policies against which the rebellion began. Nor, alas, is there any guarantee against the resurgence of violence, bloodshed, and murder. Yet, with all its tardiness and inconclusiveness, democracy in America continues to show a certain vitality and efficacy. "The sober, second thought of the people," as Martin Van Buren said years ago, "is never wrong, and always efficient." At any rate, it is wiser in the long run than the certitudes of the absolutists.

Nietzsche once wrote, "Gaze not too deeply into the abyss, lest the abyss gaze into you." Those who claim to be bearers of absolute truth are men who have gazed too deeply into the abyss. They have committed what Hawthorne called the Unpardonable Sin—the sin of self-pride, which destroys discrimination, enslaves people, breeds fanaticism and violence, and concludes in madness and catastrophe. It is sad when the derelicts of our society surrender to the Unpardonable Sin; it is contemptible when our intellectuals exemplify it. Let us strike out against the concrete and particular evils of our time. But let us not yield to that awful despair which dissolves all distinctions in thought and action and hurtles us on to the politics of apocalypse. In the long run, any sane society must rest on freedom and reason. If we abandon this, we abandon everything.

If we are to survive as a nation, we must resist our inbred impulse to violence, not capitulate to it, not celebrate it. We must resist our inbred impulse to intolerance. We must resist our inbred impulse to absolutism. As we identify these impulses, as we strive against them wherever they appear—whether in the gutter press or in the abstractions of intellectuals—we create a chance of defying the winds of unreason. But we cannot suppose that this problem will solve itself. We must, indeed, define ourselves by our choices, but do so by making the choices which respect human reason and human dignity; the choices which acknowledge and nourish the human capacity for mutual respect and affection.

When Martin Luther King was murdered, Robert Kennedy broke the news of his death to a black audience on a street corner in Indianapolis. He said:

> . . . we can make an effort, as Martin Luther King did to understand and to comprehend, and to replace that violence, that stain of bloodshed that has spread across our land, with an effort to understand with compassion and love. . . . I had a member of my family killed, but he was killed by a white man. But we have to make an effort in the United States, we have to make an effort to understand. . . . What we need . . . is not division; what we need . . . is not hatred; what we need . . . is not violence or lawlessness, but love and wisdom, and compassion toward one another, and a feeling of justice towards those who still suffer within our country, whether they be white or they be black.

Robert Kennedy concluded with a quotation from Aeschylus: "In our sleep, pain which cannot forget falls drop by drop upon the heart until, in our own despair, against our will, comes wisdom through the awful grace of God."

Harper's Magazine, August 1968

David Halberstam

DALEY OF CHICAGO

"Look, Sister, you and I come from the same background. We know how tough it was. But we picked ourselves up by our own bootstraps."

In the political year 1968, Richard J. Daley surveyed the city of Chicago and was master of it. He exercised power as probably no man outside of Washington exercised it, and he was by most norms of the American ethic, particularly his own, a towering success. The poor of his city were afraid of him and the powerful of the nation deferred to him.

It was his city to an extraordinary degree, and now his party was coming to his city to choose a President. The more contested the nomination would be, the more the poor blacks and the long-haired white kids worked in the primaries to offset the Democratic party establishment, why, yes, the more powerful Richard J. Daley would be in August; and he was aware of this, aware that in his own way he could dominate the convention, and though there might be other men more popular, more handsome, more beloved, the final decisions would be made by Mayor Daley. (Early in the year, when Robert Kennedy made his entrance into the race and a reporter asked a Daley man which hotel in Chicago Kennedy would be taking over, the Daley man answered, with the sense of certainty that only the very powerful have, "Bobby Kennedy isn't taking over anything in *this* city.") He would walk into the convention erect and powerful (particularly if his city were not in flames), and his words would be sought by the nation's foremost reporters, though surely they would be platitudinous, for he specialized in platitudes. He had learned long ago that if possible you spoke platitudes or you spoke not at all.

Everywhere there would be reminders to the guests that they were in Dick Daley's Chicago. In a profession where municipal officials keeled over like flies after one or two terms, especially if they were effective, thrown out by angry undertaxed constituents who felt themselves overtaxed, who hated the parking and the air and their neighbors, Richard J. Daley reigned supreme, King Richard as he was called in Chicago.

Four times he was elected, the fourth by his largest majority, 74 per cent. His years of success had virtually left Chicago without an electoral process, *that* was his achievement; in a city where few new buildings had been started before him, the sky was pierced again and again by new skyscrapers, each bigger and more gleaming than the last, and ever-grateful rich and aristocratic businessmen taught from the cradle to shun the Democratic party—that party of the machine and the Irish—competed to enlist in Republicans for Daley, vowed to give bigger contributions, while the most famous political scientists of Chicago, hawks and doves, liberals and conservatives, joined Professors for Daley. Municipal experts, technocrats with their measuring sticks, were in general agreement that Daley was the most successful Mayor in America—good cost accounting, good police department, good fire department, good social-economic programs. He was a politician with a smooth-functioning political machine in an age when machines were not supposed to function. (When one reporter for a local paper saw him at a meeting, a man who knew a machine when he saw one, Daley would say simply, "Organization, not machine. Get that. Organization, not machine.")

His city vibrated with those traditional Amer-

ican ingredients, vitality, energy, ambition, business drive, and racial failure, and it was because of these that Daley's role in history seemed curiously in doubt, for all his great achievements. In America now, when everything else failed, when the family failed and the churches failed and the system failed, the good Mayor would get the blame, not the Mayors of Natchez, Mississippi, or Clarksdale, Mississippi, or of thousands of other towns which had exported so many illiterate young Negroes North in the last fifteen years: the blame would be on the Mayor of the city which received them and which, as they had been failed once before, failed them again.

For Richard Daley presided over a city which had burned once and had a special tinderbox quality. It contained angry backlashing whites, some of the greatest backlashers in America who had finally managed to buy little homes in Chicago and paid their taxes there; and angry, frustrated, forelashing blacks. It was a city which contained one great Negro ghetto and another area which was not even a ghetto; it was a jungle, the kids alley-tough, totally outside the system, larger kids shaking down the smaller ones, youth gangs with organizational charts like the Army. Other cities were this bad, and some were worse, and in many of the older ways Richard J. Daley had done more for the Negro, to use that term, than many other Mayors. But there was also a suspicion that part of the problem was Daley, that his machine had been too smart for itself, and that finally Daley was perhaps not equipped to understand the complexity and the intense pressures of new times. Even his image seemed wrong, a point about which his staff was particularly sensitive. One of Daley's press people could point to a photograph of John Lindsay on the cover of *Life* and gloat over the headline, "Small acts and big plans," saying, "We could kill Lindsay with that. We could run against him and destroy him. Lindsay? What's he ever done? What progress has he got? Lindsay's people come out here for lessons in government."

It was not just Daley, it was America, with all the chickens, one hundred years or more in flight, coming home to roost. "Daley may well personify the Achilles' heel of America," one Negro critic said. "He's taken many positions not because he's outside the mainstream of America, but precisely because he's in it, which doesn't say a hell of a lot for either Daley or America."

For in a sense Chicago seemed to be the real capital of America, a strong, tough, vital city where the American business ethic worked, a city largely without reform influence ("We think of reform as being an effete Easterner idea," said one transplanted New Yorker). Nelson Algren, Chicago's uncrowned poet laureate, could write in his "Ode to Lower Finksville":

> City of the big gray-flanneled shoulders
> Fierce as a dog with tongue lapping for action
> How come you spend all that great ferocity
> On the windpipes of The Down, The Out
> and The Defenseless
> And keep all that great lapping for overfed
> real-estate hogs?

So Daley and Chicago seemed to symbolize America; he was ours, for better and for worse, in sickness and in health.

Other Choices, Other Time

Richard J. Daley is the product of the politic of another time. "I think one of the real problems he has with Negroes is understanding that the Irish are no longer the out-ethnic group," one Negro says. He would be doomed in the cosmetology of today's politics: those jowls, that heavy set look. He doesn't look like a modern municipal leader, a cost-accounting specialist; he looks, yes, exactly like a big city boss, right out of the smoke-filled room. "Daley will never really get a fair judging on his abilities as a mayor because of the way he looks," an admiring Chicago political scientist says. "He's much better than people think."

When he was first elected he spoke badly—"dese" and "dems"—but he has worked hard and now has very considerable control over most of his political appearances; there has also been a sharp decline in his malapropisms, though some Chicago reporters still collect them. Two of the best are *we will reach greater and greater plateaus of achievement*, and *they have vilified me, they have crucified me, yes they have even criticized me*. He is not good on the tube, but it is a mistake to underestimate his power and charm in person. "He exudes" one fellow Irishman says, "the confidence and power of a man who has achieved everything he set out to do and then a little more, but he also has the black moods of an Irishman and if you catch him in one of those it can be pretty frightening."

He dominates Chicago and he knows it, and this adds to his confidence. "People are always coming to me and telling me that they're going down to see the Mayor and tell him off," one Negro remarks, "and off they go, and of course he charms them completely and they come back and I ask, 'Well, brother, how did it go?' and they

tell me, 'Why the Mayor's a fine man and we *know*'—get that, we know—'he's going to do the right thing.'" But clever, resounding speech is not his forte, and he has learned that the less you say now, the less you have to regret later, and indeed the problem may go away by then. He has made a political virtue out of being inarticulate. He has been satisfied with being Mayor, has consolidated his base there, has never let his ambition run away with him; this is part of the explanation for his power. He has sat there with a power base, slowly adding to it, incorporating new men as they rose, always looking for winners. Above all else Richard Daley loves power and winners. An aide of John Kennedy's remembers arriving in Chicago in 1960 for the first television debate, and Kennedy asking again and again, "Where's Daley, where's Daley," with no Daley to be found. "But after the debate," the aide recalls, "the first person to break through into the studio, with his flunkies around him like a flying wedge, was Daley. He knew he had a winner."

He was a poor Irish boy, born in a time when the Irish felt themselves despised in Protestant America. One reason, according to friends, that he was so close to Joseph Kennedy was that they both shared the same boyhood scars. Daley's father was a sheet-metal worker and an early union activist, blacklisted at several plants. There were few avenues open to an ambitious young Irish boy in those days and one of them was politics; though he is widely admired by all of Chicago's business giants today for his financial acumen, it is a fact of life, of which both are sharply aware, that he could not have made it in their world at that time.

More than most great men of power in America he is what he was. He lives in the same neighborhood where he was born, in the same house in which he has lived all his married life. He attends early Mass every day and observes the same basic tenets of the Catholic faith that he has based his life upon. His friends are the same small cluster of men, very much like himself, whom he has always known. His success has thrown him into the orbit of newer and more important men, but he has never crossed the line between association and friendship. His personal views remain rigid and he expects others to have the same; one reporter remembers a Daley son coming back from college recently with an unduly long haircut; Daley simply nodded at Matt Danaher, one of his deputies, and the boy was taken out for a trimming.

He is now the acknowledged master of the Democratic party machinery which gave him his start. The machine ethic was based upon hard work and loyalty; you worked your way up level by level. But loyalty rather than brilliance or social conscience or originality was the determining characteristic. It was and is a profession which abounded in limited men and hacks, of small men trying to throw around the power of bigger men, which often they only sniff at. Daley, apprenticing in a world of hacks, was and is no hack. He is an intelligent, strong-willed man, enormously hard-working. He set out within the party organization and mastered it, working his way up from precinct captain to committeeman to state legislator, a good one, easily distinguished from most of the men in Springfield, in his room every night studying the legislation. He was a young man who played by the rules of the game. He never frightened anyone, never looked too ambitious, accumulating political due bills all the time. He also mastered the art of finance as few active politicians in America have, eventually becoming director of revenue for Governor Adlai Stevenson.

In the view of several professional politicians, Daley helped protect Stevenson from less scrupulous politicians. He after all knew how and where the crooks might steal; it was the beginning of a relationship which would prove mutually beneficial to both until 1960 when Daley, given Stevenson's silence and Joe Kennedy's pressure, went for John Kennedy. As part of his loyalty ethic, however, Daley aided Stevenson's son, Adlai III, now Illinois State Treasurer, in his start in politics, trying to give him good advice, suggesting that he play down his criticism of Vietnam. The other regular pols were bitterly opposed to young Stevenson. They considered him arrogant, uppity, and a man who had not done his apprenticeship. They were prepared to let him go on the slate this year for U. S. Senator, thus getting him out of Illinois; the machine has always preferred sending its reformers to Washington rather than Springfield. Stevenson, an attractive and intelligent politician and a somewhat rumpled version of his father, instead went before the slate-makers and told everyone in a rather long speech—normally, one goes in, hat in hand for thirty seconds—that he was the best and

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David Halberstam did the legwork in Chicago for this article before, during, and after his coverage of the primary campaign. His article "Travels with Bobby Kennedy" (July issue) is being expanded into a book to be published by Random House in the fall.

strongest candidate for Governor. The regulars were appalled and threw him out.

Daley told him that he could still get on the slate for the Senate if he would plead loyalty on Vietnam. Back in he went, up came the question of Vietnam, out came Stevenson's doubts and his talk about conscience, and off the ticket he came. "Jesus, that guy is even worse than his father," one professional pol said. The result is that the Democrats are fielding a very weak ticket this year, with neither Stevenson nor Sargent Shriver on it. It was a case of divided loyalty for Daley, but apparently it would have required more of a fight than he was prepared to make. Not getting into futile fights may explain how he manages to conserve power.

Chicago's Brand of Toughness

Chicago is rougher than other cities. Even today its more sophisticated citizens take a quiet pleasure in talking about not only its past sins but its present vices and the current power of the crime Syndicate. The city's rough edge is often a little hard for Easterners to understand. A few years ago a Negro alderman named Ben Lewis was shot down in cold blood. A correspondent for an Eastern magazine was immediately cabled by his New York office for a piece which would include, among other things, the outraged reaction of the good people of Chicago. There was no outrage at all, he cabled back. "The feeling is that if he's an alderman, he's a crook, and if he's a crook then that's their business."

The kind of money which focuses on reform politics in New York simply does not exist in Chicago and the machine has traditionally understood the reformers better than the reformers have understood the machine. Reformers have one district locally from which their candidates harass the machine (this year one of the ablest reformers, Abner Mikva, is running for Congress with the support of the machine, a truce not uncommon in Chicago politics), and indeed are occasionally placed on the ticket statewide to broaden its base and serve as a safety valve to keep reformers from going after the machine, though, as far as the machine is concerned, a U. S. Senate seat, and the Governorship are minor offices. The races for state's attorney and state assessor (who can investigate and harass the machine) are much more important.

Thus in 1948, the year that Stevenson was running for Governor and Paul Douglas for the Senate, a golden year, a liberal happened to run into Colonel Jacob Arvey, then boss of the machine. "How's the election going?" the reformer asked. "Fine fine, couldn't be better," Arvey answered. "The polls show Boyle [state's attorney] way way ahead."

The Chicago machine had prospered under the New Deal, prospered to the point of venality, until it made Chicago probably the most corrupt city in the country. Everything could be bought or sold. The police force was largely concerned with street-corner traffic courts and the downtown center of the city was dying fast. So a reform movement was started behind Martin Kennelly, a clean and handsome businessman. He ran in 1951 as a reform candidate and won. The reformers were delighted; so were the Syndicate and the machine. It became easier to steal than before; underneath the surface honesty almost everything went wrong. Kennelly was totally naïve about a very tough city. To this day, a lot of Daley critics, knowing his faults and failings, think of John Lindsay and see Martin Kennelly.

The local Chicago establishment was so disturbed about the Kennelly years that an informal meeting was held to decide what to do about the Mayor. The first thing, they decided, was to destroy the myth that they themselves had created of the Good Reform Mayor. So they decided to approach a nationally known magazine writer and have him come in to expose Kennelly. Tom Stokes was selected and a leading lawyer was duly sent to visit him. Stokes proceeded to give him a lecture on why a nice businessman with high morals and fine ideals could never govern a city as tough as Chicago; he could never understand the balance between what the city required and what the politicians and crooks would permit. Chicago needed, Stokes said, a tough professional politician who understood the underside of Chicago life and how to control it.

His Secret Clout

Enter Richard J. Daley. When he decided to run for Mayor he already wore an important political hat, clerk of Cook County, which was like being Secretary of State for the machine; it allowed him to dispense much of the machine's patronage. Before making the race he reportedly promised Colonel Arvey that he would give up the organizational job (which he didn't and it became the secret of his success). The primary was particularly bitter and it was repeatedly charged that electing Daley would be like throwing the rascals back in.

"I would not unleash the forces of evil," he countered. "It's a lie. I will follow the training my good Irish mother gave me—and Dad. If I am elected, I will embrace mercy, love, charity, and walk humbly with my God."

The machine was split (in the same ward one precinct went for Kennelly 485 to 7, while another precinct went for Daley 400 to 10). A number of reformers such as Stevenson came out for Daley, and with the help of Bill Dawson, Lord of the Negro wards, Daley won. In the general election he was opposed by Robert Merriam, an attractive Republican candidate who gave him a hard race. It was a hard fought campaign, the question being, who's going to control Chicago, State Street or the Neighborhoods (the rich or the poor)? Daley won again, decided to be both Mayor and organization chairman, thus to a degree breaking with Arvey. Most of his success has stemmed from that decision; it is an extraordinary achievement to hold both jobs with so little opposition for so long. (He was aided in the beginning by other pols, who underestimated him and felt he would be relatively easy to control.)

Daley's municipal ambition is backed up, to use the Chicago expression, with political clout. When he wants something done, it gets done. He knows every minuscule aspect of the city, both municipally and politically, knows the balance and has the political power to handle the people who don't measure up. As one Daley aide says, "I don't know how many times the Mayor told Bob Wagner there in New York to do the same thing, to go one way or another, either to be a reformer or to be like him, but to make a choice. But your city is different in New York—you people all have more illusions about yourselves."

From the time he took over almost thirteen years ago, Daley has steadily increased his power; where new power outside his sphere has risen up he has moved quickly and ably to incorporate it, to make it his. Where problems have arisen he has quickly appointed committees, often filled with former business foes, and then subtly moved the committees over to his own position. When there has been opposition, he has moved to embrace it (carrying always the threat of his real power if it didn't come along), to make it part of his consensus. Typically, several years ago the Republicans were prepared to run an excellent group of lawyers as judges. Daley went to them and said that if they ran as Republicans he would move Heaven and earth to beat them; if they ran as Democrats he would guarantee there would be no opposition. Most ran as Democrats.

As his power increased, so did his ability to accommodate people, and his ability to tell them to get on the team or be frozen out. Though Daley was strongly opposed by State Street in his first race, he has since practically destroyed the Republican party as a force within the city. He has given the business leaders what they want, a new downtown area, an expressway, a decent police force, confidence in the city's economic future (and if the school system is deteriorating, their children can always go to private or suburban schools). In return he has had his projects carried out with their support, and has gotten their political backing and campaign funds. The result of this is that it has been very difficult for a serious Republican candidate to make a challenge. It takes an estimated $1.5 million to run for Mayor of Chicago and any candidate would have a hard time raising $200,000 to run against Daley.

The Democratic primary is the decisive election within the city, much more so than in New York, and within the primary, all other things being equal, the machine is the dominant force. For it still functions well. Each ward committeeman has about 500 jobs (the eleventh ward, Daley's own in the Bridgeport neighborhood, has at least twice as many), and that means that each committeeman has a base in his own area of 500 families or more from which to operate. In general, the apparatus controls about 35,000 jobs and is considered to be worth about 100,000 votes in an election. Daley is very good about seeing that every committeeman gets his fair share of patronage, but it all comes down from the Mayor; he watches the organization to see who can still cut it and who can't. Through this system there is intense local control; if one block doesn't come through, everyone from top to bottom will know whose fault it is. The people just below Daley, the key committeemen, make their money selling insurance and real estate in their fiefs. But Daley has never been touched by scandal and probably never will be. The idea that he might be interested in money instead of sheer power would shock most Chicagoans. "It is Daley's greatest success that he has managed to convince the public that he is totally honest while at the same time conveying to the pols that he will permit clean graft so long as it is not abused and does not embarrass him," one newspaperman says. But even when there are abuses, he tries to take care of the offender; it is part of the ethic of loyalty. When he was first elected Daley had to clean out the Loop, which had become the center of crime. He carefully took all the hoods and semi-hoods who made their living there and put them in the Sanitation Department. About six

years later the Sanitation Department began to go rotten and they had to be transferred again.

He has managed to keep the machine viable, to bring cost accounting to the city government, to keep up with many reforms in the New Deal tradition, and in the words of one political scientist, "to make the machine a limited instrument for social progress." He has bound together this unnatural consensus at a particularly difficult time, and part of the reason comes from the consensus itself; each member of it is aware of the others and of the counterpressure on the Mayor. This acts as a restraint; they will not push too far for fear of rocking the boat. Part of the reason, too, is that Daley simply works harder than his opponents. He is at early Mass when his enemies are still sleeping, and he is still working on city problems at night when they've all gone to bed or are out drinking. He pays enormous attention to detail; he goes over every job application, to a ridiculously low level. Finally he knows more about the petty details of Chicago than almost any of his critics. They, as Dr. Martin Luther King did, criticize the broad outlines of life in Chicago; he comes in armed with details of its daily life, what he is doing and what he would like to do but can't. "The Mayor could go on television tomorrow night and wave a wand to end discrimination but the next day life would be the same," says an aide.

He tries to control dissent in Chicago as much as he can, and outspoken critics from some papers and radio stations have occasionally left Chicago allegedly because of City Hall pressure; even in City Hall, when meetings are about to be called, there is what is known as the Ruly Crowd, made up of faithful followers ready to sit in at any meeting to keep out a potential Unruly Crowd. He avoids the press except on his own terms; reporters are avoided, though publishers are not; by Daley's maxim publishers have power and reporters do not. Besieged by magazine writers in the spring of this year he consented to see most of them. He was very gracious to me, sounding a little like Martin Luther King talking about race; yet I had the sense of being a mosquito bite, which once scratched would never itch again.

There was a sense that Daley was an American genius of sorts, a pragmatic man with a sense of man's corruptibility. He was successful where social reformers might have failed. He embodied many of the qualities which distinguish Chicago; he was as tough, as shrewd, ambitious, and sentimental as that city. When the Negroes, in their anger, burned Chicago, his city, his sentimental love for the place was almost childlike. He despaired; how could they do that to his city, how could they do that to him after all he had done for them? Why didn't the Negroes come forth now and show to the world how much they loved Chicago?

But Richard Daley knew more than most men where power existed, and it did not exist among the black citizens of the city. Part of this was his fault, but it was very late in the game. Now sixty-six, in what is almost surely his last term as Mayor, concerned more than anything else with his place in history, he presided over a city seething with racial problems, of steadily intensifying polarization, of a school system which was often useless; and many of the black people of the city saw him more than anyone else in the city, or the country, as the symbol of what was wrong with America. (A young Negro playwright named Ronald Fair could write a bitter play, *The Emperor's Parade*, about an Irish mayor who brings over an imported Irish leprechaun for his greatest day, the St. Patrick's Day parade, and goes berserk when it is ruined by black civil-rights marchers.) It was one of the ironies of Daley's rule of Chicago that because he had succeeded so much in other areas his failures on race relations seemed so marked. Unlike other mayors, one sensed that he had the power to do something.

Black Power, Limited

For Chicago, despite all Daley's successes, is like other American cities: a place which is rotting. The pattern is not unusual—whites leaving the inner city as soon as they can afford to, jobs leaving the city too; Negroes taking over more of their old areas, Negroes bitter about their lack of jobs, their lack of power, their shabby schools, becoming more violent, their violence driving out more and more whites. The Poles and the other ethnic groups are angry and tense about the blacks *because they get all the attention*, because the country *is being run for them, all the politicians have sold out to them*. The ethnic groups hold onto their houses, bought after long and hard saving, by sheer dint of organized neighborhood feeling against the Negroes. White Congressmen from Polish neighborhoods, old-style New Deal liberals, are backtracking fast on civil rights, attacking school bussing, telling their friends, *What can I do, I try and explain, but they won't listen, they just won't listen*. The liberals are worried about the city but are moving to the suburbs faster and faster, while the

traditionally liberal University of Chicago district becomes blacker and blacker. ("By the time the city is liberal enough to have a Jewish Mayor, it will have a black Mayor," one Jew says.) Those in our cities who are left to integrate with the blacks are those least prepared to understand and accept the problems of the blacks.

Perhaps 30 per cent of Chicago is black. Yet the black ghettos of Chicago are curiously powerless: they have little political bargaining power, and they have fewer jobs. A recent Urban League study on black power in Chicago showed that though Negroes composed 30 per cent of the population, they had only 2.6 per cent of policy-making positions in government and finance, and even that figure was probably optimistic.

Negro political leaders in Chicago have traditionally opted to play the machine's game, so that blacks in general have repeatedly been sold out by their own people; their representatives are ward politicians first, and Negroes second. "They can say no to us without checking higher up," one Negro said, "but they can never say yes without checking higher up." "I sometimes wonder," one white official remarked, "why so many of the Negroes on the City Council are so docile in this day and age, and then I realize that if they weren't docile they wouldn't be there."

The black community is thus divided against itself; its representatives are largely machine politicians interested in the traditional patronage and financial benefits, sensitive about intruding or being pushy in a white man's world, down-playing civil rights—just some of the boys mimicking the style of their white colleagues. "They're not even Toms," one Negro said. "There's no pretense at all to them. They play the game. That's what it's all about."

When on occasion a new Negro leader rises up and reflects power, Daley will try to accommodate and offer new and special privileges, with the alternative being a freeze-out. "So you have a tradition of people selling out, getting eroded. It's all too much for them," one white liberal who formerly served in the legislature said. "I know that white liberals will sit next to Negroes in the House and then the Negroes will occasionally encourage them on some liberal legislation. But when the vote comes the Negroes aren't there. So you ask them what the hell's going on, and they say, 'Look man, it's all right for you, you've got your own base, and you have something to fall back on. But this is all I've got, and if I don't do what they want, then I'm out of here.'"

All of this has probably tended to lull Daley's own view of reality. As one politician said, "The thing about him is that his machine is too successful for his own good. He allows these people so many jobs and so many positions and he thinks that he has real Negroes there and that the black community is satisfied. He doesn't realize that the community thinks that these people work for him, not for them. Then he sees the votes for him in the black wards and they're terrific votes because by the time the electoral process gets around, there's not much opposition and a lot of those people are scared to death anyway. So he decides that all this talk by civil-rights people is just that, talk."

This, of course, is true only of the South Side, which is Chicago's older, more traditional ghetto. The South Side has some organizational form, some black representation. The West Side, in contrast, is a jungle. It is the port of entry for all the young illiterate blacks coming up from the South, and it is a wild, disorganized, and pitiful section. Those Negroes who make it go on to the South Side. Those who can't remain on the West Side, hopeless, without jobs, changing homes several times a year; the business establishments on the West Side are mostly all owned by whites who live elsewhere, the landlords are largely white and absentee, even the political machinery is controlled by whites, largely by Jews who once lived there and moved away, but have kept the political control. Inside it the kids are alienated and angry, totally outside the system.

After the murder of Dr. King the West Side burned. "Now," says A. A. Rayner, an independent alderman from the South Side, "they're building it back up just the way it was before, no decisions on the part of the people who live there, just the same people from the outside making all the decisions. If they put it up the same way, then it'll surely come down the same way again."

The Outlook from Bridgeport

Daley would deal with these people if they had power, but they are so hopeless they are disinterested in the electoral process, their needs too great for the ballot. For twelve years they have gotten crumbs and the Mayor has manipulated them, confident that Chicago's Negroes have nowhere else to go in a showdown. If it is a choice between siding with them and with the white ethnic neighborhoods, which would have somewhere else to go (and wit hwhom he has a basic sympathy and identity), he will edge more toward the whites. Thus black power in Chicago

has stayed so small that finally in their anger and bitterness the blacks have a power, but it is a negative one, a power to destroy.

It is really a clash of two different cultures and ethics. Daley is from and of Bridgeport, a small Irish-American community which holds steadfastly to what it was. Going through it, the small bungalows, incredibly well kept up, sparkling with paint, the Blue Star flags in the windows, one has a sense of another time and place in America. Daley has lived in the same house for more than thirty years; he goes home for lunch every day. It is a neighborhood which has produced the last three Mayors of Chicago, and it has an unusually high percentage of people with city jobs. "Just about every house on the street has someone with political connections," one critic says. It is suspicious of outsiders and new ideas; Negroes do not walk its streets at night. Nor do they buy its property.

By dint of much effort, church centered, the property is kept up and the neighborhood is maintained. Negroes are not permitted to buy. A few years ago an unduly liberal resident sold to a Negro and riots resulted, windows were smashed, and the Negro's belongings were bodily moved out and the local Democratic organization moved two whites into the house.

Daley, of course, is better than Bridgeport, but he is still a part of it, and it influences the way he looks at social problems. He is deeply religious, but his religion is pre-Ecumenical, pre-John XXIII, where there is individual sin, but little social sin. He can tolerate small and petty graft, excuse an occasional roaring drunk, a failing of business virtue, but he cannot excuse adultery, and cannot understand or tolerate a man who fathers a family and then deserts it. He seems unable to understand the forces which create these failings.

He is a product of a time when the American ethic was to succeed, and those who didn't succeed at least respected those who did. He does not like poverty programs, in part because they represent a threat to his power—federal money going directly to black neighborhoods, without his control, diluting his base and creating a new base for an organization outside his machine, *financing his opposition*. Moreover, he doesn't think these people, what one lawyer calls "the underclass," are capable of leading and governing. "In his heart of hearts," one longtime associate says, "I think he would like to grab those people by their lapels, shake them and say *Get to work*." Two years ago a nun who was a militant civil-rights activist on the West Side went to see Daley and pleaded with him to come out there, to see the conditions, to look at the schools, to see the children.

"Look, Sister," the Mayor answered, "you and I come from the same background. We know how tough it was. But we picked ourselves up by our bootstraps."

When King Came to Town

The great challenge to Richard Daley's control of Chicago came in 1966 when Martin Luther King came to town. This became an almost classic conflict of two great forces: Daley with a tightly organized American political base—layer supporting layer of organizational structure, votes tangible, deliverable—pitted against a man whose power base was vague by traditional American terms, and was more moral than practical. In the immediate sense Daley certainly won, though the King people have a strong sense of social insight; it may be that years from now people will trace subsequent black victories and black awakenings to forces loosed by King's visit.

There is now some doubt among Chicagoans that Daley's victory was so wise. Some people feel that it was classic shortsightedness, that this time Daley really mixed the two jobs of politician and Mayor and viewed the challenge only as a politician, that King may have represented a chance to help save the city in spite of itself, that he might have helped give the kind of order to the black wards of Chicago that no white man can now do. "I'm not sure if Daley had to do it over again he wouldn't think twice," one reporter said, and then corrected himself. "No, that's me thinking. He'd do the same thing again."

King was unprepared for the immensity and complexity of Chicago. He and his people had never been noted for their organizational skill, but in the past they had operated in middle-sized Southern cities where they had a certain routine—find out who the best local people are, organize through them, pick out your targets, create your enemy, dramatize your fight against him, force them to make the mistakes.

In Chicago it was far more complicated. King just didn't have enough people. The city had different layers and different islands of Negro communities, and most of the existing black establishment saw King as a threat. ("Listen, don't tell us how well King's doing," a City Hall man told a reporter at the beginning of King's drive. "He had only forty people at his meeting last night and twenty of them were ours.")

As for Daley, he would be no Bull Connor; he would not be anyone's easy villain. Where King pushed, he would give way. Above all he would try and protect King and his people. Finally, King and his staff had no precise organizational plan of their own; it was their first venture into the North and they were deliberately biting off more than they could chew. If they could break Chicago, they could make it anywhere.

No Program but a Vision

Early in their drive they invited Leon Despres, a white alderman who is Daley's foremost adversary in Chicago and a man who understands the Daley operation at least as well as the Mayor, to meet with them. Despres went before a large meeting and gave a precise description of how the machine worked—precinct by precinct, ward by ward, where it was vulnerable and what it would require in the way of hard work to beat it for aldermanic and legislative races. When he finished the crowd was enthusiastic. Then the Reverend James Bevel, a King deputy who was in charge of the Chicago program, a brilliant man but something of a mystic, said, "I believe in politics too. But if we do what this man wants then we're descending to the level of the opposition. We can't do that, we can't win and then end up like they are. That's not what we want."

Since Bevel was in charge of the program, the movement became largely speeches and street demonstrations; these demonstrations had their effect, and indeed terrified the white community by unleashing so much hatred. But if King had gone deeper, trying to match the organizational root in 1966, anti-Daley black politicians would probably be having an easier time in 1968.

Daley studied King, watched him move, sensed that he would not respond in a traditionally political way. ("Daley was always a little relieved and grateful that King had not come up here to become Mayor of Chicago," one lawyer said.) Finally, after feeling King out, Daley had a meeting with him. The meeting surprised Daley. He expected King to arrive with a long list of specific proposals (after all, Daley always went places with specific proposals). Daley's own staff was carefully rehearsed, and each member recited just exactly what his department was doing, where each swimming pool was being built.

None of these statistics and briefings had very much effect on King, who was concerned with the broad social ills of Chicago, who felt that Daley treated symptoms rather than causes, and who suspected that Daley was more interested in his machine than his people. The meeting broke up with Daley sure he could take King. "That King," one of Daley's press people said, "he didn't have any program. We had all these programs and we said, 'Why don't you help us? Why don't you do something for your people? Why don't you support Mayor Daley's programs? If you went on television and endorsed them do you realize how much good it would do?' But, oh no, not him. And then that King left, and held a press conference and criticized the Mayor."

Even so, even without political power, King nearly brought Chicago to its knees. His street demonstrations touched off something very ugly in America. White racism exploded in the various ethnic neighborhoods. Day after day the scene repeated itself, the Negroes marching, the whites reacting with rocks and bricks, the replays on television, Daley's police forced again and again to arrest whites. Each day the establishment was more and more worried about the growing white racism.

Finally, King and Daley conferred again; it was the eve of King's proposed march into the tough Cicero neighborhood. As one white liberal described it, "The establishment would have given King almost anything not to make that march—it was worried sick what was going to happen. But King was too Christian, you know, and he was worried in his own mind about the Cicero march and what would happen to his own people and his responsibility for their lives—that's one difference between King and these younger people coming along now, they aren't going to worry very much about it—so he went into that room and the first thing he did was he gave away that Cicero march. They would have given him almost anything not to make it, and he gave it away at the beginning of the meeting." The result was a mild compromise of sorts—one of the usual citizens committees which sparkle throughout Chicago and America.

In the end, King's presence stirred many things in Chicago, including Operation Breadbasket (in which Negroes demanded jobs in proportion to their purchasing power, a very effective economic pressure). But though they encouraged others to challenge the system, and created forces which might someday help destroy the machine, it was a fact that King and his people had not developed a broad base in the poor black areas. In 1968 after King was slain, when the riots ensued and Richard Daley gave his shoot-to-kill order, the bulk of Daley's power was based upon the votes of poor blacks.

The Man Who Swings Cook County

William L. Dawson made Dick Daley Mayor. And probably Harry Truman and John Kennedy President. And endless other smaller officeholders. For generations Bill Dawson has controlled and brokered the black vote in Chicago's South Side, a vote which could swing Cook County, Illinois, and ultimately the nation. Congressman Dawson is a Negro politician of the old school. ("He thinks like a machine man, not like a black man," one critic says.) His part of the machine in the poor black wards of the South Side is particularly well run; machines run better among the poor than among the rich. It is tightly organized. It runs on the basic patronage and the tiny—infinitesimal to white America—economic favors, gifts which went out as a political force in white America some sixteen years ago.

His is an almost classic political story. He is a Georgia Negro gone North; he served in World War I, and was wounded there. (One of his few memorable speeches in recent years came during the Korean war when there was an amendment before the House which would allow reservists to pick their units by race. Dawson delivered an eloquent speech describing his own service, his own wounds and bad medical service, and asked America how long it would inflict second class status on those who were dying for it.) Back to Chicago to work as a tailor, he made a hesitant entry into Republican politics, for the Republicans in those days were the party of the Negroes. He became the most successful precinct captain the Republicans had, and soon an alderman. With the coming of the New Deal and Franklin Roosevelt, he switched to the Democratic party, like many other Negro politicians of that era. He became a part of the Kelly-Nash machine, and hence more and more of a professional politician. ("The Kelly-Nash machine, you know they got their money's worth out of people, you never dealt with them for free," says Sammy Rayner, Dawson's opponent. "They said to him come along, we'll take care of you, and they did and he has never wanted since.")

He soon dominated the entire South Side, and in his time he was considered a great spellbinding speaker. Yet though he has always been for civil rights in his career, he has been under increasing attack from other blacks in the past decade; they feel he has been silent on too many things, and too much of an organization man.

"He's from a different generation," one of his critics says. "He does some good things, but he does them under cover—it's as if he feels there's something to be ashamed about, a black man demanding things. He believes if you make speeches you make enemies." His opponents feel mainly that his organization has helped neutralize any new forces in the black community. Even his seniority in Congress—twenty-five years and chairman of the important Government Operations Committee—has done the Negro little good, they believe. A recent Urban League report cited Dawson, though not by name, as symbolic of the frustration of black people in Chicago: ". . . theoretically he is in a more strategic position to influence government operations than any other Chicago Congressman. Yet only 2 per cent of the top federal jobs located in Chicago were held by Negroes in 1965. Such limits on the ability of an individual to act for major race ends is grounded in his dependency on the institution either to maintain his post or to gain minor racial concessions. . . ."

In recent years Dawson's power has been limited even within the machine. At one time he was a broker for all the Negro aldermen, but several years ago Daley, not wanting any subbrokers in Chicago, made alliances with other Negroes which broke part of Dawson's power. In addition there has been some criticism of Dawson by nonreform blacks who feel he has permitted Italians to take over the rackets in the South Side and hence sold out his own people.*

Dawson is old now; his age is listed at eighty-two, and some people believe he may even be ninety. He suffered a stroke several years ago and he does not see the public very often now. His office is often closed, he has little contact with civil-rights leaders. When a group of Chicago businessmen visited him in late May, they were stunned to hear him talk about Martin Luther King as if King were still alive. "That King is stealing money from these people and sending it to a bank in Geneva," he told them.

Thus by any normal standards, given the rising feeling in the ghettos, defeating Dawson in

*The Urban League report adds: "Exclusion of Negroes is not limited to legal and legitimate spheres of activity. Thirty years ago gambling was one of the few areas in which Negroes held tangible power. Although the Syndicate with its billion dollar a year Chicago operation was not included in this formal survey, it is worthwhile noting recent data on the structure of this organization which wields power and political influence. No Negroes held positions among the alleged thirteen leaders in the crime Syndicate. There are five Negroes in the Chicago Crime Commission's 1967 list of 216 major Syndicate members; only one of these is reputed to have even minor authority. . . ."

the primary should be relatively easy. It isn't. Though he does not campaign at all in the traditional sense, the machine virtually runs itself; there are some strong deputies to Dawson who find the present situation very profitable and are not about to see it disappear.

There are some chinks—the changing temper of Negroes, the increasing number of the Negro middle class, with the middle class votes strongly anti-Dawson (the District is gerrymandered to keep whites out). But much of the District is still poor. The Negroes live on welfare and in public housing ("high-rise vertical dungeons," one young Negro calls them) and they are frightened. They have been told over and over again they will lose their welfare and their housing by representatives of the organization, who also happen to sell them their insurance, visiting them monthly since Negro insurance is not sold long-term.

Thus the pols keep a close and friendly touch on the poor; they know every name and make sure every name votes. "Man, you whites think that King and those other preachers know these people," one black organization worker told a reporter recently. "They don't know these people. These people here, they don't want no talk. They can't eat that. You think any of these new preachers ever visited these people? They're too busy talking to white people like you. We talk to these people and we know them. We the ones get it done. Remember that. We the ones get it done." These poor housing developments turn out votes of twenty to one for the machine.

A Dissenter Makes News

The signs of Alabama A. A. (Sammy) Rayner say very simply: "If not Sammy . . . Who? If not now . . . When?" Rayner is something unique in Chicago, white or black. He is an open and strong-willed opponent of the machine, working in a rough alliance with another Negro, Bill Cousins, and Despres as the Opposition. Rayner, fifty, does not need to be a politician. He is an undertaker and with his father owns four funeral homes. He entered the race, he says, because there was no one else to do it. Four years ago he ran against Dawson and made a surprisingly good race: Dawson received 46,000 and Rayner, one of four others running, got 24,000. ("Sammy's a bit of a nut, you know," one white politician says. "If I had run that well against Dawson I'd have called it victory and made the machine deal with me, but no, Sammy Rayner got up there and told us he'd been defeated.")

Since then he has been elected to the City Council, knocking off one of Dawson's people. In the Council he fights Daley regularly, despite the frequent opportunity to play ball with the machine. One benefit of his opposition is that he, Despres, and Cousins get very good television coverage. Since most of the Council goes along with everything Daley does (one member simply attends and at every meeting keeps saying, "Thank God for Mayor Daley, Thank God for Mayor Daley!") the dissenters make the news.

He has other things going for him. In an area where there is a tradition of dissenting politicians soon selling out, Rayner had stayed clean. In addition, though he is successful and has the backing of the middle class, he is a free-spirited and joyous man. (When I arrived the first thing he did was show me a postcard showing some African Watusi on the cover, and saying, "Dear Alderman. This is your brother. He needs your ability to build slums because you are the best at it.") He talks easily with all blacks. "Sammy," one young man with a natural haircut said, "talks good soul."

Yet he has enormous problems, based on the traditional divisions within the black community. When he first announced for the race, the young Black Nationalists told him not to run against another black man, that he was playing into the white man's hands. (Part of the reason was that some of the Nationalists were more loyal to Gus Savage, a black man making a highly possible race against a white incumbent in another district. It was a decision among some people in the black community to make the Savage race the priority campaign.)

Now in the last week in May, with the election scheduled for June 11, some of the Nationalists and younger kids were beginning to come around for Rayner ("Well, can you imagine them with their natural-style hairdos walking into the machine offices and working there?" Rayner laughed.) On occasions in his uphill fight Rayner was a little optimistic, but few of his white friends were. "Sammy doesn't even have voter lists," one said. "You know, lists of every voter in every building. That's what makes it go round in this city."

(To a degree this formula was right; when the primary vote finally came in, Dawson ran strongly enough in the housing developments to win, 28,038 to 18,573; it was the closest anyone had come since the insurgents started going after Dawson in 1962, and Dawson's own vote was down about 15,000 votes from the total he received in

the 1966 primary. But the machine marched on.)

It is a difficult campaign run at many levels. It is not well financed. Rayner, a peace candidate, thought he was going to get money from white people opposed to the war, but when President Johnson pulled out the money dried up. One night in late May, with four stops at middle-class houses where receptions were being organized over a current school fight, was typical. The meetings were quite proper, and Rayner was trying to get people to work and vote for him: "You know, I was with Charles Evers in Mississippi and down there black people weren't allowed to vote, and Charles can't understand us, no he can't understand it at all, what we do up here where we can vote, and we don't do anything." There is a murmur of assent from the people in the room. One of the women scribbles down the name of a Dawson precinct captain who wants to come over. "I've had a lot of them lately, these old boys. They lost a lot of jobs in the county, because the Republicans have county offices and when jobs go, why it's Negro jobs which go first," he says. Another woman, worried because in her polling place the Dawson people always hand out fried chicken and canned peas, asked one final question. What should she do? "Eat the chicken and vote for me," Rayner says.

"You Frightened?"

On to the next meeting. This one also middle-class. Most of the people here have made a nominal success in America; with husband and wife working, the incomes are probably over $12,000 a year, and yet they still live in ghettos with terrible schools and problems of crime. When the Jews and Irish made it, they were able to move to better neighborhoods; when the Negroes make it, they are still boxed in. There is particular anger at this meeting because the high school, less than ten years old, is now at 200 per cent of capacity and the floors are all condemned.

Rayner talks to them about this, about the need to have their own representatives, and he jokes with them about the difference between being black and Negro: "The other day Bill Cousins [Harvard-educated] was talking before the City Council and he started saying, 'The Negroes of Chicago feel, I beg your pardon the blacks of Chicago . . .' " Another young Negro, running for the state legislature, is there and he talks against the new black mood for separatism. His remarks seem to go over reasonably well at the meeting. But later Rayner says the young man will have to learn to cool the integration thing, it isn't th time and place for it; they want to hear separa tism now—"Maybe the other will come back som day."

Late at night the last stop is at a Nationalis meeting, which also seems to be a discotheque Everyone is in Mod-Afro dress with natura hair styles. It is dark (fortunately for me) an the air is filled with bitter anti-white rhetoric Rayner is welcomed with real enthusiasm. "Nov there are these politicians, and they are *Negro* politicians, and we know what *Negro* means,' one young man is saying. "It means they worl for the white man instead of the black man Means they work in the white man's kitchens We have here a man who's black. A black politician. At least he's pretty black. Sammy Rayner. Sammy does some of the things that all politicians have to do, but he has to. But he's blacker than most. So our black friend, our soul brother, Sammy Rayner."

Rayner is a little annoyed by the introduction, but he smiles and acknowledges it nevertheless. He does not speak. Then on with black rhetoric. It is very ugly, and I am a little frightened, not so much for myself as for what is happening in this country. Rayner pushes me over to a dim corner and tells me to sit down. He stands in front of me so that the speakers will not see me and use me as a foil. The words spew out: "Kill the honkies. They like to kill niggers, we'll kill the honkies . . . We got soul, we got beauty, black people come to soul like flies come to sugar. . . . And so the honkies are like snakes and maybe they don't think they're snakes, but if its grandmother was a snake, and its mother was a snake, maybe it's a snake too, and so if they're going to get me, why on the way I'm goin' to kill me some snakes."

There is more rhetoric, all of it curiously disjointed, and the moment it stops we slip away. Rayner looks at me. "You frightened?" he asks. "Yes," I answer, for it reminds me of being in Bessemer, Alabama, at Klan meetings. "All they do is talk," he says, "just talk. Probably anything happened they'd all disappear. Probably none of them is registered to vote."

* * *

Three days later I had lunch with a Negro youth leader from the same area. The leader is a well-known militant. He is angry about black powerlessness. At the end I asked him about how good Sammy Rayner's chances were. "Not too good," he said. "When is that election? November?"

Larry L. King

LINDSAY OF NEW YORK

The Republican reformer who runs this vast and unmanageable metropolis has gone into the streets in turbulent times to seek out his constituency. America, he fears, has little time remaining to do something about its urban blight and neglected people.

Sometimes in the better regions of New York City there are spring days of such sudden sun and splendor that the austerities of winter are little more than a blur on the memory. On those days there is no sweeter garden than Central Park when viewed from the Fifth Avenue side in the East Sixties, where the Nelson Rockefellers and the Richard Nixons live their good lives in lofty stone towers.

There is no smog on such days, no race-baiting taxi drivers, no threats of subway strikes or unremoved garbage. Nor is there any suggestion of street muggers, rapists (four per day), murderers (two daily), narcotics addicts (perhaps 100,000), traffic nightmares, sub-par schools, or Times Square deviates. The miserable black hells of Harlem, Bedford-Stuyvesant, and Brownsville, where postmen delivering welfare checks twice monthly are escorted by armed plainclothesmen, seem worlds away. Such idyllic times and places are almost dangerous, for they disguise reality and deny the darker New York world—sordid, bleak, restless, corrupting and corrupted—so common now to the eyes of John Vliet Lindsay.

"They say the Presidency is the world's toughest job," the Mayor of New York City said on just such a day this spring as he hurried down the City Hall steps toward yet another luncheon speech, "but the Presidency is so wonderfully insulated. In this job everyone has access to you. There's no escape." More than any other New York Mayor (including the chesty La Guardia) he has gone into the streets to seek out his constituency. In so doing he has disdained protection and exposed himself to as many dangers as the late Robert Kennedy. With the possible exception of Cleveland's Mayor Carl Stokes, a Negro, Lindsay is the only metropolitan Mayor credited with almost single-handedly cooling the black ghettos through what Bill Buckley, the conservative icon, disdains as "streetwalking."

Some critics deride John Lindsay's ghetto walks as publicity gimmicks. Old-line Harlem politicians and con men, passed over by Lindsay's person-to-person approach and thus robbed of patronage and prestige, complain that he is being manipulated by a handful of "bought-off" black militants. Lindsay admits that many whites "think of me as a nigger-lover." Criticism even comes from men of good will: Tim Cooney, a former member of the City Hall ruling class under both Lindsay and ex-Mayor Robert Wagner, credits Lindsay with excellent intentions, but calls his walks "mindless substitutes in the absence of any real intellectual approaches to problems. Neither Lindsay nor the men around him are intellectual. They are men of action unfortunately prone to ride off without considering whether they are heading in the right direction."

Lindsay himself has few illusions that his celebrated strolls will forever suffice; he has remarked that "luck and rain" may have cooled New York in a time when lesser cities have had their most violent insurrections. "It's a finger-in-the-dike operation," he says. "I hope my example inspires our city employees to more personalized public service, and I think it shows my concern and my efforts to communicate. But walking isn't everything. We do a million things you never hear about."

Last spring the Mayor established an Urban Task Force (growing out of his Summer Task Force of 1966) designed to minister to eighteen particularly troubled areas through local units capable of heading off racial explosions. Subsidized largely by private funds, the Task Force works through street gangs, black militants, and neighborhood block associations as well as a few newly adjusted old-line politicians. More than a thousand city employees and volunteers participate each week in bus trips, neighborhood cleanup programs, sunset "soul cruises" around Manhattan Island aboard sightseeing boats, and baseball clinics. There are movies, theater, dancing, and poetry readings in the streets. Sugar Ray Robinson, Roy Campanella, Lionel Hampton, and Sammy Davis, Jr. are among many prominent Negroes donating their talents. Where it is appropriate, Negro or Puerto Rican contributions to the arts are stressed, and African culture is reviewed through plays and lectures. Certain streets, parks, or playgrounds are roped off for organized activities. All told, Mayor Lindsay has persuaded business and labor leaders to provide $750,000 and three thousand jobs under the Task Force program. He also persuaded some eighty financial institutions to pledge a one-million-dollar mortgage pool to help the residents of Bedford-Stuyvesant, in Brooklyn, to buy or rehabilitate their homes, and convinced IBM to open a computer cable factory there providing three hundred new jobs. "Lindsay helps," Charley X. Kenyetta, leader of a military-like outfit known as the Harlem Mau-Maus, says. "He'll leave Gracie Mansion on five minutes' notice and he'll talk to the bottom of the barrel."

"If New York Blows First"

The Mayor's main lines of communication to the alienated poor or to dissident groups are kept open by his two "ambassadors to riots and demonstrations": Barry Gottehrer, journalist formerly with *Newsweek* and the *Herald Tribune*, and Sid Davidoff, a lawyer who wrestled as a heavyweight at the City University of New York, later taught political science there, and briefly was a legislative assistant to former Senator Kenneth Keating. These are brash young men, and not everyone loves them. Newspaper editorials have sometimes been critical and more than one City Hall Democrat has called for their heads.

"We started out dealing with people who were less than respectful to us," Davidoff says. "Now we're accused of being too buddy-buddy with hoodlums and whores. The police have criticized us for hanging out in joints where dope is said to be pushed, and for marching in antiwar parades. Well, we can't do our jobs at the Colony Club or in the Russian Tea Room. I'm not a cop: it's not my job to finger dope pushers. And when we're seen at antiwar parades we're there to act as go-betweens. If we know what the demonstrators plan and what the cops plan we can generally coordinate matters so that nobody's hurt." Not always, however. During a melee attendant to Columbia University's student uprising, one of about one hundred young "Bluejackets" (named for the blue coats they wear with "Mayor's Office" stitched on them) was severely beaten.

"You'll hear every possible rumor about us," Barry Gottehrer says. "They say we're colonialists buying off black militants with bags full of money. This is simply untrue. We don't have that kind of bread. And if you try to buy somebody on the street there's no assurance he'll *stay* bought. Actually, our work is much less dramatic. We get kids jobs, play ball with them, open street academies, arrange for bus outings. We've always got about fifteen young guys walking the streets of their home areas trying to cool it and listening for rumbles. They've got to trust us and we've got to trust them."

Trust is often attained by not losing one's own personal cool or by observing the code of the underworld. Shortly after Gottehrer and Davidoff began their work, a black militant of dubious reputation faced them down in a Harlem gin mill. "The time is coming when I'll fight you in the street," he said. "I was a Black Nationalist at age six, a Muslim at eight, a soldier at sixteen. I'm anti-white and anti-Zionist. Within three years, Whitey Jewboy, I may have to kill you." Nobody said anything for a while, and then Davidoff replied, "Okay man, that's three years from now. Meanwhile, what can we do to cool it in the streets?" The militant black man has since been persuaded to work in harmony with the City Hall team.

Mayor Lindsay is disturbed that many have criticized him for being "soft" on rioters, looters, or other troublemakers. He shuns the comparison begging to be made between his own attitude ("We are not going to shoot children in New

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York City") and that of Chicago's Mayor Daley, whom some have accused of encouraging his policemen to shoot first and save their questions for the inquest. "People arbitrarily place you at one of two extreme poles," Lindsay says. "There's not that much difference in my views and Mayor Daley's. We both want law and order. Do you know that we arrested five hundred persons within the first two or three hours of our one major disturbance in New York? No? Well, see, nobody does."

We were flying down to Washington on an Eastern Airlines shuttle, Lindsay scheduled to participate in a conference of Mayors demanding more federal funds for their sick cities, and he spoke softly perhaps because airline hostesses and curious passengers repeatedly paused by his seat wearing big smiles and bigger ears. "New York or Chicago or any other big city could ignite tomorrow. There are incidents that could act as a trigger every day. If New York blows first, the press will charge that my 'soft' policies failed. If it happens in Chicago first, they'll write that Daley's 'hard-line' tactics were at fault. In either case it will be an oversimplification, and unfair."

The Reformer's Accomplishments

More than two years ago John V. Lindsay, a Republican by name if not by nature, became the "fusion" Mayor of a city where registered Democrats outnumber Republicans 2,400,000 to 700,000. His opponents variously called him "Pretty Boy" or "Destiny's Tot" or "Mr. Clean." He was derided for referring to New York City, with its 85,000 tons of soot and other foreign matter falling from the sky each year, as "Fun City."

Today Lindsay is perhaps proudest of having restored a measure of stability to the city's shaky financial underpinnings. "When I took office the city's capital reserves were down to $53,000—that's the same as you having only fifteen cents in your bank account. We've built our reserves up to around $80 million. New York City was $500 million in the red—Mayor Wagner borrowed even for current operating expenses and we've been paying those debts off at $50 million per year. ("Hell, he even bought *pencils* on credit," Lindsay declared after his first look at the City's books).

He has gone a long way toward reorganizing the city's incredibly tangled and often self-serving bureaucracies (reducing fifty-one departments to ten), and has attracted some 500 bright young middle-management types to city government—the first mass infusion of managerial blood since Depression days. The New York City police force, largest in the world, has been increased from 27,000 to 30,000 men, and the Mayor plans to add 3,000 more within the year; despite opposition from the clannish Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, the Mayor broke up the cozy "Irish Mafia" cliques that long ruled police precinct houses. Lindsay brought forth a city income tax which was bitterly opposed in the suburbs, but which forces the suburbanite who makes his money in New York City to contribute to its upkeep.

If Lindsay has not eliminated Midtown Manhattan's traffic snarls he has—by towing away 40,000 illegally parked vehicles and hitting violators with stiff fines—at least mitigated them. Through funds supplied by corporations and foundations he has established six neighborhood "Little City Halls," operating out of storefronts and each staffed by two city employees and local volunteers.* His administration has enacted the nation's most stringent anti-air-pollution law and has convinced Con Edison—perhaps the Interplanetary Air Pollution Champion—to switch to a fuel containing less than one per cent sulphur dioxide. By closing Central Park and six others to Sunday traffic the Mayor has restored the parks to their role of sanctuary against the rush of the city.

Critics argue that New York's new housing fails to keep pace with the city's needs. Lindsay responds that "the housing pipeline was empty when I came in" and claims that by the end of the year he will have started 25,000 new units while completing "six or seven thousand—the largest number in a decade." He boasts of building "better-quality housing than any city has in the past. We're abating taxes on the land, we're not going so heavy for high-rises. Nobody will be ashamed to live in the houses we're building. They get away from the old 'project' concept."

Considering that Democrats hold a thirty-to-seven majority on the Council, that former Mayor Wagner had convinced the world that New York City is an ungovernable, unmanageable mess, and that New York City may indeed *be* an ungovernable, unmanageable mess, then John Lindsay (forty-six, handsome, presumably ambitious) may be said to have performed well enough to invite higher honors.

Early this spring, after Governor Rockefeller's Alphonse-and-Gaston campaign struck pitifully

*City Council Democrats, fearful the "Little City Halls" would evolve into Lindsay campaign headquarters, thwarted the Mayor's attempts to fund them with tax money.

few Presidential sparks, and in a moment when Richard Nixon seemed curiously impotent, some Republicans began to think of Lindsay as a potential Presidential candidate. Sid Davidoff, who in addition to haunting the ghettos dispenses Lindsay's political patronage, is said to have kept careful tabs on GOP delegates or potential delegates to the national convention. Lindsay himself insisted that he would go to Miami as a "plain-vanilla Republican delegate"—pledged to Rockefeller—and professed to covet no larger role. At least one of his top assistants, however, was preparing for any eventuality in this crazy political year. "We've been showing the Mayor off," he admitted. "If there should happen to be a convention deadlock—well, they will at least have *seen* John Lindsay."

Lindsay now knows (as he once naïvely seemed not to know) that New York City's massive problems will not be met within his stewardship, and may not be wholly satisfied by Judgment Day, He has learned that individuals and special-interest groups are not above foot-dragging and demagoguery, when ambitions collide. He could not sweep out bureaucratic deadwood in his reorganization scheme because of protective Civil Service regulations, nor could he authorize his Sanitation crews to ticket illegally parked vehicles—on the grounds they make efficient street cleaning impossible—without consent of the State Assembly. He is aware that the progressive reform Mayor must do business behind the door with labor, Wall Street, black militants, minor czars of the Bronx or Brooklyn, dissident students, Washington, the Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, the proud and sensitive Liberal party, and the reactionary shopkeepers of Queens.

Lindsay learned to accommodate those time-consuming ceremonial functions which once so nettled him. Within one spring week he received —apparently cheerfully—members of the New York Mets plugging a charity baseball game, opened a new school for the blind, gave a cocktail party for New York Congressmen and their assistants and a formal dinner for a famous composer, greeted visitors to City Hall ranging from the senior class of New Orleans' Sacred Heart High School to the Mayor of Moscow, dined at Le Pavillon with the men who mediated the 1966 transit strike, inspected mini-cabs made in England which were said to cut down air pollution as well as occupy less space (thus drawing blasts from New York taxi drivers and Detroit's big-car manufacturers), and accepted four plaques from fraternal organizations.

Though Lindsay has called New York City "a storehouse of the nation's superlatives" and proselytes even among visiting reporters ("You should move to New York. It's where the action is. Your wife would love our theater"), there are moments when his shoulders slump. "Some people once assumed all racial prejudice to be confined to the South," he said recently, "but there are bigots in New York the same as in Alabama." A few months ago, riding in a helicopter above Manhattan after a particularly tedious day, Mayor Lindsay silently took in the smoky, jammed, and indifferent stone mass below. Then, unsmiling, he turned his thumb down, held his nose with one hand, and with the other pulled an invisible chain to flush the whole of New York City down some gigantic drain.

An Afternoon with Constituents

One afternoon this May the Mayor's helicopter came into view over the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge, one hour ahead of sundown and twenty minutes behind schedule. Men waiting on the pampered greens of a Brooklyn golf course began to straighten their ties, cock their caps, or give last-minute rubdowns to their badges. A police captain conferred with a lieutenant, who in turn spoke to a sergeant, who then rudely commanded a cop without any trappings of rank. Such strict devotion to the chain-of-command enabled a tiny segment of the NYPD to get open the right rear door of the Mayor's limousine.

John Lindsay, a long lean figure against the sun, would have made an excellent target as he ducked to avoid the chopper blades, coattail billowing in the helicopter's backwash. A group of his civilian aides huddled apart from the nervous policemen. Lindsay crossed toward the cops in long, loping strides and smiled reassuringly. He shook all available hands while Sid Davidoff crowded close to say, "We're twenty minutes late. Don't forget to stop in So-and-So's furniture store and say hello to Such-and-Such. It's cool in Brownsville the last we heard."*

Like most of Lindsay's community visitations, this foray into Brooklyn was unannounced. Rolling in a four-car caravan to the prosperous stretch of shops where he would march up and down, hopefully collecting Pied Piper crowds, the Mayor studied a staff memo presumably con-

* A reference to a crisis in the predominantly Negro Brownsville-Ocean Hill school district, prompted by the disputed firing of 19 teachers and administrators by a local board against the wishes of the New York Board of Education and the teacher's union.

taining the last word on Bay Ridge. "This is a community of successful businessmen, white-collar or professional people," a Lindsay man briefed an outlander. "Jews . . . Italians . . . Irish. Some Syrians. Buckley ran pretty well over here."

Lindsay stood at the intersection of 86th Street and 4th Avenue, hands in his pockets, his eyes flitting here and there: seeing everything, or possibly nothing. The sons and daughters of Bay Ridge stopped to ogle, though no one made any greetings. One was reminded of those cold, closed looks reserved for transient strangers who suddenly appear on the main streets of crossroad Southern or Southwestern towns, suspect because they wear neckties in the middle of the week. Indeed, John Lindsay's six-feet, three-inch-and-a-fraction height as he stood alone on the corner, rather aloofly ignoring his cool-eyed subjects, was a Gary Cooper scene: the new Federal Marshal, grim-jawed and still covered with trail dust, showing himself to the citizens of the erring village he has pledged to tame or sweep clean.

The Gracie Mansion cowboy rocked on the balls of his feet; with a nod of his head he motioned over two staff deputies. ("Whatcha gonna do, Marshal?" Pause. Scuffling of dust with one booted toe. "Wal, Boys, Ah believe Ah'll mosey over to the Red Dog Saloon and drink me a sasparella.") The Mayor turned to dog-trot across the street to an open-front lunch counter. A curious if reserved crowd collected as Lindsay—his eyes somehow sightless and his familiar face apparently unrecognized by the hefty tired-blood blonde serving him—had his sasparella in the form of an ice-cream bar.

"My, he's so *handsome*," a passing matron whispered. "May I shake his hand?" "That's what he's here for," a Lindsay aide said. Suddenly the matron was shouting that he shouldn't dare raise taxes because high taxes were breaking the good family man. "I'm having a few problems myself," Lindsay said, smiling. The woman disappeared without her handshake.

John Lindsay's elongated, slender hands moved restlessly: coat button, tie, hair. One remembered those same self-conscious gestures from John F. Kennedy's moments of public unease. The Mayor paused at the entrance to a lamp store. "How's business?" he called jovially. "*What?*" the proprietor bellowed, as if perhaps he'd been indecently propositioned. Lindsay repeated himself. "So business is business," the storekeeper said, shrugging. Lindsay shrugged back and moved on to a dress shop. A stately blonde seized the Mayor's hand, pumping it enough to raise water, and said she played tennis at the same courts the Mayor frequented. "Good," Lindsay said, "fine."

A Jewish mother straight out of Bruce Jay Friedman tugged at the Mayor's elbow: "You *eat*," she instructed, "and take care of yourself." Lindsay laughed in obvious enjoyment before turning to monitor the multiple complaints of a young, apron-wrapped butcher: excessive taxes, the crying need for Law and Order, the bullying power of labor unions. "We have certain obligations and responsibilities," Lindsay began, and along about the part where the Mayor almost had Injustice run out of town on a rail and Poverty crying for mercy the young butcher's eyes glazed over and his lip curled. Somebody on the fringe asked why all the taxes came out of white pockets only to be spent in black neighborhoods. "We have three hundred years of neglect to pay for," Lindsay said, and half the sidewalk audience was shuffling in impatience. "You should see the reception he gets in Harlem," a worried Lindsay aide whispered. "It turns him on and *he* responds." Obviously there was little to turn the Mayor on in Bay Ridge, though a few squealing teen-agers extracted autographs without complaining of taxes or garbage service.

Ten or fifteen minutes later, in Bensonhurst (an older, seedier section of Brooklyn, where elevated trains thunder and vintage trash clots the gutters), the Mayor pounced on three abandoned cardboard boxes and deposited them in a mesh-wire basket. For three blocks he walked unrecognized and once again one became aware of how truly faceless New Yorkers are to each other. Just as it seemed that New York's Mayor might stroll all the way to Canarsie unremarked, a small boy sounded the alarm. People spilled out of storefront apartments and small shops, much warmer than their Bay Ridge cousins, speaking in a profusion of tongues: Lindsay conversed easily in French with one woman, haltingly tested his less-fluent Spanish on another. He signed autographs, munched pastry, warmly greeted a Brooklyn politician, and assured a group of painted teen-age dolls that he judges The Beatles "great."

Canarsie lies at the end of the world, which places it perhaps thirty car miles from Midtown Manhattan—or approximately one billion light-years away from Truman Capote's ball or the St. Regis bar. High-rise housing projects—home for workingmen and their families—emerge from bleak flat stretches once claimed by marsh grass, sand dunes, and simple sea life. "You won't see many Negroes out here," a Lindsay assistant whispered. "These people live out here to avoid

them." As the Mayor and two reporters walked at the point of a ten-man entourage they met a little girl about ten years old and a younger boy. The girl's eyes brightened in sudden recognition; Lindsay stopped and smiled. Pointing at one of the three men she shouted. "*Look!* That's Manny Perlmutter of the *New York Times*."

It was the Mayor's last laugh in Canarsie. Quite suddenly his party was encircled by loud and scruffy teen-agers. Many wore faded football jerseys, tight blue jeans or khakis, pompadoured hair, and sneers. "Hey," one youth shouted, "what's Lind-say doing *heah?* This ain't Bedford-Stuyvesant." A hard-eyed young girl in slacks and a soiled sweat shirt looked the Mayor's attendants over: "I guess all *these* boobs are his bodyguards. He may need 'em." When the Mayor met two teen-agers in front of a burger stand—one Negro and one white—he shook the black boy's hand first. "What's the matter, Rollie?" somebody taunted the white boy. "Ain't your ass black enough?"

If either Lindsay or the Negro detective trailing him by three paces heard, they gave no sign. Within fifteen minutes John Lindsay was headed to a Forest Hills synagogue where he would receive its Prophet Isaiah Award for promoting Brotherhood.

The Super Cabinet in Session

Gracie Mansion, traditional home of New York's Mayors, is a restored white Colonial-style house situated in a green and well-attended park overlooking the East River in Manhattan. There are lovely yellow tulips, magnificent old trees, and a stunning view of water, boats, and bridges. Mayor Lindsay rarely enjoys the view. He normally arises by 7:00 A.M., jogging around a large bedroom and grunting through calisthenics; his day generally ends with a 1:00 A.M. television news summary.

The Mayor spends most of his evenings at official functions or dinners. He rarely eats at them, preferring instead a light snack ("soup or something equally simple" prepared on a hot plate in his Gracie Mansion office. Before eating he usually has two highballs while signing mail and returning the day's accumulated telephone calls. After dinner the Mayor is likely to polish off a small ocean of cold milk and relax with one of the several small cigars he smokes daily.

The four Lindsay children (three girls and one boy, ranging in age from eight to seventeen) may be in bed when their father returns home. Mary Lindsay, an athletic, slender woman with blondish-brown hair and a tart tongue when offended, accompanies her husband to many evening events, perhaps on the theory that she otherwise would never see him.

On Tuesday mornings the Mayor's "Super Cabinet"—heads of the ten major city departments—gather in the Blue Room, a basement study in Gracie Mansion, along with a half-dozen of Lindsay's assistants. These meetings are closed to the working press; only rarely does Lindsay publicly comment on the subjects discussed. "This is where we do our plotting," he remarked one spring morning as his underlings helped themselves to coffee and sweet rolls before taking their places at a long conference table. Though the Mayor had slept less than five hours, he was informal and full of quick smiles, calling the Cabinet members by their first names, and most of them addressed him as "John." Frequently, however, he nervously jiggled and snapped a ball-point pen, or dropped his hands under the conference table to crack his knuckles. Little ridges of muscle often contracted and jumped along his jawline.

An aide reported that Negro residents in the Brownsville-Ocean Hill school district had physically barred the nineteen displaced teachers and administrators from the school: "We don't know what might happen. There's a lot of tension out there." He blamed a teachers' union official, who had attacked Mayor Lindsay in the press, with contributing to the tensions. "He's been totally irresponsible," Lindsay said. The Mayor commented that the State Assembly should establish guidelines of authority for the community boards, which he had himself encouraged as an experimental move toward more "home rule" for New York City. (Lindsay feels that local communities in large cities must be permitted, so far as possible, to "control their own destinies and become involved in their public institutions.") "We'll have to go slow out there," he said of the Brooklyn school dispute. The Mayor next solicited a report from Police Commissioner Howard Leary on a program funded by the Ford Foundation to provide civilian women in police precinct houses to act as go-betweens between policemen and local residents; Leary was encouraged by the experiment. There followed a report on the demolition of condemned buildings.

The Mayor's Washington representative, who lobbies for federal grants, was gloomy over the future of the "safe-streets" bill. "The Republicans are united against direct grants to the cities," he said. "They want to continue funneling them

through the state governments. We may lose Senator Javits on this one." Lindsay sat straight in his chair: "My God, *that* would be a disaster." Somebody said sourly that well, perhaps Senator Javits had not yet received his campaign contribution from Governor Rockefeller. Everybody broke up, including the Mayor.

The Washington agent then reported that nobody had been able to jar Congress loose from much-needed millions for the Urban Cities program, though "Vice President Humphrey says he's for it." Lindsay shook his head: "That doesn't mean a thing. He's running for office." Barry Gottehrer reported: "I called So-and-So on the Vice President's staff and told him if he *really* wants to help he should attack President Johnson for not pushing the program and for standing still for Congressional cuts in the funding." Lindsay said something that sounded like *Woosh*, flung his hands out in a get-away-from-me gesture, and laughed without real mirth at such political boobery.

J. Lee Rankin, the City's lawyer, delivered a reasoned if dry report on studies into how best to process massive numbers of persons charged with riot-connected crimes. Lindsay then refereed a twenty-minute dispute between Budget and Personnel over proposed salary and grade scales for city employees. He ended it by saying, "I'm not prepared to put a stamp of approval on this plan this morning."

At 9:12 A.M. he called an end to the Cabinet session—without, one realized, having made on the record either a major or a minor decision.

Unpopular with GOP Regulars

It is an incongruous sight to see John Lindsay (wealthy, Episcopalian, Yale: the WASP incarnate) in the pulpit of a Harlem Baptist Church. One doubts whether even the Reverend Adam Clayton Powell or Elmer Gantry could conduct such services with more vigor or dedication to the rituals of the Old Time Religion. Lindsay—who often serves various pulpits as a lay minister, and who in his youth was a choirboy—runs the holy show: he reads the Biblical text, leads hymns, prays, and preaches the sermon. He is likely to mix in a little sociological scripture, flaying bigots and poverty as well as Satan. He sways on the platform, he chants, he claps his hands; he asks rhetorical questions that the parishioners may answer with satisfying shouts of "Yes, Brother!" or "Do, Lord!" or "A-men!"

In more sedate pulpits he is another man. Recently, accepting in his home church the Bishop's Cross for Distinguished Service from the Episcopal Bishop of New York (who introduced him as "young and attractive and almost eleven feet tall"), John Lindsay was quiet, dignified, every inch the Young Statesman and the Yale Man as he talked somberly of the alienated poor and called on his fellow Episcopalians to show the way in humanitarian conduct.

One should not deduce that John Lindsay is either a bleeding heart softy or the complete choirboy: he can turn mean. To TV reporter Mort Dean, interviewing him outside a church during his 1966 campaign in a manner Lindsay found offensive, he said, "You don't know what you're talking about, you son-of-a-bitch. Don't try to interview me again." When a reporter wrote that "the White Knight was up-tight"—*i.e.*, Lindsay was tense—during a recent crisis, the Mayor bawled him out in barroom terms. Though generally cool even when heckled, Lindsay once lost his temper at a rally in Queens when baited as a "Communist" and shouted to his detractors, "You're finks. You're fairies. *Fairies!*" Once during the mayoralty campaign Lindsay, told by his brother David that he was giving unsatisfactory answers to public questions, snapped, "Only the *candidate* has the right to shout in this room. Do you want to sit in my chair, Dave? Will you take my place, Dave, and explain what *you* will substitute for the sales tax? Will you?"

John Lindsay's interest in politics began early and naturally, encouraged by a father who railed at the dinner table of the need for reformists brave enough to buck the Tammany tiger; as a small boy Lindsay visited Mayor La Guardia in his City Hall offices and gravely talked politics with him. One of his first acts as Mayor was to rescue from some City Hall dungeon an oil painting of La Guardia and one of his old desks, which he promptly installed in his own office.

After the Navy, law school, and a spell of practicing law, Lindsay was elected president of the New York Young Republicans' Club. He was active in the 1952 Eisenhower campaign and was rewarded with the job of administrative assistant to Attorney General Herbert Brownell. He came home to run for Congress in Manhattan's so-called silk-stocking district, upsetting the GOP organization and taking the 1958 general election by 7,800 votes. Two years later he won by 26,000 votes and in 1962 more than doubled that margin. In 1964 he received a staggering 71 per cent of the vote, winning by a margin of 91,000, even as Barry Goldwater, heading the GOP ticket, badly lost the district. Lindsay disavowed Goldwater as

did Governor Rockefeller, Senator Javits, and then-Senator Kenneth Keating.

Lindsay loved Washington: "We had a beautiful home out in Cleveland Park and a grand family life." He was not so crazy about Congress, where, as a junior member of a liberal minority in the minority party, he was without special influence or opportunity. The House of Representatives, by virtue of the seniority system, encourages drones, party hacks, and chair-warmers. This inspires neither the activist, the bright young reformer, nor the idealist; there is a touch of all three in Lindsay.

Congressman Lindsay was suspect in the view of GOP regulars because of a liberalism that placed him on the side of the Kennedy Administration more often than not. He cast such un-Republican votes as one to repeal "right-to-work" laws and to abolish the cynical and ineffective House Un-American Activities Committees; he was among the supporters of Medicare, nuclear-test-ban treaties, federal aid to education, civil-rights bills; he became known as something of a civil-libertarian radical. Southern Democrats, in a time when a rising GOP tide threatened their conservative backwater districts, held Lindsay up as a horrible example: he opposed the oil-depletion allowance and was one of two Congressmen who voted against a ban on Communist periodicals being sold in the U. S.

"By God, It *Is* So"

Like most public men, John Lindsay knows a staggering number of people but is personally close to few. Perhaps he is closer to his twin brother than to anyone else: the two men talk on the telephone each day and spend their precious few private hours together. "Dave is a great fellow," the Mayor said. "I think I'd love him even if I met him as a stranger."

One man for whom the Mayor feels little personal warmth is Governor Rockefeller. Despite their many common goals, despite Rockefeller's financial support of Lindsay in his mayoralty race, and despite Rockefeller's rumored offer of the Senate seat vacated by the death of Senator Robert Kennedy, the two get along like a couple parted by a bitter divorce. "It's simply a case of two independent, strong-willed men coming into contact so often that conflict is inevitable," a Lindsay man says. The outside observer notes that staff aides of the two men are hostile and suspicious toward the enemy camp, and concludes that much of the misunderstanding between New York's two most popular and powerful Republicans may be promoted from within.

Despite the grumbles of cab drivers, jealous fellow politicians, and suburban bigots, John V Lindsay is generally a popular Mayor. Enthusiastic supporters once erected a billboard to Lindsay in Midtown Manhattan: "Lindsay is supercalifragilisticexpialidocious." There can be little doubt of Lindsay's dedication or sincerity: he feels real pain for the downtrodden, is often exasperated by backward-looking private citizens and politicians alike (he is embittered because neither Congress nor President Johnson, in his opinion, has been adequately impressed with the nation's three years of racial disorders and riots), and he fears that America has very few years remaining to do something about its urban blight and its neglected people. His agonizing over accepting the Senate seat was largely inspired by whether he could more effectively work for urban solutions in Washington or in City Hall.

Lindsay is obsessed with peace in Vietnam ("One of the reasons I entered politics was to work for peace. Twenty-five per cent of my graduating classes in both high school and college died in World War II") and equal opportunity. He had much to do with writing the summary of the Kerner Commission Report, ordered by President Johnson after the ghetto burnings, and is said to have authored its most famous—and most controversial—line: "Our nation is moving toward two societies, one black, one white—separate and unequal." Of this he has remarked, "Many of the nation's political leaders saw it differently. They said it was an exaggeration or that it ignored the progress in race relations of the past decade. They squirmed. They quibbled. They denied that it was so. Well, by God, it *is* so."

One sees in John V. Lindsay a single human being trying to do a very tough job in an immensely difficult time. One who follows his footsteps for several days comes to admire his instincts and to wish him well. Just how really unattractive the New York mayoralty is to most politicians was illustrated in a bantering exchange between Lindsay and Vice President Hubert Humphrey a few weeks ago. The Vice President, paying a sudden call to a conference of mayors in a Washington hotel, remarked, "If things don't go well for me this year I may move to New York City and run for Mayor."

"Good," Lindsay responded. "I'll be your campaign manager."

The usually irrepressible Humphrey lost his cheerful smile. "John," he said sadly, "up to now I thought you were my friend."

Harper's Magazine, August 1968

WALKING WOUNDED

a story by John Bart Gerald

We have a very gutsy chaplain on our base. It was Sunday morning in one of our little Air Force churches with thin walls and runty steeples so they won't scrape the bellies of planes coming in too low, and the chaplain, a major, was up there entertaining us. Chaplains are always more entertaining than civilian preachers. For one thing they have a sense of humor about themselves. Now our chaplain was making jokes about hawks and doves, I can't remember them exactly because I'm not very political. But he was making everyone in that church nervous, from airman basic to the commander who sat in the front row with his wife. My own wife was giggling because she hates the war like sin and only understood the jokes on her own side. But when everyone was feeling uncomfortable, the major leaned over with the Bible open in his two large hands and said, "Are not five sparrows sold for two farthings, and not one of them is forgotten before God? But even the very hairs of your head are all numbered. Fear not therefore, ye are of more value than many sparrows."

You better believe it. I slipped my fingers through the buttons of my shirt and held the cool metal of my dog tags against my heart.

My own name is Dunbar and the three stripes on my sleeve feed my wife and the baby. I don't like war. But I don't hate it either. The way I see it everything's a fight. The little creatures war on each other; when I was little I used to shoot robins and stuff them back between the rocks of the old silo foundation—until my father caught me because they smelled so bad. So I know myself. I know what I am. That doesn't mean I'm glad, which is why I'm a medical specialist instead of a load master.

Of course the war hurts me. There's a lot of difference between killing robins and people. Like one night when I was working the air-evac ward a guy told me this story.

"Palletti and me were standing in the middle of the street after our squad went through this village when a slope woman comes up to me and knocks her hands together. "Boom-boom," she says. She points to her hut and says, "Boom-boom." So I laugh and jiggle my balls and follow her back to her hut; only as she goes in I watch her step over a wire across her door. I just turn around and walk back to Palletti. But she comes out after me and tugs at my arm saying, "Boom-boom, boom-boom." Her dress was open. I pushed her off and shot her up the front. Then I took off a grenade and rolled it smooth through the door of her hut and it blew out two kids. I didn't mind the woman so much."

Now I've never forgotten that story but to be honest, when I think of it now it sort of bores me. It's another one of those things you see on TV if you finish supper too early, and I have too many stories. But at the time I walked off the ward and drank my coffee down in the basement with my hand shaking. And I suppose if I had been any younger I would have cried out at God. I hated the war and didn't want anything to do with it.

But just as I was getting off my twelve-hour shift, the lieutenant asked me if I could report for parade duty. And that was no question. So I drove home and changed, and there I was dead on my feet out in the middle of the airfield. Music whispered out to us from near the grandstands, echoing off transport planes, while we checked our buttons, our shaves, the set of our caps, grumbling before we made the turn, some guys still palming their cigarettes and my own belt cutting into my gut. The stands were filled with patches of greens and pinks, women and kids in Sunday best, and we marched down toward them with the music growing louder, the ranks sharpening around me, setting our shoulders, digging our heels into the pavement, feeling out our places in the block so we wouldn't stand out wrong, and my own foot hitting right with the

beat of the bass drum. The brass thumped in our guts, there was a lot of high snappy razzing as the reviewing stand loomed up. The "Eyes Right" went off like a shot—our heads all snapped together. And there was some general I've never seen a picture of, and the women. But we were off down the landing strip with every guy's heel splitting the second, our arms together and eyes straight ahead, until the music began to fade with the strong breeze and a kind of life went out of us in a long breath.

You see the military isn't so different from any kind of work, except sucking around doesn't help you get ahead so much. In fact the way I see it, everybody's life is like the military service and getting more so. You make scratch or you get rubbed out. We're all part of one great machine. So I feel a little ahead of a lot of people who don't see that yet.

Which is why on Sunday morning I leave my pajamas on the bathroom floor and sit on the toilet lid polishing my low shoes with spit and bits of toilet paper. I put on a clean blue shirt which cuts into my neck. My blues only fit when I joined six years ago, before I started drinking. I close my pants. I button the four insignia buttons up my front staring in the mirror at the yellow-and-red good-conduct ribbon which could be pinned to my skin—as Marsha once said in bed. And polishing my visor, we start off to church.

But someday I will breathe in deep and burst the buttons off my chest and split the zipper and rip the stripes and all that goddam blue stuff off my body and stand out there on the flight line naked before all the world. Even if I'm old and fat.

There was a guy once on the wards whose legs were full of metal and pus, with a fever of a hundred and four. He kept showing me a dirty scrap of paper with the words on it he wanted for his stone:

> As here I lie
> So must you be.
> Look straight ahead
> And follow me.

But he was gone the next day and I never found out whether he lived or died.

* * *

There's no loose brass around that late, no chickenshit, just the medical busses and ambulances lined up at the edge of the dark. I don't really mind sitting out there in the dead of night. I clear myself a space in the litter stays on the bus floor, or, if I can, take the warm place on top of the heating unit thrumming away, while we wait. I talk some, doze, look out at silhouettes of the huge cargo planes and the runway flat out into the night. Way out there on the other side of the globe the war burns like a slow fire. And I'm safe here with my wife and kid.

When the plane lands we roll out to pick up the cargo. There aren't any windows so when the back of the plane drops away from under the tail, light spills into the fresh air like a wound opening. We back right in and walk out into the plane's belly. Stretchers are stacked from top to bottom and past them the walking wounded stare out at us, looking for home.

We let the flight medics take down the litters one at a time and put them on the tailgate. Then we pick them up and stack them two or three high along each side of the bus. I could direct it in my sleep. One two three lift with the litter, keeping it level, always careful where I put my feet because the only wrong I can do is drop one. And lose my stripes. Still I could do it in my sleep.

Though before I lift I look into the man's face. When the plane lands and decompresses sometimes the wounds open up. As for the guys themselves, I wouldn't fight them in a bar. After battle they shouldn't look like kids anymore, like half-time at a football game, sweating. Wounded without beards. I don't get used to that.

I also look in their faces for pain because sometimes they have pieces of metal in their bodies and it hurts them to move. I'm careful with the guys who still feel anything. Sometimes a man's face does something very private and I don't look at him anymore.

That night they brought out a Marine lieutenant—I could hear him crying back in the stomach of the plane. He was on the tailgate breathing hard, arms and shoulders naked under a light blanket while we stood over him in our parkas. And he said, "Wait a minute, let's wait a minute," because he didn't want us to move him. But a lot more guys had to come out.

"Sorry to be such a pussy," he said as I lifted. I could feel the noises in my bones. I jammed the

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John Bart Gerald's novel "A Thousand Thousand Mornings" was issued in 1964 by Viking. He is a medic in the Air Force Reserve, where he has worked with Vietnam casualties. A Harvard graduate, born in 1940, he lives in Manhattan.

litter handle into the wall clasp and locked it. The lieutenant screamed. I didn't mean to jolt him but I was sweating. I knew the guy too well. He said, "You boys make it hard for a man to be a hero."

Because of his sounds the bus moved out extra slow over the pavement. Some officer was up front welcoming the troops home in the name of the Air Force, the base commander, the squadron, telling them where they were and what time it was. The guys lay there listening to the bullshit up front and the Marine's noises in the back, making peace in their own little worlds, running fingers over the bandage, trying to look out the window at the dark, or staring up at white pant legs in the aisle and swaying bottles of dextrose. Some just lay there staring straight up at the green canvas of the litter overhead as though they were scared the guy's blood would seep through and drip on them.

I always look at their faces. I can't stop looking at their faces. At one time I thought I was looking for guys I knew. Or I was curious what a face looked like, forty-eight hours after the kid's blown up. Until on a drunk I was trying to remember what one of them looked like, just one, and all I could remember in that whole line of litters I've been unloading was my own face, one after another on those green stretchers I take out of the guts of those planes.

When the kid pulled my pant leg I crouched down beside him. "Take the straps off me, Sarge," he said, "I want to look outside." But I was lighting a cigarette and didn't want to take the straps off him. I'd have to strap him down again for unloading. And I didn't know what his wound was. I've learned not to look. I saw there was only enough bulk for one leg under his blanket so I gave him a cigarette. We smoked.

At first wounded guys are like anyone, before they learn to live with their wounds, use mechanical limbs or change their own bags. Because they really aren't any different. Until we look at them too much, or look away. Or they know we're afraid to look under the covers. But the kid didn't realize that yet. I told him he didn't want to look outside anyway because it was dark and looked like any other air base with the grass turning yellow because we were going into winter. There was miles and miles of concrete empty as the shopping center on Sunday afternoon. Though I knew that wasn't much to tell a man he's come home to. So I said we had a good BX and you could get stereo sets there now and tape recorders at a big discount. And every day we had a happy hour over at the NCO

TREE

by Lenore Marshall

They were felling the dead tree. It was necessary.
On the hard ground
Men stamped and clapped for warmth.
Wind, otherwise, hurling against old rot
The winter wind at unresisting rot
Would knock the neighbor beeches headlong with it.
The man in red-plaid coat secured a cable
The man, blue-hooded, hacked a deeper notch.
Men stamped and clapped for warmth and tied the noose.
It was all familiar. Cold air, frozen earth,
The patch of woods, familiar, and the crack
Of axe, the buzz of saw; it was necessary.
Hacked branches lay there first. It was a cold day.
Men shouted. A woman came and stood.
It was all familiar. There was a splintering
There was a crack and crash. Men leapt and laughed,
    the woman shuddered.
There was an empty hole
Roots stiff as corpses
Sprang out, like arms and legs stiffened in the air,
And unfamiliar.

club, which my wife said was how I got my gut. And there was a color TV set on the ward.

When they first come off the plane some of them ask to be set down so they can feel American soil again. They don't think about the concrete. But this kid was black as ashes and that made it harder to explain what was out there. I didn't know why I was telling him anyway so I stopped. You really come home to your own people. All I know is I go home to Marsha just waking up or if she's up I watch her feeding the baby. And that's a good thing, I don't care what anybody thinks.

Maybe because I was silent the kid said, "They sending you over, Sarge?"

When I thought of that I felt the fire was spreading through the middle of my own life too, and Marsha was waiting with me at the edges. "How would I know?"

"You going if they send you?" said the kid.

I was quiet. It's not the kind of question you ask in the service. At one time or another every guy thinks of not going, but he won't admit it. Unless he's a fool. So I just looked at the kid thinking you can't tell with colored guys, and sorry I gave him a cigarette. After all, I've always loved my country. I guess I still love her, right or wrong, because a lot of her's wrong. I've seen that many guys shot up for nothing. For officers who said it's necessary, it's necessary. And sometimes it was necessary to cut off a leg. I tried to smile at the kid.

He didn't smile back. He rolled his head on the white pillow and said, "Don't go, man." Why was he telling me? He said it again and I thought he was being political, trying to sell me something. "Don't go," he kept saying. Until I realized that was what he had to tell me, like the other guys had their war stories, it was the only thing he knew anymore.

But I didn't want the kid to think that with only one leg. And I didn't want him to say it out loud because he could get into trouble. And I guess I didn't want to hear him, so I stood up.

The Marine was crying. The bus joggled down the uneven road and everyone had to listen. Two medics were trying to hold his litter steady but it didn't help. And we don't carry drugs on the bus. And anyway you can never be sure with guys like that, they might just be screaming for an extra shot. Only I couldn't ignore it. I was sweating again.

The kid pulled my pant leg so I squatted down and said, "You take it easy, soldier."

"You hear him crying?" said the kid as though I had no ears.

I said I heard him and it was tough.

"But it's not so tough."

"I'll tell him that," I said, sick of this kid.

"No, listen in," he said, holding his blac hand in the air as though he could catch th sound. I watched his hand move. I could hav bashed his head in for conducting his own banc Until I listened to the lieutenant. They wer regular even cries like someone rememberin screams from long ago. Or someone trying then on, waiting for something worse. The guy didn' really believe in his own screams. Because th pain was there but the real pain was that i didn't hurt yet. It didn't hurt enough. And tha was scaring. I saw why it cut into me so bad We hit a crack and the marine screamed again loud. And I can still hear it. But if I let it ge to my heart I'll explode.

* * *

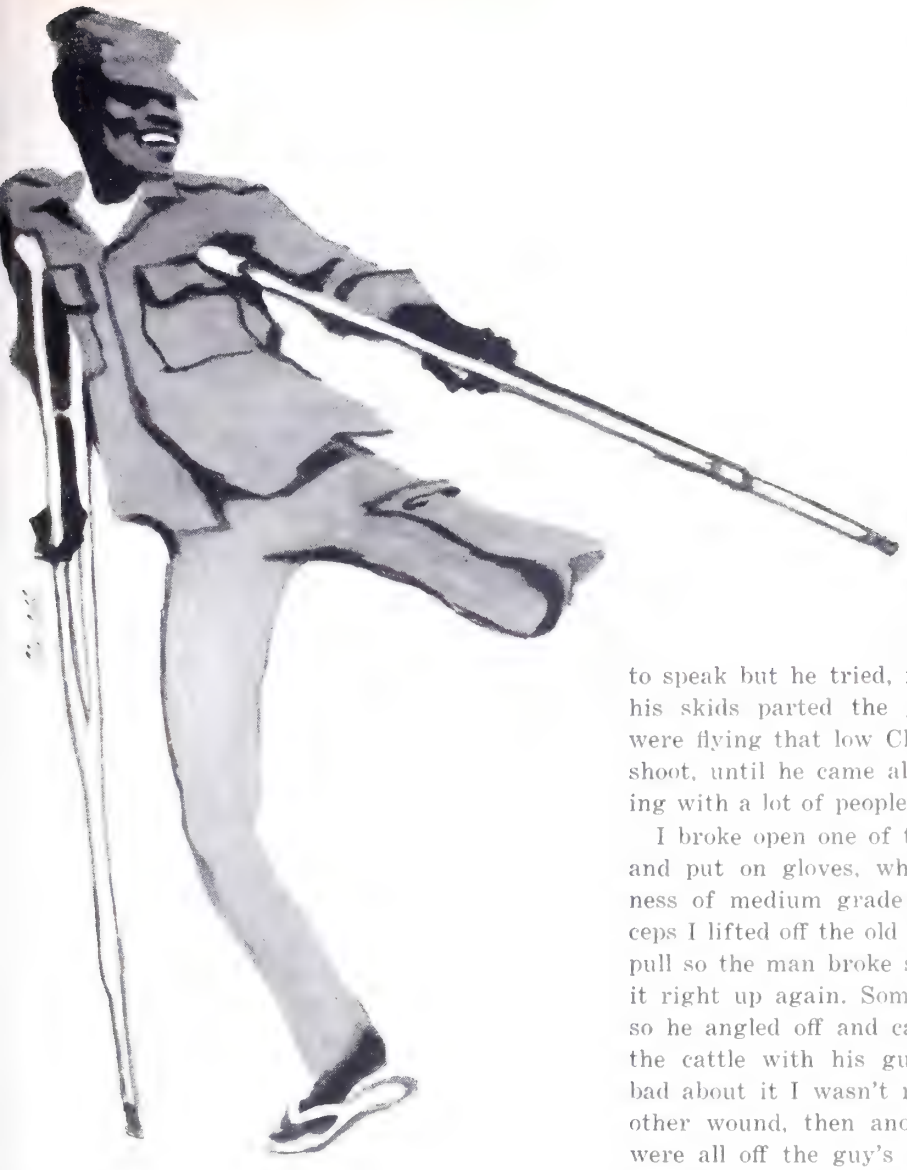
When things are bad I get efficient. Maybe that's my training. I pushed the cart down the long waxed corridor to Ward 4, then down past the isolation rooms to open bay and squared the litter longside the bed. Sometimes the guys can move over themselves, but for him I had to bring two medics in for help. We hung the bottle up by his bed. I untied the bag of urine. One pulled the blanket where the guy was all right up top but from his stomach down was wrapped in old bandages.

We had to lift all of him at once. Ignoring the smell I slipped both arms under his legs, the warm bandages soaked through on my skin. When we started to lift my hands sunk up into the gauze letting out the smell as something trickled into the bends of my arms. But I kept telling the guy it was all right until he was on the bed.

When I took the cart out to the stack of litters and peeled off the yellow sheet, pus had soaked through to the canvas. The smell was still with me. I try to explain that smell to my wife but I never can. It's too strong to really breathe so you don't get used to it. It smells like hot urine, or milk gone sour. Like dead birds or something stinking up the foundation. A lot of guys smell because they're dressed just off the battlefield, and it takes an anesthetic to change some bandages. So for a while the sickness in there just gets older and older.

I washed up in the utility room and rinsed with a handful of alcohol swabs, before I went out for the next.

When the busses were unloaded and the ward full, I took a cup of coffee and watched the Red Cross lady ask each guy where he was from and



did he want to call home free. Each did, so she brought the phone stand around and stood listening, smiling while the guy said yeah Mom I'm okay.

The doctor and nurse came through and I got my assignments. The first was a petty officer who had less than a fifty-fifty chance, the doctor thought. If someone looks like he's really going to die we move him to another ward. I looked in at his door and the man was sitting there cranked halfway up in bed with no shirt on but his bandages and a sheet over his legs. There were lines of sweat running between the bandages. His temperature was too high. I went to the utility room to wash up and brought back the dressing cart.

"Hello, bright eyes," the man said.

I started to tell him just what I was going to do with the dressing cart but he said just go ahead and do it. So I broke out the sterile towels and laid them around the shrapnel wounds on his chest. I'm a good medic and when I start working I almost enjoy it. The old bandages were stuck to the wounds. I broke out an irrigation set, poured in hydrogen peroxide, stuck an emesis basin up under the first wound, and squeezed the fluid over his bandage. I took my time so the bandages could soak and lift off easy. And I tried to get the guy talking so he wouldn't be thinking about what hurt. It wasn't easy for him to speak but he tried, flying his chopper so low his skids parted the grass because when you were flying that low Charlie couldn't see you to shoot, until he came all of a sudden on a clearing with a lot of people and cows.

I broke open one of the disposable suture sets and put on gloves, which are about the thickness of medium grade prophylactics. With forceps I lifted off the old dressing with just a little pull so the man broke sentence, and then picked it right up again. Someone fired a shot at him so he angled off and came in over the horns of the cattle with his guns open. And if he felt bad about it I wasn't really listening. I did another wound, then another, until the bandages were all off the guy's chest and he was sitting there with a line of holes up his side and across under his tit filled with yellow packing. And I thought of changing that too but it was in pretty tight and the petty officer said he'd just as soon kill me if I touched those. So I asked him how come he caught shrapnel when he was supposed to be up in a helicopter.

Then I cleaned what I could with normal saline, dressed the wounds with clean stuff and started on the guy's legs, while he sat there, his face gleaming with sweat, his body burning up under my hands, moving his hard jaw like some guy on the next barstool at the NCO club, circling around the cows and the little people.

Back on the ward the colored kid had found some crutches and was trying to make the TV set work, but it was only five in the morning and nothing much was on. So he stood in the middle of the ward and hopped around flapping his crutches like a stork for anyone who cared

to w[illegible]am. "Goddam," he said to me, "you ever see a one-legged nigger dance?"

One guy had a leg cast up over his hip and a little hatch in the cast like a manhole cover, right in the middle of his thigh. There was a neat circle filled with red meat and a slit in that. The swab went into the leg all of five inches, disappeared down into that hole and came out again yellow. And all the while the guy just sat there looking very cool with a little black moustache over his smirk.

Then another guy's stump had to be treated, but that was clean work and I considered myself lucky because there was a man down the way who had put a gun under his chin and the whole lower half of his face was missing. I finished breakfast early. I didn't go straight back to the ward, they put you right to work. Some nights when the load is light we take turns sleeping in the linen room and the morning doesn't hit so bad.

I walked into the ambulatory ward where the men were just getting up. The TV was off; I slumped in a chair facing the dead tube. The sky was [illegible] pale clear blue out past the window. Marsha and I were nestled in some warm green hollow with sunlight filtering in through the grass. Something very good was [illegible]

I was listening to a detailed explanation of shooting elephants with a bazooka. I opened my eyes. I looked at the kid, husky, crew-cut, with the new-type combat boots. He was in good shape so I said to him, "What's wrong with you?"

He turned to look at me and held down his hand. The shaking started at the elbow. "Nerves," he said.

He was a psychiatric patient. I looked hard at his natural blue eyes not so different from the sky staring back at mine.

"I could have killed the guy who woke me. I don't know how I'm going to wake up," he said. I figured if he was that violent they would have him in restraints.

"You're doing all right," I said.

"No," he said. "I hate too much."

Well, I pushed down in my chair and shut my eyes again. "Hate," I said, "is no simple thing."

"You weren't there," said the kid.

I was sorry I said anything.

"We used to bring back ears."

"Yes I've heard that," I said. As a matter of fact I've heard just about everything.

"You didn't walk into the clearing," the kid said, "and see our guys hung up by their feet. They were all dead, except one, because they hung there all night, There was blood all down their stomachs. And I looked at the one guy for about a minute before I understood what they did to him. Charlie cut the things off and stuffed them in his mouth, and ragged his mouth to keep them there. The sergeant told me to cut him down. The name stenciled on his fatigues was Henderson, I never saw him before. A couple of my buddies held him and I cut him down. He lay on the ground opening and closing his eyes. I wouldn't touch him. The corpsman took the things out of his mouth and the guy said, 'Kill me, just shoot me,' with the blood dried on his teeth. I got sick. Our sergeant said go over the other side of the clearing. I turned my back and Sarge shot him."

I wasn't going to have any peace. "Well I got to get back to work," I said and stood up. I only had an hour more anyway.

The psychiatric patient said, "Yeah, I'm sorry," and put out his hand, trembling. I shook hands with him and walked back to my ward. I guess I felt a little sorry for the guy. His story was such an old story they probably told it in basic to scare the new recruits. Or he read it somewhere. But I knew the kid must have done something nasty to be pushing it around as his own, that kid with his body still whole and strong. His body was still whole and strong. That means a lot where I work.

When I got back to the project the baby was still asleep and Marsha in bed. I undressed. My whites had yellow stains on the front so I stuffed them in the laundry bag. Then I washed and climbed into bed. I lay on my back. Marsha was awake and she turned over and put her leg over mine, and put her head against my neck while I stared up at the ceiling. I wasn't ready for sleep.

"Do you want a drink?" she said. I shook my head. She put her hand up behind my neck and we lay there. I looked at her black hair and soft skin, but I didn't feel anything. I put my hands on her shoulders and then along her sides and lifted her. She brought my head into her breasts. But I didn't feel a thing. I put my hands around her breasts. I pressed her around my face. And I held on for dear life. But I wasn't there. I was breathing in the smell of old wounds. Until I put my palms against my face and realized where the smell came from. As though the wounds had become part of my own skin. I took my hands away and sat up on the edge of the bed, staring down at my own naked body.

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Meet an elder statesman in the computer business.

IBM's John Backus is 43, pretty young for an elder statesman in most industries. But then, the computer business is less than 20 years old. And mathematician Backus has been in it since the beginning.

He started working with computers in the early 1950's. It was about the time a leading business magazine estimated that no more than 50 companies would ever have use for a computer.

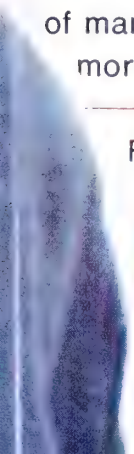
Today, it is estimated that there are well over 50,000 computer installations in the United States alone. Part of the reason for this astonishing growth: the progress made in programming. In this field, John Backus was a pioneer.

"It bothered us, in the early days of computers, that so few people could use them," he says. "One reason was, programming cost as much as the machine. A small company just couldn't afford data processing."

With a small group of associates, John Backus tackled the problem and stayed with it for three years. The result was the simplified programming system called FORTRAN (FORmula TRANslator) which made programming considerably less expensive than before. Today, FORTRAN is probably the most widely used programming system in the world.

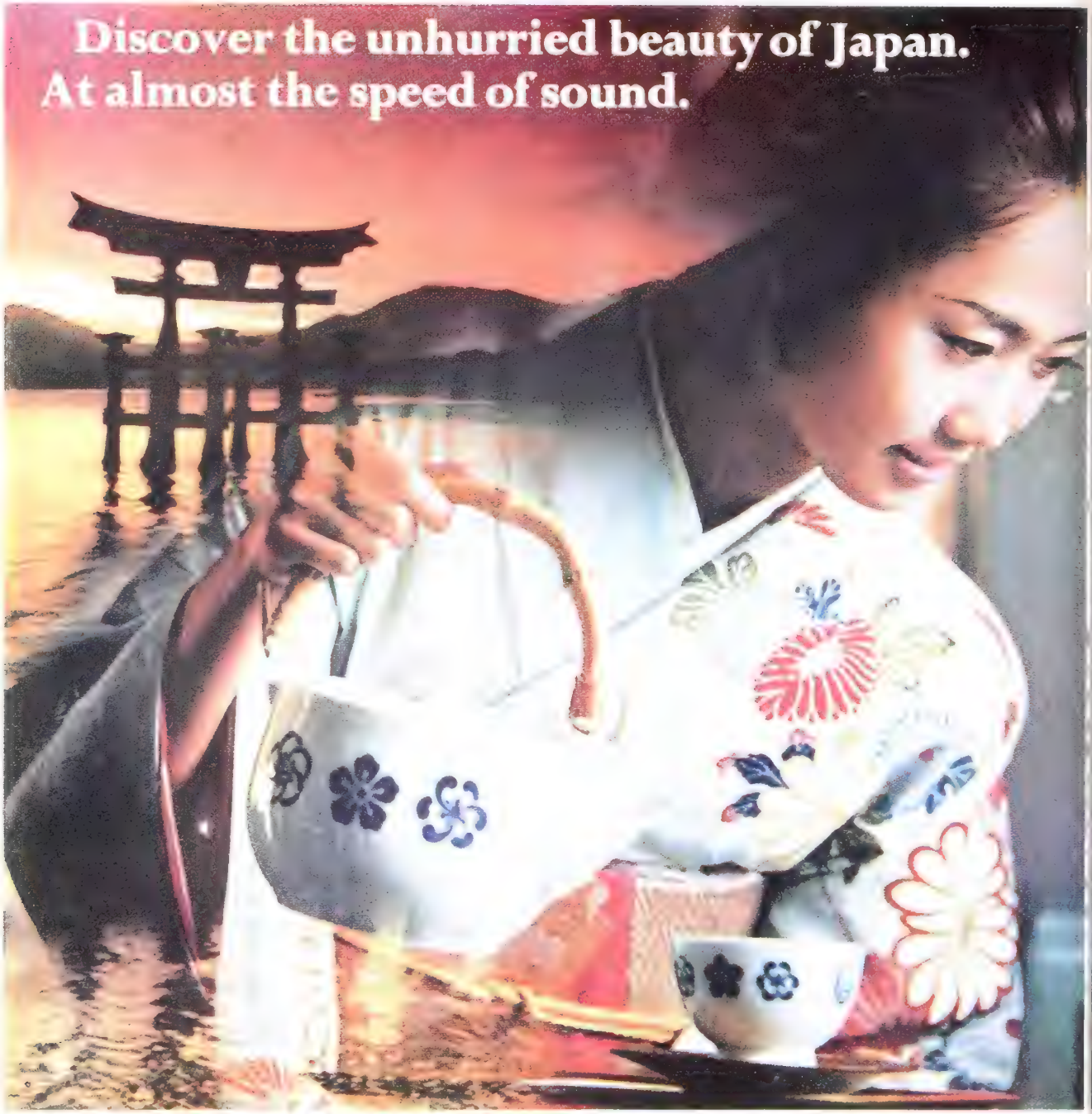
Currently, John Backus is working on a new mathematical concept which is still in the realm of pure theory. But his theories, like the work of many IBM scientists, ultimately have a way of making computers more useful.

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Donald M. Kaplan

SINCE FREUD

The Princess Royal—Anna Freud—and such great disciples as Erik Erikson and René Spitz preside over the exclusive but still highly creative world of classic psychoanalysis.

On a winter evening in 1926, while Sigmund Freud was visiting Berlin, Albert Einstein came by to pay his respects. (This was the first and last personal encounter between the two.) Since they knew next to nothing about each other's work, they passed several hours in pleasant but idle conversation. Afterward, in a letter to Princess Marie Bonaparte, one of his closest disciples, Freud wrote of Einstein: "The lucky fellow has had a much easier time than I have. He has had the support of a long series of predecessors from Newton onward, while I have had to hack every step of my way through a tangled jungle alone. No wonder that my path is not a very broad one, and that I have not got far on it."

Freud's point was, of course, that Einstein could convey his ideas to his colleagues through an established scientific language and that they, in turn, could judge his work by accepted methods. In 1905, Einstein had published four rather brief papers, the first having to do with the mysterious photoelectric effect—why an electric spark leaps across two charged terminals more readily in the light than in the dark—and the last having to do with a particular relationship among energy, mass, and the velocity of light. These bold strokes set a revolution in motion—quantum theory as an opener, relativity toward the end of that year. Recognition came instantaneously to Einstein. Virtually overnight, he leaped from obscurity as a patent examiner in a Swiss government office into international prominence.

In its own way, Freud's *The Interpretation of Dreams*, published in 1899, was to inspire a comparable revolution. But recognition was long delayed. Indeed, in the first six years after it appeared, the book sold barely 350 copies.

Einstein did his early work at a time when theoretical physicists knew they were in trouble. They agreed that the ether concept was bankrupt, and that the Newtonian ideas of action-at-a-distance and inertial systems were not altogether tenable. Freud, in contrast, arrived among colleagues who were complacent and optimistic about the state of psychological knowledge. Thus psychoanalysis did not address itself to a recognized imperfection in the field. It sprang from Freud's imagination as a body of knowledge *sui generis*, suggesting its own imperfections and creating its own rules, theories, and methods. Freud himself had to design the experimental conditions for collecting and examining dream specimens; he had to invent an entire terminology; and he had to build from scratch a model of mind that would account for the idea content of dreams, as well as for their peculiar condensations of past memory and current everyday experience.

As a consequence he became the sole proprietor of a body of knowledge. Thus endowed with quasi-ecclesiastical authority, his judgments on matters psychoanalytic often had the ring of proclamation. When he reviewed Alfred Adler's work he concluded: "Adler's 'Individual Psychology' is now one of many schools of psychology which are adverse to psychoanalysis and its further development is no concern of ours." Dogmatic though such dicta seem, who else but Freud could speak with earned authority about what was and was not consonant with psychoanalysis? There could be no meaningful factions, since no one else had ac-

cumulated a body of experience on which to base rational alternatives. Inevitably, the field consisted of one master and the rest were disciples.

By his own acknowledgement, Freud had not brought psychoanalysis very far when he died in 1939. Nearing the end of his life, he estimated that psychoanalysis was a long way from being a mature science. It was still a child of the century, still in the process of defining its concepts.

Much of the terminology born of Freud's efforts at definition is common parlance today—such as id, ego, and superego. This triumvirate, however, is not even mentioned in *The Interpretation of Dreams*. In that work Freud was concerned with how and why mental experiences achieve varying degrees of consciousness. He was striving to relate perception, memory, emotion, attention, and action in such a way as to account for the formation of dreams and symptoms. In subsequent years, particularly as he studied depressed states of mind, he became aware of the operation of something like conscience, its role in the regulation of self-esteem and its origin in infantile reluctance to outgrow certain kinds of mothering. Superego, id, and ego were the terms used to express Freud's later theory of mind. However, it took Freud ten years to bring this later theory (known as the structural theory) into a viable relationship with the topographic theory developed in *The Interpretation of Dreams*.

Today, in the psychoanalytic world, the difficult process of definition is still being carried forward, at a pace which often seems frustratingly slow. For example, at a recent psychoanalytic meeting a friend of mine—a training analyst and teacher—asked me to visit him in his hotel room. I found him there shoeless, unshaven, amid a disarray of periodicals, dishes, and crumpled bed linen while the conference was in full swing downstairs. "I can't bring myself to leave this damned room," he said. "I think I've had it. Nearly seventy years since *The Interpretation of Dreams* and we're still at it, unable to agree on a theory of how a feeling state arises. I'm for flipping a coin and getting on with it."

In truth, however, psychoanalysis *has* been getting on with it. I am not thinking at the moment of the proliferation of training institutes, practitioners, and patient services, which is not necessarily a measure of scientific advance. I am thinking rather of certain extensions of theory. Along with perhaps a half-dozen others, three analysts —Anna Freud, Erik H. Erikson, and René Spitz— have notably enlarged the theoretical enterprise.

Donald M. Kaplan, Ph.D., is an associate editor of "American Imago," and has served on the staff of several mental-health clinics in New York. As a contributing editor of "The Drama Review," he is publishing a series of articles on psychoanalysis and the theater.

The Youngest Dreamer

It is impossible to judge how much of Anna Freud's prestige is due to the fact that she is Sigmund Freud's daughter and how much based on the contribution she has made in her own right. Though her presence transforms any psychoanalytic function into a state occasion, chances are excellent that she will go on to be profoundly informative on the subject at hand.

Her visit to New York last spring is a case in point. She came to give a talk on the difficulties facing psychoanalysis today—not a subject that in itself would bring out large numbers of the professional community. However, she packed an enormous auditorium at one of the local colleges. There was not a vacant seat in the orchestra, mezzanine, or balcony, and standees filled all the available spaces. The audience came from twenty states, represented every discipline and level of the mental-health movement and then some. When Miss Freud approached the lectern onstage, the gathering rose to its feet, and the applause was— no other word suggests itself—thunderous.

She is a lean, aged, but sprightly woman, with frizzled gray hair, and not a bit of glamour or ornament about her. She wears plain dresses with long, seemingly uneven hemlines, and flat shoes, not unlike sandals. Her posture is slightly bent, her gait ponderous. She has a winning smile and a sly sense of humor. Like her father, she is a gifted extemporaneous orator. From time to time she turns the pages of a manuscript, which she barely refers to. Her intonation is plaintive, and she speaks with her head slightly tilted, as if she were listening as well as speaking. Her thought is as clear as a mountain brook.

Miss Freud is Director of the Hampstead Child-Therapy Clinic in London, a treatment and teaching center which she founded in 1939 and which has won international esteem as the preeminent institution of its kind. Among the major projects under way there for the past ten years is the preparation of an Index and Profile which will make it possible for institutions specializing in psychoanalytic therapy for children throughout the world to communicate through a common language. This has been a mammoth undertaking requiring that all events in the observation and

therapy of countless children be broken down into their components and coded. But although she has specialized for more than forty years in work with children, her mark is on every aspect of current psychoanalysis.

Her birthright within the psychoanalytic movement is, of course, unique. Of Freud's six children, Anna—the youngest—was the only one to become an analyst. Almost from infancy, she seemed destined to collaborate in her father's work. She was the youngest dreamer to provide a specimen for *The Interpretation of Dreams*. Freud recorded in the book Anna's nocturnal utterance at the age of nineteen months after a day when her doctor had put her on a starvation diet as a cure for stomachache. She called out in her sleep, "Anna Freud, strawberries, *wild strawberries*, omelet, pudding." While this menu indicated to Freud a straightforward wish fulfillment, he interpreted the insertion of the wild variety of strawberries as a defiance of the doctor's orders. This defiance, which Freud noted so early, he must have enjoyed and nurtured. When Anna was three-and-a-half, he wrote in a letter to his eldest son Martin that Anna's naughtiness made her beautiful. Defiance, Freud was about to discover in his self-analysis, was what motivated, to a large degree, his own obsession with "amounting to something."

Anna resembled her father in other respects as well. We find Freud writing sympathetic letters to her in her adolescence, imploring her to try to be more "happy-go-lucky." When unoccupied, she was restless. "I have no doubt at all," Freud wrote to her when she was seventeen, "that you will put on more weight and feel better once you have grown accustomed to idleness and sunshine." But the letter was no help. Like her father, she was to find leisure more a curse than a pleasure.

After teaching school for a while, Anna in her middle twenties began her training at the Vienna Psychoanalytic Society. During this time, Freud developed cancer of the jaw. As his condition worsened, Anna devoted herself increasingly to her father's needs. By the middle 1930s, she was at his side day and night, as nurse, secretary, envoy. Ernest Jones once described the silent and absolute understanding between father and daughter as "telepathic in quality." Very likely the blackest day in Freud's entire life began on the morning in March 1938 when Anna was arrested by the Nazis who had occupied Austria. She returned home that evening after a day of arbitrary detention and interrogation. So inexpressible was Freud's dread that his diary entry for that day was simply a laconic *"Anna bei Gestapo."*

Groundless rumors persisted that her father's hand was upon hers when she wrote her early papers. However, she was in fact concerned with quite different matters even when their professional lives overlapped. Child psychoanalysis—which became her specialty—was a field in which Freud had no real technical knowledge. Although others had experimented in this area, as early as the 1920s, she was the first to demonstrate with precision how the classic tools of adult psychoanalysis—transference, resistance, motivation, and free association—could be applied to four-year-old children. Her little book, *Psychoanalysis for Teachers and Parents*, published in 1930, has had a profound impact on education and child rearing. In it she presented psychoanalytic concepts in a form comprehensible and useful to lay people. (The book also cleared up some widespread misapprehensions about Freudian theory, including the notion of extreme permissiveness, which has been mistakenly attributed to Freudian thinking.)

Miss Freud has not, however, wielded absolute authority over the whole domain of child psychoanalysis. Her bête noire was the late Mrs. Melanie Klein, whose theories and practices differed considerably from Miss Freud's and have had significant influence, chiefly in Britain and Latin America.

Mrs. Klein, the daughter of a Viennese physician, was originally encouraged in her analytic studies and treatment of children by Sandor Ferenczi, one of Freud's earliest disciples, by Ernest Jones, and—yes—by Freud himself. Her difference with Anna Freud centered on the earliest years of infancy. Miss Freud saw this period simply as a prologue to matured mental processes which could only be identified later. Mrs. Klein, on the other hand, found observed infant mental functioning quite comparable to adult functioning. Indeed, "Kleinians" maintain that paranoia is full-blown in the first year of life. Such a view has technical consequences in child therapy: Kleinians are exceeedingly "classical" with children; unlike therapists following Anna Freud, they minimize protective, supportive, and educative attitudes toward the child patient and begin straightway with interpretations, which they maintain the child is capable of comprehending and using on a par with adults. Sigmund Freud was later appalled at what he took to be the theoretical and technical antics of Mrs. Klein and her followers. But this was not the first time that Freud's initial hopes for a disciple deteriorated into a nightmare.

Mrs. Klein believed that, regardless of environmental factors, the child was born to be paranoiac

and depressive, among other psychopathologic symptoms. And she recommended psychoanalysis for all children, which Anna Freud does not. American child psychology, in line with the American dream of human perfectibility, prefers to place all culpability for human conflict on the parents and the society. Anna Freud combines something of both positions, but neither in the extreme. And I think it is fair to say that her views are modifying both schools of thought.

In 1936 Miss Freud published *The Ego and Mechanisms of Defense*, a work which measurably advanced psychoanalysis from a clinical method and theory toward the status of a general psychology. The book is a study of how the mind manages the conflict that arises when a wish cannot be fulfilled. In effect some characteristic of the wish is deformed, reducing its intensity or distorting its content. Such mechanisms—known as defenses—serve the purpose of negotiating the conflict between passion and restraint. Sometimes this process permits the wish to find expression in its antithesis. Thus, for example, a housewife who devotes a vast amount of time to cleaning is allowing herself to be continuously involved in dirt under the conscious sense that she is pursuing cleanliness. If defense fails, a symptom forms.

The significant advance marked by Miss Freud's book was in her cunning pursuit of the fate of a defense after the original conflict has subsided. What happens, for instance, to the defenses against the temporary conflicts of adolescence after maturity is reached? During the sexual and aggressive upheavals of the adolescent, his defenses may take the form of intellectually advocating "free love" and far-out ideologies. When his inner crisis subsides the attitudes born of desperation may lead to wisdom. Discussing the passing of adolescence, Anna Freud once wrote, "Instinctual danger makes one wise."

Though she nowhere used the word, Miss Freud was developing a concept of adaptation—that is, the development of intellect, imagination, cognition, and problem solving. The term "adaptation" was introduced shortly after her book appeared, by Dr. Heinz Hartmann, who presently shares with Miss Freud the leadership of the post-Freudian psychoanalytic movement. During the 'forties and 'fifties, Dr. Hartmann produced a series of papers concerned with the general problem of sublimation—the origin of speech, logical thinking, moral values. During those decades, he was also instrumental in systematizing numerous loose ends of psychoanalysis congenial to academic psychologists, whose interests are nonclinical. Trained at the Vienna Psychoanalytic Institute and past president of the International Psychoanalytic Association, Dr. Hartmann is now over seventy and makes his home in New York City.

How to Experience Being

Anna Freud's concept of adaptation has also been central to the thinking of another great post-Freudian—Erik Homburger Erikson. Always a bit of a free spirit in a way that makes the ordinary psychoanalytic mind a little nervous, Erikson has written of the time before he entered training in Vienna, "I was an artist then, which can be a European euphemism for a young man with some talent, but nowhere to go." What disturbs the average Freudian about Professor Erikson is that it is hard to determine exactly where he has gone. Also, Erikson holds forth a good deal about 'society" and "social process." This can be unsettling to colleagues who are rightly concerned with keeping psychoanalysis "intrapsychic" rather than "culturalist" and "interpersonal." Yet it is difficult to pin down Erikson's detractors, because he always manages to land feet-first psychoanalytically from the heights he has soared to.

Though his curiosities are far-ranging and his themes broad, Erikson's studies deal mainly with the origins and meaning of psychic strength. ". . . How difficult it is for the psychoanalyst to conceptualize deeds in contrast to behavior . . . to differentiate action which makes a memorable difference in the shared lives of many from such stereotyped private behavior as can be studied in clinical isolation. Is this an essential limitation of psychoanalysis? Can we conceptualize man only if he is fragmented in acute inner conflict . . . ?" Thus Erikson spoke in 1961.

Erikson, who is now on the Harvard faculty, has looked for the answer in many places—behind the couch, in the field as an anthropologist, in the nursery, and he is forever studying the lives of great men—Luther, Shaw, recently Gandhi, a subject which took him to India—with a view toward learning how historical circumstance can lead to strength as well as neurosis.

His writings on identity have attracted a wide general audience. However, he is best known among his colleagues for his so-called "epigenetic schema." This is an elaboration and extension of Freud's theory of psychosexual stages. Freud discovered that the postnatal development of the child proceeds through a succession of specific crises, as first one, then another part of the body undergoes a developmental spurt. Each spurt involves its own challenge to the way the personality

will develop. For example, at a certain point the development of his bones and muscles enables the child to stand in an erect position and begin to make tracks away from the parent. In this "phallic" stage the child enters into a new relationship with his own body and environment.

Erikson did two things with Freud's developmental theory. He correlated the specific strengths and weaknesses that can arise at each phase, and he extended the developmental scheme past adolescence, where Freud originally left it, into old age. For example, at the phallic stage, in the locomotor spurt, Erikson regards the challenge as having to do with the child's acquisition of a sense of initiative. The stage following this will involve the child in establishing a sense of industry. In adolescence, the life crisis will have to do with questions of identity, about which Erikson has written the most. Thereafter, in late adolescence and into young adulthood, problems of intimacy versus isolation appear on the schedule.

How these problems are resolved sets the stage for facing the question of generativity or stagnation. Analysts often see this conflict in patients turning thirty. These patients have settled the question of who they are, and have become interested in leadership, in leaving some mark on the world around them in a palpable way. They talk about parenthood, or career problems, things outside themselves. Stagnation in people nearing thirty is expressed in a prolonged self-absorption of an adolescent kind, a dread of not finding activities that are worth believing in. Erikson sees the crisis of old age as between integrity and despair, wisdom and cynicism—the problem is how to experience having lived and to face not living.

The ramifications of Erikson's work are numerous. Here I should like to stress his influence on therapy. More than any other psychotherapy, psychoanalysis makes use of the patient's inclination to grow on his own terms. Relying on process rather than indoctrination, psychoanalysis is the least manipulative psychotherapy.

However, the analyst is not an automaton. In deference to emergencies, subtle or obvious, created by the patient, he can be induced temporarily to function not as an analyst but as a parent, educator, or disciplinarian. Whether he is justified in interrupting the psychoanalytic process in this fashion depends on whether the emergency is real or spurious. In making this difficult decision he is much aided by Erikson's studies of crises in the life cycle. Crisis, he has shown, often leads to adaptation; a patient in his mid-twenties differs profoundly from one in his mid-thirties. And human existence is a long cycle rather than the sum of day-to-day experiences. "Luther sang, Gandhi waltzed, and Kierkegaard drank—all for brief and disastrous periods," Erikson has written. This perspective has helped to liberate analysts from the tyranny of the here-and-now—the tendency to focus only on day-to-day adjustment instead of seeing it as part of a subtle but ceaseless growth process.

The Very First Dialogue

Quite different but extraordinarily illuminating insights into the developmental process have been the contribution of another great post-Freudian, René A. Spitz, who has specialized in studies of early infancy. As a young physician in his early twenties he left his native Budapest in 1910 for Vienna to study psychoanalysis by being analyzed himself. His earlier mentor, Ferenczi, persuaded Freud to do the analysis and Spitz thus became the first student to submit to a training analysis, a procedure now required of all would-be analysts. Dr. Spitz did his major work in the years from 1940 to 1965, first when he was associated with the New York Psychoanalytic Society and later at the University of Colorado Medical Center in Denver. After semi-retirement in Geneva, he joins the Psychiatric Department of the University of Colorado this fall.

Today, in a typical photograph René Spitz is dressed in white smock and cap, his bespectacled eyes peering down at a tiny baby. An expert photographer, he is actually more likely to be taking pictures than posing for one. He has, for example, made still and motion pictures of numerous deliveries in search of the "birth trauma," a concept dreamed up by the psychoanalytic gadfly Otto Rank but never accepted by Freud. "Psychoanalysis recognizes no such wish as "returning to the womb." Spitz timed the squalling of the newborn baby after birth and found that it subsides in seconds if the baby is left alone. He has found also that the newborn baby, because of his underdeveloped sensory receptors, experiences little emotion in the first days of life. He may react to a slap on the bottom or when his eyes are doused with silver nitrate but there is no evidence that expulsion from the womb is painful to him.

However, by the seventh or eighth day of life, the baby begins to exhibit feeble but definite response patterns which, though purely physical, have psychological importance. At this time, when he is placed in his mother's arms to be nursed, his head moves toward the breast, his lips snap and search and his hands press. This familiar

nuzzling response, which Spitz has studied and photographed, consists of a set of coordinated responses called "rooting." It occurs whenever the baby's inner-ear mechanism is tipped as his position is changed. This response is pre-mental, unlearned, innate—a groping for food. However, something else is also happening, for as the baby nurses his eyes turn toward his mother's face.

Spitz has shown that as the baby's vision matures he gazes not at the breast but at his mother's face while he nurses. And perception develops as he begins to differentiate the contact sensation of feeling his face against the breast from the distant sensation of seeing his mother's face. (The newborn baby does not experience distance. Even sound is a "contact" experience—a physical vibration on his eardrum.)

As he gains and loses physical contact with his mother's breast while nursing, the infant still sees her face. The repetition of this experience gradually transforms sensations into perceptions. The reciprocity between mother and child set in motion by the rooting response—and such later responses as the "smiling" that occurs around the second or third month—Spitz has called "the primal dialogue."

This dialogue turns out to be as necessary to life as food. Along with others, Spitz has studied a fatal disease of babies called anaclitic depression or "hospitalism." This malady struck orphaned babies during World War II who were hurriedly fed by overworked nurses or left in their cribs with propped-up bottles. In all other respects these babies were well cared for. But some became totally apathetic; all attempts to make them respond brought forth only detached, piercing screams. Once contracted, hospitalism is irreversible and terminates in death.

In psychoanalytic terms, the explanation lies in the phenomenon of aggression, which is omnipresent. Aggression is either regulated or unregulated, and one of the functions of the evolving mind is to bind aggression so that it may be used adaptationally rather than self-destructively as in depressions or temper tantrums. A crucial value of the primal dialogue is to regulate aggression which otherwise becomes destructive.

Many other things, however, can go wrong with the primal dialogue. It can, for example, be an instrument of maternal overprotection—in effect an overdose of emotional stimulation. Or, as Spitz has more recently observed, the dialogue can be "derailed" in overcrowded homes where the telephone, television, and visitors interrupt the baby's cycle of appetite and consummation. The outcome is not depression but a whole range of "acting out" behavior like delinquency and perversity. Spitz's work in this area has brought psychoanalysis into a new and closer relationship with such social issues as urban planning and population control. He has incorporated his research and findings in his latest book, *The First Year of Life: A Psychoanalytic Study of Normal and Deviant Development of Object Relations.*

Spitz has made remarkable use of motion picture photography to study anxiety which, in young children, is manifested in tears or a startled reaction. Some of his most interesting picture sequences show an eight-month-old baby left alone with a lifelike doll. The child crawls toward it in anticipation, halts, peers suspiciously, pokes it, and then bursts into tears. The cause of this "doll anxiety" is the baby's anticipation of dialogue; he reacts with terror when the doll fails to respond. Spitz explains the universal fear of corpses as a consequence of our fear of being trapped and overloaded with aggression. The primal dialogue educates our perceptual discrimination between the living and the nonliving to so fine a degree that we can unfailingly distinguish between a black-and-white photograph of a living child and a life-size doll.

Deeper into Life?

Spitz at this writing is eighty-one and claims to be in retirement, as he has claimed on several past occasions. Erikson is sixty-six and Anna Freud is seventy-two. The relatively advanced age of this eminent trio reflects the fact that psychoanalysis is a lengthy and demanding discipline—a man or woman is at least forty before he is at ease with the theory and will need probably another decade before he can hope to contribute to it at its frontiers. There are, of course, other aspects to the situation, some of which Anna Freud herself touched on in her New York talks last spring. "Young people now are not interested in man's struggle against himself," she said, "but in man's struggle against society. They see that what psychoanalysis may lead to is adaptation to society. That's the last thing they have in mind."

She also discussed the competition which confronts psychoanalysis from medical therapies. But in the end she faced these obstacles with her accustomed serenity. "Psychoanalysis will grow," she said, "and it will take us deeper and deeper into life."

Certainly this seems to be the direction of the new explorers on the path which Freud originally hacked out.

Harper's Magazine, August 1968

Chris Welles

OIL SHALE: HIDDEN SCANDAL OR INFLATED MYTH?

How a strange alliance of giant oil companies and conservationists has managed to keep an incalculable national treasure buried in the Colorado hills.

Several thousand square miles of arid, desolate, scrub-covered land in the northwestern United States contain, in the words of one geologist, "the greatest package of potential energy on the face of the globe." This treasure lies buried in the world's largest deposit of a dense, black organic mineral called "oil shale." The major known deposits are in Colorado, though there are others in Wyoming and Utah. When heated to about 900 degrees Fahrenheit, this rocky material releases a substance almost indistinguishable from crude oil. The shale in these three states potentially could yield as much as four trillion barrels of oil—ten times the world crude deposits, worth $10 trillion, or $50,000 for every person in the United States. At present 80 per cent of this shale is government-owned.

A number of experts believe that shale could be made to yield oil at costs well below that of domestic crude. If they are right, gasoline and fuel-oil prices would drop. We could cease worrying about our dwindling domestic crude reserves and be less dependent on supplies from politically unstable Middle Eastern countries. Even a partial cutback in oil imports could go a long way toward solving our balance-of-payments troubles (though large exporters like Venezuela would be hurt).

The location of this shale has been known for many decades. Yet it is still virtually untouched and unexploited. An extremely complicated and heated debate over this curious neglect has only recently begun to receive national attention. Senators William Proxmire, Philip Hart, and the late Robert Kennedy are among those who asked hard questions on the subject. The shale oil controversy has been enlivened by allegations of Teapot Dome-like scandals, gigantic giveaways, and even attempted murder. But unquestionably the major barrier to shale development has been the oil industry's historic opposition.

In their defense, oil men argue that the economic feasibility of commercial shale oil production has never been proved. They point to immense technological difficulties ahead involving mining, crushing, and heating quite alien to the drilling and pumping processes in which the oil industry has invested billions of dollars. Not the least of the problems is how to dispose of millions of tons of "spent shale" which could desecrate a now unsullied wilderness. They do not, however, openly discuss their very real fear that shale oil could someday become a dangerous competitor of crude. A flood of cheap shale oil could drastically weaken the carefully supported price of crude and might, as a respected energy expert put it, make "Texas and Oklahoma start looking like another Appalachia."

Given the financial and political muscle of the oil industry—which has managed through import quotas and depletion allowances to keep prices and profits high despite a world crude surplus—this prospect seems remote. But since it is a possibility, the oil industry has hedged its position by doing everything it can to keep the shale safely below ground. It has more or less dictated the federal government's do-nothing shale policy. It has either bought or acquired control of most of the privately owned shale land, and at the same time has refused to invest anything more

than token amounts in shale research. And it has either squelched or gained a strong voice in the few serious shale-research efforts that have been mounted.

Thus, for example, in the early 1950s Union Oil of California, which had to buy most of the crude for its refineries from other producers, invested about $15 million in shale research. The company opened a small prototype plant to loud fanfare in 1957. "It looks like we're on the right track. It has tremendous possibilities," Union's president told a reporter. Another official said the plant was proving successful "beyond the highest anticipation" of the company's engineers.

Meanwhile, Gulf Oil had bought $120 million worth of Union's debentures—potentially a one-fourth interest in Union. (This was a first step toward a merger abandoned in 1961 after Justice Department protests.) Gulf also agreed to furnish Union with large quantities of Gulf's foreign crude supply. A little over a year after its opening, Union's shale plant was suddenly closed down. At the time, the Union engineer who had induced his company to begin the venture, charged in a letter published by the Senate Subcommittee on Antitrust and Monopoly that "the actual and circumstantial evidence is strong that Gulf . . . did succeed in delaying the inception of an oil shale industry by making it appear more profitable for Union to accept Gulf's terms rather than continue development of oil shale." A few months ago, however, a Union spokesman told me that though the process was "commercial" it was still "not competitive with crude."

Tax-supported research efforts have been equally abortive. In 1945, responding to wartime fears of an oil shortage, the government opened a small research plant at Anvil Points in Colorado. By 1954, $17 million in public funds had been invested in the project, and reports of progress were encouraging. However, that year Interior Secretary Douglas McKay, never known as a foe of oil interests, asked the National Petroleum Council, an advisory group of oil and gas executives, to analyze the project's status. After an appraisal that could hardly be called agonizing, the NPC recommended that Anvil Points be closed down on the grounds that the government was duplicating research by private industry.

At hearings before the Senate Appropriations Committee, Colorado Senator Eugene Millikin protested: "It was a very nervy performance for people who were in the liquid-petroleum business to come in and suggest that this potential competitor of that industry be put out of business." The late Estes Kefauver put it even more bluntly in an angry speech on the Senate floor: "It is difficult to conceive of a more clear-cut case of oil-company domination of the policy of the United States government," he said.

Nonetheless, Congress cut off further appropriations and in 1956 Anvil Points was closed. The oil companies proceeded to hire most of the government shale engineers. The government later allowed Anvil Points to be reopened by a consortium of six large oil companies for, as one oilman told me candidly, "some cheap research just in case."

More recently, the Atomic Energy Commission and a nuclear-technology firm called CER Geonuclear Corp.—as part of a broad investigation of the peaceful uses of atomic energy—proposed using an underground explosion to crush shale rock. After being released by the injection of hot steam or gas, oil could then be pumped to the surface.

The AEC and CER in 1965 invited industry participation in the project. Fourteen large oil companies quickly signed up and became dominant in the resulting consortium. Progress since then has been slow: though an atomic shot to stimulate natural-gas recovery went off in 1967, the first shale shot, once scheduled for 1968, has been postponed at least until 1969. AEC officials say that it will then take four or five years to evaluate the test results. Back in 1966 M. A. Lekas of the AEC's special-products division said publicly that nuclear methods might produce shale oil for as little as one-tenth the cost of domestic crude. He is flatly contradicted by a CER spokesman who recently told me this estimate is "ridiculous" and that "shale will be one of those things that will work very slowly into the market."

The only other important research project now under way is an experimental plant in a steep, narrow canyon in northwest Colorado. There a small company, The Oil Shale Corporation (Tosco), has been producing 800 barrels of high-quality shale oil a day. By 1970 the firm expects to produce shale oil commercially at a cost which, according to one Tosco insider, might be less than $1 a barrel—approximately one-third the cost of regular crude. The company expects even-

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Chris Wells studied the oil shale story for over a year, on location and in several cities, from Washington to Shawnee, Oklahoma. A Princeton graduate, he served as a U.S. Navy officer and in 1962 joined "Life" Magazine, where he is now an associate editor.

ually to license its process at low royalties.

Most of Tosco's present financial backers have ittle connection with the oil industry—major tockholders include Lehman Brothers, the Rosen-vald family, members of the du Pont family, and Huntington Hartford. Originally a 40 per cent nterest in the research project was held by Standard Oil of Ohio (Sohio), which must buy nost of its crude from other oil companies. However, after dragging its feet for months, Sohio abruptly withdrew from the project in 966 and dumped its big block of Tosco stock. They really tried to scuttle us, those bastards," was told by Herbert Linden, son of Tosco's ounder and a big stockholder of the company. They thought they could then take it over hemselves." Tosco did indeed teeter toward bank-uptcy but was saved by a $3.5-million loan from French oil company. Sohio later reevaluated its osition and is expected to purchase, with At-ntic Richfield, a majority interest in the Tosco esearch program.

Tempest in Interior

While the oil industry's attempts to dominate nale research are well documented, it is impos-ble to verify the recurrent allegations about a eapot Dome-size scandal—a gigantic giveaway nounting into the billions of dollars. Tidbits of nformation have circulated among journalists or months but proof of hanky-panky is scarce. What does emerge clearly is the fact that the overnment under dubious circumstances allowed il companies and land speculators to gain owner-nip of many thousands of acres of rich shale nd, and readily acquiesced to the oil industry's oncept of a prudent federal shale policy.

The Interior Department administers the fed-ral shale land, which was almost all government-wned until 1915. Then a sudden spurt of interest n shale prompted prospectors to stake claims on illions of acres of shale land. (In accordance ith mining laws governing the exploitation of inerals, an individual prospector stakes a claim y physically discovering a valuable mineral on ne land and pounding in boundary stakes. This ives him the right to dig up the minerals under ne land—which he does not own. He can, how-ver, apply for a "patent" and, for $2.50 an acre, equire ownership of the land as well as the inerals under it.)

By 1920 so much land had been staked that nterior began to worry about complete loss of a aluable resource and halted further claiming. (However, claims already staked remained valid and patentable.) In 1930, President Hoover went a step further, decreeing that henceforth shale land could not even be leased.

Over the years the oil industry quietly bought up thousands of the existing claims. Between 1950 and 1960, especially, the industry obtained patents on land containing billions of barrels of oil. A substantial number of these claims had been declared null and void by the government during the early 1930s (most claimants to the canceled land were so notified and thus had few inhibitions about selling out to the oil companies). There was also strong evidence that many claims had been fraudulently staked in the first place. For example, one group of prospectors claimed 17,600 acres of remote land by alleging they had physically discovered shale—located hundreds of feet below ground—during a winter month when the land was covered with many feet of snow. A one-time oil man, when we discussed the routine ease with which patents were granted on claims of dubious validity told me frankly, "When we had land up for patent, we'd visit with our friends on the Hill and then stop in to see the Secretary. He'd just tell his people to get a move on."

As speculation boomed, land that had been patented for $2.50 an acre was often resold for more than $2,000 an acre. In the mid-1950s a number of Interior Department employees quit the government to go into business for themselves. One was Tell Ertl, a top Bureau of Mines shale engineer, who went to work for Union and then struck out on his own. Not long ago, he leased a 21,000-acre plot to Shell Oil, which pays him $50,000 a year for it though nothing is being produced there. Shell also has an option to buy the land for $42 million.

Not all the government men watched this bonanza with equanimity. One who was much agitated was an obscure lawyer in Interior's Denver office named Fred March. He is a humorless, doggedly zealous man whose single-mindedness seems, to less determined individuals, obsessive. In 1960, alarmed by Interior's free and easy patenting policies, March with the help of a few like-minded colleagues managed to set up some impregnable legal roadblocks. The patenting process was halted and some test cases were brought to challenge the validity of many claims.

Outraged patent seekers countered by complaining to Congressmen, particularly Wayne Aspinall of Colorado. Aspinall, who heads the House Interior Committee through which most Interior legislation must pass, bombarded the Department with letters and phone calls, as did Colorado's

Senator Gordon Allott. Interior officials responded by discreetly urging March to ease up. He, in turn, loudly accused them of selling out and sent letters detailing the "giveaways" to Congressmen and the Justice Department. "Fred was one of those people," a friend of his told me, "who uses a little more dynamite to make a hole than he should."

Eventually, Interior tried to retire March involuntarily for psychiatric reasons. After long, complex proceedings during which March's friends allege Interior used blackmail and wiretaps to get evidence of his irrationality—he was judged "a normal superior person," and fit for duty. But he was banished to Portland, Oregon, and assigned to matters unrelated to oil shale. "I like dissenters," Interior Secretary Stewart Udall said when I questioned him about the episode. "But March's main problems were emotional." My own impression of March after several interviews was of a man who though given to wildly intemperate outbursts is exceedingly meticulous about the documentation for his beliefs.

In the past few years, March has been adopted as a kind of folk hero by a group of oil shale crusaders. Their chief spokesman is a thirty-four-year-old newspaperman, J. R. Freeman, who until recently owned the weekly *Farmer and Miner* in Frederick, Colorado (pop. 600), and is still its associate editor. Assisted by March's findings, Freeman, in the course of a two-year-long independent investigation, has published almost fifty articles on "The Multi-Billion Dollar Grab of Oil Shale Lands."

The articles eloquently report on the acquisition of shale land by the oil companies. But Freeman's attempts to create a national issue have been blunted by lack of hard evidence o an actual bribe or payoff and by the fact tha in 1960 March's efforts terminated any frau that might have been involved in prior patent granting.

Freeman's car was shot at in May 1967 and h hinted darkly that oil interests were out to mu der him. A more likely explanation is that som local residents, who have never loved the Texa born newsman, were out to give him a litt scare.

One man who does take him seriously is forme U. S. Senator Paul Douglas. At Senate hearing last September, Douglas, his bearlike arm en veloping Freeman's narrow shoulders, introduce him to several astonished Senators as an "au thentic American hero." Douglas, in what ma be a slight flight of hyperbole, has described o shale as "the most submerged issue in America domestic politics involving the greatest scand in the history of our Republic."

Udall in the Middl

Along with Freeman, other zealous supporter of March are still hunting for evidence scandal and are ready to brand as a "giveaway almost any action the government takes to pr mote private shale development. Exploitation shale is also bitterly opposed by increasing powerful conservationist groups who sound th alarm whenever private industry gains access t public resources. They argue also that shale d velopment, probably by strip-mining technique will irrevocably deface the landscape, gougin out mountains and filling valleys with slag. I



"It's a dog-eat-dog world and Justin, for one, wouldn't have it any other way."

a unique alliance, the oil industry, worried about its own profits, sides with the Sierra Club.

On the other side of the controversy, Congressmen, state officials, and land speculators from Colorado, Utah, and Wyoming are generally eager for quick shale development. So too are stockbrokers and investors in several small companies which own pieces of shale land. And speedy shale development is also supported by vocal groups of economists and government officials. One of them is former Interior Assistant Secretary John Carver, Jr., now a Federal Power Commissioner. "The real scandal," he told me recently, "is that the government has yet to receive the first dollar of revenues." These revenues in the perhaps grandiose estimate of Senator Douglas, could pay off the national debt.

Interior Secretary Stewart Udall, a man with an acute political instinct, has responded to these pressures and counterpressures by appearing to encourage shale development while actually accomplishing as little as possible. An especially useful tactic has been an earnest legal campaign —based largely on March's findings—to challenge the still unpatented claims, which Udall told me would be "time-consuming" but a "necessary prerequisite to shale development."*

Faced with increasing Congressional criticism of these stalling tactics, Udall in 1967 announced the first of a series of proposed programs to spur private shale research and development. The proposals have been positive enough to comfort the advocates of development, while tight federal control of technology has reassured opponents. Oil industry executives indeed have said that the "unthinkable" restrictions make private participation most unattractive.

Clearly Udall's proposals are a far cry from the broad-scale government-sponsored research effort needed to determine once and for all the economic feasibility of shale oil production, including the seriousness of problems like waste disposal. Recent discoveries indicate that the shale may also contain huge amounts of aluminum—perhaps worth even more than the oil in the shale.

Senator Philip Hart of Michigan sees shale oil development as a means of reducing the monopolistic power of the oil industry (which has lately been expanding into many other energy industries, including coal and nuclear power). Senators Robert Kennedy and William Proxmire—among others—sponsored legislation designed in part to accomplish this. Professor Morris Garnsey, who teaches economics at the University of Colorado, has proposed that a Comsat-type quasi-public corporation should be set up to develop oil shale. Such a corporation, Garnsey has pointed out, could coordinate the great technological effort needed, and avoid private monopoly while permitting "adequate return on private investment and maximum protection for and returns to the public."

There would, of course, be powerful political opposition to Professor Garnsey's plan. Indeed the current noise in Washington over getting action on shale has spurred Humble and several other oil companies into stepping up their shale research. They now propose open, competitive bidding for the government-owned shale land (few besides oil interests would have the resources or facilities to compete in such a contest). However, it seems certain that if development becomes inevitable, the oil industry will make a strong effort to dominate the field.

Their adversaries, on the other hand, are hopeful that the tiny Oil Shale Corporation—Tosco—may be the David to slay the oil Goliath. This might happen if Tosco's process turns out to be spectacularly inexpensive—so much so that the government would be forced into wide-open leasing of federal land and well-heeled corporations in other fields would risk a fight with oil interests. So far, Tosco's public statements about the oil industry—which will most likely be Tosco's future customers and partners—have been models of discretion. Marketing floods of cut-rate oil? The furthest thing from their minds, say Tosco executives. Theirs, they say, will be a small-potatoes operation for many years.

Still, they do show occasional glimmers of higher ambition. "What we'd like to do," one company officer said to me recently with a smile, "is make Humble Oil seem small and insignificant."

He seemed to be talking only half in jest.

*Udall last year came under fire for permitting prospectors, notably an Oklahoman named Merle Zweifel (who was grubstaked by some small-time Oklahoma politicians), to plaster millions of acres of government shale land with claims presumably for an aluminum-bearing mineral called dawsonite. (Udall admitted to me later he had made a mistake.) Though some speculated the claiming was an oil-industry maneuver to grab land, it was actually an attempt on Zweifel's part to require anyone desiring to develop the land to settle with him or risk a court fight; the government would have trouble leasing the land if Zweifel's claims were still in force. Last May, Interior ruled dawsonite is not a claimable mineral; however Zweifel told me he can support many of his claims with discoveries of other minerals. "They just can't snap their fingers and wipe my claims out," he said. "We'll fight them for thirty years if we have to."

Foreign Report: Prague

by Claire Sterling

A questioning look at the Czechs' extraordinary "revolution" . . .

The communist world has never seen so supple a performance as Czechoslovakia's in these past months. Among the last of the Eastern European states to de-Stalinize, the Czechs say they will be the first to introduce Western democratic institutions, peacefully, in consonance with socialist principles and the Warsaw Pact, and under communist auspices—a proposition that could undo the labor of decades in neighboring communist countries from East Germany and Poland to Hungary and Bulgaria, not to mention Soviet Russia. Nobody knows how far the Russians can afford to let this go, especially at the westernmost border of their disintegrating Continental empire. Nobody knows how far the Czechoslovak Party really means to go, either. The right word has yet to be found for the extraordinary process taking place here since the fall of Antonin Novotny in January. Is it really a revolution?

Those of us who were around in late spring were of two minds. It certainly looked like one from where we were sitting, viewing the national scene from Prague, and seeing Prague mainly through the eyes of its jubilant intellectuals. Freed overnight from twenty years of suffocating censorship, they were having the time of their lives. Yet a nagging thought kept recurring. Where, outside this charmed circle of writers, students, professors, movie directors, poets, were all the other Czechs? Watching, mostly.

It has been all but unthinkable from the start that a Communist party which has owned a country body and soul for twenty years would voluntarily take the risks this one is apparently taking with its property. A free press, radio, and television; freedom to assemble, worship, criticize, organize, and travel; authentic elections with a choice of independent candidates and parties; rehabilitation of 40,000 former political prisoners and 100,000 minor political offenders, an independent judiciary, liquidation of the secret political police—all this was promised in the Communists' Action Program within three months of the Stalinist Novotny's departure, and trumpeted to the populace by an already triumphantly free press.

The effect on Prague was electric. Students paraded through the streets in the thousands, happily waving posters: "Truth Prevails, But it Takes a Lot of Doing" and "Long Live the Soviet Union, But At Its Own Expense." The new KAN clubs (Czech for "committed non-Party members") made a spectacular appearance with a public meeting of 5,000. The Club 231 for ex-political prisoners got 10,000 applications for membership. The prewar Catholic and Socialist parties, bent with servitude in the Communists' National Front, held Town Hall meetings for the youth. Younger Social Democrats, whose prewar party was crushed altogether after the 1948 coup, applied for a permit to reorganize.

But in the Great Beyond where most workers and peasants live, nothing stirred. The workers' silence was particularly ominous, and clearly unnerving for the progressive Communists around Party Secretary Alexander Dubcek. By May, with Soviet Premier Kosygin loitering in the wings as he took the waters at Karlsbad, the Party leadership locked in mortal combat, and the progressives showing distressing signs of retreat, it began to look as if this were not a revolution at all, but merely a footnote in history. For a brief if heroic period, the note might read, an intellectual minority hungering for freedom had managed to thrust freedom upon a working class that tended to see it more as a threat than a gift.

Things have been changing since then, and the unthinkable has become at least arguable. Nevertheless the ferocious infighting between conservatives and progressives goes on, with the working class as the prize. For all the factory resolutions supporting Dubcek, it is plain that Czech workers are not rejoicing, to a man, over the explosion of democratic passion in the capital. The suspicions are not overt, but they are there. "We know about you so-called progressives," an anonymous worker wrote to the Party's trade union daily, *Prace*, "that you're parasites of our nation, indifferent to its destinies; and in your dark souls you want the present regime to disappear. When our patience is exhausted we'll send you to hell."

Puzzled by the workers' evident attachment to a regime offering such meager rewards—wretched wages, shoddy clothes, a single room to a family, a bicycle with luck—I asked a Charles University professor why. He wanted first to know how much I earned myself and when I told him, shrugged. "That's five times more than our Prime Minister gets," he said. "It's one small reason—there are many, and bigger—why somebody like you could never understand Czechoslovakia." In this country, he explained, nobody could aspire to such a prodigious sum and very few, the professor included, to anything but a fraction more than the workers earn themselves. Moreover, four out of five workers earn the same standard wage, whatever they may do or not do. The regime here has, in fact, created an equalitarian system without parallel in world history, in or outside the communist orbit. The effects, deadening and debasing, can hardly be overstated. Starved though they are for consumer goods, workers see no point in fighting for them by working harder, finding it easier to pilfer instead. Thievery has become an accepted occupation, the ordinary citizen's way to acquire a television set and cheat the state, and is so widespread that car owners are forbidden by law to leave their car doors unlocked. Hard work, on the other hand, has become an unpardonable violation of the fraternal code, much as strikebreaking is in the United States. With no one to envy and nowhere to go up the ladder, the workers have made a virtue of the main vice they have acquired under the system: to put in a wretched day's work for a wretched day's pay. In this curious sense, they can rightly feel that they have been pampered. The government is obliged by the constitution to give them a job, foremen look the other way when they filch spare parts, and local Party functionaries would rather leave them in peace than risk their wrath. The policy has clearly paid off for Novotny's regime in the past. It has also contributed greatly to the ruinous impoverishment of a once-thriving industrial nation.

More than anything else, it was this process of impoverishment which finally convinced top communist leaders that Novotny must go. For the Czechs cannot survive economically much longer if they cling to primitive socialist habits copied from Moscow twenty years ago, when the Russian economy was half-a-century behind their own. At the time they were wrenched from the heart of Europe by the 1948 communist coup, their industries were technically abreast of the West's, their foreign trade soundly in balance, their workers highly skilled, decently dressed, comfortably housed. Faced about smartly toward the communist East and geared to its needs, they have seen all that go down the drain.

Today, two-thirds of Czechoslovakia's industrial plant is obsolete and the rest—heavy industry developed at the killing pace Bolshevik doctrine demanded—is producing at far above Western costs. Productivity has dropped well behind Western Europe's and is barely a third of the United States'. A nation of fourteen million people is producing 1,500,000 types of manufactured goods and three-quarters of the world's entire range of heavy engineering equipment (primarily to meet Russian needs), much of it inferior in quality. Huge stockpiles rust in warehouses; rejects of defective products run to $200 million a year; and two-thirds of the merchandise in retail stores is, by official estimate, unfit to be on the market. Large trade surpluses have been piling up in trade with the East, Russia alone owing the Czechs $350 million; and there is a heavy deficit with the hard-currency West. Young couples must wait ten years for an apartment, and living standards, compared to Western Europe's, have become a dreary joke. It is incredible that the Czechs, who once had so much, could have settled for so long for so little.

Pushed to the background by the dramatic events of this memorable Prague spring, the economy is the key to them. It was not for love of liberty that the Party's Central Committee decided, in January, to get rid of the man who had presided over his country's decomposition for fifteen years. The decomposition was what these Communists had uppermost in mind. When the call for liberty came, nobody was more surprised than they were.

One should remember that Czechoslovakia is the single communist country in Europe—indeed, anywhere on earth—that had had a strong taste of democracy beforehand, as well as a large and popular Communist party, under Thomas Masaryk's Golden Republic between the wars. There are still some Communists here who have loved liberty since then and who, even in the blackest years, never lost hope of perfecting communism with this precious addition. Take the case of Professor Eduard Goldstücker, now President of the Czechoslovak Writers' Union and a Party

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member since Masaryk days. Imprisoned, sentenced to death, and miraculously reprieved during the Stalinist purges of the 'fifties, he has suffered spiritual torture many times over, before and since, for the Party's crimes and egregious errors. Yet he has written recently—and I am persuaded of it, after several talks with him—that he continues to believe sincerely in the Party's capacity to heal its self-inflicted wounds and set a glorious example for humanity.

Irreverent and Defiant

Not many old-timers are capable of such immaculate faith, and younger intellectuals are openly irreverent. All the same, a number who do long for freedom have stuck with the Party. A handful might be found in top communist echelons. Most are in the Writers' Union, a thorn in Novotny's side since his first fainthearted steps toward de-Stalinization in 1963.

Although there are many noncommunists in the Writers' Union, its most militant freedom fighters have been Communist party members. Gallantly, often with truly noble courage, these writers have been probing at the Party's frontiers, advancing, retreating, advancing again.

Four times last year, before the Central Committee suppressed it altogether in a fit of Zhdanovite rage, the union's weekly, *Literarni Noviny*, was forced to accept a different editor. Each sin ply took up where the last had left off. The clima came at the Writers' Congress in June 1967, whe the bravest of Czech writers—Ludvik Vaculik, A tonin Liehm, Ivan Klima, Milan Kundera, Pav Kohout, Jan Prochazka—finally broke out bounds. "After twenty years," Vaculik said, "r solution has been found in our country for ar of the elementary human problems such as hou ing, schools, and economic prosperity, let alo the more subtle needs which the world's nondem cratic systems are incapable of solving."

The final resolution of the Congress, writte by Liehm, was defiant:

> In the days between the two wars, our stat though rocked by the conflicts of capitalism ar weakened by failure to solve national problems, e joyed . . . a high degree of democratic freedo ... The revolution attempted to bridge the diversi of work and culture bequeathed by the old societ In this process there were necessarily failure from genuine emotion it was but a short step pseudo-art, from popularization it was not far vulgarization. But what should have been only t shortcomings of a youthful experiment, whi democratic methods prevailed, were frozen in virtues. Writers who lived through that peri have a moral obligation never to permit a repet tion of those tragic mistakes.

Three months later, the Central Committee e pelled Liehm, Vaculik, and Klima from the Part dropped Prochazka as candidate-member of t

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OBSERVATIONS OF P. OVIDIUS NASO
on the incidence of sex in the contemporary novel

by Archibald MacLeish

What have they done to you, all-conquering love?—
you who taught the lecherous birds to preen and even
men to walk like men for pride of love—
what have they done to you?

And who are these,
these nudest, lewdest, noisiest, their naked buttocks
scarcely skirted and their breasts tipped up to tease—
these who set upon you with their silver scissors,
clip your famous arrow, cut
your bow-string, tell you what your mother is
and walk off whistling?

Show me, you,
all-conquering triumphant captain, what
precisely you propose to do!

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Committee itself, sequestered the Writers' Union funds, and took over *Literarni Noviny*. It was the penultimate spasm of a dying Stalinist order.

The last spasm came on October 31 when about fifteen hundred students in Prague's Strahov dormitory, fed up with perpetual breakdowns in their electricity and heating systems, marched through the Mala Strana bearing candles, shouting, "We Want Light." Had Novotny's police not made the error all the world's policemen seem to make, he might have hung on a bit longer. But they did make it, breaking up the parade with clubs, invading the dorms and savaging the students there, hauling scores off to prison. A relatively passive student body was thoroughly aroused and a wave of shock spread through the nation. Though the lights came on in Strahov soon afterward, along with a formal apology to the students (!) from Novotny's regime, the damage was done.

If the students and writers between them helped to finish off Novotny, however, they never dreamed of the marvels to come. Neither, apparently, did the Central Committee in January. Most Czechs took it for granted that after dumping Novotny, the Party would merely go on to mild reforms—less mild than others, perhaps, but not too far out of line with the changes gently rocking the international communist community. Instead, the Party leadership made a single and still baffling decision: it freed the press.

Unable to believe their luck, Prague's incorrigible writers and journalists flexed their muscles and charged. What a charge it was! A grain of caution—who could forget Budapest in 1956?—kept them from assaulting the Warsaw Pact. Otherwise it was Liberty Hall. From morning to night, in newspapers, on the radio, on television, the Party's whole sordid story was brought to light: the role of Novotny and Stalin's "Beria guerrillas" in the Slansky trials and purges that followed; the sinister circumstances of Jan Masaryk's death in 1948; the grotesque distortions of Czech history, especially regarding his revered father; the nightmare sufferings of political prisoners, comparable to the worst inflicted under the German occupation by the Nazis; the gross "deformations" of socialism that had brought dictatorship and economic disaster.

Unnerved by the enormity of the force they had released in lifting censorship, some members of the Presidium would have given a lot to retract their decision soon after making it. But within a week came General Jan Sejna's sensational flight to the U.S. The head of the Defense Ministry's Party committee and an intimate of Novotny, General Sejna had fled the country—reportedly with a diplomatic passport procured for him by a Russian General, then in Czechoslovakia and now in a Moscow jail—after disclosures that shook the country to its soul. The new Chief of the Army's Political Headquarters, General Egyd Pepich, had revealed a military plot to save Novotny during the January Party Plenum, with the Workers' Militia mobilized and tanks ready to roll on Prague. It was the moment of truth for the men at the top who had ousted Novotny. A number of them had spent years in jail under his rule. Few had imagined that even he could go to such desperate lengths to stay in power. Almost all were sickened, as the nation was, at the thought of what they had so narrowly escaped. For the first time, they saw the free press not as a political luxury, but as an indispensable weapon in their own defense. From then on, there could be no turning back.

The question of how to go forward remained. Here again the intellectuals quickly flushed the Party out of cover before banality could intervene. Top communist leaders were grilled for eight hours by 15,000 assembled students demanding their views on socialist democracy. Central Committee members went through the same grueling experience repeatedly on television panels. Others, summoned to the telephone by Radio Prague's Milan Weiner while he was on the air, were obliged to answer scathing questions from his audience. The official Party daily, *Rude Pravo*, declared its editorial independence and ran, among a great many other things, a public-opinion poll asking, "Is communism compatible with democracy?" and, "Is democracy possible only when people can choose between at least two equal and independent parties?"

Literarni Listy, the new Writers' Union weekly, made its entrance with the refreshing statement by Jan Prochazka that Czechoslovakia had "fallen off the train of progress in 1948," and would have its work cut out to keep socialism here from turning into a "museum piece and subject of world ridicule." The matter was explored further in a later issue by Professor Vaclav Müller, an economist, who noted that many countries call themselves socialist: ". . . the Soviet Union categorically, Yugoslavia very proudly, Great Britain rather diffidently, Sweden almost apologetically." Where definitions of socialism were concerned, then, this country had a vast field to romp in.

But the field bristles with land mines. By history, culture, traditions, tastes, industrial skills, geography, Czechoslovakia is—despite the present

unhappy interlude—a thoroughly Western nation. It has, however, been Balkanized politically and economically by Stalinists trained in the Moscow school, whose teachers knew nothing of the Western mentality and cared less. Free of Russia's ideological influence, the Czechs might have evolved a Western form of communism that could be a showpiece today. Cast in the Soviet image, their communism has been built on one iron concept: the dictatorship of the Party in the name of the proletariat. There are probably only two issues which might provoke the Russians into intervening here militarily someday, as they have been threatening to do on and off since January. One is this country's adherence to the Warsaw Pact. The other is the supremacy of the Party.

It is all very well for Czech writers to attack the "dogma of the Party's immaculate conception," and for the Central Committee itself to say in its Action Program that the Party must henceforth "earn" its ruling position by winning popular support, instead of "imposing" it by constitutional fiat. Supposing the Party should fail to earn its keep, what would Brezhnev and Kosygin think? One might also ask what a great many Czech Communists might think, who are by no means reconciled to the remotest possibility of their Party's abdication.

They are in no great danger. At any rate, not yet. At present (though it may be forced to change its mind, forwards or backwards), the Party leadership evidently intends to allow and even encourage noncommunist "countervailing political forces" within the National Front, but not a full-fledged, still less "antisocialist" opposition party. While this could leave plenty of room for political pressure groups—the KAN clubs, for instance—it is far too little to content the more radical intellectuals. Many doubt that the old parties in the national front, discredited by two decades of subservience, could ever raise their heads effectively again. A considerable number have come to the heretical conclusion that nothing in the whole mosaic of communist promises could have real substance unless the Party is forced to behave itself through fear of a genuine, organized opposition. Their fondest hope, ingenious and not altogether unfounded, is for a split so deep in communist ranks that the progressives will cut away and form a second Communist party of their own. The mind boggles at what Brezhnev and Kosygin might think of *that*.

Then there is the question of socialism as an economic animal. Professor Goldstücker has offered the most accommodating definition, saying it should simply mean social ownership of th means of production. But the formula is mostl a political convenience, permitting the Party's de tachment from the state's productive contro mechanisms. It does not settle the issue o whether or not to establish a genuine marke economy in the Western sense, under state own ership. Professor Ota Sik, father of Czecho slovakia's New Economic Model, has been pleadin this cause earnestly, if not always coherently, fo some years. In fact, he had talked Novotny int having a go at it, starting in 1967. The Nev Model brimmed over with theoretical stimulants among them an end to the economic insanity o equalitarian wages, and of preposterously rigge wholesale and retail prices bearing no relatio to market realities. But wage differentiation wa unacceptable to the wary Czech workers, and s were a lot of other things: shutdowns of ineffi cient factories, involving layoffs of anywhere u to 400,000; independent and presumably compe tent factory management, implying an end t boondoggling; and inevitably, higher prices Novotny hated all this so much, as did Stat Planning Director Oldrich Cernik (alas, no Prime Minister), that the New Model never go off the ground. Dubcek sees its virtues mor clearly. But he too falters at the idea of actuall *doing* what has got to be done.

With the working class holding the Party at bay, progressive Communists are trying desperately to explain where its best interests lie. "Was it in the workers' interest," asked Josef Smrkovsky, Chairman of the National Assembly, "to produce, compete, bear the brunt of all shortages only to see their labor go into unmarketable stockpiles and be exported at dumping prices? To work under bad conditions, on old machines, without adequate safety or hygienic amenities? For their trade unions to cease protecting their interests and act jointly with the management? The old policy was pursued in the name of the working class, but the working class did not gain much."

Slowly, laboriously, the progressives are talking some workers round. The diffident remainder, however, is still vulnerable to seductive argument from a host of little Novotnys who would walk with the devil to stop Prague's revolutionary dreamers in their tracks. Several thousand Party functionaries, appointed and coddled by Novotny, are still in their posts and fighting hard to preserve their privileges. Little by little, Dubcek has been dislodging some from the most sensitive positions, especially in the Interior and Defense Ministries. The supreme question is

whether he can get enough of them into his pocket, or out of Novotny's, in time.

Time, for the embattled Dubcek regime, means deliverance from the menace of Soviet interference, veiled or open, and conquest of the Party machinery at every level. It also means a pause for reflection, as Antonin Liehm told me, so that a nation incapable of self-communication for twenty years—thirty, counting the Nazi occupation—can come to know itself. "We are asking for the moon these days," he says, "but we have no true idea of what planet our people would really prefer, in their hearts."

I realized how true that was, in a long afternoon spent with six leaders of the emerging student movement. Intense, implacable in their judgments, talking at times with a virtuoso brilliance, they spoke of the "so-called January revolution" as at once a miracle and a fraud. The intellectual climate may have changed at the top, they said, but not in their ranks "where the substitute for political discussion has been a kind of infantile ranting." Only subconsciously aware of the "prehistoric" Novotny regime's primitive defects, the students have no basic orientation for their aims. After all, they point out, they are a generation raised by Novotny, with all the mental corrosion that implies. "For years," said one, "we have been caught in an expanding and contracting trap, with Novotny giving a little and taking it away, and we ourselves moving from nowhere to nowhere, not to get anyplace—we aren't that innocent—but just to keep our moral backbone. Right now, Dubcek seems to be going somewhere because he has gunpowder at his backside, and with his cheap compliments, the students are up for grabs, capable even of settling for democracy in the squalid form of a corporate state. Where can he go without giving us political parties, and can he do that without leaving the Warsaw Pact? We aren't that innocent either."

"Dubcek may do his best or worst, telling the workers what they ought to want," said another, "as the conservatives are doing too in this vulgar duel of demagogy. We students, on the other hand, are automatically in dissent. Yet we are indifferent to its contents. We criticize Rudi Dutschke [the West Berlin New Left student leader], who is stuffed with perfectly functioning forms and sloganized goals without saying, 'How?' And we don't know how. We have only a negative unity: we are revolted by the past. But do we want socialism in any form? Capitalism in whatever form? A mixed economy taking the worst from both? A consumer society of mindless shoppers, buying their moral values at the supermarket? Would we prefer to leave the communist orbit, fight it out with the Russians, and trust our future to the West? Look at Budapest. Can we invent a new, more bearable communism? Nobody else has. We cannot be sure of what we want. We only want to be able to want."

A Hazardous Pilgrimage

That much, at least, the students can be sure of having, so long as their press can speak out. Rarely in our time has freedom of the press been used so tellingly to ensure every other kind of freedom. But even this depends so far on a gentleman's agreement. None of the Western democratic institutions listed in the Action Program has yet been written irrevocably into law, nor can they be until a new constitution is drafted in perhaps two or three years. From here to there



"He's good . . . but he's certainly not worth $185,000."

is a long, hazardous pilgrimage through uncharted territory, never before explored by communist leaders sitting in their map rooms from Moscow to Havana and Peking. There is no way of knowing how many Czech Communists are determined, at whatever cost, to explore it all the way.

Dubcek is supposedly not one of them. A Russian-trained "apparatchik," he was considered a centrist when he led the anti-Novotny fight, carrying along the Slovak Communists who loathed Novotny for having frustrated their long-standing demands for autonomy. Now that the Slovaks are getting their autonomous federation at last, though, they are slipping back into cautious conservatism. And who are the true progressives, anyway? Josef Smrkovsky, Josef Spacek, Ota Sik, Frantisek Kriegel, Cestmir Cisar, Zdenek Mlynar? So it is said, but there has been no decisive counting of heads.

Somewhere along the line, when and if the Dubcek regime actually carries out its Action Program, must come the grand confrontation between the Party's so-called "progressive" progressives, who are really prepared to stake its supremacy in the gamble for democracy, and the other kind who are not. However inclined, the progressive faction altogether numbers about thirty-five in a central committee of 110, against the Novotny conservatives' forty. In the middle are thirty-five irresolute centrists, torn between those who are afraid the Party will not do what it says, and those who are afraid it will.

So far, Dubcek himself has surprised everybody by throwing his weight on the progressives' side. But he is not a leader of great magnetic appeal, let alone a sophisticated and imaginative political thinker. The progressives could use more of both qualities in these next critical months before the Party's extraordinary congress in September.

For this is sure to be a long, hot summer in Prague. The war of nerves with Soviet Russia is not over by any means: the peremptory summonses and hasty flights to Moscow, the sudden descents of Soviet political and military leaders upon the Czech capital, the conferences with Eastern European leaders behind Dubcek's back, the Warsaw Pact maneuvers forced upon an unwilling but momentarily cornered Czech Defense Ministry. Short of civil war as a pretext—and at the present time, that seems ruled out—the regime here does not believe there is imminent danger of Soviet military intervention. The Kremlin stands to lose too much in the international diplomatic arena, and Czechoslovakia's tough standing army of 175,000 troops could, furthermore, be counted upon to put up formidable resistance.

Nevertheless, the Russians can continue to twist this country's arm economically, as they have been doing for months, since it relies so heavily upon them for oil, raw materials, and wheat, not to mention hard-currency credits urgently needed to modernize its economy. The Russian pressure could be all the more forceful in view of Washington's obvious reluctance to open financial negotiations with Dubcek, lest these should provoke the Russians into doing something naughty. The same fears have been holding back our Western allies, though some (the West Germans in particular) are evidently readier than we are to come to Czechoslovakia's economic rescue. Once again, a timorous Western policy might be a blessing for the Kremlin.

Yet the progessives' worst worry here is not so much the Kremlin as the Czechs whose thinking it has conditioned for all these years: the Novotny hard-liners and the mass of workers they have degraded morally and politically. Last spring, these combined forces looked very nearly irresistible. Now they seem less so. Exposed for months to what has become the most stimulating press in Europe, Czech workers are beginning to sense the excitement of this democratic experiment. While they are far from sold on it, they are showing a diffident willingness to listen.

If Dubcek can give the Czech working class incentive, hope, ambition, if the progressives can hold Dubcek on their side, if both can wrest the Party machinery irrevocably from the Novotny faction—there are so many fateful ifs—it is just possible that this revolution can be made to stick. If not here, it could not be done anywhere in the international communist community. There is no other communist country like this one: unique in having had a democratic past within living memory, in having turned communist with 38 per cent of the electorate assenting, in having carried communism to equalitarian extremes beyond any recorded, in having recognized its failures so frankly, and in trying so boldly now to work out a different form of communism more in keeping with the Western traditions that it alone, among all the communist states, can fall back on. This is not Budapest or Warsaw in 1956, or Belgrade before, or Bucharest after. It is Prague, an ancient and lovely baroque city lying at the very heart of Europe, remembering the free air it used to breathe before the windows were shut and reveling now in the first heady breath it has drawn for twenty years. Those who have won this back will surely not give it up lightly.

Harper's Magazine, August 1968

ew Books of Poems

y Louis Simpson

s and Fragments, by Friedrich
erlin. Translated by Michael
urger. University of Michigan
, $10.
ing the Bow, by Robert Duncan.
Directions, $5.
Dark Birds, by Bert Meyers.
leday, $3.95.
Light Around the Body, by
rt Bly. Harper & Row, $3.95.
Hard Hours, by Anthony Hecht.
neum, $5.
Experience, by W. D. Snod-
. Harper & Row, $4.95.
Blue Swallows, by Howard Nem-
University of Chicago Press,
.
Back Country, by Gary Snyder.
Directions, $4.
n to the Warm, by Rod McKuen.
om House, $3.95.
Poems, by Ronald Gross. Simon
Schuster, $1.95.
Lice, by W. S. Merwin. Athe-
, $4.50.
ue the Dead, by David Ignatow.
eyan University Press, $4.
Rags, by Galway Kinnell.
ghton Mifflin, $4.
the Darker Brother. Edited by
old Adoff. Macmillan, $4.95.

have been having a Romantic
al and nowadays poets look and
he part. It was different fifteen
s ago when the New Critics were
in the ascendant; then poets
ed like graduate students and
e accordingly. But now, once
, poets are reading their works
ublic, attacking the Administra-
and justifying the idea that the
tic, the lover, and the poet "are of
gination all compact." This is a
ous tradition and maybe it will
uce poetry. At any rate, it is a
e interesting scene than that of
1950s. The temper of that time is represented by W. H. Auden's remark that the aim of poetry is "by telling the truth, to disenchant and disintoxicate." Such views of poetry accounted for the rise, for want of a better word, of the English "small-beer" school of verse, of which Philip Larkin was an example. Larkin seemed unable to write of anything more important than his bicycle and his trouser clips. If I must have either the Romantic, with its attendant absurdities on display in the Haight-Ashbury district in San Francisco and the East Village in New York, or trivialities uttered by a merely reasonable mind, I will choose the Romantic.

My only objection to the present madness of the arts is that I do not think they are mad enough. Too frequently the madness is assumed. Is there an "alienated" poet who does not hope that he will have a fellowship? Is there a painter now raging against the Establishment who does not hope that he will have a grant? These suspicions prevent my taking the frenzies of the Now generation as seriously as, maybe, I should. I do not think that all the kids are wonderful geniuses, to use the language of Hollywood and their mothers. I think that many of them will be big wheels in advertising when some poor fool will still be trying to write a poem or paint a picture.

Think of Friedrich Hölderlin, who lived in the Romantic Period and died in 1843. Hölderlin was really mad, and did not wish to be. He wished that the gods would stop observing him and coming to the door disguised as apprentices on their way to the village. He wished to be allowed to have a share in nature, the normal world, where smoke rises above the rooftops and a housewife hangs out her sheets on the line. But if Hölderlin only went for a walk it was soon clear that something was wrong:

> You wayside woods, well painted
> On the green and sloping glade . . .

He had no share in nature. He was eternally detached.

> How beautiful, clear from the distance
> These glorious pictures shine . . .

Hölderlin did not hate the world; he loved it. But he could not discover his own place in it. This is the difference between genius and madness and the store-window figures of genius and madness, triumphs of the art of decorating, which pass for "alienation" today. Moreover, as Hölderlin was inescapably himself, he discovered the modern, a new way of writing that was not to be heard again until the first world war, when Ezra Pound again expressed it. I mean a consciousness that has been fragmented:

> So Mahommed,* Rinaldo,
> Barbarossa, as a liberal spirit,
> The Emperor Heinrich.
> But we are mixing up
> the periods
> Demetrius Poliorcetes
> Peter the Great
> Heinrich's
> crossing the Alps, and that
> with his own hand he gave the people
> food
> and drink and his son Conrad died of
> poison
> Example of one who changes an age
> reformer
> Conradin etc.
> all as representative
> of conditions.
>
> *Hear the horn of the watchman by
> night
> After midnight it is, at the fifth hour.

The *Poems and Fragments* of Hölderlin have at last been translated with German on one side and English on the other, by Michael Hamburger, who has devoted years and his own talent as a poet to the task. The translation is as magnificent in its way as the Scott Moncrieff version of Proust. Those who do not read German have been given a great poet, and this alone would make it a memorable year.

A few American poets have the genuine accent of Romanticism. Robert Duncan, in *Bending the Bow*, seems inspired for whole paragraphs and sometimes for whole pages. He too has created his own system of belief, and invokes irrational powers:

> as the poet takes up
> the theme of Apollo intoxication, that
> leads into poetry
> not "square" dancing, but moving
> figures,
> the apes and various personae of
> an old drama . . .

There are a few poems in his book that are completely realized. "An Interlude," a poem about dancing from which I have taken the lines above; a totally unexpected poem titled "My Mother Would Be a Falconress"; a poem called "God-spell." There are lines of considerable beauty in other poems and passages which are incoherent. Duncan reminds me of the French Revolution; he is both the best and the worst of times. I know that it is useless to wish that a poet of this kind would try to be clearer, for his poems are the result of his confusions. Nevertheless, it is a fact that William Blake, by persisting in his follies, did not become wise; he merely became tedious. In an age without critical intelligences, when true artists are not recognized, they are left entirely to their own resources. They have only their own thoughts to support them, and therefore they must believe that all their thoughts are good. So Duncan is able to write as badly as this:

> Chancellor Strong, the dragon claw
> biting his bowels, his bile
> raging against the lawful demand
> for right reason.

The subject of these lines is the former Chancellor of the University of California at Berkeley. Now, I find it impossible to conceive of Chancellor Strong as a dragon. I once had dinner with that gentleman, and not once did he breathe fire. I don't even think he smoked. Duncan's attempt to present Strong as a dragon makes me think only of Disneyland. Duncan is inspired, but those who live by inspiration also fade with inspiration, and then they are as likely to write a dead language as anyone else. Usually, however, Duncan's imagination and lyric talent are far beyond what passes for great poetry nowadays on publishers' blurbs. He is capable of delight:

> What we hold to is no more than
> words. Yes, it is hard to assay
> the worth we hold to.
>
> We said it was gold. The soul
> weighd against Maat's feather.
>
> Our treasure the light in the dandylion
> head shining
> they will blow out "See, your heart
> hold to
> a lost cause."

Reading Bert Meyers' first book, *The Dark Birds*, I am ashamed, for I remember writing a letter to the author complaining that he wrote merely images, and did not put them together to make larger poems. I think I advised him to read Keats and Rilke. Now it is true that these are small poems in that they do not run on. But poetry does not depend on length, and the idea of a man's spending years to perfect a few lines is a great enough thing to remind me that we should not grow impatient. We must not forget how to read, though McLuhan and Legion howl on the other side. Bert Meyers is doing an unusual and, I believe, the one necessary thing. He is trying to find images for ordinary life that will at the same time reveal depths. We have had little writing of this kind in America. Satire we have had in plenty—but who needs satire? It is truth and poetry that are in short supply. I hope that Meyers will continue to provide them, as he does in "The Family":

> The boy will grow and be a man.
> He'll have no father then.
>
> The girl, assuming womanhood,
> will burn herself in bed.
>
> The father leaves the house at daw
> The mother turns her dream-work
>
> Still, night brings them all toget
> to shriek and shudder.

The contrast between what I h called Romanticism and what r be called traditional verse—mean verse that makes its first appea order and tradition—is suggested the books that won the Natio Book Award and the Pulitzer P for poetry. Robert Bly's *Light Aro the Body*, that won the NBA, sh a debt to surrealism and recent Eu pean and Spanish modes; Anth Hecht's *The Hard Hours* inclu poems that hark back to the 19 when an English tradition was only one we knew. This, however far from being a complete descr tion. In recent poems Hecht has veloped direct ways of speaking let his feelings come to the surfa dropping those masks of irony wh made his early poems seem too m like exercises. In Bly's poems I always conscious of an arrang intelligence.

Bly's ideas are clear. It is method that is extraordinary:

> I hear voices praising Tshombe, a
> the Portuguese
> In Angola, these are the men wh
> skinned Little Crow!
> We are all their sons, skulking
> In back rooms, selling nails with
> trembling hands!

He has developed his own landscap inhabited by murdered Indians a Vietnamese; visions in which mo are significant and shop windows filled with terrifying objects:

> . . . a branch painted white.
> A stuffed baby alligator grips tha
> branch tightly
> To keep away from the dry leaves
> the floor.

What is true of surrealists in g eral is true also of Bly; his poe are moving when they are moved

---

Mr. Simpson is the author of "Selected Poems" and "An Introduction to Poetry." He teaches in the State University of New York at Stony Brook, Long Island.

tral flow, one feeling which all the parts together. I am that this can be argued t; André Breton thought that lism that was not automatic g was not surrealism at all. nis made only for juxtaposi- of objects, and shock became a rism. When surrealist poetry en effective, as in the poems of a, the images have been in the f that logic of the irrational we perceive also in dreams. tain poems by Bly I perceive a and it is powerful; in other I do not. "The Busy Man ," "After the Industrial Revo- " "Counting Small-Boned Bod- nd "Melancholia," cohere; but ot know what connection the ng images have:

ting in turtle blood, going ackward and forward,
vake up like a mad sea-urchin
ne bloody fields near the secret ass—
e the dead sleep in jars . . .

other hand, these lines seem out of a consciousness that is the personal:

strange to awake in a city,
hear grown men shouting in the ight!
ne farm the darkness wins,
the small ones nestle in their raves of cold:
is a boiling that only exhaustion abdues,
ter moiling of muddy waters hich the voices of white men feed!

one of the few poets in Amer- m whom greatness can be ex- He has original talent, and s more rare, integrity. I think uld forget about images for a and concentrate on music, the ings move together.
l Anthony Hecht's early poems is; the voice is not convincing:

learned men have been at some ute
ng the taste and color, nature, e
operties of the Original Fruit . . .

ind of thing went well enough when all poetry was divided vo parts, one of which was Lowell and the other Wilbur. ot blame Hecht for having elegantly, but wonder that

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he has seen fit to reprint these poems. The front half of *The Hard Hours* is, however, a new book. Poems such as "The End of the Weekend" which smack of that early elegance have been deepened by suffering. "Rites and Ceremonies," Hecht's most ambitious poem, is a departure—about being a Jew, which is likely to make anyone serious. Hecht has always known the music of verse; it is seriousness he has lacked. I am not, however, confident of Hecht's change of heart being permanent, when I read his endorsement of W. D. Snodgrass's *After Experience:* "not merely . . . as good as his extraordinary . . . *Heart's Needle*, but distinctly better."

To the contrary, Snodgrass's new book is distinctly not better; it is more of the same, and—as with most books by so-called "confessional" poets—a dilution of his first. Snodgrass deserves our gratitude for the fine writing in *Heart's Needle*, but surely in the years since that book was published he might have changed a little and taken a few risks.

Here is the same tone of mild desperation, the same suburban landscape, and the resignation typical of the 1950s:

> We'll try to live with evils that we
> choose.
> Try not to envy someone else's vices.
> But make the most of ours. We picked
> our crisis:
> We'll lose the things we can afford
> to lose . . .

Snodgrass's book is impassioned, however, in comparison with Howard Nemerov's new offering, *The Blue Swallows*. This is weary work that justifies all the attacks on "academic verse" that have been launched in the past decade.

But poetry is not a matter of attitudes, and Gary Snyder, one of the heroes of the "anti-academic," in his new book demonstrates that there is no security anywhere, not even in bohemia. *The Back Country* describes Japan and the Sierras, not suburbia, yet this book too is conventional. Snyder is content to describe the great outdoors and sentimental moments; his poems are snapshots taken on the road, bits of quaint information:

> In the rucksack I've got three *nata*
> Handaxes from central Japan;
> The square blade found in China
> all the way back to Stone . . .

So what? There are all sorts of things, old and new, lying about everywhere. The question is, what happens in the poem? Snyder's new book, most of it, just moseys along. There is a fallacy in his idea of poetry—I think going back to W. C. Williams—that the poet is a holy man who has only to point to an object; the initiate will perceive its significance. What actually results, however, is a lack of tension, an absence of drama. This may be the peace of the Orient, but I doubt it. I think it is just monotony.

In recent years poets have been driven more and more to tear their poems apart, rip their rhythm to tatters, smash their sentences to bits, and inhabit distant landscapes. I think this is because the taste of the reading public is so bad. How can any poet compete with Rod McKuen, who sells a hundred thousand copies of lines such as these:

> I live alone.
> It hasn't always been that way.
> It's nice sometimes
> to open up the heart a little
> and let some hurt come in . . .

But it is not only the taste of the public that causes poets to move away. There has been taking place also a "treason of the clerks"—critics who have no talent or character and who therefore are suckers for any opinion, particularly the opinion that art does not require character and talent. These are the men who say that objects in themselves are artistic, and Chance is artistic; in short, that art does not exist. These people would like to eliminate intelligence in poetry, painting and music as it has been eliminated on the assembly line. So there is Pop or "Found" poetry, as in Ronald Gross's *Pop Poems:*

> Pay
> Toilet.
> [illegible]
> Patron
> Insert
> One
> Dime
> in
> Slot . . .

The assembly line moves fa
Pop is already passé; the lates
is Concrete Poetry, patterns
ters on the page.

Confronted with so much fo
treason, poets are going under
or far out. In *The Lice* W. S.
has turned away from the v
profusion of adjectives that ma
known, toward a weird simpli

> Every year without knowing i
> passed the day
> When the last fires will wave
> And the silence will set out
> Tireless traveller
> Like the beam of a lightless st

For years David Ignatow h
drilling down through asph
his new book, *Rescue the D*
wanders in a labyrinth of drea
self-analysis:

> down is where I want t
> these stairs were built to lea
> somewhere
> and I would find out

In *Body Rags* Galway Kinne
on the skins of wild anima
kills the bear, climbs into its
and becomes the bear. K
poems are matted with blo
hair and blinking at the ligh

Arnold Adoff has edited an
millan has published an antho
"modern poems by Negro
cans" titled *I Am the Darker B*
The book is attractive; the poe
surrounded with space and th
line drawings by Benny An
The anthology seems aimed
audience of young people. It
certainly be of great use in s
but is just as useful to the g
reader.

I do not think there has
conspiracy to "keep the Neg
of poetry" in America, but the
been indifference to the poetry
Negro, which is just as bad.
never read half the poets in th
lection. The poetry of Robert
den, for example, is new
though in quality and ambitio
superior to the work of white
who have been much anthol
Hayden's "Middle Passage,"
lage of slaving-ship document
his own commentary, and "Ru
Runagate," are strong, sus
poems:

les in the rocking loom of
story,
ark ships move, the dark ships
ove,
bright ironical names
ests of kindness on a murderer's
outh;
h through thrashing glister
ward
morgana's lucent melting shore,
toward New World littorals
at are
e and myth and actual shore.

ston Hughes is here, of
and Gwendolyn Brooks, and
Jones, who seems to be a rep-
tive poet for American Ne-
oday, as Hughes was in the
Jones's "Each Morning" is
well known:

Each morning
I go down
to Gansevoort St.
and stand on the docks.
I stare out
at the horizon
until it gets up
and comes to embrace
me. I
make believe
it is my father.
This is known
as genealogy.

But there is a streak of hatred in Jones that will destroy his talent if he cannot control it; I mean the kind of thing that appears at the end of "A Poem for Black Hearts":

For Great Malcolm, a prince of the earth, let nothing in us rest
until we avenge ourselves for his death, stupid animals
that killed him, let us never breathe a pure breath if
we fail, and white men call us faggots till the end of
the earth.

The poems of Conrad Kent Rivers, particularly his "Four Sheets to the Wind," are delightful. There are a number of poems by Negroes who have used the language and forms of traditional verse. They would have written better had they written less carefully. The anthology ranges from original living speech to literary imitation. But it is all valuable, for all the poems tell something of Negro history and culture.

OKS IN BRIEF

Catherine Gauss Jackson

Fiction

idelong Glances of a Pigeon
, by David Boyer.
ouching and very funny short
novel about one of today's
ated" young men. A college
ate, from a well-to-do New
family, he drives a taxi in
elphia. He lives alone, but has
and beautiful mistress on the
Line and a number of kooky
s. He steals—for the hell of it
gives away what he steals. He
a lot, as on Christmas day:

my way back to Center City I
ed my bottle to each taxi I saw,
extended the tribute to all of
taxi drivers in the world, the men
got stuck in Minneapolis snow-
banks and who drove drunks home from London pubs and who took families over the cobblestones to midnight mass in gigantic French cathedrals and who drove blanketed people in sleighs through Russian woodlands followed by a pack of ravenous wolves, if that happens any more. Bless all of us.

He cares very much about people, as the girl he seems really to love tells him:

"Clean your spurs, punk. You're not the filthy horseman you imagine yourself to be." I had insisted she was wrong, but she paid no attention and said, "When you get finished with your spurs start fixing your vision." I asked her what was wrong with my vision and she said, "It's nothing but sidelong glances." I told

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her sidelong glances were kind of funny, and I didn't really have any right to look at life any other way. When I said that, I thought she was going to hit me. But she put her hands on either side of my head and said, "You're good and you're kind, and you love all the good and kind things in life. Why can't you know that?"

He is all those things and one of the most engaging young men I've come across in some time; but his sidelong glances get more and more vivid and his touch with reality gets less and less secure till the final explosion which one feels will turn his life in a different direction. How could things fail to go right for a lonely but not self-pitying young man who can write: "After this I couldn't think of anything else to do. I finished my drink and wandered through the apartment looking for something to fix. I couldn't find anything broken, so I made myself another drink. Someone once said that character is what you do when no one is watching. I shuddered. It was an awful thing to say."

His fantasies are awe-inspiring in their invention, amusing, and often lovely, and one comes up very happy with it all.

Viking, $3.95

Welcome to Xanadu, by Nathaniel Benchley.

The title warns you, as in many of Mr. Benchley's novels, that you are about to forsake the world of reality, and once you've accepted the terms of this preposterous tale (if anything based on violence can be preposterous these days) of a kidnapping in New Mexico, you're ready to sit down and be entertained. The sixteen-year-old girl who is kidnapped is the hard-worked, beaten-but-not-bowed daughter of a ne'er-do-well rancher. She has known nothing but work and a few brushes with sex until her erstwhile poet-actor-kidnapper opens up to her the unlikely worlds of poetry. (*Kubla Khan* is her favorite with the *Odyssey* a close second.)

The author treads—not always successfully—a tightrope between melodrama and sentimentality but he keeps the thrills coming to the very end.

Atheneum, $5.95

Nonfiction

This Timeless Moment: A Personal View of Aldous Huxley, by Laura Huxley.

In 1948, when this book begins, Aldous Huxley's first wife of thirty-five years, Maria, was still alive. The author of this reminiscence, then working in Hollywood, went to consult them both about a movie she was planning to do for MGM. Some of the passages about Maria are among the most charming in this charming book.

Laura Huxley, who has worked in psychotherapy, hypnotism, and other kinds of treatment for the mentally disturbed, worked with her husband (though each was always involved in his or her own writing too) from their marriage in 1956 to the day of his death—that fatal November 22, 1963. Their work together seems to have been a serious, dedicated, constant, and in a sense radiant search for the expansion of awareness—a search for shining moments on all levels of perception which, however, as they experienced them, were never intended to last or be indulged in but to serve as guideposts for the perfection of the real world of love and work. This point is obviously in tant to Mrs. Huxley:

> Now, in 1967, when LSD has b a household word, I realize how those of us were who ten year approached LSD before it had the demoniacal or the paradi vibrations it has now—when i no echoes of masters and h doctors or delinquents. . . . L those three now-famous letters free of association with scie righteousness and beatnik con ity, with earthly paradise and ental loving concern—also free closed-mindedness, obscurantism bigotry.

And again:

> In the years between 1953 and Aldous had about ten or t chemically induced psychedelic periences: *the total amount of ch cal taken during those ten years not as much as many people tak day in a single week, sometimes single dose.* [Author's italics.]

All the chapters and portions ing with LSD, including the acc of Huxley's death, are vivid and come an emotional experience for reader, too, and even when the count is most intense, humor,



"It's all over. I found the perfect wave!"

BOOKS IN BRIEF

not absent. There are minor
ns of repetition and construc-
the book but it is so charged
ntellectual and emotional feel-
full of vital scenes and people
ch flaws don't seem to matter.
lume includes the first chapter
ley's unfinished novel as well
recordings of LSD sessions
ne painful recordings of work
doing on an article which he
l a few days before his death.
arrar, Straus & Giroux, $6.95

Huxley's book draws a por-
f a brilliant and lovable per-
against which to read two
ess personal studies of Hux-
work, and his family.

ıxleys, by Ronald W. Clark
story of the Huxley family
ng with that remarkable Dar-
Victorian, Thomas Henry
biologist, physician, and
ic educational administrator.
the story of three notable
ions, including of course,
s's eminent grandsons Julian
lous. It is not surprising, per-
hat so vigorous and brilliant
dfather should have had two
orld-renowned grandsons, but
tonishing to discover the un-
ccomplishments of other less-
members of the family. Their
ts—both men and women
are sixteen pages of photo-
)—are an inspiring study in
lves.

McGraw-Hill, $8.95

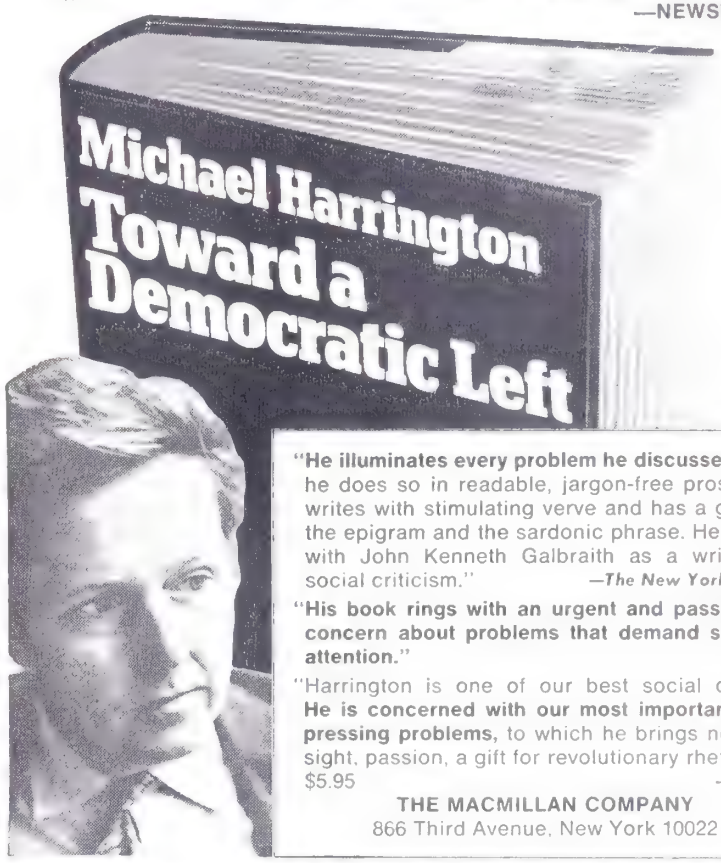
Huxley, by John Atkins.
examination of Mr. Huxley's
phy and beliefs as shown in
erary works from the early
ant novels to his later pro-
bsorption in and study of the
atural. By the author of simi-
idies of Ernest Hemingway,
n Greene, and George Orwell.

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.

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fifteen experts from various
f the world to write in a quiet
voice exactly what we may
in terms of future warfare in
particular fields "unless peace
' It would fill a page just to
ir specific areas of knowledge

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Leo Rosten

but the discussions include not only changes to be expected in "conventional" warfare, but in atomic, biological, and chemical warfare ("ABC" is the term in U. S. usage), as well as the possibilities in psychological weaponry—perhaps most terrifying of all. A few titles of chapters alone stop the breath: "Battlefields of the 1980s," "Militarized Oceans," "The Toxic Arsenal," "The Infectious Dustcloud," "Robots on the March," "How to Wreck the Environment," "Fears of a Psychologist." And in his succinct introduction Professor Aldus Salam of Pakistan suggests the scope of the book:

> Very few of us indeed have suspected the possibilities of tampering with the geophysical environment—for example the burning of a selected territory on Earth with intense ultraviolet rays from the Sun, by puncturing holes in the naturally protective ozone layer above.
>
> Add to this the ever-increasing deadliness of conventional fire power through the magic use of electronics; the ever-increasing sophistication of interception and counter-interception systems. Add, too, the possible perfecting of self-controlling, self-propelling robot bombs. It is clear that this fast shrinking Earth will soon be very, very narrow indeed for the hunted sons of Adam.

The scientists have another abbreviation—"EGB." It stands for a factor which, as scientists, they take into account, but on which no one seems to rely too much—"Expected Gentlemanly Behavior."

The quiet restraint, the general excellence of the writing, added to the expertise of the authors lend all too real a sense of absolute authority and conviction to this important book.

Viking, $5.75

Or I'll Dress You in Mourning, by Larry Collins and Dominique Lapierre.

The authors of *Is Paris Burning?* now turn to another dramatic story—the rise of El Cordobés—Manuel Benítez—from poverty and obscurity in a tiny Andalusian town to fabulous riches and a fame in the *corrida* unknown even to *toreros* like Joselito, Belmonte, or Manolete. For his rise has paralleled the changes in Spain since the Civil War and his great day at Las Ventas, the *de toros* in Madrid, in 196 seen not only in the capital ci on television sets throughou length and breadth of Spain. Brigitte Bardot in France, anc the Beatles in England, El Co in Spain had become the sym this changing generation, the tentional carrier of its virus farthest corners of his natio was on the day of this event t made the promise to his s "Tonight I'll buy you a hou dress you in mourning."

The book tells of his po stricken childhood, of the de his parents during the war, wanderings with another boy town to town all over Spain in less destitution as *maletillas*, men seeking an *oportunid* chance to show themselves i bullring. Even to one who little about bull fighting and i thing but an *aficionado* this is dramatic story and an inform one, for the authors lay great on those parallels between changes in the life of El Co and those in Spain itself. Just manner in the ring is not refin traditional, and he who owns m apartment houses and a fleet o can scarcely read or write, s punctiliousness of the old Spa manners, religion, and even countryside are changing th the industrial revolution and ern communications. And then is, for El Cordobés, as for other renowned bullfighter, the ful unanswerable question: W the future? There is so much b drama in the story that it's a the authors occasionally fe necessary to gild it with a florid prose. Midsummer Boo the-Month selection.

Simon & Schuster, $6.9

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erforming Arts *by Robert Kotlowitz*

ELEVISION'S FINEST: AN EMMY LOG

my ego at the right point and hin syrup of vanity will imme- ly begin to flow. And so it did , recently, the National Acad- of Television Arts and Sciences d me to join a panel of "blue- n" judges to award this year's ies for documentary programs. had me right away; it was that -ribbon" that did it, even with ertones of best-in-breed. I have been one of those chronic com- ers about television. Here was nce to render service and to d publicly television's finest to get rid of persisting guilt the medium, and feel both eous and self-important; it was, urse, a practically irresistible ination of opportunities. I said

e judges met for breakfast on day morning May 4 at the New Hilton. At that time, I was in- ed that I was a blue-ribbon ist on blue-ribbon panel #3 vs Documentaries. Four col- es would share the panel with ne professor, two journalists, he director of an international association. The rest of the fast guests would make up ribbon panel #2—Special Events, News and Documentary vements—and blue-ribbon panel ultural Documentaries. (There o sign of blue-ribbon panel #1, o my knowledge, have they ever red.)

first listened to a speech from irector of the Academy who as- us of our own solemn import- in the voting. He then told us we would view twenty-two hours cumentaries in two days, work- ing until one o'clock in the morning each day. There was a slight bristling at my table when this was announced, a muttering under the breath, then a settling down to face fate. We had been promised a more reasonable schedule. Then we picked up our work sheets and left for our two days in the screening rooms. I now reproduce my work sheet notes, edited slightly for clarity. Here they are:

ABC Building. Screening Room 36.
10:30 a.m. *Who in '68?:* William H. Lawrence trails Presidential possibilities and bull-frogs them in abrasive voice. Romney runs fast after dog sled in Alaska; looks like comic-strip hero: noble brow, noble chin, nearly invisible eyes. Percy cooler. Lawrence makes hesitant suggestion that LBJ might not run. Not bad, considering documentary filmed August '67. Blue-ribbon colleagues cheer. Sharp editing often makes candidates sound like fools; all of them disclaim hopes for the Presidency; all are obvious liars. No one, of course, seems to have heard of Eugene McCarthy. Good, funny show.

11:30 a.m.—*War in the Skies*: Narrator is James Stewart, brigadier-general and very glamorous. Very serious, too, in "fellow-Amurrican" style. Follows fighter pilot from home base in States into Vietnam combat. Sentimental shots of farewells to the kiddies. Sentimental shots of arrival in Asia. Where is Dana Andrews? "I've been in the fighter business for twenty years," one colonel says in greeting, as though he had been selling used cars all that time. Sentimental shots of rest-and-recuperation leaves in Hawaii: tearful wives and corny sport shirts and luaus and real pain. The kind of scene that made us weep in WW II. No mention here of strategy, issues, or goals. Jimmy Stewart talks on, glamorous. War tiring, but glamorous.

1:00-2:00 p.m.—Drinks and Lunch, Hilton.

NBC Building. Room 982.
2:30 p.m.—*Soviets in Space*: Fifteen minutes of action, gadgets, and excitement. Then sudden deterioration: trivia, minutiae, padded interviews with Russian scientists. They believe in international cooperation. One old physicist says just that, then smiles craftily: "You'll forgive my banalities, won't you?" is what I think he means. I begin to doze. Good Lord . . . I hear a mild snore from my left. Mr. ———?

3:30 p.m.—*Same Mud, Same Blood*: Combat bio of 101st Airborne platoon leader in Vietnam named Sgt. Larry. He is a cool, black cookie; professional soldier; highly effective intelligence, no waste motion, no noise; run him for Congress. Sensitive direction, beautiful color, lush Asiatic green, fresh as dawn. Ck. director. Ck. cinematographer, or whoever.

4:30 p.m.—*Israel: Victory or Else*: Intelligent summary of six-day war, from Israeli point of view. Straight campaign narrative; interviews with Israeli military leaders spotted throughout: all intellectuals. Dean

Brelis and John Chancellor narrate. Dean Brelis everywhere. Brelis in the NBC studio, Brelis in the briefing room, Brelis in the Sinai desert, like Moses. Brelis in Galilee, on the Syrian heights, on a kibbutz, in a bomb shelter. Never smiles. Israeli generals smile.

6:00 p.m.—Dinner, New York Hilton. I cut dinner with the panel, joining friends in a neighborhood restaurant. They complain that I seem gloomy. I describe four-and-a-half hours of war documentaries to them. After dinner I return to NBC. My fellow panelists tell me that a request has been made by the Academy at dinner for anonymity, to avoid pressure from unstated sources. It's too late for that; we vote tomorrow night. I feel gloomy.

7:45 p.m.—*Khrushchev in Exile:* Santa Claus on the Volga. Who is this adorable old man of sweet reason, munching on piroshki? This is a news documentary?

8:45 p.m.—*Summer '67: What We Learned*: Daniel P. Moynihan, in his shirtsleeves, wandering through Detroit's rubble a few weeks after the riots. He is so passionate in his attempt to understand what happened that he nearly stammers as he tries to get out his eloquent, enlightening words. My colleague, Mr. ———, is on the edge of his seat. So am I. Moynihan really underlines the low quality of interviewing on television, in which one buttoned-and-made-up commentator after another sits stone-faced across a desk from his subject and asks obvious questions. There are not many Moynihans around, of course, but their presence on-screen can really electrify a documentary. Nothing neutral here; nothing passive; and nothing too well-mannered through excessive professionalism. Producer and director: Fred Freed.

ABC Building, Screening Room 36.

10:15 p.m.—*ABC Scope: The Vietnam War: Ten Days in Con Thien*: ABC likes gimmicks. Jimmy Stewart to narrate Air Force documentaries. Here, David Douglas Duncan narrates a half-hour show of his own black-and-white still photographs, with sound effects superimposed. He is preceded by a network eulogy of his work. Heavy dose of piety on the 36th floor.

10:45 p.m.—*Canada, The Sanctuary:* Americans on the run from the draft, once-over-lightly.

11:15 p.m.—*Southern Accents, Northern Ghettos*: The black Basemore family from Arkansas, at home in their three-room shack in Chicago, tell us why they came North, why they stay, and what they must do to sustain life. Four generations of Basemores on view, the oldest—a great-grandmother—probably in her late forties. They have a lot to say and say it clearly. No one in the screening room is unmoved.

12:15 a.m.—*Africa:* An hour-long visual paraphrase of James Fleming's splendid four-hour survey of Africa, country by country. We see Nigeria and South Africa. It is all fresh, intelligent, beautifully photographed, and, even at a quarter after one in the morning, following a working day that began sixteen hours earlier, totally fascinating. We leave for bed, depressed from fatigue.

SUNDAY, MAY 5

CBS Room 1W6.

10:00 a.m.—*Destination: North Pole*: Snow. This is a news documentary?

11:00 a.m.—*Viet Cong*: The least simpleminded, least sentimental report from Vietnam we have seen. Mostly captured film and still photos. Shown on television a month after the Tet offensive began. Especially good on detailing VC guerrilla tactics and pointing up why our own standard infantry methods haven't worked: water through a sieve, wind through a net. Reporter: Bernard Kalb.

12:00 p.m.—*What About Ronald Reagan?*: Hilarious bio of what one of its characters, a former Warner Bros. press agent, calls "the all-American square." Harry Reasoner's deadpan narration, which he wrote himself, makes it even funnier. "Reagan worked as a lifeguard one summer," he tells us with no [illegible] in his voice, "and saved sev[illegible] seven lives." My colleagues ap[illegible]

1:30 p.m.—Lunch, Hilton. The [illegible]tural Documentary panel bitche[illegible] thusiastically; they have spent [illegible] the morning watching the B[illegible] Pops. Drinking is somewhat he[illegible] today. Back to CBS at three. [illegible] first battle fatigue victim ris[illegible] his feet. He makes short spee[illegible] our leader. He has seen all the a[illegible] noon's nominations on his [illegible] screen. He must be excused [illegible] evening. There is, in his dir[illegible] eyes, the implication that if [illegible] Academy does not excuse him he [illegible] excuse himself. I sympathize. I [illegible] excused. My head aches, but [illegible] vaguely. I concentrate on an e[illegible] to give each documentary its d[illegible] am a scrambled pattern of [illegible] world's woes, most of them loc[illegible] in Vietnam or America's cities. [illegible] proceed.

3:00 p.m.—*The Warren Report* [illegible] two-hour version of the orig[illegible] four-hour report examining the q[illegible] tions raised by the Warren C[illegible] mission's report on President [illegible] nedy's assassination. We watch [illegible] two screens, one in black-and-w[illegible] the other in color. I have the illu[illegible] that my left eye is seeing life p[illegible] while my right makes everyt[illegible] bloom. Curiosity: close-ups in bl[illegible] and-white make faces look threa[illegible] ing compared with color. Feat[illegible] are harsher, shadows opaque. The [illegible] port has little to say about [illegible] Ruby; it makes him sound lik[illegible] hit-and-run driver. The report [illegible] has nothing to say about why [illegible] Oswald shot Patrolman Tippit, [illegible] though it goes to great pains to pr[illegible] that he did shoot him. I doze bri[illegible] on the eighth run through the [illegible] derpass in front of the Texas B[illegible] Depository. But the two hours [illegible] disturbing. There are so many op[illegible] ions from so many people whose [illegible] vice—or opinions—I would not lis[illegible] to seriously on any matter t[illegible] easily comes to mind. And there [illegible] a certain amount of whining fr[illegible] CBS throughout the Report at *L*[illegible] Magazine, which bought Abraham [illegible] pruder's hot films of the shooting a[illegible] then chose to withhold some of th[illegible] from their journalistic colleagu[illegible] unattractive public petulance.

.m.—*Morley Safer's Red China* Surely, the Red Chinese are t as complex as we are.

p.m.—Dinner! Drinks! Bris-Blue-ribbon panel #4—Cultural entaries—has taken to booing ninees, cutting some of them er the first ten minutes. We We haven't seen anything that hey enjoy the booing. They'll shed hours before we will, as lt. We feel somehow inferior l as martyred.

Room 980: An evening with al Education Television nom-

).m.—*The Way It Is*: NET's close-in report on what it is teach in the Bedford-Stuyves-ighborhood, one of New York's slums. Good, tough job.

).m.—*On Face Value*: The cos-industry. This is a news docu-ry?

p.m.—*The Poor Pay More*: buying, installment plans, and riced groceries of inferior A perfect show for a half-hour, half-hour too long.

p.m.—*Where is Prejudice?*: A or so college students brought Cape Cod to discuss prejudice. etting is special, so are the They also seem to me, in several verbal cases, extremely neu-

p.m.—*What Harvest for the r?*: Migrant workers, trapped Long Island potato farm. Un-ately, the perfect reflection of main faults: portentousness, entality, and overwritten s—"heartbreaking sunsets" on Island, as the narrator emo-y describes one scene, sums up. My gloominess is gone; I irascibility.

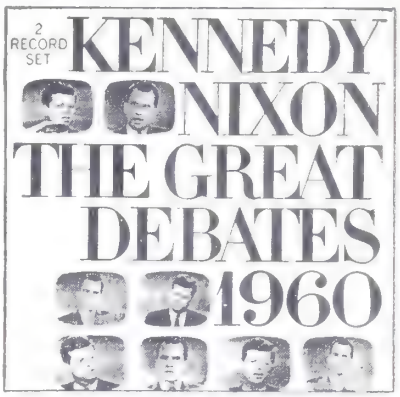
are told to vote for as many rs as we want. Mine go to *er '67: What We Learned; a; Southern Accents, Northern os;* and *Viet Cong,* in no special I cast two special votes for Reasoner's script for *What Ronald Reagan?* and for the atography in *Same Mud, Same Blood.* The man from Price, Waterhouse takes our sealed ballots. My blue-ribbon colleagues shake hands, say goodbye. We are a bit sick of each other and of ourselves, too. It is after one in the morning. Then we move out onto Sixth Avenue in a terrible, light-headed daze—part ache, part giddiness—that does not disappear for the next thirty-six hours. All through the following day I doze off every hour or so for about five minutes, unscrambling.

Yet, for all the Vietnam films, the riots, the politics, how little we had seen of the world in the twenty-two hours. There was nothing about American or foreign education, nothing about de Gaulle or France, nothing about Franco's Spain, about gold and money, Cuba and South America, the Communist bloc, Sino-Russian relations, nothing about drugs and sex. Everything was made with a high degree of technical competence; nothing was boring; but how little we had learned, how infrequently I had been moved. There had never been the slightest question about my votes. They went to the only four documentaries whose imagination released mine and whose passion stirred me.

The actual presentation and announcement of the Emmy awards were telecast two weeks later. It was, to put it mildly, a chaotic show in which all the attention went to those situation comedies and comic hours and dreary dramatic hours that television really cares about. The question of how television feels about its News Documentaries was at least partly answered at the end of the Emmy show, when their awards made it just under the wire, very late, and so fast as to be meaningless.* I don't know what happened to the Cultural Documentaries; I think they may have been entirely skipped. It's hard not to believe that television's neglect of these programs represents a kind of fouling of its own nest, an inability to face up to its own best self, for all the deadly routine they put the judges through.

*Emmy awards for News Documentaries, my local newspaper told me, went to *Summer '67; Africa; Same Mud, Same Blood;* and *What About Ronald Reagan?* [ ]

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Music in the Round *by Discus*

THE MASTERPIECE NO ONE KNOWS

It is expressionistic and peculiarly German—and for the soprano sheer vocal death—yet it demonstrates that a twelve-tone opera can be written.

Alban Berg's **Lulu** is, in this country, an opera much more discussed than heard. Everybody considers it a masterpiece, but nobody rushes to produce it. Berg left the score unfinished at his death in 1935. Two acts are completed, and sketches exist for the final act. Indeed, Berg did complete a short score, and experts claim that the last act can faithfully be reconstructed without any particular difficulty. But the Berg estate has refused permission.

Lulu is a twelve-tone opera. Berg's previous opera, *Wozzeck*, was not. In *Lulu*, the entire work is derived from the initial tone row. As such, it is the only twelve-tone opera that has come anywhere near being a repertory piece. Several German opera houses are constantly staging it, as do a few European houses. But the United States did not encounter a staged performance until the Santa Fe Opera put on the work on August 6, 1963. The only staged performance New York has ever seen came with the visit of the Hamburg Opera in 1967. Naturally the Metropolitan Opera has avoided the score. What is strange is that the New York City Opera has kept away from it. Julius Rudel, the manager of the New York City Opera, has been beating the woods for contemporary opera, and he came up with *Wozzeck* long before the Metropolitan Opera took a flier with that opera. *Lulu* seems a natural for the New York City Opera, but Rudel has avoided it.

Up to now there has been only one recording, and that came out in 1952. But two new ones have simultaneously appeared. One comes from Hamburg, and presents many of the singers who were heard in New York. In the cast are Anneliese Rothenberger (Lulu), Kerstin Meyer (Countess Geschwitz), Toni Blankenheim (Dr. Schön), Gerhard Unger (Alwa), Erwin Wohlfahrt (Painter), Benno Kusche (Rodrigo), and Kim Borg (Schigolch). Leopold Ludwig leads the Hamburg State Philharmonic (Angel 3726, 3 discs). In the other album the principals are Evelyn Lear (Lulu), Patricia Johnson (Geschwitz), Loren Driscoll (Painter), Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau (Dr. Schön), Donald Grobe (Alwa), Gerd Teldhoff (Rodrigo), and Josef Greindl (Schigolch). Karl Böhm leads the Berlin Opera Orchestra (Deutsche Grammophon 139273/5, 3 discs).

It goes without saying that in an opera as advanced as *Lulu* there are fewer guidelines for the listener than there are in more conventional operas. Everybody knows how "*Vissi d'arte*" should go, but very few listeners have had much experience with Berg's kind of *Sprechstimme* (speech-song), or his pitch relationships, or, precisely, what he wanted from his singers. When a soprano fluffs the vocal line in *Tosca*, the mistake is there for all to hear. But when a soprano fluffs the vocal line in *Lulu*, even professionals might not notice, for the music is completely dissonant, and the melodic line is full of unexpected leaps. Thus, in both of these recordings, the sopranos simplify the writing and make a few mistakes. The chances are that nobody would know unless he had the score in front of him.

Lulu is very hard to do—hard technically, hard in characterization. Lulu herself is the picture of calm amorality. She is not merely a *femme fatale*, ruining every man with whom she comes in contact. She is Lilith, moved by forces she herself does not begin to comprehend. She exudes evil, and she is not even partic conscious of it. It takes a very p ful artist to convey this quality least hint of archness, and Lul comes caricature. Everybody problem in *Lulu*. The conducto to keep the big orchestra in ba so that the wonderfully detaile strumentation is transparent an singers can be heard. A heavy can ruin the opera. The stage tor has to move delicately bet humanity and symbolism. In the characters may be archetypa they also are individuals. An expressionism of the opera mu conveyed. *Lulu*, like the whole ex sionistic movement, is pecu German, and of a certain peri is an opera allied with the pain of Nolde and Kirchner: strong sentimental, determined to avoi hint of superficial prettiness, distortion in a pointed manner. expressionists took themselves seriously, and stressed the lif hind the life. Kokoschka said, fi ing a portrait: "Those who you will not recognize you here those who do not know you recognize you very well."

In writing this twelve-tone o Berg did not try to avoid sin He was very conscious of the h voice, even though he often us in an unconventional manner. wonders if there is a singer who could really handle the title The tessitura is very high, and are some coloratura passages in ing the regions above high C are sheer vocal death. In the cu pair of recordings, neither sopra fully up to the demands of the But of the two, Evelyn Lear is the better. She has more autho more pure voice, than Rothenbe and she is much more successf conveying Lulu's fascination.

One could go down the two c comparing the respective cont tions. As Dr. Schön, Fischer-Die does not have the massive voice Toni Blankenheim does, but characterization is infinitely subtle, more varied, full of imaginative detail expected from fine artist. Kim Borg, on the hand, offers a much more cr Schigolch than does Josef Grein the DGG set. And so on. But in cases the contributions of the album are so superior to anyt

IUSIC IN THE ROUND

ent in the Angel that a choice een the two recordings can be e with no difficulty.

ıe difference concerns the con- ıtion of the record engineers, the r that of the conductors. In the el set, the singers appear to be ing directly into the micro- es. Everything is loud, on one . After a while, audio fatigue in. High fidelity is not supposed erate this way. The idea should o get as close as possible to the inal source, not to blast the lis- r out of the room.

s between the conductors, Karl n has it all over Leopold Ludwig. latter makes everything sound c. Some of this is due to the -up quality of the recording, it takes only a few minutes of parison to demonstrate that n has flexibility, color, and nu- , while Ludwig for the most part erely ponderous. In the DGG set, ı more of the orchestral detail be heard, and in addition there kind of imagination to Böhm's ucting that puts *Lulu* where it ngs—as a modern German score a good deal of tradition behind erg came out of Wagner as much e came out of Schoenberg, and scoring has its Wagnerian ele- s, especially when the rich, chro- c Dr. Schön theme wells up.

ıe of the fascinations with *Lulu* s neo-romanticism. It may be a nant twelve-tone opera, but it has its roots in the past. As a er of fact, Berg, as in *Wozzeck*, *Lulu* with classic forms—canon, tino, sonata exposition, and the Heard for the first time, *Lulu* rbidding and all but formless. It s many hearings to reveal its cture and logic. Not many lis- rs apparently want to make the t. It may be that *Lulu* can never popular work. Certainly it never been, despite its high reputation, it has had no successors. Some posers have tried to compose ve-tone opera, but nobody has any success with the medium as as the public is concerned. But *ulu* in effect is the only one of its , it nevertheless remains a haunt- work, and also a demonstration serial opera *can* be composed, n a composer with the imagina- resource, and poetry of an n Berg. [ ]



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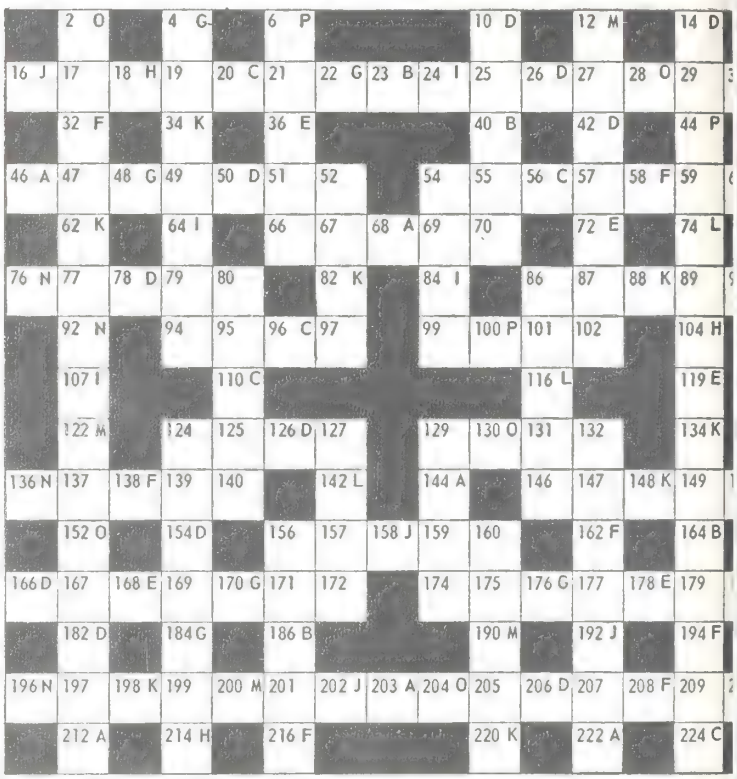
Harper's PUZZLE

Acrostickler® No. 1

by Henry Allen

DIRECTIONS

(1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a co ventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on wor
(2) When an answer consists of two or more words, numbers parentheses following the clue indicate each word's length.
(3) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the c responding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
(4) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic w when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: t Acrostician.



(Solution to *Harper's* Puzzle No. 1 will appear in the September issue.)

A
68 144 46 222 203 212 Belonging to a family of flies.

B
40 23 186 164 Month in the Jewish calendar.

C
224 56 110 20 96 Popularly thought to be the object of Buddhist's contemplation.

D
150 10 14 50 126 78 166 206 26 42 182 180 154 A kind of local place of justice (8, 5).

E
72 168 36 178 90 119 "And I will pu' the pink, the ——— of my dear," Burns, "The Posie."

F
138 162 208 216 32 194 58 Pre-revolutionary assembly in Russia.

G
176 22 4 184 48 170 Who's in the cold, cold ground, according to Stephen Collins Foster.

H
104 210 214 18 Mountain associated with Pelion.

I
107 24 64 84 Japanese cruiser in World War II.

J
192 202 158 16 Understand (colloq.).

K
62 82 34 148 134 30 88 220 198 Happy seizures (5, 4).

L
74 116 60 142 "There's the ———prius nuisance, who just now is rather rife," Gilbert, "The Mikado."

M
200 122 190 12 Urges.

N
76 92 136 196 Movie starring Leslie Caron.

O
152 130 2 28 204 How to open a stubborn jar (3, 2).

P
100 44 6 Another meaning of Word M.

ACROSS

16. Position of the Acrostician. (Not his exact title.) (10,5).
46. Began and jumped.
54. Cheers for the bad guys? (Alt. sp.).
66. Send the timer back.
76. A girl with fifty on the grid-iron.
86. A piece for the golfer.
94. Kind of ale that suits illy (Scot. dial.).
99. Soaks in hyssop's nectar.
124. Kind of dagger in hard, irksome one.
129. Containers or branches of the Air Force?
136. 46 across loses tea and becomes an adze—Gee!
146. Trod the boards did Ed, and with a cat to boot!
156. Go up on a limb with a hundred.
166. Was James Bond's boss once so as he enters the scene? (5, 2).
174. It rules a Member of Parliament, but it's easier.
196. Up to date and rhythmical? (2, 4, 4, 5).

DOWN

2. Idling about with a golf club? (9, 6).
4. Barely with Karl in a sty.
6. A bream has a yellowish color.
10. Niter is inactive.
12. Kinds of hats bishops use to work in their gardens?
14. Arithmetic progression for the dicer? (5, 4, 6).
52. A vale in the Handel Largo, perhaps.
54. A slant the graduate is likely to have.
80. Red? The divil he is!
86. Printers' measures for the star.
124. Hates steeds and a bit more.
127. Oven of new ilk when we leave.
129. Muss about arithmetic problems.
132. Doubter is clean, see?
156. Gamblers' coupons? No, no!
160. Loop sounds snappish.

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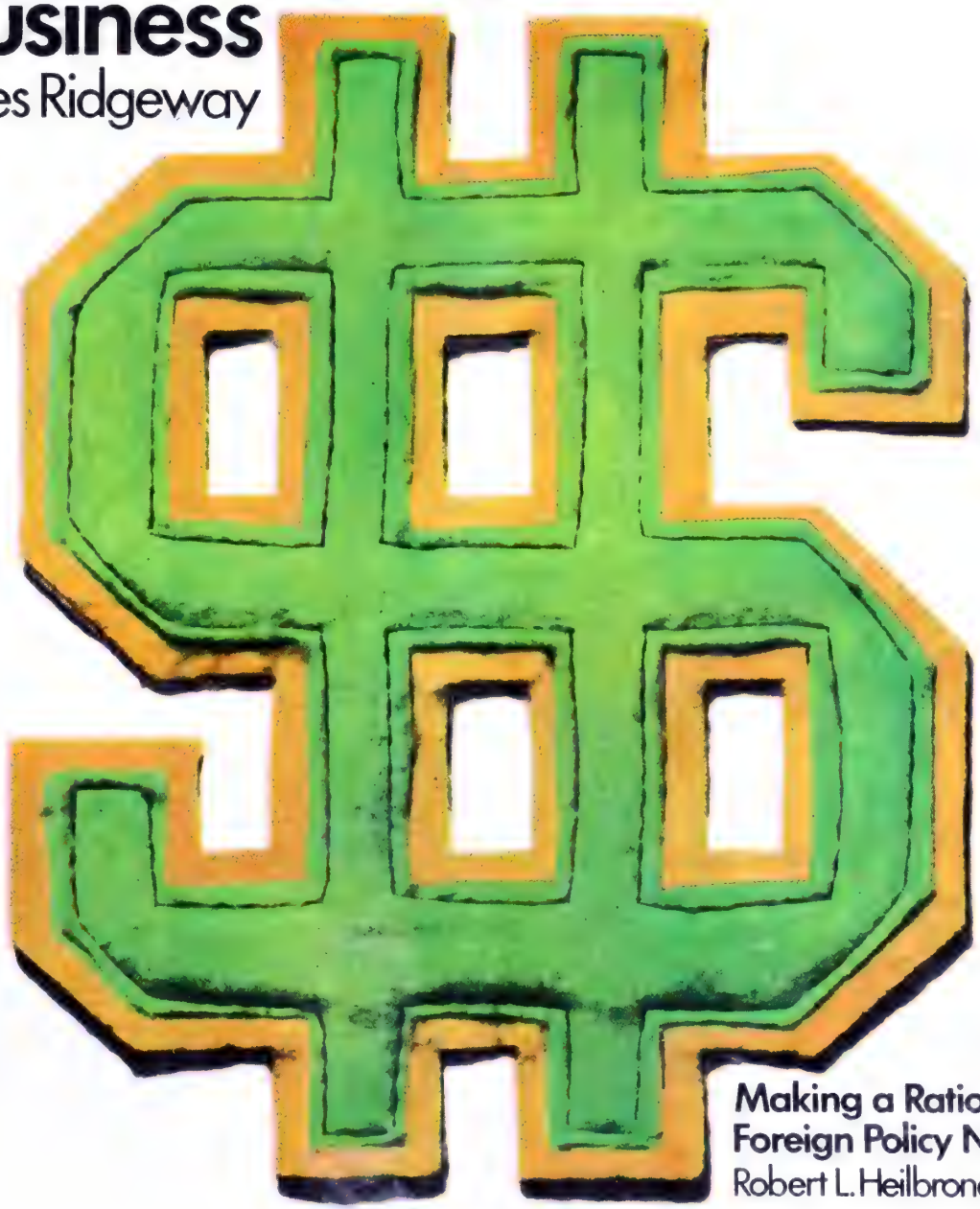
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PAINTING FROM THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON



The painting that made a marriage legal

Not one person in a thousand suspects the real
this famous double portrait by Jan van Eyck
portrays a wedding, and all the fascinating de
abolic references to the sacrament of marriage
As John Canaday points out in the first portfolio
ropolitan Museum Seminars in Art, the little
ze-faithfulness, the discarded sandals, humility,
gle candle, the presence of God. Above the
ch signifies purity, are the words, "Jan van Eyck
434," in script proper to a document. For the
lly is a document—a painted marriage certificate!
you had come across this painting in a museum
have understood what the artist was trying to
r would you have missed the hidden meanings
ns work so valued and respected?

A surprising number of otherwise cultivated
e a blind spot so far as painting is concerned
nuseum, they stand before a respected work of
nothing but its surface aspects. It was to help
is that New York's Metropolitan Museum and
day, art critic of *The New York Times*, created
rs in Art, a unique program of assisted self-
n art appreciation.

Each seminar comes in the form of a handsome portfolio, the core of which is a lecture devoted to one aspect of painting. Each is illustrated with many black-and-white pictures and contains twelve large separate full-color reproductions of notable paintings. As you compare these masterpieces side by side, Mr. Canaday's lectures clarify their basic differences and similarities, and so reveal what to look for in any painting you may see.

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Letters

Liberal Myopia

John Fischer's review ["The Easy Chair—Western Intellectuals *vs.* Myrdal's Brutal Facts," June] was splendid and wholly on the side of the angels. I have only one minor quibble. . . . Myrdal in this book is saying what many people labeled "conservatives" have been saying for many years, to wit Peter Bauer, B. S. Shenoy, Wilson Schmidt, etc. No doubt one sinner who repents is more impressive than many good men who do not need to repent. Yet, it is worth mentioning that Myrdal had to rediscover what others have been saying. I know Mr. Fischer did not intend it this way but his silence on predecessors is of a piece with the general tendency for the liberal community to ignore whatever may be said by a noncertified liberal, and to pay attention to something only when it is a certified liberal who produces it.

MILTON FRIEDMAN
Dept. of Economics
The University of Chicago
Chicago, Ill.

Rating the

What does Robert Kotlowi that Bergonzi and Tucker ar li's chief competition ["Per Arts—The Fragile Ego: A Named Corelli," June]?

Where does that put Gedd ahead of the league. I hope he

PHILIP
New Yo

The Country

Larry King's article on "The Ole Opry" [July] was a good was rather surprised to see an about country music in your zine—and even more surpris he reported on the Nashville s objectively as he did. Most who come in from the big c write about the subject talk to about "rich idiots," "hill "white working-class music. King presented Music City, th ness, and its people as he saw it business, still growing, and better with age.



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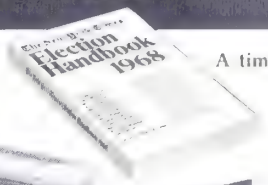
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LETTERS

The audience of country m... with its simple lyrics about div... drinking booze, triangles, ex-con... loneliness, and hoboes, is no l... limited to the poor and uneducat... to just country people. The marke... country records and live shows i... erywhere. And, as always, the ... country standards "sell a lot of b... Just as those tearjerkers provi... good atmosphere for beer drin... some of the artists probably put ... soul into a song if they drink a ... cool ones before the recording ... sion. . . .

You have a good writer wor... for you.

GENE H. POW...
Jackson, M...

The Doctor Defe...

John Fischer talks mostly ... common sense in his "Imagi... Memos" ["The Easy Chair, July]... makes one most unfortunate Spoc... slip.

Since his troubles with a less-t... perfect government, Dr. Spock ... been widely berated as the cause ... breakdowns in discipline, at all le... family, local, and national. His cri... and Mr. Fischer, should read hi... the original.

Spock never counseled permi... ism. Rather, he repeatedly urged ... ents to set clear-cut, reasonable ... its, and then stick to them. My ... and I thoroughly dog-eared a co... *Baby and Child Care* in the proces... raising two teen-aged daughters, ... constantly reassure us by accusin... of being much stricter than t... friends' parents, and by freque... boasting that they are much stri... with children for whom they "b... sit" than we were with them. . . .

A. W. MICHAL...
Rockford, ...

Dissecting the Hosp...

Dr. Franz J. Ingelfinger appe... to be of two minds about our b... *Sickness and Society* ["The A... Hospital: An Ailing Monopo... July]. He does not find it all bad, ... he cannot reconcile our facts an... lustrations with *his* image of ... physician. . . . "Is what Duff ... Hollingshead say and imply... tru... he asks. His ambivalence is typi... by his answer: "Yes and No."

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LETTERS

His attack in this article on
methodology is unwarranted. I
patient was selected randomly f
among the aggregate of patients
met our specifications: married
living with spouse, Caucasian,
tween 40 and 64 years of age, co
ous upon admission, and a resi
of the state. . . . We collected
from the patient, the spouse, o
family members, physicians, nu
and ancillary staff. We obse
behavior systematically and reco
who the participants were in each
teraction as well as the subject m
ter and the mood, intensity,
feeling manifest in each conve
tion. We were in direct face-to-
contact with the patient, the spo
and the family members on an a
age of 38 hours. In addition, s
five to six hours were given ove
scheduled interviews with physici
nurses, and hospital staff caring
the patient. Whenever possible, t
interviews were tape-recorded. A
discharge from the hospital, each
tient was visited in his home, in
viewed with a schedule, and the
versation tape-recorded.

We coded and punched on ca
for data-processing machines spe
items of information whether qu
titative, for example the amo
charged for board and room in
hospital, or qualitative, such as
accommodation in which the pat
was housed. To summarize the v
experiences related by respond
and the behavior we observed, we
signed a 48-question assessm
schedule. The answer to each ass
ment question was derived fro
synthesis of all the data we had
cumulated. . . . We often read a
reread the record, discussed par
ular points, and, where we disagr
reexamined the record. Thus, the
swer to each question on the ass
ment schedule reflects consensus
tween the two authors of *Sickn
and Society*. . . .

Dr. Ingelfinger charges that
study is "unique . . . in the unbrid
subjectivity of its authors."
seems to have confused a dispassi
ate presentation of the subject
feelings and behavior of *patie
families, and health professionals*
the drama of illness and other
stresses with author subjectivity.
In his apparent anger at what he c
an "immoderate attack" on the me

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cal profession, Dr. Ingelfinger overlooked the main function of study. Our aim was not to publi the "ineptitude" of physicians o write an "exposé." The title of book is *Sickness and Society*, this is what the book is about. ...

Dr. Ingelfinger writes that study is a distinct first. He indica that some recommendations we m in the concluding chapter have me If, as a result of our study, the he professions and society as a wh can join together sooner and m effectively to correct deficiencies, authors, for their part, will truly pleased and humbled. . . .

RAYMOND S. DUFF, M
Assoc. Professor of Pediat
AUGUST B. HOLLINGSHEAD, PH
Professor of Sociol
Yale Univers
New Haven, Co

Dr. Ingelfinger has produced eloquent answer to the continu criticism of medicine, specific academic medicine, without ignor the very real problems which exist. His article also represent plea for cool-headed evaluation constructive criticism.

One fact that was not mentioned Dr. Ingelfinger is that doctors medical schools and arch-hospit have a staggering array of tasks quired of them, such as (1) educa for medical students, nurses, inte residents, practicing physicians, others; (2) physician for ward private patients; (3) consultant complicated cases for practicing p sicians; (4) consultant to hea agencies, voluntary agencies, and g ernment; (5) investigator in areas both basic medical and clinical ences; (6) participant in plann and delivery of regional medical se ices through State Health Depa ments, the Regional Medical P gram, etc.; (7) social scientist caring for his patients and the p lic; and (8) fund-raiser to supp his own work. This is all done a level of income well below that of equivalent practicing physician. wonders how in the hell he ever into this aspect of medicine and w he stays there once he is in it.

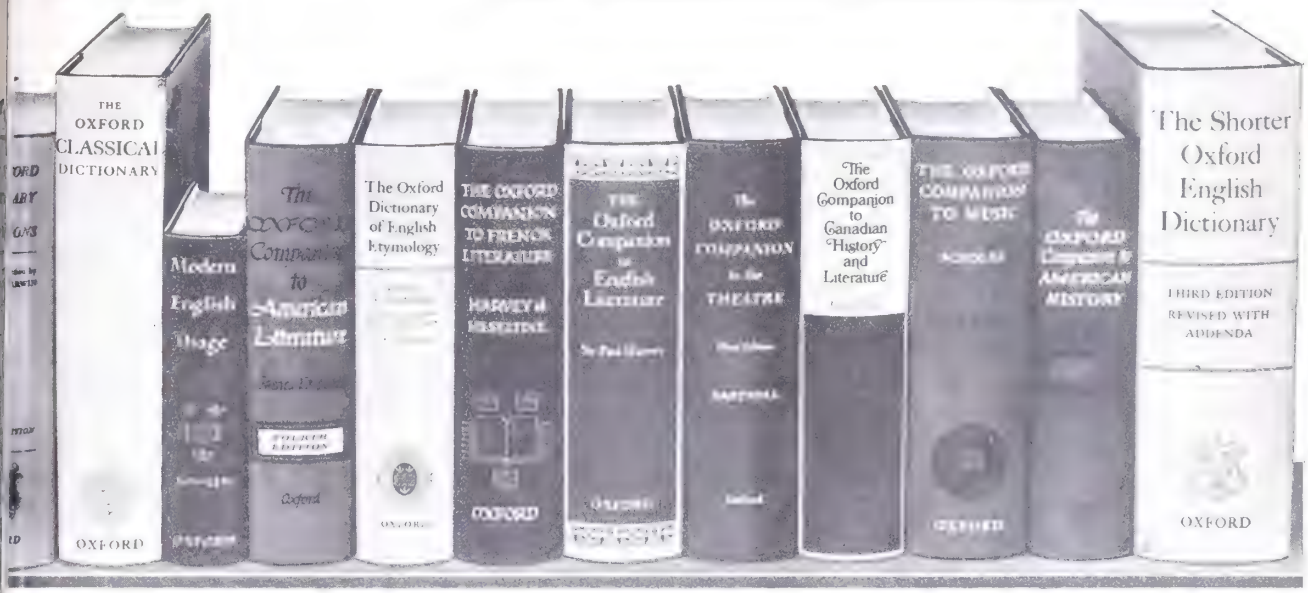
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OPEN LETTER TO THE NEXT PRESIDENT

Dear Mr. { *McCarthy* / *Nixon* / *Humphrey* / *Rockefeller* } *as the case may be:*

On the wildly unlikely chance that you might find an hour to spare between now and your inauguration, may I respectfully suggest that you spend it in reading about the Administration of Diocletian? Just possibly it might be the best investment of time that you could make.

Because of his little quirks, such as a penchant for roasting Christians over a slow fire, the Emperor Diocletian has a bad name in some quarters. He was nevertheless a brilliant administrator and political leader. He inherited a set of problems very similar to those you will find stacked on your White House desk. Since he solved them with spectacular success, some of his ideas might serve you well. In particular, he had a talent—rare among recent American Presidents—for deciding on a list of priorities, and then carrying them out with pitiless determination. As a veteran President-watcher, I suspect that your place in history may largely depend on your ability to do the same thing. Priorities have been in short supply around here for a long while.

Like many American Presidents, Diocletian had a humble start. He was a poor country boy from the provinces, who climbed fast up the political ladder of his day by a combination of dogged energy, shrewdness, and ruthlessness. He took office as Emperor of Rome in 284 A.D. under circumstances strikingly similar to those of today. The country was in disorder. Assassination had become a commonplace political tactic. The Roman armies were fighting costly and fruitless wars in distant lands. The countryside was being depopulated, as poor people migrated by hundreds of thousands into the already overcrowded cities. There, huddled in slums and resentful of the conspicuous affluence of the upper class, they turned to riot and arson. (Diocletian's own palace was twice set on fire.) Many young people became so alienated from society that they dropped out, to join such hippie-like sects as the Christians. The treasury was running a big deficit, the balance of trade was out of whack, and military men had gained a dangerous influence in public affairs. Most serious of all, Diocletian inherited a machinery of government which was antiquated, ramshackle, and totally incompetent to deal with the crisis which plagued the nation. To some observers, the Roman Empire—still the world's paramount power—seemed on the verge of breaking up.

Twenty-one years later, when Diocletian left office voluntarily (an act without precedent), he handed over a domain strong, relatively tranquil, and firmly governed. His rebuilding job was so solid that the Eastern part of his Empire lasted for another two centuries, and the Byzantine part for a thousand years. He achieved this by concentrating, first of all, on redesigning the whole structure of government. That had to be his No. 1 priority; for he discovered that until he had a reliable tool of administration, he could accomplish nothing of substance.

You very probably will reach a similar conclusion. Since you have served close to the center of federal power, you already are well aware that you will be taking over an apparatus that

---

WELL AND CLEARING

by Frank Polite

Feeling less and less compelled, he cleared
Out. So, when folks insisted he was still around,
He said, Clearing Out isn't anywhere particular,

No place to rest or dwell, but rather like the
Well in our village. With that, he'd dip his pail
And fall silent. We always asked about this,

But he added little else except, finally, he cleared
Out. And later, refining his tactic, he cleared
Himself. After years and years, the village itself

Disappeared (our record ends there), and except
For obscure charts marking the well and a clearing
For animals, there's no other mention at all.

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nguage. There are over 200 nt languages and dialects spoken in Africa. But, if you have a smattering of English or French, you'll have no trouble communicating.

2. Visas. You'll need them in most countries, in addition to your passport. In order to apply for a tourist visa check your travel agent or the consulates of the countries you'll want to visit.

3. Inoculations. Get smallpox, typhoid, para-typhoid, typhus, cholera and tetanus. It doesn't hurt to have them all.

4. Weather. It's mild and pleasant in almost every region you'll visit, all year round.

5. Photography. Bring a bag of Silicagel for protection against moisture. And pack as much film as you have room for. Color film can be scarce.

le Wildlife

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do you call that a bargain?: vous appelez ça bon marché?
are there any dangerous animals about?: est-ce qu'il y a des animaux dangereux près d'ici?
what a big cat: quel gros chat.
it isn't a cat: ce n'est pas un chat.

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of creaks and confusion—balky, unresponsive, and frustrating both to the bureaucrats who run it and to all of us who have to deal with it. The basic design, patented two hundred years ago, was splendid for its original purpose: the governing of a small, isolated, simple, rural society. Over the years your predecessors have tinkered with it, adding gadgets, bureaus, commissions, and power steering until the old chassis was hopelessly overloaded; but it has never had a complete overhaul. As a consequence, it is closer to breakdown than most ordinary citizens suspect—but even they are beginning to realize that it is inadequate for a society grown huge and hideously complex. So unless you decide, as a first priority, to rebuild the whole structure of administration, you may never be able to do much about the many other clamoring problems of the nation.

President Johnson came to recognize this, I believe, before the end of his first term. Indeed, he is largely responsible—though unintentionally—for the present near-paralysis of the federal bureaucracy. Knowing that a President's power always is greatest during the early months of his Administration, he moved fast to push through Congress a phenomenal mass of reforms. It is fashionable these days to bad-mouth LBJ because of the Vietnam war; but I am confident that a later generation of historians* will assay him as one of the great innovators, along with Jackson, Lincoln, Wilson, and Roosevelt. As James Reston has pointed out, "the 89th Congress alone passed eleven new health programs, seventeen new educational programs, fifteen new economic development programs, twelve new programs for the cities, seventeen new resource development programs, and four new manpower training programs." Since then dozens of additional assignments—in everything from civil-rights enforcement t enticement of foreign tourists- been heaped on the groaning bureaucracy.

It couldn't carry the load—as son soon realized. Two brilliant et directors, Kermit Gordon Charles Schultze, kept telling hi the clutter of old departments hastily-improvised new agencies ply weren't able to cope with all new programs, and pleaded fo gent and far-reaching reorganiz His ablest Cabinet officers—no Robert McNamara and John W. ner—told him the same thing. S the more thoughtful Governors members of Congress, such as Se Ed Muskie and Representative H Reuss.

In fairness, it must be said th tried to follow their advice, at partway. He backed up McNama his bloody, but fairly successful, to reorganize the Pentagon—onc most hairy of administrative strosities. He coaxed other de ments to adopt, resentfully and much foot-dragging, one of Namara's pet managerial de the Planning-Programing-Budg System. (It provides a rough me of the costs and benefits of any program, and makes it possib compare it with other courses o tion.)

What is most significant for yo appointed a secret task force, he by Ben Heineman, an outstan lawyer and railway executive, to a plan for a thoroughgoing ove of the entire machinery of adm tration. For the best of reasons Heineman report is still secret. people in government don't even k that it exists. But if you can di a copy from the White House you may find it an invaluable print for your top-priority job.

I have not seen it, of course, the people who worked on it talk; but I have reason to believe it would give screaming nightm to any Congressman or bureau who might read it. For it recomme apparently, the abolition of scor petty empires, the merging of lapping agencies, the closing dow redundant field offices, and the rearrangement of administrative reg to convert the present crazy quilt a coherent pattern. All this would

*A few already are doing so—for example, James MacGregor Burns, biographer of Franklin D. Roosevelt and John F. Kennedy. He recently edited a selection of Johnson's speeches, published by McGraw-Hill: *To Heal and to Build: The Programs of President Lyndon B. Johnson* ($8.95). In an accompanying essay Burns—a Kennedy man who was originally bitterly opposed to Johnson—explains why his appraisal of Johnson's performance had to be sharply revised.



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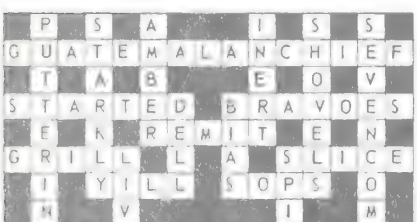
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Solution to

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(August issue, page 86)



Acrostician—

MENDEZ MONTENEGRO

viously, overturn a vast hornet's nest of vested interests. Remember the political hurricane that blew up when McNamara closed a few obsolete Army posts? The reaction to the Heineman plan would make that look like the gentlest of zephyrs. Imagine, for example, how Senator Russell Long would erupt if he heard that half of the federal offices in Louisiana were about to be shut up, and their employees moved to Atlanta and Memphis?

Consequently, Johnson never tried to put the plan into operation. The way I hear the story, he discussed it in detail with members of the task force and his key White House staff men. He agreed that it was well thought out and urgently desirable. But he concluded, sadly, that he couldn't make it work. The political cost was just too high. He already had used up most of his political capital, on his legislative program and the Vietnam war. Now, in the waning months of his Administration, he no longer had enough clout left to force through a scheme which was bound to infuriate virtually every member of Congress, plus thousands of local politicians, businessmen, and government employees.

Undoubtedly he was right. Only a newly elected President, with a large and well-disciplined Congressional majority, could pull it off—if at all. Diocletian had no Congress to trip him up, and he could lop off the head of any subordinate who said a mumbling word; yet it took him more than fifteen years to carry through a comparable reform of the Roman administrative apparatus.

If you flinch away from such an undertaking, that would be understandable. It also would be fatal; for so long as you remain bogged in the present administrative muddle, you are bound to fail in nearly everything you try to do. Let me cite just two examples, out of the dozens of horror stories in my Atrocity File:

1. In theory, the federal government tries to do much of its work "in partnership," as the cant phrase goes, with the states and cities. It gives them $20 billion a year—almost a quarter of their total revenues—to finance specific programs, ranging from housing to pollution control. But to get this money, the bewildered Governors and Mayors have to [illegible] their way through a maze of 16[illegible] arate aid programs, financed b[illegible] different appropriations—each [illegible] swathed in its special clutte[illegible] strings, restrictions, and red [illegible] Nor does the cash flow out of a s[illegible] spigot. It is strained throug[illegible] agencies and departments, 150 reaus, and some 400 regional o[illegible] every one with its own esoteric a[illegible] cation forms, fiscal safeguards, bureaucratic procedures. No wo[illegible] that a Governor often doesn't [illegible] what is coming to him from W[illegible] ington, much less how to get it. the poorer states and cities can' [illegible] ford the large and expert staff w[illegible] would be necessary to find out.*

2. Many government agencies [illegible] working at cross-purposes, spen[illegible] billions of our money just to de[illegible] each other. The Department of A[illegible] culture, for instance, spends well [illegible] a billion a year to bribe farme[illegible] keep part of their cropland out of [illegible] duction: in all, about forty mi[illegible] acres. At the same time, the Dep[illegible] ment of Interior, through its R[illegible] mation Bureau, is spending other [illegible] lions to bring new, expensively [illegible] gated land *into* production: ne[illegible] nine million acres so far.

Obviously this is insane. E[illegible] President for the last thirty y[illegible] knew it was insane. Their advise[illegible] budget directors, economists, p[illegible] commissions—kept telling them [illegible] Aside from the waste of money, [illegible] reclamation program has shi[illegible] much of the country's cotton pro[illegible] tion out of the poor Southeast [illegible] states and into the relatively pros[illegible] ous Southwest. In the process, it [illegible] pushed a couple of million Southe[illegible] ern farmers off their land and o[illegible] the welfare rolls of our big cit[illegible] Why, then, didn't some Presid[illegible] close down the Reclamation Bur[illegible] years ago?

A main reason is Senator C[illegible]

* A famous exception is Mayor Rich[illegible] Lee of New Haven. When he first t[illegible] office fifteen years ago, he assemble[illegible] staff to specialize in milking "the Fed[illegible] hiring some of them away from the ag[illegible] cies he wanted to tap. As a result, N[illegible] Haven probably has grabbed more f[illegible] eral money per capita than any ot[illegible] city—simply because a corps of able m[illegible] pain-takingly memorized a twenty-f[illegible] shelf of regulations and procedures. [illegible] what a waste of talent!

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ar a Piper play,
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ery smooth,
ree might play for you.
Scotch is light,
ur or five play foot

x or seven Pipers
hivers up your spine.
w of Bonnie Charlie ma
, he heard as high as nine.

y a master blender
ending in the glen
if he could find a way
st it up to ten.

d out every trick he knew.
er or two, and then:
ted it, he tasted it.
ted it again.
e heard the Pipers.
wasn't hearing ten.

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You discover the Inland Sea with its [illegible] from a speeding hydrofoil. You stroll Tokyo's Ginza past window after win-

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y, Reclamation, therefore, has
n untouchable.

ut in this case, God seems to be on
r side. The fact that Hayden will
re, at the age of ninety-one, just
you take office, surely is a sign of
ine favor. His successor will have
seniority, no seat on Appropria-
ns, and comparatively little influ-
e with the Senate Inner Club. Ac-
dingly you will be the first Presi-
t to have a chance to end this
clamation nonsense for good. If
are as smart as I think you are,
will take it. (Incidentally, Mr.
yden is anything but a villain. He
a sweet old gentleman who has
ved his state well. The only trouble
hat the interests of his state have
n directly opposed to the interests
practically everybody else).

ur second priority, like Diocle-
n's, obviously will be money. Be-
e you can tackle the many things
t need to be done, you will have
find some way to pay for them.
rrowing won't do; your last four
edecessors rode that horse about as
as it will go. Now, as even Con-
ss has admitted, another string of
opping deficits would drain away
e last of our gold reserves, force
valuation of the dollar, and ruin us
through inflation.

Johnson's tax increase will help a
tle, of course, and if you are brave
ough, you might raise a bit more by
taxes of your own. But no tax
te that is politically feasible will
ing in as much money as you need.
e bulk of it will have to be found
mewhere in the present budget:
at is, by slicing away every item
at isn't absolutely essential.

This is something LBJ has never
en willing to face up to. He wanted
do everything at once: abolish pov-
ty, reach the moon, refurbish the
ties, get decent medical care and
ucation for everybody, set up an
ti-ballistic-missile system, abolish



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support our allies, rebuild the transport system, feed India, and fight a war to boot. And at the beginning of

commitment in Asia. But that hope ended with the vast and, as he saw it, unavoidable escalation of the

Even then, Johnson was reluctant to give up any of his dreams. Instead of choosing among them, he decided to spread the available cash thinly

was moved by the politician's instinct to give a little something to everybody, even if nobody gets quite enough. Mostly, however, I think he

himself but for the country. He saw that it needed a lot of things—and he was determined to make a beginning, at least, on every one, although he might not be able to carry through with any. Once he got the nation com-

dents. It is just possible that history

But if you believe, with Winston

chase," you will follow a different strategy. You will wrench money away from middle-priority programs and concentrate it on a few overriding

T

get—

cause that is where most of it is. You

Here again it looks as if God might

Hanoi may start to negotiate seriously to end the Vietnam war. In that

be able to save a good part of the $28 billion a year that is going down that drain hole—even though it proves necessary to keep some commitment in Asia indefinitely. What is even more hopeful, the Russians now appear eager to talk seriously—for the first time since World War II—about

be tedious and discouraging, as they always are with the Soviets; but eventually they may make it po for both sides to cut back sharp spending for missiles, atomic

the other dread panoply of m terror. You might also be al strike a deal for the mutual drawal of nearly all Russian American armed forces from E After all, it is high time for the l peans to pick up the bill for their defense.

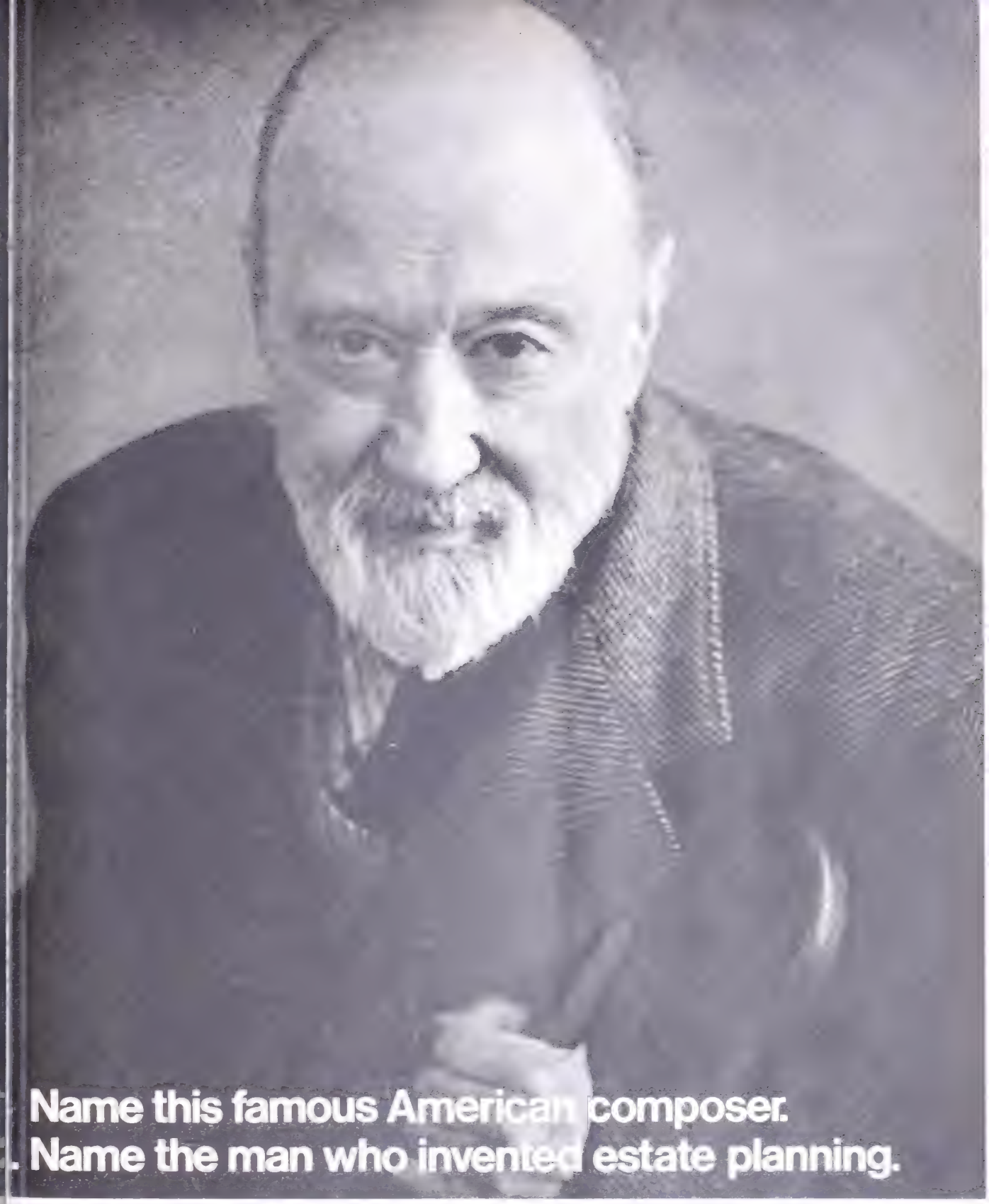
What this might save is ha guess, but throughout your te billion. Moreover, if we and the sians stop glaring at each other," of us could save additional bi we are now wasting on prestige moon. No doubt it would be int ing to see what is up there some what of it? And if our own space can't contain their curiosity for decades, let them go raise the m for their own moon shot, from Ford Foundation or Howard Hu or somebody. I can't think of a reason why the taxpayers should stuck for it.

The same goes for the super terms of national glory. A co billion more ought to be trimme have since outlived their usefulness. which nobody has had the nerv bury. Reclamation is only one in point. A still bigger one is poor ones go ragged. One "farm got a $2.8-million handout in 1 ants got little or nothing. See C ter 13 of the report of the Na erty. Even such staunch farm Republicans as Representative A Quie of Minnesota are now dem ing that this scandal be stopped

Let's assume, with heady optim that you will be able to reorganiz

that the Kremlin is about to

a glare and a state of calm, ste



Name this famous American composer.
Name the man who invented estate planning.

e answer to both, Charles Ives. A creator, a doer. composer who wrote some of the most exciting and volutionary music of this century. And, as an surance man, an innovator — developer of the ncept of estate planning, and many agent training procedures. We'd like to think that we're following in his footsteps — by being ahead of our time, by creating new insurance plans that anticipate the diverse needs of our policyholders. Charles Ives would probably agree that this is beautiful music in its own right.

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bureaucracy so that it will work with passable competence, and that can lay your hands on some $20 lion or so a year which might be for useful purposes. Your third decision, then, is where to spend money—if Congress will let you.

Here your range of choice wil much narrower than most pe might think. Over much of the bud of course, you have no control w ever; you have to go on making ments on the national debt, socia curity, veterans' pensions, and like, whether you want to or not. even the income which can be sp at your discretion (and Congres can move in only a few directi For Lyndon Johnson *has* made c mitments which you cannot ign He *did* define a set of national g and he *did* persuade the public they are both attainable and ne sary. His tragedy is that he neither the governmental machi nor the money to move more tha little way toward these goals. aroused expectations that he c not fulfill; and this, I suspect, is main reason why he is now b hooted for gaps in his credibility.

But the expectations will not away, the goals cannot be abando You have to try to make them g at your peril. Even though you m prefer a different set of objecti you will nevertheless have to c through on at least four of the things Johnson started. They (1) to guarantee a job or a de income for everybody; (2) to m sure our black citizens get a break; (3) to create cities fit to in; and (4) to provide tolerable tems of education and medical ca

You are not likely to achieve t all. Some of them—rebuilding cities, for one—will take decades generations. But you have to try y best; for anything less would political suicide.

You may find distasteful the not that you are not free to make y own plans—that you are bound to over some of Lyndon's ideas, re range them into workable priorit and then spend the rest of your ministration trying to make t come true. But, for such consola as it may be worth, they aren't ideas. And so far in this campa you have not come up with anyth better.

ter Hours *by Russell Lynes*

JCH!



humid day early this summer on the floor of my library surd by books of cartoons which been published within the past e months. In the course of an noon my eyes passed over, at a , a couple of thousand drawings ne of which was intended to in- from me a smile, a wince, a , or, most unlikely, a laugh. I l, as you can readily imagine, at d many drawings of tiny desert ls sprouting single palm trees nhabited sometimes by a single ed man, sometimes by a bearded and a young lady whose blouse d mending. I looked at a good horrid children (usually horrid neir precocity or premature be- r as adults—little gun-toters, hot-rodders, little black-leather- t types), a great many extra- ny secretaries on the verge of ter (or success, depending on view of matters), at any number rks on flying carpets, sportsmen ppily accompanied by their wives ick blinds, suburban cocktail es, panhandlers, barflies, tycoons ormous desks covered with call ns and telephones, with vistas of vast enterprises out of the win- behind them. Flying saucers nearly as common as compromised young women, and long-haired boys with guitars were in about equal proportion to psychiatrists with couches, and to computers being rude to their operators. The world of cartoons is nothing if not repetitious (like the world it depicts) though it is not entirely predictable.

There was one cartoon which in some respects characterized the nature of this popular "art form" by depicting another "art form." The drawing was of a man in a Marshall McLuhan sweat shirt staring at a television set, and it appears in a book called *All Thumbs* (Bobbs-Merrill) by a *New Yorker* cartoonist, W Miller. The language of cartoons is a symbolic visual one to which almost everyone brings some degree of literacy, having been trained to read drawings even before they were taught to read such clumsy symbols (in McLuhan's opinion) as words. The cartoon is a kind of pictorial speed-writing and at its best and most sophisticated (and sophistication in cartoons is a virtue, not a failing) a pictorial shorthand which, read at a glance, reveals not just a gag or an incident but a world, a philosophy, and a full-grown plot peopled by plausible characters and a wry comment on all of these. This is not to say that the best cartoons are the most elaborate drawings of place and people. On the contrary it is the simplification of the complex by the deftest shorthand that evokes (as in the drawings of Steinberg) the most comprehensive view of the world.

Unfortunately there was no new Steinberg collection in the pile of books on my floor, and, anyway, Steinberg is not an artist who thinks of himself as a cartoonist and, as he once told me, he distrusts professional funnymen—which most, not all, cartoonists attempt to be. The books I looked at were a collection of Peter Arno drawings, published by Simon and Schuster, called *Lady in the Shower* (Arno died recently), a collection of drawings called *Here it Comes* (Bobbs-Merrill) by Lee Lorenz, whose bug-eyed girls and long-nosed men are familiar to readers of *The New Yorker, Look, The Saturday Evening Post,* and *Saturday Review.* There was one called *Jaf by Jaf* (Bobbs-Merrill), whose drawings, usually illustrations not cartoons, have appeared for some time in this magazine; *Large Economy Man* (Stephen Green Press) by Terence Parkes, who signs himself "Larry" and who, according to the blurb on the cover, has been "three times named British

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'Cartoonist of the Year;' " and *Great Cartoons of the World*, an anthology of recent work edited by John Bailey (Crown Publishers),* who used to be cartoon editor of *The Saturday Evening Post*. Unquestionably there were others published in the last twelve months which did not arrive on my desk, and that is all right with me, though I wish I would get my own copies of the *Peanuts* books by Schulz as they come out.

Cartoons are somewhat less concerned than they used to be with pratfalls and social gaffes and somewhat more with what can be loosely called "social problems." By and large, though, the old themes remain the backbone of the business. Social problems are not treated by the cartoonists I have been looking at, cartoonists who work primarily for magazines, in the same head-on, topical way that the editorial cartoonists of newspapers treat them—often with bitterness and anger. The traditions of the two branches of the art are quite distinct. The magazine cartoon is generally more oblique, more subtle, more self-consciously "understanding" of human foibles, and less preachy. Wistfulness takes the place of wrath; the shrug stands in for cocking the snook.

Social comment has more to do with fashions and fads than with "issues," though in *Here It Comes* Lorenz takes well-aimed and serious stabs at the race issue. ("What's the point of hiring a Negro if he doesn't look like a Negro," one white businessman says to his partner, for example.) Under fads and fashions come the clichés of bringing up children and current clichés of language. They are combined by Lorenz in a drawing of a father, mother, and glowering young son with the caption: "Even though there's no chance of a meaningful dialogue at this time, your mother and I want you to know that the channels of communication are always open." The misunderstanding of the younger generation by the older generation occupies a constant place in the concerns of cartoonists today just as it did when John Held, Jr. was drawing his

*There is to be another volume with the same name, a new selection, published late in September. Proofs were not available when this comment was written.

gin-sipping "flappers" flauntir step-ins in the jazz age. In have no doubt that children cupy the attention of Whitney IV or V. (Whitney Darrow, J a mainstay of *The New York* past master at children-pare toons.) It is entertaining tc that ten years ago we were kidd young about being too cool a servative, and we were encou them to go out and raise a littl lectual hell. Indeed, this was mon theme for commencement ers. Ah, well . . .

It is curious that psychiatry after all these years be con such an easy target but it is that a new idea, a new moven any sort continues to be food fo (or bad jokes) for a long tim in our rapidly changing societ chiatry and "modern" art hit t lic consciousness at about the time fifty or more years ago. P ably a cartoonist can still get a from a man with a hole in h or a sculpture with a hole in its ach just as it could when Fre alive and Henry Moore was ishing the world with his early tures. Jokes about physician surgeons these days do not trea as witch doctors but as capit most doctor jokes are about how money they make. One of masterful drawings in *Lady Shower* is of a man speaking chauffeur who has drawn a Royce up to the door of the hous caption reads: "No, no, Casey, the Ford. You know I'm visiti tients today."

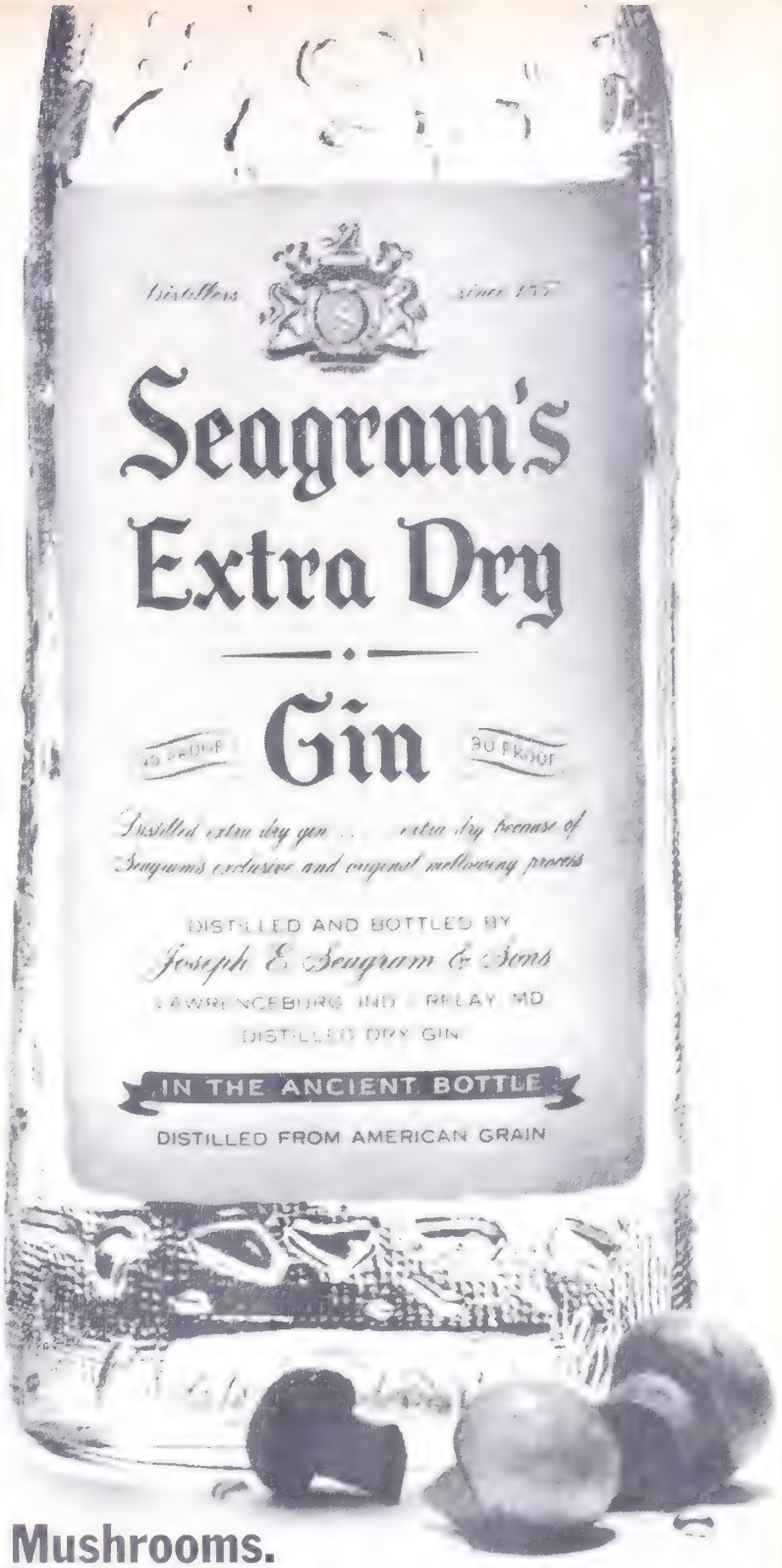
Middle-class values, as the called, and the symbols of statu go with them are constant fair for the cartoonist. The numb small yachts that currently app periodical cartoons could evacua English from Dunkirk. Or, r they couldn't, because the yach and their friends scarcely kn spinnaker from a center board. Feiffer has the distinction of the satirist of upper-bohemian v of the overexplained, oververbal, clichéd seekers-of-the-truth-w themselves types who haunt state of mind called Greenwic lage. (It is not, I contend, a p In some respects Feiffer draws version of the old henpecked-hus gag, which is still as common as

's characters seem to henpeck
lves. He is as subtle and able a
as any in the business, and I
he business of satire not just
oons. There are several good
s in *Great Cartoons of the*

ently sat in for a few minutes
neeting of editors who were
at hundreds of cartoons that
en submitted to a magazine. "If
nother 'Naked Ape' cartoon,"
the editors said, "I'll scream."
put the "possibles" in some-
they call the "smile pile.")

opical is strong (though by no
pervasive) in two of the books
been looking at, both in Lor-
ook and Miller's. Because of
t references (both visual and
) to such things as electric carv-
ives, electric guitars, electric
ters, the humor usually has a
rary quality that is recogniz-
rimarily to this year's naked
This kind of transitory cartoon
itable and is often momentarily
unny, but the cartoons of last-
umor are those which are con-
l with what might pretentiously
led the continuing human con-
and with just plain fantasy.
an example of the latter let me
rno again. A rather meek man
a gun at the stomach of a pros-
s-looking fellow whose hands
gh above his head. The caption
: "This is a water pistol—I mean
s a stickup." There is a kind of
ancy about this entirely natural
the tongue that says something
everyone's desperation. A
of grim-faced Indians sit
d a campfire before their tepees.
entral figure, the chief, speaks
he caption reads: "Lo, the poor
This is also an Arno. In *Great*
ons of the World there is a dou-
age spread by Glashan of a tre-
ous public square surrounded
icial, becolumned buildings, and
ied with people. On a wooden
orm stand two figures, one of
1 is saying, "I've forgotten what
ne here to talk about." Glashan
my estimation, one of the few
first-rate original cartoonists
one whose drawing often has a
uncommon kind of Piranesi-like
nificence about it. Like Steinberg
Searles and N. M. Bodecker (who
rates this column each month)

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[illegible] AND THE HUMPHREY CAMPAIGN

by Rowland Evans and Robert Novak

[illegible] AND THE CITY

by Alfred Kazin



"I could confine you to an institution, but because of your splendid war record . . . ."

he understands about architecture.

Fantasy is more likely to evoke smiles than laughs, and it is usually an uncaptioned drawing which takes reality a logical step further into the absurd. Steinberg is the master of it, but Miller with his drunken husband sealed in a bottle when his wife opens the apartment door and Jaf with his imaginary moonstruck landscapes have this quality to a degree that Lorenz has not and neither have most of the drawings in the *Great Cartoons* book, though there are exceptions. There is a frantic absurdity to the drawings of Henry Syverson and his astonished little people that is endearing. Bose, who appears in *Paris-Match*, draws with childlike directness that is deceptively unchildlike. Sempé, another Frenchman, is new to me; I would like to see a great deal more of his work, which comes in series of drawings, almost like uncaptioned comic strips, and makes a very quiet, very telling observation just on the edge of fantasy.

"Larry" (Terence Parkes) is a very quickly acquired taste, I found. I thought when I first looked at *Large Economy Man* that it was going to be a routine collection of old saw- husband and wife. It is not. I male in the household carried mate absurdity as helper, s gardener, and paperhanger. rather styleless drawings bu stylish imagination. He also a in the *Great Cartoons* book an is a quality about his humor tha one the impression of a bott well of bubbling amusement an of the ludicrous.

Jaf's book I found disappo probably because I have looked admired a great many of his ings over the years, and I t the selection did not do his ext fluid calligraphic style justic humor, though it is persona often original, lacks bite. Fant Jaf's long suit; I feel sure h more trumps in his hand, and h hasn't played them.

Of the new men I met on humid afternoon, I'll pick Mill Glashan as the successors to Searles, Addams, Price, *et al.* have very odd and original coupled with steady and inv hands and that sense of the a currently essential for survival.

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Harper's
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Tames Ridgeway

JNIVERSITIES AS BIG BUSINESS

Iow the worlds of higher education, big business, nd banking are linked through interlocking relationships mong professors, administrators, trustees, and industry nd government.

America's 2,200 colleges and universities are ie largest body of secret organizations in the ation. The trustees of the private institutions re self-perpetuating groups who meet in camera nd do not publish reports of their operations. lthough the regents or trustees who rule public niversities periodically hold open meetings, their eal business is transacted at confidential execu- ive sessions. The universities have been so suc- essful in safeguarding their privacy—particularly ith respect to their finances—that few people are ware of the extent to which the worlds of higher ducation, big business, and banking are linked hrough interlocking relationships among profes- ors, college presidents, and trustees, industry, nd government—relationships whose chief vic- ims are the more than six million students the niversities are supposed to teach.

In fact the American university today resem- les a conglomerate corporation. Its sprawling nterprises include graduate institutes, computa- ion centers, and propaganda headquarters where sociologists test the citizenry's political attitudes. There may be campuses in Madrid, Florence, or Lima, and teams of researchers carrying out inquiries for AID or CIA in Ethiopia or Thailand. The university may own a press, a ball park, a couple of hotels, some ships, and—for complete diversification—an amusement park. Some holdings are more exotic: Purdue, for instance, ran an airline for a time; Dartmouth has a timber-producing forest; Connecticut's Wesleyan put out a children's magazine, the *Weekly Reader*, before selling it to Xerox for several million. The University of Wisconsin is responsible for the world's leading rat poison, and New York University gets the profit from a spaghetti factory.

Very likely there will be a defense-systems laboratory or an AEC installation near the campus and a sprawl of companies created by some of the professors. These academic entrepreneurs who dash back and forth between campus, government, and business see themselves as Renaissance men.

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The defense electronics business started this trend. But nowadays the "spin-offs," as the professors' companies are called, may sell educational games, run Job Corps camps, schools for small children, community-development centers in the slums, or prepare a "menu" of options to better motivate laggard black businessmen.

Deans and presidents take a benign view of such activities, often encouraging the professor to start a new company, and then sitting on its board of directors or that of a local bank, where they can lend a hand in financing and coordinating the whole works. The older graduate students provide cheap labor pools, useful for keeping the undergraduates in tow and for assisting the senior professors in carrying forward their inquiries within the university or in some private company. Teaching undergraduate students is not especially interesting compared to working on the outside in one of the new companies, and some professors tell you it is now obsolete as well: the students learn more by working in the "real world laboratory," which is to say on a professor's experiment outside the university. They refer to the profit motive as the "reward structure."

An archetype of the new arrangement is at Stanford University in Palo Alto, California. On part of the 9,000 acres left to the university by Leland Stanford, there is now an industrial park which houses fifty companies, also involved in research and development. They keep in close touch with the university's electronics laboratory, whose scientists pioneered in the development of vacuum tubes and microwave equipment. One, for example, is George Barry, a radio engineer and physicist. When two of his colleagues figured out a way to measure the area covered by Voice of America broadcasts, Barry quit his job as professor and, with his colleagues helping out in their spare time, started the Barry Research Corporation, which submitted the winning bid for the new equipment. Another Stanford scientist helped the government to evaluate the proposal.

Stanford realizes a million dollars a year in leases from the companies in its industrial park and it operates as a subsidiary the Stanford Research Institute, a nonprofit organization which grosses $25 million a year and has offices around the world. Attracted by all this activity, another two hundred companies hunker about the edges of Palo Alto.

An even more impressive model is in the environs of Cambridge, Massachusetts. Studies by Edward B. Roberts and Herbert A. Wainer of MIT indicate that more than a hundred different companies were begun by professors departing from MIT labs and academic departments. Wh the bulk of their business at first comes fr government contracts, after four or five yea 40 per cent is in commercial markets. The n companies needed very little to begin with, usua starting on personal savings of a few thousa dollars. Once operating, they were able to t ample sources of risk capital around Boston.

Hired to Straighten Things Ou

One energetic business organizer among t Cambridge intellectuals is J. Sterling Livingsto a professor at the Harvard Business School w has established half-a-dozen companies. Durin World War II Livingston ran a purchasing cours for the Navy at the Harvard Business School an then went to Washington to straighten out th Navy's nearly incomprehensible purchasing in structions. Back at the school after the war, Liv ingston wrote a thesis on government procure ment policies; subsequently, the Navy asked hin to continue as an adviser on procurement meth ods. Since the dean thought it improper to con duct this business through the school, Livingsto organized a company, Harbridge House Inc., whose sole business at first consisted of tellin the Navy how to improve procurement methods. Harvard and MIT professors served as consult ants, and one of Livingston's partners was Paul R. Ignatius, who is now Secretary of the Navy. As Livingston's reputation grew, the other military services also hired Harbridge House. During the Korean war the company was grossing $1.5 million a year. (Meanwhile, Livingston was still a professor at the Harvard Business School.) Next, Harbridge House was hired by corporations doing business with the armed services. In 1958, with Harbridge House making $3 million a year, Livingston sold out his interest for an undisclosed sum.

His next venture, Management Systems Corporation, again relied heavily on professors from Harvard and MIT, as well as Stanford. This company helped the Navy, Air Force, and NASA develop ways to keep tabs on weapons and missile systems, and it too had an annual income of about

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James Ridgeway, associate editor of "The New Republic," took a leave of absence to write his book "The Closed Corporation: American Universities in Crisis," to be published by Random House later this month. This article is adapted from the book. A Princeton graduate, Mr. Ridgeway also worked for "The Wall Street Journal."

million when it was merged into a new firm ed Peat, Marwick, Livingston & Co., a subsidi- of a large accounting company, Peat, Marwick, :chell & Co.

Livingston sold out his interest in this latest ture, retaining only a consulting job there, and an a company called Sterling Institute which sists of several centers. The institute main- ns offices in Boston, New York, and in Washing- where it runs a training center for business- n and government officials. At the Washington ter, most of the time is booked by Peat, Mar- k, Mitchell & Co. Livingston put together this ortment of companies very much as a new uni- sity might assemble a faculty. In almost all es, the subsidiaries were previously owned by ll-known professors and by buying out these npanies Livingston was also buying all the free sulting time of the professor and his students o came along as staff. For instance, he took over ompany owned by Professor Edward Robinson Boston University, which made instructional terials to train bank employees. One of the cli- s was the New England Merchants Bank, which turn sold Robinson's materials to correspondent nks. So by buying Robinson's company and re- ming it the Training Development Center, Liv- gston picked up a professor, a product, a client, d a marketing apparatus.

Another Livingston acquisition was the Human sources Development Company, an enterprise gun by David C. McClelland, the well-known arvard psychologist and motivation expert. cClelland, his graduate students and protégés, became the staff of what was named the Be- vioral Science Center. Livingston put money to this operation, brought in some management perts from the Harvard Business School, and lped out in marketing.

Thanks to Livingston, the center is now very uch on the go. It has developed a motivational adership course for fraternity men, and is work- g on a program for Navy chaplains ("helping e chaplain make the transition from his role pastor to a manager and supervisor"). It has contract from Massachusetts Mutual Life Insur- ce Company "to improve the managerial and terpersonal effectiveness" of both agents and their ives.

Princeton also is the center of a flourishing re- arch and development business. For instance, mes R. Guard, a professor on leave from Prince- n, and Thomas H. Mott, Jr. of the Rutgers fac- ty, work for Applied Logic, a company that akes programs for time-shared computers; the m also employs five other Princeton professors in one way or another. In remote Hanover, New Hampshire, a Dartmouth professor formed Thermal Dynamics, a firm that makes special cutting torches. Another company, Time Share Corporation, opened offices near Dartmouth because of the work in computer development going on at the college. Dartmouth also exchanges personnel with CRREL, the Army's cold-weather research laboratory, which is nearby.

From Spin-offs to New Towns

Sixteen spin-off companies have been established since 1950 around the Ann Arbor campus of the University of Michigan. Probably the best known is Conductron, which makes radar and optical equipment. It was begun in 1960 by Keeve M. Siegel, then a professor of electrical engineering at the university. Siegel recruited twenty-five university people, fifteen of them professors. Then Conductron shunted $250,000 of research funds into the university's engineering department, where several members of the company's staff were still professors. At the same time the university handed out a $39,000 subcontract to Conductron. When the university's laboratories performed advanced research in detection of underground explosions, Conductron applied these techniques to machinery for evaluating data from underground explosions in oil drilling. In 1966 Siegel sold control of the company to McDonnell-Douglas, the aircraft company, and started another firm. He is estimated to have made $5 million on Conductron.

Another successful spin-off is Tracor, Inc. Begun by University of Texas professors, the company now makes $50 million a year, much of it for work on defense systems. One of the most enterprising members of the Texas faculty is Dr. George Kozmetsky, Dean of the College of Business Administration. A graduate of Harvard Business School, he has taught at Carnegie Tech, and is one of the founders of Teledyne, a highly successful electronics company.

Kozmetsky's major interest lies in projecting the management techniques that will be appropriate to the new organization which will take shape over the next fifty years. Kozmetsky believes there is little to be learned by simply making a study and then publishing it. Rather, he advocates conducting research, and testing it by running it through a "validation block," before publishing the results, and embarking on more research. The validation block is the "real world." Kozmetsky is also full of ideas about how the University of



"This is a great book and you are a great writer. I am your follower!"

Texas should exploit the oil lands it owns. (The income from these holdings is invested in a fund and worth about $500 million.) In recent years the university persuaded the state legislature to let it use some of this capital to move into the mortgage business. The university now supplies mortgage money for housing in the well-to-do sections of Dallas, Fort Worth, San Antonio, Austin, and Houston. In addition, the university recently let its first leases for sulphur. Kozmetsky also wants to develop potash on the land and explore the possibilities of harnessing solar energy. He would also like to invest some of this fund in developing a marine-sciences industry in Texas through a consortium of private companies, the university, and the state of Texas. The marine-science business has vast possibilities including the use of submarines for oil drilling and transport, undersea berths for the submarine tankers, recovery of minerals from the ocean depths, dredging out sand and gravel deposits which form at the mouths of estuaries, seafood control and production, and harnessing tidal currents for the production of electricity. These are especially interesting matters in Texas since the southern coastal area—now little developed—could be the site of new towns. Some of this land is owned by the King Ranch, whose managers are close to the university, and looking for ways to diversify.

Another convenient partnership has been established by the University of California which has helped the Irvine Company start a new city in Orange County, south of Los Angeles, by beginning a campus there. Similarly, the University of Minnesota is using a grant from the Depa ment of Housing and Urban Development to pl and develop a new city in the upper Middle We The University of Pennsylvania has joined wi several other universities around Philadelphia an urban-renewal program, part of which is aim at replacing black slums with a research pa for medical electronics companies. Magnets f these companies are the progressive hospitals a filiated with the University of Pennsylvania; an added attraction the Food and Drug Admini tration has agreed to construct a regional labor tory within the park. Universities in the area ha jointly formed a nonprofit University City Scien Center, through which private companies will l able to hire professors for applied research. (Son students and faculty object to the possibility th the center will also be a convenient off-campus si for classified research.)

Computers Go Academi

The computer business is perhaps the prime e ample of the new business-university partnershi International Business Machines, which sells mo than 80 per cent of the nation's computers, dom nates the industry. Computers in operatio around the country are judged to be worth $7. billion, and the market increases by 25 per cen every year. IBM achieved its supremacy b shrewd and farsighted marketing technique Nearly 200,000 college graduates annually us computers; if they all learned on IBM equipmen

eir future employers would avoid a training oblem by buying IBM hardware rather than anher company's. To this end, during the past venty years IBM has made discounts of more an two-thirds on equipment to universities, hich are themselves a rapidly expanding market, sing computers now worth about $160 million for anning, administration, and teaching as well as or research. IBM now says its educational allownce ranges from 10 to 30 per cent for colleges and niversities.

By making research grants and offering the mahinery itself at large discounts, the company gets free science" as professors develop projects on BM machines which may result in new products r new uses for the machinery.

IBM has secured its position at major univerities on both East and West Coasts. At UCLA in 956 it established an organization called the Western Data Processing Center, which was a ual operation between IBM and UCLA. IBM proided the building that houses the computers, supplied the machines, serviced them free, and shared perating costs with UCLA. IBM used half the omputing time, and the other half was utilized vithout charge by UCLA and over a hundred other participating institutions. They paid only for wire- ransmission costs, if the terminal facilities were on the campus, or for mailing the programs and data. IBM maintained a sales office upstairs at Western Data Processing, and it gave research scholarships to bright students at UCLA. Some of these IBM research assistants helped instruct other users of the Western Data Processing in how to run machines and cope with the complicated computer languages. Both the Ford Foundation and the Pentagon's Advanced Research Projects Agency helped support the center's work. Thus for the past ten years the University of California acted as a salesman and training school for IBM equipment in the West. Colleges and universities in California now use about one hundred computers, far more than any other state.

Last year the Justice Department began antitrust inquiries into IBM operations. The company pulled out of Western Data Processing and the center was renamed the Campus Computing Network. IBM made a grant of up to $5 million for UCLA computers over a five-year period.

Currently in vogue is the theory that the techniques of systems analysis employed in making complicated missile and defense systems can be used to solve political and social problems. In other words, the engineers and scientists who could send a rocket to the moon, could also learn how to build a fine school system or end poverty.

The technique involves collecting data, which can be built into a model that will simulate, or imitate, human activity. If one could quantify human activity—so goes the theory—one might also be able to predict and control it. These possibilities have given rise to companies engaged in "social problem solving."

The proprietors of these organizations come quite naturally from the universities and are generally eccentric, lively, and amusing individuals. But it never is altogether clear whether they know what they are doing, or indeed, whether they take themselves seriously.

Simulmatics Corporation—among the earliest—was organized in 1959 by Edward L. Greenfield, a public-relations man, and three professors—Ithiel de Sola Pool of MIT, William N. McPhee of Columbia, and Robert P. Abelson of Yale. In the 1960 Presidential campaign the Simulmatics predictions turned out to be remarkably accurate, and trading on this success, the company went on to other work. The company has made models of the Venezuelan economy for AID and drawn up a computer program called Dynamark, which can "assess brand loyalty" by evaluating results of the test-marketing of different products.

It also produces educational games, including a very popular one for youngsters called the Life Career Game. Students are divided up into teams of two or three people. Each team is assigned a fictitious student, and the idea is to plan a worthwhile life for this hypothetical person. In another, the Legislative Game, sometimes called the Direct Democracy Game, players pretend to be Congressmen. They are provided with cards that tell how the people back home vote. Then they simulate Congressmen at work. This game calls for sessions in a cloakroom where the players can swindle one another, and they have a chance to act out the less meaningful forms of parliamentary procedure on the floor of Congress.

The educational games were designed by a group of professors at Johns Hopkins headed by James Coleman, then marketed through Simulmatics, where Coleman is a vice-president and director. Simulmatics has purchased polling data from the Furst Survey Research Center, Incorporated, which is owned by Sidney Furst, who at the time was also a vice-president and director of Simulmatics. (Furst is no longer associated with the company.) Simulmatics hired its own vice-president, Professor McPhee, as a consultant, through Columbia University's Bureau of Applied Social Research, where he was employed. Fifty thousand shares of Simulmatics stock are owned by Pool, who is a professor and chairman of the

political science department at MIT, and director of the research program for international communication at the Center for International Studies. (The center was originally financed by the CIA, and Pool sometimes consults for the agency. Pool is mainly concerned with propaganda. At MIT one of his major interests is in studying mass-media propaganda techniques in communist countries; on the side through Simulmatics he conducts secret research in South Vietnam for the Pentagon's Advanced Research Projects Agency. While neither Pool nor anybody else at Simulmatics will talk about this work, its contracts ran close to $700,000 in 1967 and in that year accounted for three-quarters of the firm's business. Simulmatics maintains a villa in Saigon, and flies out graduate students and professors from Harvard and other universities to interview Vietcong defectors and prisoners, and sample other groups among the South Vietnamese population, with the hope of devising a pacification program. In addition to his stockholding, the prospectus says Pool gets a minimum consultant fee from the company of $5,000 a year.

A similar "consulting" firm is Mathematica in Princeton. Oskar Morgenstern, the econometrician and inventor of games theory, is chairman. The firm put out a lavish brochure with four pages of photographs of the various Princeton professors

Another sought-after consultant is Clark Abt, president of Abt Associates. Now in his thirties, Abt graduated from Johns Hopkins, then got a Ph.D. at MIT and went to work for Raytheon, where he became manager of the advanced-systems department. He now teaches an honors seminar at Harvard. Abt Associates began in 1965 in a warehouse attic with a handful of people and a small contract. At present it has a staff of 120, some sixty-five consultants from Harvard and MIT, and grosses about $2 million a year. Abt, like Simulmatics, survived by first working for the military, making counterinsurgency games, which were then used as training devices.

Abt is now equally interested in running schools and Job Corps camps. The company also writes scenarios to show how different countries will line up in the future power struggles; works on curricula for Creative Playthings, a CBS subsidiary; and creates cost-effectiveness models for government agencies.

While Abt Associates is at present involved in a variety of endeavors, the company is still best known for its original games. It began by using games to teach soldiers about pacifying Vi namese villages, and is now keen to try some the same concepts in making games that poor ch dren in the slums can play—so that they can bett understand what is going on about them. For i stance, the company tries to get teen-agers to pl the "white middle-class confidence game." Th is another way of persuading the youngsters go through the rigmarole of applying for a j without losing their tempers and quitting. Th going through the "chain of command" approaching a secretary, the employme counselor, and so on.

Not long ago the Bureau of Standards employ the company to stage a complicated game in hop that it might help the government devise a ne transportation policy for the Northeast Corrid (Boston to Washington, D.C.). In this gam eighty actors in nine rooms play for two days simulating the economy and politics of the area.

Despite their growth, simulation companies a not so popular as they once were: their proprieto are often regarded as cultists, and the genera who were persuaded to hire them for counteri surgency studies are becoming disenchanted.

How the Endowment Grow

The endowments of the American universiti now total around $12 billion. Harvard is one the wealthiest private institutions, with an e dowment of $1 billion. Decisions as to whe and how to invest these funds are made on advi of the treasurer by the six members of the sel perpetuating corporation which runs the unive sity. The treasurer is George F. Bennett, who also president of State Street Investment Corpor tion, which manages three mutual funds wit assets of $600 million. It also handles investmen for Harvard. (Francis H. Burr, a partner in th law firm of Ropes & Gray, also sits on the boards both the Harvard Corporation and the State Stre Investment Corporation. Bennett in addition t his earnings as president of the investment com pany, draws a fee, said to be $25,000 a year, fro Harvard for investment advice. While Bennett' mutual funds in themselves are not very larg when he combines them with Harvard's funds h enters the market with imposing leverage. The a rangement between State Street and Harvard wa initially set up by State Street's founder, Paul Cabot, who preceded Bennett as university treas urer. Initially it was specified that when securi ties held by both Harvard and the State Stree mutual funds were involved the latter would lea

buying or selling; so at least in theory, Bennett purchase a stock for State Street Investment then drive it up by using Harvard's money. Or, selling, he can dump a large holding belonging State Street and then sell Harvard on a lower rket. However, Bennett claims it never works like this, and that oddly, Harvard often does ch better than the mutual funds.

State Street owns 485,000 common stock shares Middle South Utilities, Inc., a holding company ich controls electric companies in several South- states, including Mississippi and Louisiana. rvard has 543,719 shares; Harvard-Yenching titute, an organization devoted to promoting her education in Asia, of which Bennett is uty treasurer, has 18,668 shares; Bennett him- f holds 2,000 shares and is a director of the npany. In recent years Harvard undergraduates successfully challenged the university's Middle th holdings on the grounds that the Southern npanies were managed by racists, members of Klan, and White Citizens Councils. Bennett s he regards these utilities as public-service npanies, regulated under state laws: "I made ersonal investigation and satisfied myself that officers were law-abiding citizens," he said. en asked about the investment at a public meet- , Harvard's President Nathan Pusey said, "Our rpose is just to invest in places that are selfishly d for Harvard. We do not use our money for ial purposes."

To manage its $500-million endowment, Yale s an arrangement not unlike Harvard's. This is ne through a firm called Endowment Manage- nt & Research Corporation, whose President is land D. Grimm. A group of Yale and Harvard aduates with experience in managing mutual nds are directors of the company along with ree Yale trustees: J. Richardson Dilworth, the rmer Mayor of Philadelphia, who now works th Rockefeller Family and Associates; William Scranton, former Governor of Pennsylvania; d John Hay Whitney. The company is paid a clining fee over five years for managing the Yale siness, on the theory that as time goes on, it will e the Yale endowment and its prestigious board directors to build business of its own, either by tting other wealthy clients or by starting a mu- al fund. Unlike the Harvard arrangement, how- er, Yale comes first in buying and selling stocks; e other customers, second.

Shortly after the company was formed in 1967 filed a registration statement for an initial of- ring of $35 million in stock for a mutual fund to called Omega Fund. Shares of the fund are now the market, selling for about $10. Endowment Management & Research manages its affairs and controls its board of directors, on which Dilworth sits. Carl Kaysen, director of the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton, is a director (at an annual fee of about $6,500).

Despite protestations to the contrary by Yale officials, it is obvious that Omega Fund must openly trade on its Yale connections. After all, what other reason would there be to purchase a share?

Another way of getting into the investment business was pioneered by the Wisconsin Alumni Research Foundation (WARF), established in 1925 to exploit the patents to a revolutionary process for synthesizing vitamin D invented by Dr. Harry Steenbock, of the university. WARF's function is to spot other useful inventions in the University of Wisconsin labs, carry on to development work to bring them to the point of commercial use, and then license them. Royalties are invested, and from the income the lab recovers costs, pays the inventor his 15 per cent share, and donates the rest to the university, mostly for building new science laboratories. While WARF won't disclose the size or content of its investment portfolio, it produces about $2 to $3 million a year in income for the university. Among WARF's products is "Warfarin," a widely used rat poison which earned $3 million in royalties before the patent ran out. When it is combined with sodium, "Warfarin" becomes a useful anticoagulant that can be taken orally by humans. Other patents now in the works include a toxicant that can be used to kill trash fish; and a new and quicker way to coat pharmacological tablets. Through subsidiary companies WARF operates a tourist business at the scenic Wisconsin Dells, owns buildings, and runs a laboratory which makes vitamin concentrates.

Since WARF publishes no annual reports, one of its advantages is that nobody knows much about its activities outside the patents field.

Sitting on Boards

Dealings between business and universities have on occasion led to murky complications. One such episode occurred in 1965 at the University of Michigan and resulted in the resignation of Eugene Power, who had been a much-respected regent for nearly a decade. He was also president of University Microfilms, which sells microfilm copies of out-of-date and rare books and is now a subsidiary of Xerox. In October 1965 the campus newspaper, the *Michigan Daily* reported that University Microfilms in effect enjoyed a monopoly in copying graduate students' theses. University Mi-

crofilms was also making profitable use of a valuable book list prepared by the university library. The company had set up its equipment in the library basement where it could photograph fragile or rare books which could not be taken out of the building. The State Attorney General Frank Kelley began looking into the matter and Power left the board. Kelley later said, "There is no question of Mr. Power's motives, his integrity, or his devotion to the interest of the university. . . ." He added, however, "For Mr. Power to maintain his position as a regent while his company has its present relationship with the university is inconsistent with the requirements of the Michigan constitution relating to 'substantial conflict of interest.'"

Subsequently, at Kelley's request the state legislature passed new conflict-of-interest laws. Kelley interpreted them to mean that officers and directors of banks and companies that do business with state colleges cannot sit on the school boards. Thereafter University of Michigan President Harlan Hatcher quit his job as director of the Ann Arbor bank where the university keeps its payroll. (He has since retired as president of the university.) John A. Hannah, president of Michigan State, resigned as director of two banks. Six trustees at Eastern Michigan University and Western Michigan who sat on boards of banks that did business with those universities quit as trustees of the schools. And six other university officials, including the president of Central Michigan and Eastern Michigan, resigned as bank directors. Shortly afterward, the *Michigan Daily* unearthed some highly questionable real-estate deals involving university officers at Michigan State.

Unpleasant incidents of this sort have rarely come to light. Indeed the cozy relationships between universities and industry are widely considered not only respectable but desirable. For example, Franklin D. Murphy, who until 1968 was chancellor of the University of California's Los Angeles campus, also sat on the boards of Ford Motor Company, Hallmark Cards, McCall Corp., and the Times Mirror Company, which publishes the Los Angeles *Times*. The last two companies were also represented on the university's board of regents. When I talked with him, Murphy conceded that the relationship between universities and industry created some problems. "If you have your professors running around consulting all over the place, they are not around to talk to students," he said. "If you can keep it under control, and I think that there are ways that you can manage this at the university level, this is enormously valuable from my point of view. Number one, it does provide this necessary expertise (some in that the French and Germans want to talk about—how to strengthen university relation with industry when both need it). Secondly, it provide for the university professor the techi of guaranteeing to some degree that he wil be in an ivory tower and that he will be de in the teaching process with things that are mane and contemporary, not entirely theore The students today are talking about relev and the way to get relevancy is to have people by personal experience know what is going the real world." In 1968 Murphy quit UCL become chairman of the Times Mirror Comp

Another university president with exte business connections is Grayson Kirk of Co bia. Among other activities he helps IBM wit educational program. Reciprocally, the com gave the university $1.5 million for its cur fund-raising drive. Kirk also sits on the boar Consolidated Edison; about the time Con Ed c through with a large gift, Charles F. Luce, chairman, was made a Columbia trustee. In a tion, Kirk is on the board of the Greenwich ings Bank, two mutual funds—Dividend Sh and Nation-Wide Securities—and is a directo Socony Mobil. Kirk owns about $50,000 of stoc these companies.

James Killian, who is now on the General Mo Board, declined to join it some years ago whe was president of MIT. However he changed mind when he became MIT board chairman. H ard Johnson, his successor as MIT president, on the boards of Federated Department St and John Hancock Insurance, among others. J ome Wiesner, former head of the President's S ence Advisory Committee and now provost at M is a director of several companies, includ Celanese Corp.

Robert F. Goheen, president of Princeton, is the board of Equitable Life Assurance Socie which has a sizable policy with the universi James Oates, the Equitable chairman, is also Princeton trustee and heads the trustee execut committee.

Something of a record is held by Jess Dav president of Stevens Institute of Technology, w sits on seven boards: Carrier Corporation, Phi Morris, National Biscuit Company, Bethleh Steel, Prudential Insurance, First National Ba of Jersey City, and Public Service Electric & G Company.

An exception to this pattern is President Pus of Harvard, who eschews company boards. So do Yale President Kingman Brewster, Jr. "It's frightful waste of time," he says.

Harper's Magazine, September 19



BISSELL, LIFE

Larry McMurtry

TAKE MY SADDLE FROM THE WALL

They were the last of the Texas cowboys, and as their world changed and the ideals of their simple life degenerated, they lived more tenaciously than ever by the old myths.

They were many things, the McMurtrys, but to themselves they were simply cowboys—first, last, and always. They bespoke a region, but, even more eloquently, they bespoke a breed. All of them gave such religious allegiance as they had to give to that god whose principal myth was the myth of the Cowboy, the god of the horsemen and of the Range; and the rituals of that lean faith were the only rituals they strictly kept.

That god has departed Texas now, thousands of old cowboys in his train. Among them went most of the McMurtrys, and in a few more years the tail end of the train will pass from view. All of them lived long enough to see the ideals of the faith degenerate, the rituals fall from use, the principal myth become corrupt. Their temperament never changed, but their world did, and the change brought a steady shrinkage. The trail herds ceased to walk north; the wild cattle towns dried up, or else became cities. There was no longer one vast stretch of open land between Laredo and Calgary. The ranches broke down, became smaller and smaller, and little by little, unwittingly and unwillingly, the roving cowboys became suburbanites. Their sense of space and isolation diminished, and from solitude and the clarity solitude sometimes gives they were drawn toward the small confusions of the suburb or the town.

In my youth, when the McMurtrys were old men, I often heard them yearn aloud for the days when the rituals had had all their power, when they themselves had enacted the pure, the original myth; and I know that they found it bitter to leave the land to which they were always faithful to the strange and godless heirs that they had bred. In writing of the death of the cowboy I had as well write of them, not entirely in homage but as a gesture of recognition, a wave such as riders sometimes make as they start down opposite sides of a hill.

I have never considered genealogy much of an aid to recognition, and thus never pursued my lineage any distance at all. I remember my McMurtry grandparents only dimly, and in very slight detail, and only a few of the many stories I have heard about them strike me as generative. My grandfather, William Jefferson McMurtry, was the first man I ever saw who wore a moustache—a heavy gray one—and when I think of him I think first of that moustache. He died when I was four and only one story about him has stuck in my mind. He was reported to have been a drunkard in his middle age, and my grandmother, burdened with many children and unburdened by any conveniences, found his drunkenness tiresome and threatened to leave him if he didn't stop drinking. The threat was undoubtedly made in earnest, and he took it so immediately to heart that he stopped drinking then and there, with a jug half-full of whiskey hanging in the saddle room of the barn. The jug of whiskey hung untouched for nineteen years, until the nail rusted out and fell.

My grandmother's name was Louisa Francis. By

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the time I was old enough to turn outward, she had turned inward and was deaf, chair-bound, and dying. She lived until I was nine, but I cannot recall that we ever communicated. She was a small woman, wizened by hardship, and I thought her very stern. One day when I was in my teens I went down the crude stone steps to the spring that had been for years the family's only source of water, and it occurred to me that carrying water up those steps year after year would make a lady stern. The children all spoke of William Jefferson as if they had liked him and got on with him well enough, but they spoke of Louisa Francis as one speaks of the Power. I have since thought that an element in her sternness might have been a grim, old-lady recognition that the ideal of the family was in the end a bitter joke; for she had struggled and kept one together, and then, after all, they had grown and gone and left her, and in that hard country what was there to do but rock to death?

Pioneers didn't hasten to West Texas the way they hastened to the southern and eastern parts of the state. At first glance, the region seemed neither safe nor desirable; indeed, it wasn't safe, and it took the developing cattle industry to render it desirable. My grandparents arrived in 1877 and prudently paused for ten years in Denton County, some sixty miles west of Dallas and not quite on the lip of the plains. The Comanche had been but recently subdued—in fact, it was still too early to tell whether they *were* subdued. The last battle of Adobe Walls was fought in the Panhandle in 1874; Quanah Parker surrendered himself and his warriors in 1875. Remnants of the Comanche and the Kiowa trickled into the reservation for the next few years; there were occasional minor hostilities on the South Plains as late as 1879. The Northern Cheyenne broke out in 1878—who could be sure the Comanche wouldn't follow their example? They had not committed themselves readily to the reservation concept, and for a time there remained the chance that one might awaken in the night in that lonely country to find oneself and one's family being butchered by a few pitiless, reactionary warriors bent on a minor hostility.

At any rate, in the 'eighties William Jefferson and Louisa Francis and their first six children moved a hundred miles farther west and purchased a half-section of land. They settled near a good seeping spring, one of the favorite watering places on a military road that then ran from Fort Belknap to Buffalo Springs. The forts that the road connected soon fell from use, but cattle drivers continued to use the trail and the spring for many years. The young McMurtry boys had only to step out their door to see their hero figures riding past.

Indeed, from the pictures I have seen of the original house, they could have ignored the door altogether and squeezed through one of the walls. Life in such a house, in such a country, must surely have presented formidable difficulties, and the boys (there were eventually nine, as against three girls) quite sensibly left home as soon as they had mastered their directions.

The median age for leave-taking seems to have been seventeen, and the fact that the surrounding country was rapidly filling up with farmers merely served as an added incentive to departure. The cowboy and the farmer are genuinely inimical types: they have seldom mixed easily. To the McMurtrys, the plow and the cotton patch symbolized not only tasks they loathed but an orientation toward the earth and, by extension, a quality of soul which most of them not-so-covertly despised. A "one-gallus farmer" ranked very low in their esteem, and there were even McMurtrys who would champion the company of Negroes and Mexicans over the company of farmers—particularly if the farmers happened to be German. The land just to the north of the McMurtry holdings was settled by an industrious colony of German dairymen, and the Dutchmen (as they were called) were thought to be a ridiculous and unsightly thorn in the fair flesh of the range.

In later years two or three of the McMurtry brothers increased their fortunes through farming, but this was a fact one seldom heard bruited about. Indeed, I heard no discussion of the matter until fairly recently, when one of the farms sold for an even million dollars, a figure capable of removing the blight from almost any Texan's scutcheon.

The cowboy's contempt of the farmer was not unmixed with pity. The farmer walked in the dust all his life, a hard and ignominious fate. Cowboys could perform terrible labors and endure bone-grinding hardships and yet consider themselves the chosen of the earth; and the grace that redeemed it all in their own estimation was the fact that they had gone a-horseback. They were riders, first and last. I have known cowboys broken

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Larry McMurtry's novels are "Horseman, Pass By" (which was made into the movie "Hud"), "Leaving Cheyenne," and "The Last Picture Show." He lives in Houston and is lecturer in English at Rice University. The memoir presented here is adapted from his new book titled "In a Narrow Grave: Essays on Texas," which will be published by Encino Press in Austin later in September.

n body and twisted in spirit, bruised by debt, failure, loneliness, disease, and most of the other afflictions of man, but I have seldom known one who did not consider himself phenomenally blessed to have been a cowboy, or one who could not cancel half the miseries of existence by dwelling on the horses he had ridden, the comrades he had ridden them with, and the manly times he had had.

To be a cowboy meant, first of all, to be a horseman. J. Frank Dobie was quite right when he pointed out that the seat of the cowboy's manhood is the saddle. I imagine, too, that he understood the consequences of that fact for most cowboys and their women, but if so he was too kindly a man to spell that out in his books. I would not wish to make the point crudely, but I do find it possible to doubt that I have ever known a cowboy who liked women as well as he liked horses, and I know that I have never known a cowboy who was as comfortable in the company of women as he was in the company of his fellow cowboys.

This is not, I think, the result of repressed homosexuality, but of repressed heterosexuality, complicated by a commitment to a heroic concept of life that simply takes little account of women. Certainly the myth of the cowboy is an efficacious myth, one based first of all upon a deep response to nature. Riding out at sunup with a good crew of cowboys, I have often felt its power. The horses pick their fresh ways delicately through the dewy country, the brightness of sunrise has not yet fallen from the air, the sky is blue and all-covering, and the cowboys are full of jokes and morning ribaldries. It is a fine action, compelling in itself and suggestive beyond itself of other centuries and other horsemen who have ridden the earth.

Unfortunately, the social structure of which that action is a part began to collapse almost a hundred years ago, and the day of the cowboy is now well into its evening. Commitment to the myth today carries with it a terrible emotional price—very often the cowboy becomes a victim of his own ritual. His women, too, are victims, though for the most part acquiescent victims. They usually buy the myth of cowboying and the ideal of manhood it involves, though both exclude them. A few even buy it to the point of attempting to assimilate the all-valuable masculine qualities to themselves, producing that awful phenomenon, the cowgirl.

If the cowboy is in any sense a tragic figure, one element of the tragedy is that he is committed to an orientation that includes but does not recognize the female, which produces, in day-to-day life, an extraordinary range of frustrations. Curiously, the form the cowboy's recognition does take is literary: he handles women through a romantic convention. The view is often proffered by worshipers of the cowboy that he is a realist of the first order, but that view is an extravagant and imperceptive fiction. Cowboys are romantics, extreme romantics, and ninety-nine out of a hundred of them are sentimental to the core. They are oriented toward the past and face the present only under duress, and then with extreme reluctance.

People who think cowboys are realists generally think so because the cowboy's speech is salty and apparently straightforward, replete with the wisdom of natural men. What that generally means is that cowboy talk sounds shrewd and perceptive, and so it may be. In fact, however, both the effect and the intention of much cowboy talk is literary: cowboys are devoted aphorists. Some are brilliant aphorists, whom one is proud to steal from, but usually their phrasing is worth more than their perception. Their insights are either wildly romantic, mock-cynical, or solemnly sentimental. The average cowboy is an excellent judge of horseflesh, only a fair judge of men, and a terrible judge of women, particularly "good women." Most of them marry, and love their wives sincerely, but since their sociology idealizes women and their mythology excludes her, the impasse which results is often little short of tragic. Now, as then, the cowboy escapes to the horse, the range, the work, and the company of comrades, most of whom are in the same acknowledged fix.

Once more I might repeat what cannot be stressed too often: that the master symbol for handling the cowboy is the symbol of the horseman. The gunman had his place in the mythology of the West, but the cowboy did not realize himself with a gun. Neither did he realize himself with a penis, nor with a bankroll. Movies fault the myth when they dramatize gunfighting, rather than horsemanship, as the primary skill. The cowboy realized himself on a horse, and a man might be broke, impotent, and a poor shot and still hold up his head if he could ride.

Holding up the head had its importance too, for with horsemanship went pride, and with that, stoicism. The cowboy, like Mithridates, survived by preparing for ill and not for good—after all, it sometimes only took a prairie-dog hole to bring a man down. Where emotion was concerned, the cowboy's ethic was Roman: emotion, but always emotion within measure. An uncle of mine put it as nicely as one could want. This one was no McMurtry, but an uncle-by-marriage named Jeff Dobbs. He had been a cowboy and a Texas Ranger, and when he had had enough of the great world

he retired to the backwoods of Oklahoma to farm peanuts and meditate on the Gospels. He was a self-styled Primitive Baptist, which meant that he had a theology all his own, and he had honed his Scriptural knife to a fine edge in some forty years of nightly arguments with his wife, my Aunt Minta. Neither of them ever yielded a point, and when my aunt was killed I don't think they even agreed on the book of Zechariah.

One morning not unlike any other, Aunt Minta went out in her car, was hit by a truck, and killed instantly. At this time I was in graduate school in Houston, doctoral longings in me, and I wrote Uncle Jeff to offer condolence. His reply is *echt*-cowboy:

> Will answer your welcome letter.
>
> Was glad to hear from you again, well it has rained a-plenty here the last week, the grass is good and everything is lovely. . . .
>
> Would like for you to visit me, we could talk the things over that we are interested in. What does PhD stand for? to me its post-hole digger, guess that would be about what it would stand for with all the other old Texas cowpokes. . . .
>
> I never could understand why a man wanted to spend all his life going to school, ide get to thinking about the Rancho Grandy, and get rambling on my mind, freedom to quote O. M. Roberts:
>
> > to what avail the plow or sail or land
> > or life if freedom fail . . .
>
> going to school was always like being in jail to me, life is too short, sweet and uncertain to spend it in jail.
>
> Well, Larry, am still having trouble with my sore eye, have had it five months now, it looks like pinkeye to me, might have took it from the pink-eye cow.
>
> Yes it was an awful tragidy to have Mint crushed in the smashup, my car was a total loss too.
>
> Things like that will just hoppen though. It is lonesome dreary out here in the backwoods by myself.
>
> Don't ever join the army, if you do you will have to stay in for four years, that would be a long time to stay in the danged army, this conscription is not according to the constitution of the U. S. its involuntary servitude which is slavery. . . .
>
> Well I have just had a couple of Jehovah's witnesses visit me but I soon got them told, I think they are as crazy as a betsie bug and I don't like to be bothered with them, with this sore eye I am in a bad humor most of the time anyway, yours truly
>
> Jeff Dobbs

I doubt that Seneca himself could have balanced the car and the wife that simply, and this about one week after she was gone.

But mention of horses and horsemanship brings me (at last) back to the McMurtrys, all of whom were devoted to the horse. Indeed, so complete was their devotion that most of them were scarcely competent to move except on horseback. They walk reluctantly and with difficulty, and clearly do not care to be dependent upon their own legs for locomotion. That a person might walk for pleasure is a notion so foreign to them that they can only associate it with lunacy or a bad upbringing.

Much as their walking leaves to be desired, it was infinitely to be preferred to their driving. A few of them developed a driver's psychology and a driver's skills, but most of them remained unrepentant horsemen to the end; and an unrepentant horseman at the wheel of a Cadillac is not the sort of person with whom one cares to share a road. That their names are not writ large in the annals of the Highway Patrol is only due to the fact that they lived amid the lightly habited wastes of West Texas and were thus allowed a wider margin of error than most mortals get.

As horsemen their talents varied, but only one or two were without flair. It is quite clear that riding was the physical skill most crucially connected with the entrance into manhood. In the spring of 1910, Johnny McMurtry, then still in his teens, borrowed a horse and made his way to the Panhandle, looking for a job as a cowboy. He immediately found one with his brothers Charley and Jim, who were then partners in an operation which at times involved as many as four thousand cattle. One would have thought that, with that many cattle to hassle, a young and extraordinarily willing brother would have been an entirely welcome addition to the staff; but McMurtrys, like most cattlemen, take willingness for granted and judge solely on performance. On almost his first drive Johnny came near to achieving permanent disgrace through a lapse in horsemanship. Some eight hundred nervous yearlings were involved; the older brothers were in the process of calming them after several rather hectic stampedes, one of which had flattened a six-wire fence. The cattle were almost quiet when the lapse occurred; the account I quote is from an unpublished memoir left me by Uncle Johnny:

> I rode up the bank of Sadler Creek on an old silly horse, he got to pitching and pitched under a cottonwood tree and dragged me off, then into the herd he went and stampeded them again, Jim didn't see it so thought the horse had pitched me off, he caught him and brought him back to me, he was as mad as a gray lobo wolf with hydrophobia, he told me that if I couldn't ride that horse I had better go back to Archer County and catch rabbits for a living, that was

> about the only horse I had that I could really ride pitching and I was proud of it and was down right insulted for Jim to think I couldn't ride him. . . .

The distinction between being drug off and being pitched off might seem obscure to many, but not to a young man who was only a man insofar as he could ride.

At any rate, all the McMurtrys could ride well enough to get themselves out of Archer County at an early age. Invariably, the direction they rode was northwest, toward the open and still comparatively empty plains of the Panhandle. Specifically they rode to the town of Clarendon, near the Palo Duro canyon, a town which in those days serviced and supplied most of the great Panhandle ranches, among them the JAs and the ROs. For better or worse Clarendon was their Paris. Even the old folks went to Clarendon for a time, but doubtless found it impossible to live peacefully with so many of their children about and soon retreated to the balmier latitudes of Archer County, my father with them.

That that bare and windy little town on the plains should have been so much to my family I find a bit sad, but not inexplicable. Youth is youth and a heyday a heyday, wherever one spends it, and it would appear that at the turn of the century Clarendon was to cowboys what Paris was soon to be for writers. It was the center of the action. If one merely wanted to cowboy, there were the great ranches; and if one was more ambitious the plains was the one place where land in quantity could still be had cheap.

In time the McMurtrys got—and no doubt earned—their share of that land. Most of them started as $20-a-month cowboys and quit when they were far enough ahead to buy some land of their own. Seven of the boys and two of the girls lived out their lives within a hundred miles of Clarendon, and in time the nine boys between them owned almost 150,000 acres of Texas land and grazed on it many many thousand head of cattle.

I do not intend here to attempt to describe the McMurtrys one by one. In truth, I don't know them all that well, not as individuals, and individual character sketches would be neither very interesting nor very authoritative. Most of them were old men when I was very young, and I almost never saw them singly or for any length of time. When I saw them I saw them as a family, grouped with their wives and multitudinous progeny at the family reunions which were held more or less annually from the late 'forties until the middle 'sixties. Most of the reunions were held in Clarendon, or, to be more accurate, were held at the Clarendon Country Club, which fact alone is indicative enough of the direction the family had moved.

The Country Club sits some fifteen miles to the northwest of Clarendon, on a ridge not far from the Salt Fork of the Red. Fifteen miles is a short trot in that country and the wives of the local elite would think nothing of driving that far for some minor social function, though as I remember the clubhouse about the only social functions to which it could be adapted were drinking and dancing. There was a swimming pool (the one essential of all country clubs), a grove of trees for shade, a windmill for water, and a pond, I suppose, for decor. Of the sights and sounds which one associates with big-city country clubs in Texas: the polished foliage, the liveried staff, the well-parked rows of Mercedes and Lincolns, the tinkle of ice and the ploop of badly-hit tennis balls—there was nothing.

Thus, when I saw the McMurtrys, I saw them on the ground that had always held them, the great ring of the plains, with the deep sky and the brown ridges and the restless grass being shaken by the wind as it passed on its long journey from the Rockies south.

One by one the old men arrived, in heavy cars with predominantly heavy wives, followed now and then by cautious offspring in Chevrolets. The day was given over to feasting and anecdotage, in almost equal division. The barbecuing was entrusted to a Negro and a County Agent and generally consisted of about a hundred chickens (for the women and youngsters) and a side of beef (for the men, who, being cattlemen, scorned all other meat if beef were available). Vegetables were irrelevant, but there was usually a washpot full of beans, and of course, twenty or thirty cakes brought by the twenty or thirty wives. Later, should the season be opportune, a pickup full of watermelons might arrive, easily sufficient to bloat such children as were not already bloated on soda pop. Gluttony was encouraged at the reunions, indeed almost demanded, and I recall one occasion when the son of someone's hired hand put all the young McMurtrys to shame by consuming twenty-six Dr. Peppers in the course of a single day.

In the forenoon the family normally split itself into three groups, the division following the traditional dividing line of Western gatherings: men, women, and children, or each to his own kind. After lunch everyone was too stuffed to move, and mingled freely if somewhat heavily. My hundred or so cousins and I found generally that we could

do without one another with no ill effects, and in the afternoons I picked my way gingerly among the bulging uncles and aunts, eavesdropping on such conversations as interested me. With most of my uncles I had no rapport at all. To their practiced eye it must have been evident from the first that I was not going to turn out to be a cattleman. For one thing, I wasn't particularly mean, and in the West the mischief quotient is still a popular standard for measuring the appearance of approvable masculine qualities in a youngster. Any boy worth his salt was expected to be a nuisance, if not to the adults at least to the weaker members of his own age-group. I was a weaker member myself; indeed, though I don't remember it, I believe at some early and very primitive reunion I was cast into a hog wallow or pelted with ordure or something; though the atrocity may be apocryphal it would not have been out of keeping with the spirit of such occasions. Mean kids meant strength in time of need, and how could the elders be sure that a bookish and suspiciously observant youngster like myself might not in time disgrace the line? As for me, I was scared of the elders. One was mild and two were gentle: the rest, with one exception, were neither harder nor softer than saddle leather. The one exception was, in my estimation, harder than your average saddle. Tolerance was a quality I think no McMurtry ever understood, much less appreciated, and though one or two of them came to understand mercy it was never the family's long suit.

Strength was quite obviously the family's long suit: strength of body, strength of will, and, over it all, strength of character. One of my difficulties with them was that their strength of character was totally and inflexibly committed to a system of values that I found not wholly admirable. The talk beneath the reunion tent was the talk of men whose wills had begun to resent their weakening bodies. They had all, like Hector, been tamers of horses once—adventure and physical hardship had been the very ground of their manhood. The talk was often of the hardships of their youth, hardships that time with its strange craft had turned into golden memories. As I listened and grew older I became, each year, more sharply aware of the irony of the setting: that those men, who in their youth had ridden those same plains and faced their winds and dangers, should in their age buy so puny a symbol as the Clarendon Country Club, the exultantly unbourgeois and undomestic ideal of the Cowboy expiring in the shade of that most bourgeois and most domestic institution. To give them credit, though, I doubt that any of them were happy about it.

Uncle Johnny, the seventh boy, was born in 1891. He was my favorite uncle and in many ways the family's darling, and I should like to write of him in some detail. Of them all, he fought the suburb most successfully, and hewed closest to the nineteenth-century ideal of the cowboy. He was the last to be domesticated, if indeed he ever was domesticated, and at one point he almost abandoned the struggle to be a rancher in order to remain a free cowboy. Indeed, according to the memoir he left me, the desire to be a cowboy was his first conscious desire:

> Dad had built two long barns and we boys would climb on top of those barns and watch the herds go by, never since then have I wanted to be anything except a cowboy. . . .

By the time he was twelve he could chop cotton well enough to consider himself financially independent, and after only a month or two of labor was able to buy a secondhand saddle. By that time he had completed such textbooks as the little schoolhouse of Idiot Ridge possessed, and he was not again impeded by education until 1909, when Louisa Francis persuaded him to enroll in a business college in McKinney. The school was teeming with chiggers, but Uncle Johnny applied himself grimly and in only four months acquired a diploma stating that he was a Bachelor of Accounts. He was the only McMurtry to achieve such eminence and was also, ironically, the only McMurtry ever to go formally broke.

As soon as his course was finished he had to begin to think about paying for it. He went home, borrowed a horse and headed for the Panhandle, equipped with his original secondhand saddle and $7 in cash. He meant to hire on with the JAs, but stopped by first to visit Charley and Jim at their ranch on the Salt Fork of the Red. They were shrewd men and doubtless knew a good thing when they saw it riding up. They hired him immediately at $20 a month and keep, which meant, apparently, that he was allowed to eat whatever small vermin he could catch. Not that Uncle Johnny cared: at this time his eagerness for the cowboy life was little short of mystical. He was willing to forgo eating, if necessary, and fortunately had never much liked to sleep either. Fortunately, since to his brothers 3:00 A.M. was traditionally the end of the night.

He worked for Charley and Jim three years, much of that time in a bachelor camp on the baldies, as the high plains were then called. His possessions consisted of a saddle, shirt, pants, and chaps, two quilts, a six-shooter, and a horse called Sugar-in-the-Gourd. In coolish weather his

brothers generously provided him with a tepee, a small stove, and a bucket of sourdough. He spent his wages on cattle—there being nothing else in his vicinity to spend them on—and when his brothers phased him out in 1913 he had paid off the business college and was $1,500 dollars to the good.

The yen to work for a really big ranch was still strong in him, so he drifted southwest to the Matadors and hired on with them two days before the wagons pulled out for the spring roundup in 1913. The Matadors, like the ROs, were English-owned; they then ran 50,000 head of cattle on slightly over a half-million acres of land. By August Uncle Johnny had helped in the rounding up and shipping of some 19,000 steers, and by early December had assisted in the branding of 11,000 calves.

From the minute he saw the Matador wagons he seemed to realize that he had found his blood's country, and he often said that if he could choose three years to live over they would be the years he had spent with the Matadors. Much of the memoir is devoted to those years, and to the men he worked with. Weary Willie Drace, his wagon-boss, Rang Thornton, Pelada Vivan, and the Pitchfork Kid, names which mean nothing now. In speaking of their departed comrades, men once renowned but soon to be forgotten, old cowboys invariably draw upon the same few images, all of them images taken from their work. Thus, here is Teddy Blue, in *We Pointed Them North*, speaking of the men who had gone with him in the 'seventies up the long trail to the Yellowstone:

> Only a few of us are left now, and they are scattered from Texas to Canada. The rest have left the wagon and gone ahead across the big divide, looking for a new range. I hope they find good water and plenty of grass. But wherever they are is where I want to go.

And here, a generation later, is Uncle Johnny, speaking of his buddy the Pitchfork Kid:

> His equal will never be seen on earth again and if he is camping the wagon and catching beeves in the great perhaps and I am fortunate enough to get there I won't be foolish enough to try and run ahead of him and catch the beef, I know it can't be done. . . .

By October of 1915 he had increased his savings to $2,500 and he decided to take the leap from cowboying to ranching, clearly one of the harder decisions he ever made:

> I left the wagon at the Turtle Hole, I have never before or since hated to do anything as bad as I hated to leave that wagon and to this day when I go down through there I am filled with nostalgia, just looking at the old red hill in Croton, the breaks on the Tongue River and the Roaring Springs, if I had known that leaving was going to be that hard I would have stayed and worn myself out right there. . . .

Where he went was a ranch in the sandy country south of Muleshoe, near the New Mexico line, and he stayed there the rest of his life. He struggled for more than ten years to keep the first ranch he bought, lost it and went stone broke in 1930, struggled back, and died owning several thousand acres, several hundred cows, and a Cadillac.

I saw Uncle Johnny's ranch for the first time when I was in my early teens and went there for a reunion. Three times in all he managed to capture the reunion for Muleshoe, and for the children of the family those were high occasions, quite different in quality from anything Clarendon offered.

To begin with, Uncle Johnny lived far out in the country—and such country. I thought the first time I saw it that only a man who considered himself forsaken of God would live in such country, and nothing I have found out since has caused me to alter that view. The more I saw of it, the more I knew that he had been well-punished for casting over the Edenic simplicity of the Matador wagons.

Then too, the house in which he lived, or, at least, in which he might have lived, was a bit out of the ordinary. It was a towering three-story edifice, reminiscent of the house in *Giant*. Every grain of paint had long since been abraded away by the blowing sand. The house had been built by an extremely eccentric New York architect, who must also have considered himself forsaken of God. Indeed, in the long run he probably was, for solitude and his wife's chirpings eventually drove him mad and he came in one morning from chopping wood, called her into the basement, and killed her on the spot with the flat of his axe. Or so legend had it. No one had ever bothered to remove the basement carpet, and the spot, or splotch, remained. Nothing could have had a more Dostoevskian impact on such simple Texas kids as we were than that large irregular stain on the basement rug. A good part of every Muleshoe reunion was given over to staring at it, while we mentally or in whispers attempted to reconstruct the crime.

When we grew tired of staring at the spot we usually turned our attentions to the player piano. The architect had apparently been as nostalgic for Gotham as Uncle Johnny was for the Matador wagons, since the piano was equipped with duplicate rolls of "The Sidewalks of New York" and a

number of other ditties that must have evoked really choking memories amid those wastes. There were also a few spiritual items such as "The Old Rugged Cross," meant, no doubt, for his wife's Bible group. Over the years Uncle Johnny had developed a keen distaste for the piano, or perhaps for the selection of rolls, and he was always dashing in and attempting to lock it, an endeavor in which he was somehow never successful.

He himself appeared not to care for the house, and slept in the little bunkhouse. The only sign that he ever inhabited the big house was that the bed in the master bedroom had eleven quilts on it, compensation, no doubt, for having wintered on the baldies with one blanket, one soogan, and a wagon sheet. He generally had in his employ a decrepit cook of sorts (male) and one or two desperately inept cowboys, usually Mexican. These slept in the bunkhouse too, or did if they were allowed the leisure to sleep. All the McMurtrys were near-fanatic workers, but Uncle Johnny was by all accounts the most relentless in this regard. His brothers often said, with a certain admiration, that Johnny never had learned how much a horse or a human being could stand. Such humans as worked for him stood as much as he could stand, or else left; and he had to an extraordinary degree that kind of wiry endurance which is fairly common in the cow country. His health broke when he was thirty-three and he was partially crippled the rest of his life, but it hardly seems to have slowed him down. He could not be kept in bed more than five hours a night, and even with one leg virtually useless he sometimes branded as many as 800 cattle in one day; once, indeed, he vaccinated 730 off the end of a calf-dragger's rope in one afternoon.

In the last ten years of his life he sustained an almost incredible sequences of injuries, one following on another so rapidly that he could scarcely get from one hospital to the next without something nearly fatal happening to him. His arthritis was complicated by the fact that his right leg had been broken numerous times. Horses were always falling with him and on him, or throwing him into trees, or kicking him across corrals. The McMurtrys seemed to consider that these minor injuries were no more than he deserved, for being too tight to buy good horses instead of young half-broken broncs. He appreciated good horses, of course, but when he had something to do would get on any horse that stood to hand. One leg was broken almost a dozen times in such manner and near the end he was so stiff that he had his cowboys wire him on his horses with baling wire, a lunatic thing to do considering the roughness of the country and the temperament of most of the horses he rode.

In the late 1950s he got cancer of the throat and had his entire larnyx removed. For awhile he spoke with an electric voice box, a device which rendered his dry, wry wit even drier and wrier. He soon grew dissatisfied with that, however, and learned to speak with esophageal voice; it left him clear but barely audible and greatly reduced his effectiveness as a raconteur. No sooner was he home from the hospital after his throat operation than he got out to shut a gate and let his own pickup run over him, crushing one hip and leg horribly. He managed to dig himself out and crawl back to his ranch, and was immediately flown back to the same hospital.

In time he recovered and went home to Muleshoe and got married, this in his sixty-fifth year. The day after his wedding he and Aunt Ida, his bride, spent some eleven hours on horseback, sorting out a herd of cattle he had bought in Louisiana. Two years later, while on their way to Lubbock, a car ran into them on the highway and broke them both up like eggshells. Aunt Ida got a broken back and knee, Uncle Johnny two broken knees and a bad rebreakage of his crippled leg. In time they both recovered but Uncle Johnny was scarcely home before he allowed a whole feed house full of 100-pound sacks of cattle feed fall on top of him, breaking his leg yet again.

In the days of the Muleshoe reunions, most of these disasters were still in the future and he was very much his vigorous self. He owned a Cadillac at this time, but did almost all of his driving in an Army surplus jeep of ancient vintage, so ancient, in fact, that it lacked both roof and seats. The small matter of the seat Uncle Johnny took care of by turning a syrup bucket upside down in the floorboards and balancing a piece of two-by-four across it. This worked well enough for day-to-day driving, but once when he set out to haul a trailer of pigs to Lubbock the arrangement proved imperfect. The pigs turned over the trailer, the wrench threw Uncle Johnny off the syrup bucket, and jeep, trailer, uncle, and swine ended up in a heap in the bar ditch. He was not much hurt in the accident but was very out of temper before he managed, afoot and with only one usable leg, to get the seven wild pigs rounded up again.

Few of the McMurtrys were devoid of temper and he was not one of those who lacked it, yet I think no child ever sensed his temper. Children found him extraordinarily winning, the perfect uncle and instant confidant. He brought a quality to uncleship that only certain childless men can bring—adult, and yet not domestic. I had always

supposed him a truly gentle man and was very shocked, one night, to hear him say that the way to handle Mexicans was to kick loose a few of their ribs every now and then. I had only to reflect on that awhile to realize that I had never known a cowboy who was also a truly gentle man. The cowboy's working life is spent in one sort of violent activity or other; and ability to absorb violence and hardship is part of the proving of any cowboy, and it is only to be expected that the violence will extend itself occasionally from animals to humans, and particularly to those humans that class would have one regard as animals.

One of the more dramatic manifestations of Uncle Johnny's temper occurred just prior to the last of the Muleshoe reunions. For nostalgia's sake he grazed a few animals of even greater vintage than his jeep, among them a large male elk and an aging buffalo bull. The two animals were never on very good terms, and indeed the old buffalo was regarded as a great nuisance by everyone attached to the ranch. A few days before the reunion someone, Uncle Johnny most likely, made the mistake of leaving the elk and the buffalo alone in the same pen for an hour. The two soon joined in battle, and the battle raged freely for quite some time, neither combatant able to gain a clear advantage. When Uncle Johnny happened on the scene, half of his corrals had been flattened and much of the rest knocked hopelessly awry. Enraged, he at once found in favor of the elk and shot the buffalo dead on the spot. An hour later, when he was somewhat cooler, the Scotch took precedence over the Irish in him and he decided that it might be a novelty (as it would certainly be an economy) to barbecue the buffalo and serve him to the clan. He thus set free the fatted calf that had been meant for that fate and had the buffalo towed to the barbecue pit. It was barbecued, I believe, for forty-eight hours and on the day of the reunion its flesh proved precisely consistent with the McMurtry character: neither harder nor softer than saddle leather. How long one should have had to chew it to break down its resistance I did not find out.

* * *

There is yet one more story about Uncle Johnny, and it is the story which slides the panel, as Mr. Durrell might put it. We have seen him so far as the dashing young cowboy and the lovable family eccentric, and I should probably always have thought of him in those terms if the last story had not come to me. It came as I left for college and was offered as a safeguard and an admonition.

While still young, Uncle Johnny had the misfortune to catch what in those days was called a social disease. Where he got it one can too easily imagine: some grim clapboard house on the plains, with the wind moaning, Model A's parked in the grassless yard, and the girls no prettier than Belle Starr. His condition became quite serious, and had my father not gone with him to a hospital and attended him during a prolonged critical period he might well have died.

Instead, he recovered, and in gratitude gave my father a present. Times were hard and Uncle Johnny was poor, but the present was a pair of spurs with my father's brand mounted on them in gold—extraordinary spurs for this plain country.

Since then, my father has worn no other spurs, and for a very long time Uncle Johnny took on himself the cloth of penance—the sort of penance appropriate to the faith he held. For all McMurtrys and perhaps all cowboys are essentially pantheists: to them the Almighty is the name of drought, the Good Lord the name of rain and grass. Nature is the only deity they really recognize and nature's order the only order they hold truly sacred.

The most mysterious and most respected part of nature's order was the good woman. Even the most innocent cowboy was scarcely good enough for a good woman, and the cowboy who was manifestly not innocent might never be good enough, however much he might crave one. Instead, he might choose just such a setting as Uncle Johnny chose: a country forsaken of God and women, the rough bunkhouse, the raw horses and the unused mansion, the sandstorms and the blue northers—accouterments enough for any penance.

At sixty-five he married a woman he had known for a very long time. When he began to court her he discovered, to quote the memoir, that "she was a much better woman than I was entitled to." Even after they married it was some time before he considered himself quite worthy to occupy the same house with her. Perhaps when he did he let the penance go.

Despite the series of injuries, his optimism grew, he bought new land, began to talk of a long-postponed world cruise, and wrote on the last page of his memoir:

> I have had my share of fun and am still having it, we have a lot of plans for the future and expect to carry them out. . . .

Ruin had not taught him well at all. A short while after the feed fell on him he learned that he had cancer of the colon. From that time on he was in great pain. His will to live never weakened, indeed, seemed to increase, but this time the

cancer was inexorable and he died within three years, his world cruise untaken.

In July of 1965, eight months before he died, Uncle Johnny attended his last reunion. It was held at the Clarendon Country Club, on a fine summer day, and as reunions went it was a quiet, sparsely attended affair. There was a light turnout of cousins and no more than a dozen or two small children scattered about. The food was catered this time, and just as well, too; the Homeric magnificence of some of the earlier feasts would have beeen largely wasted on the tired and dyspeptic McMurtrys who managed to drag themselves to the plains that day. Charley and Jim were dead, several of the others were sick, and most of the survivors had long since ruined their digestions.

The talk was what the talk had always been, only the tones had more audible cracks and the rhythms were shorter. Once I saw Bob, who was just recovering from a broken hip, trying to talk to Uncle Johnny, who was still recovering from his final broken leg. It was a fine paradigm of the existential condition, for the two brothers were standing on a windy curve of the ridge, moving their mouths quite uselessly. Uncle Johnny had almost no voice and Uncle Bob even less hearing, and indeed, had they been able to communicate, they would probably only have got in a fight and injured themselves further, for they were not always in accord and it was rumored that only a few months earlier they had encountered one another on the streets of Amarillo and almost come to blows.

Uncle Johnny, all day, was in very great pain, and only the talk and the sight of the children seemed to lift him above it. Finally it was three o'clock and the white sun began to dip just slightly in its arch. It was time for him and Aunt Ida to start the 200-mile drive back to Muleshoe. Uncle Johnny reached for his white Stetson and put it on and all of his brothers and sisters rose to help him down the gentle slope to the Cadillac. Most of the women were weeping, and in the confusion of the moment Aunt Ida had forgotten her purse and went back to the tables to get it, while Uncle Johnny, helped by the lame and attended by the halt, worked his way around the open door of the car and stood there a few minutes, kissing his sisters goodbye. Though he was seventy-five and dying, there was yet something boyish about him as he stood taking leave of the family. He stood in the frame that had always contained him, the great circular frame of the plains, with the wind blowing the gray hair at his temples and the whole of the Llano Estacado at his back. When he smiled at the children who were near, the pain left his face for a second and he gave them the look that had always been his greatest appeal—the look of a man who saw life to the last as a youth sees it, and who sees in any youth all that he himself had been.

The family stood awkwardly around the car, looking now at Uncle Johnny, now at the shadow-flecked plains, and they were as close in that moment to a tragic recognition as they would ever be: for to them he had always been the darling, young Adonis, and most of them would never see him alive again. There were no words—they were not a wordy people. Aunt Ida returned with her purse and Uncle Johnny's last young grin blended with his grimace as he began the painful task of fitting himself into the car. In a few minutes the Cadillac had disappeared behind the first brown ridge, and the family was left with its silence and the failing day.

* * *

There, I think, this account should end: with that place and that group, witnesses both to the coming and going of the god. Though one could make many more observations about the place, about the people, about the myth, I would rather stop there, on the sort of silence where fiction starts. Texas soaks up commentary like the plains soak up a rain, but the images from which fiction draws its vibrancy are often very few and often silent, like those I have touched on here. The whiskey jug hanging in the barn for nineteen years; the whorehouse and the gold-mounted spurs. And Uncle Jeff, alone in the backwoods with his bad eye and his memories of the Rancho Grandy; and Uncle Johnny, riding up the Canadian in 1911 on a horse called Sugar-in-the-Gourd, and, only four years later, riding away bereft from The Roaring Springs, the dream of innocence and fullness never to be redeemed.

Those images, as it happens, all come from Old Texas, but it would not be hard to find in today's experience, or tomorrow's, moments that are just as eloquent, just as suggestive. Indeed, had I more taste for lawsuits I would list a few for balance. Texas is rich in unredeemed dreams, and now that the dust of its herds is settling the writers will be out on their pencils, looking for them in the suburbs and along the mythical Pecos. And except to paper riders, the Pecos is a lonely and a bitter stream.

I have that from men who rode it and who knew that country round—such as it was, such as it can never be again.

Harper's Magazine, September 1968

Stephen Minot

ON AIDING AND ABETTING: The Anguish of Draft Counseling

Any person who . . . knowingly counsels, aids, or abets another to refuse . . . service in the armed forces . . . shall be punished by imprisonment for not more than five years or a fine of not more than $10,000 or by both. . . .

Universal Military Training and Service Act, Sec. 12

"I don't know about that Supreme Being bit. I mean, like I haven't seen my parish priest since I was about thirteen. He wasn't the type you could sit down and talk with. Besides, I don't think anyone takes all that straight anymore—not even my parents. But of course they wouldn't say so. It's not something you could discuss with them. You know, God's off bounds like sex and the drug scene. I remember once during my senior year in high school Mother asked me why I hadn't been to Mass for a year and I told her . . ."

The boy is talking too fast. It's his first session with me. He's sitting between me and the afternoon sun, which comes in through dirty windows. I am an assistant professor of English and am listening to this kid tell me about his version of God and his parish priest and his mother and I'm wondering, What the hell is a professor of English doing with all this personal information? What kind of crazy system is it that makes a student rehearse all this with me and then go on to testify before the five old men of his draft board and then be judged for sincerity and piety and sentenced to life or death? I'm wondering, What in hell is going on here?

"But I pray," he's telling me. "My parents don't know about that. They wouldn't understand. I mean, prayer to them is a social act. You know, a woman's got to have her best hat on—a man has to be in a suit and tie."

"What or whom do you pray *to*?" I ask, getting him back from the social commentary to the concern of the draft board. The question has to do with Series II on his Selective Service Form 150. He must answer the question, "Do you believe in a Supreme Being?" If he checks "No," he will be sent into the Army; if he checks "Yes" and defends his position to five old men, he may be allowed to serve two years in civilian work.

The boy is a pockmarked, crew-cut, nail-bitten specimen of manhood. He is the third counselee this afternoon and there are two more to come. It occurs to me that I have spent more time draft counseling today than I have teaching. I have spent more time listening to students today than I have to colleagues. I squirm in my seat and long for a cup of coffee in the faculty lounge and for casual conversation with some assistant professor about such major questions as the makeup of the curriculum committee or the identity of this year's commencement speaker. The lounge is well insulated against the sounds of the real world.

As the boy talks, he bends a paper clip back and forth and I wonder how long it will be before he breaks it. I am suddenly aware that he is quoting St. Thomas Aquinas. Good God, how many members of his board will have read Aquinas?

My mind wanders back to a Jewish student of mine who built an elaborate case for pacifism on the words of Spinoza. I would have given an A for the brief he presented to his board. It had sincerity and it had style and it was documented. I was six months younger then and I thought his statement was beautiful. But I should have known what would happen. The old men wouldn't even let him finish reading it. "Never mind all that," they told him in the middle of his oral presentation. "And

who's this atheist professor of yours, this Spinoza?"

My student of the hour sits between me and the afternoon sun talking about Aquinas and I'm wondering if I should tell him about what another board did with Spinoza. Once again I'm walking that fence between optimism and realism.

"Can we say," I ask, "that your concern for moral values stems from your early religious training?"

"That's sort of a lie, isn't it?" He looks me in the eye and his pockmarked face is that of a contemporary. I have tried to move him too fast. I have given the hated parish priest of his childhood too good a rating. I wonder if I'm pushing the interview because I have two more students this afternoon, because I have a wife and two young boys waiting at home, because I'm thinking about a double Scotch on the rocks and some talk about the really important things in life like extending the lawn another fifty feet back into what is now woods to make room for baseball practice, and encouraging my wife to enter her paintings in a local art show.

"Is it really a lie?" I ask. "I mean, would you be here talking with me this afternoon if you hadn't been exposed to moral concerns at an early age?"

"I've got moral concern *in spite* of Father O'Brien."

"I think maybe there's a connection," I say—more for my own integrity than from any hope of convincing him. "How about the next question: Does your belief in a Supreme Being involve duties which are superior to those arising from any human relation?"

So once again I have failed to convince a student of what to me is an obvious cause-and-effect relation: the students who strike back hard against their parents or church are usually the ones who were convinced early in life that ethics are worth taking seriously. It will take, perhaps, two more sessions before this boy can see that his hawkish priest and militant parents were the ones from whom he, in the words of Form 150, "received the training and acquired the beliefs" that he now holds.

But we're on to his duty to the Supreme Being.

". . . so maybe I really don't understand their question," he's telling me. "I mean, like to me the Supreme Being is in all of us so it isn't a matter of duty to *Him* or *it* being above those arising from human relations, it's one and the same thing. I mean, that's the trouble with their theology."

Their theology? What an incredible thought. I sit up straight and look at this kid with new interest. The Selective Service has been defining a State Religion? Of course! All these medieval questions contain implied "right" or "wrong" responses in inquisitorial fashion. Put all the "right" responses together and you have what the state demands as minimal religious convictions. And the punishment for wrong convictions is ordeal by fire.

"I mean, to *their* way of thinking, God is up there and we're down here and in between . . ."

Disappointed, I realize he didn't mean the theology of the draft board. That was *my* theory. Once again I chastise myself for inventing sophomoric theories when I should be listening to him, for Chrissake. I'm as theory-prone as some of my too-intellectual students.

Last week (or was it last month?) a math major sitting in that same chair was telling me how filling out the SS 150 would in effect involve him in complicity since the SS (odd echo from *my* war) wanted above all else to keep things moving smoothly. Anything he did to conform with the law would aid them in their general purpose. They had already reclassified him I-A for failing to reregister as a student in the fall.

I'd heard the argument before, of course, but I hadn't *confronted* it. It was the difference between reading about "police action" and hearing an ash club strike a boy's skull.

He was long-haired, that one, a regular Prince Valiant; and in three years of college he'd earned all A's except for one B in, I think, economics.

His theory was tight and complex. Like chess. I've never mastered the game, but I can follow it.

"So you have two alternatives," I said to him.

"Three," he said to me. He was already two moves ahead of me. He had written off jail because, "They'd probably kill me and then where would I be?" An interesting question, that. I begged him not to pursue it on my time.

"Second option is Canada," I reminded him.

"Can't do," he said simply. "I couldn't live abroad. This is my country. Know what I mean? Like I'm American. This is where I'm at."

I made a note to tell the American Legion that the next time they asked me to address the national convention.

"I'm taking the third option," he told me. "Taking it on the lam."

Stephen Minot is assistant professor of English at Trinity College in Connecticut and author of stories, articles, a textbook, and a novel, "Chill of Dusk." He ran for Congress in 1966, and serves as adviser to the "Trinity Review," the undergraduate literary magazine.

Being an English professor I naturally wanted o play with *lam* and sacrificial *lambs* and the edant within me clawed to be let loose. But then thought of this honors student grubbing it for he next five or ten years.

"Like a killer," I said. "On the run."

"Yeh, man, like a killer."

He's dropped out of sight now with his record f A's and one B and no degree and no address and recall his face now hesitantly, the way you esurrect friends who are dead.

But that was all weeks ago—perhaps months. I glance uneasily at the clock and realize that we re running twenty minutes behind. With two nore conferences to go, I'll be late for supper. Another warmed-over meal. More apologies to the family. I try to steal a look at my engagement pad o see which ones are coming in—some take longer han others—but the kid has his eyes on my every nove. I can't even yawn. There he is, still sitting here between me and the afternoon sun.

"Perhaps we can come back to that one," I say, nd the seat of the chair suddenly feels hard at he prospect. "Let's tackle Number Five."

Tackle? Wrong verb. Number Five of Series II asks under what circumstances, if any, the applicants would use force. I listen to him begin with a tortured definition of force. I have heard several such that day and more than several that week. They always start abstract. I figure that if *I* can't make sense of them, what of the board?

They are not evil men, these board members, but they are busy with other things. They have not read recent court cases relating to classification appeals and some of them are not even familiar with the draft laws themselves. A student of mine was told that he would have to be either a Quaker or a Seventh Day Adventist to apply as a conscientious objector, a limitation which didn't apply even twenty years ago. It is an awkward thing for a student to explain to his elders about the court cases which will affect his life. He must inform without appearing to lecture. He must make certain, for example, that they understand the Seeger case. That was in 1965 and the ruling held that "belief in a Supreme Being" is acceptable under the law if it "occupies a place . . . parallel to that filled by the orthodox belief in God of one who clearly qualifies for the exemption."

Whenever I review these cases my mind wanders in an undisciplined fashion, speculating on Roman courts which must have tangled with legal definitions of religious faith, and to Spanish courts centuries later.

Yet, oddly, it is not the medievalism which is the major threat facing this boy sitting here; it is the arbitrariness of the judgment which will be made of him. Here he is telling me about his view of the Supreme Being—or are we onto the use of force now?—and yet I know that his board will make its decision mainly on nonphilosophical grounds: on what their quota is that month, on whether the newspaper that morning reported another draft-card burning, on whether the previous applicant was surly or polite. Dare I tell this boy that much of their judgment will also be based on what he looks like and how he sounds? He has, of course, won points by being white, short-haired, and having an accent which is still more city than college; but he will lose points if he doesn't put on a tie and a clean shirt. As a general rule, cleanliness is more meaningful to them than Aquinas or Spinoza.

When I'm tired, I brood about these men and their power. It is easy to think the worst of them. I have to remind myself that they are unpaid, that they are busy, and they are old. I remember one board which had to resign *en masse* when it was ruled that members couldn't serve after age seventy-five. Many were originally selected during *my* war—over twenty-five years ago now. Often they confuse the two wars or place all wars in a single category. It is difficult for many of them to understand why these young men can't respond unquestioningly as most of us did when faced with the threat of Nazi Germany.

"So it seems to me," he's saying, "that one could practice *constraint* or *restraint* against those who are about to use *force* or *violence*, but the case of *coercion* is a more difficult one."

I am only half-listening to this parade of synonyms, but obviously I must hear him out. I have to remind myself that he is not just describing someone else's philosophy, he is constructing his own in my presence. He is trying to define himself. It occurs to me that some adults manage to get through a lifetime without being forced to tangle with the issues he is facing this afternoon.

Like this boy's parents, perhaps. Still, I don't know them and it would be unfair to prejudge them. Unfair and all too easy. Like the fraternity boy whose father was an Army career officer with thirty-one years of service behind him. I suffered preconfrontation pains with that boy for weeks. And with good cause—but of course it was not the pattern we had imagined. It was the mother in that case who went hysterical and used the ultimate weapon—charged her son with homosexuality. Shrieked it, in fact. This jolted the father into compassion, and the two men had a heart-to-heart



"...HOWEVER..."

with each other for the first time in their lives. How astounded they both must have been! And later the father wrote a letter to his boy's board. He didn't defend pacifism, of course, but he resoundingly defended his son in terms which sounded almost military—courage, honor, self-respect. The boy is now teaching in a ghetto school.

And will this one sitting before me now have the same opportunity? All I know is that I cannot predict. My gaze passes beyond this student and through the dirty, mullioned windows to the lawn outside where a group of three seniors spin a frisbee in the spring air. The flying disk moves slowly, an easy target, I'm thinking, like a helicopter. The one nearest me, in a torn, dirty T-shirt and bare feet, makes a leap for the frisbee and misses, falls, turning gracefully with a comic exaggeration like a stunt man on *Combat*. Somehow he makes one complete revolution forward before he lands on the grass and goes limp, sprawled out, arms and legs pointing in all directions. His classmates laugh.

"I don't really know what to say about force," my student is saying. "How can I tell? I mean, I've never been in a situation where I even had to hit a person. A shove, maybe." He tries a grin, perhaps wondering if counseling sessions can afford such luxuries.

"Never murdered a roommate?" I ask, wide-eyed.

But enough of that. The time has come for a shift of pace. I sit up in my seat and look at him hard. I feel my head clear.

"I'm going to ask you some specific questions," I say. The smile is miles behind us now. "I don't want long, philosophical answers. Not now. Tell me, what if Australia were attacked by China tomorrow morning? Would you fight?"

"Well, I guess not. I mean . . ."

"I haven't seen a war solve anything. I gue
that's why not. I mean, like we had to fight Wor
War I and now we're fighting the Civil War ov
and . . ."

"Chinese troops land in San Francisco. Wou
you fight?"

"Why Chinese? Do you really think . . . ?"

"But *if*. Would you?"

"No." This comes out sharp. He's getting sor

"Okay, now let's say you're married. Happi
married. And you have two kids." He stiffens. H
understands that I have become the prosecuto
I'm playing dirty but he's not sure how to ca
foul. I'm fully awake as I always am at this pha
of the interview. "You're in an isolated house
the country and three enemy soldiers break dow
your front door . . ."

"Oh, come on now . . ."

"You have a loaded revolver in your hand."

He opens his mouth in protest but closes again. He looks up at the ceiling, trying to escap and then back at me. "I'm not talking about *yo* life," I remind him. "I'm asking you about th wife and these two children. The soldiers a moving in on you. What do you do? Don't give n arguments—tell me what you'd *do*. You have t decide, you know. Even no action is a decisio So decide. Come on now."

"Damn it," he says like a pistol shot. "I'd d the wrong thing, that's what I'd do. I'd shoo Hell yes, but don't you understand, *it would b the wrong thing*."

I lean back in my seat, nodding, rubbing, rul bing my aching eyes with both hands. You'll mak it, I'm thinking, you'll make it. CO or Canada o jail or wherever, you'll make it.

"Enough for today," I say. I stand up and fo some reason I'm grinning and he's standing an smiling back at me. There is, of course, nothin whatever to laugh about. That's the joke we share

N THE FARAWAY COUNTRY OF MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA

a story by Almena Lomax

At eight o'clock that morning Mrs. Goode alled to say in her twisted, limping accents, Di'n' git ennybody up, did ah? Ah called to tell 'all Robinson 'n' Mistuh Goode be ovah theah 'rec'ly."

She would have made it sound like the visit of head of state even had I not been a Negro. She alled her husband "Mr. Goode" the way Mama ulia, who was from Mobile, called Pappy "Mr. Roach"; the way my grandmother always referred o the grandfather I never saw after we moved way from Galveston as "Mr. Davis."

My mother called my father "Doll" or, when she was mad at him, she called him by his full name, Clifford Adew Davis. I have never since heard the name, Adew, except when my brother painfully and embarrassedly had to give his full name to a teacher or some other authority. It was my grandfather's name, too. It's Scotch, my mother said. My grandfather, black as he was, "the blackest man I ever saw," my mother used to say, was part Scotch, that and Jamaican. That's how he came to Galveston. He sailed to this country from the West Indies and settled in Galveston and went into the insurance business, teaching school on the side.

If my mother and father had lived down South after my sister Gwen was born, instead of up North in Chicago, my mother would have called my father "Mr. Davis," too. It's a way wellborn Southern women of either race have of underlining the status or protecting the dignity of their men.

Though, Mrs. Goode didn't look too wellborn. She was a little toad of a woman, dark and fleshy-featured, with a bird's nest of mixed gray and black hair squatting on her head. If my mother had seen her, she would have said she looked like she had a "touch of the tar" in her. She would have meant that she looked like she had Negro blood. But not Mr. Goode. He was all pink and white like strawberry and vanilla ice cream, and when you saw him, you wanted to take a spoon and start eating. He was also a real Johnny Reb, which was the name of his business, an office supply company in Montgomery, and he let you know it right away.

When I went to their store to buy my mimeograph machine, Mrs. Goode practically let me have the run of the place. I didn't have but $60 to pay down on an $800 machine, but I have "more nerve than Dick Tracy," my mother always said, and I had to have that machine and supplies, too, to get out a newspaper I was running over in Tuskegee, and I gave her the full treatment, the "whole bit," of jive and salesmanship that I had learned from running a newspaper on a shoestring back in Los Angeles.

We hit it off immediately. You could see she liked my drive and my nerve and determination. She kept looking at me admiringly while I filled out the credit application and looking over at two of my girls who came with me. "Where'd yo' mamma git all that enuhgy?" she'd ask the girls.

The girls, who were holding their breath for fear I wasn't going to pull it off with $60, just looked back at her wide-eyed and shook their heads.

But I wasn't the least bit afraid. It wasn't just the treatment I was giving her. You know, determined, dynamic, earnest woman trying to DO something. In my brief time in the South, I had

learned how anxious Southerners were to trade. They had seen on television how the other half of the country lived and they were in a hurry to catch up, to get into the Affluent Society. Credit is much easier to get down South than up North.

Also, I knew white folks don't much fear Negroes running out on time payments or conditional sales contracts down there. They've got ways of making them pay. Not that the Goodes would resort to those ways. They were very genteel people, even if Mr. Goode was a real Reb and went to some pains when I first started doing business with them to let me know that I was black and he was white and unreconstructed.

When I met him, I had already been there once and, as I said, had practically walked out with the store. I had the machine, a high-speed electric Kojo, four cartons of mimeograph paper, a dozen cartridges of ink, several bottles of correction fluid, a stylus; and Robinson, Johnny Reb's manager, and as pallid and white as Mr. Goode was pink and white, had spent at least two hours teaching me how to run the machine and how to clean it, besides skeptically and a bit sourly, though he didn't dare show it before Mrs. Goode, loading the machine and supplies into the trunk of my car and tying down the top.

The contract must have given Mr. Goode a fit when he came back from a long lunch at the Jeff Davis Hotel around the corner on Robert E. Lee Street. It was more than $1,000 with the supplies, which should have been written up as a thirty-day charge. Besides that, Mrs. Goode had paid a parking ticket I got out on Lee Street while I was inside buying.

When I came in the day I met Mr. Goode, I went straight to the back, throwing a "Hi" at Robinson, who was munching peanuts and waiting on a customer, and started up the stairs to the balcony where Mrs. Goode's desk was.

Mr. Goode was standing at the top of the steps. He looked like he was waiting for me and he might have been. I had telephoned from Tuskegee that I was having trouble with the machine and Mrs. Goode had told me to bring it over. Tuskegee is only 38 miles from Montgomery and most of the town trades over there, except for everyday things like food. Mr. Goode was kind of blocking the head of the stairs as I came up. He had on a gray checked suit with a vest and a gold watch chain looped across his stomach. He was kind of plump, but it was a healthy plumpness. His hair was snow-white and thick for a man eighty years old. It looked like the white cap of a wave, thrown up from his head from a side part which revealed the healthy pink scalp underneath.

His face was all pink and white like the strawberry mousse and white divinity fudge my grandmother was so good at making. When I saw him I wanted to take a bite of him, Johnny Reb, unreconstructed, his business sense outraged by my raid on his business notwithstanding. I have a real thing about old people. I hardly look twice at an attractive young person. You expect them to be good-looking; they've got everything going for them. But when you see an old one who's come through the fire and torment of life with his colors still flying, you want to stand up and cheer.

I knew he had posted himself at the head of the stairs as a sign of his authority. Protocol forbade him being introduced to me as the introduction should have been made, as a man to a woman, or a proprietor to a new customer. It would have been different if Mrs. Goode could have said, "Mr. Colyer, this is my husband and Johnny Reb's boss, Mr. Goode," as she would have had I been a white woman, or, "Mr. Goode, this is that new customer I was tellin' you about from ovah at Tuske-gee, Miz Colyer," or maybe even "Thelma." But the first wouldn't have done for him, nor the second for me. She knew I wasn't that kind of Negro, and she was trying to treat me like I should have been treated. So she said nothing and Mr. Goode, who undoubtedly knew from knowing his wife and from what she had said about me, what her dilemma was, stood at the head of the stairs, like George Wallace in the schoolhouse door, as the sign of his authority and the Rebellion and unreconstruction and the separation of the races.

From the bottom of the stairs, I dug him. Besides, I knew what I had gotten away with. I had been in business myself and I knew the Goodes hadn't gotten where they were in business by trusting rootless Northern females with nothing but a gift of gab to bless themselves with. I knew I had jived Mrs. Goode, though I didn't intend to let them lose by it. Just the same, I knew how old Mr. Goode was feeling.

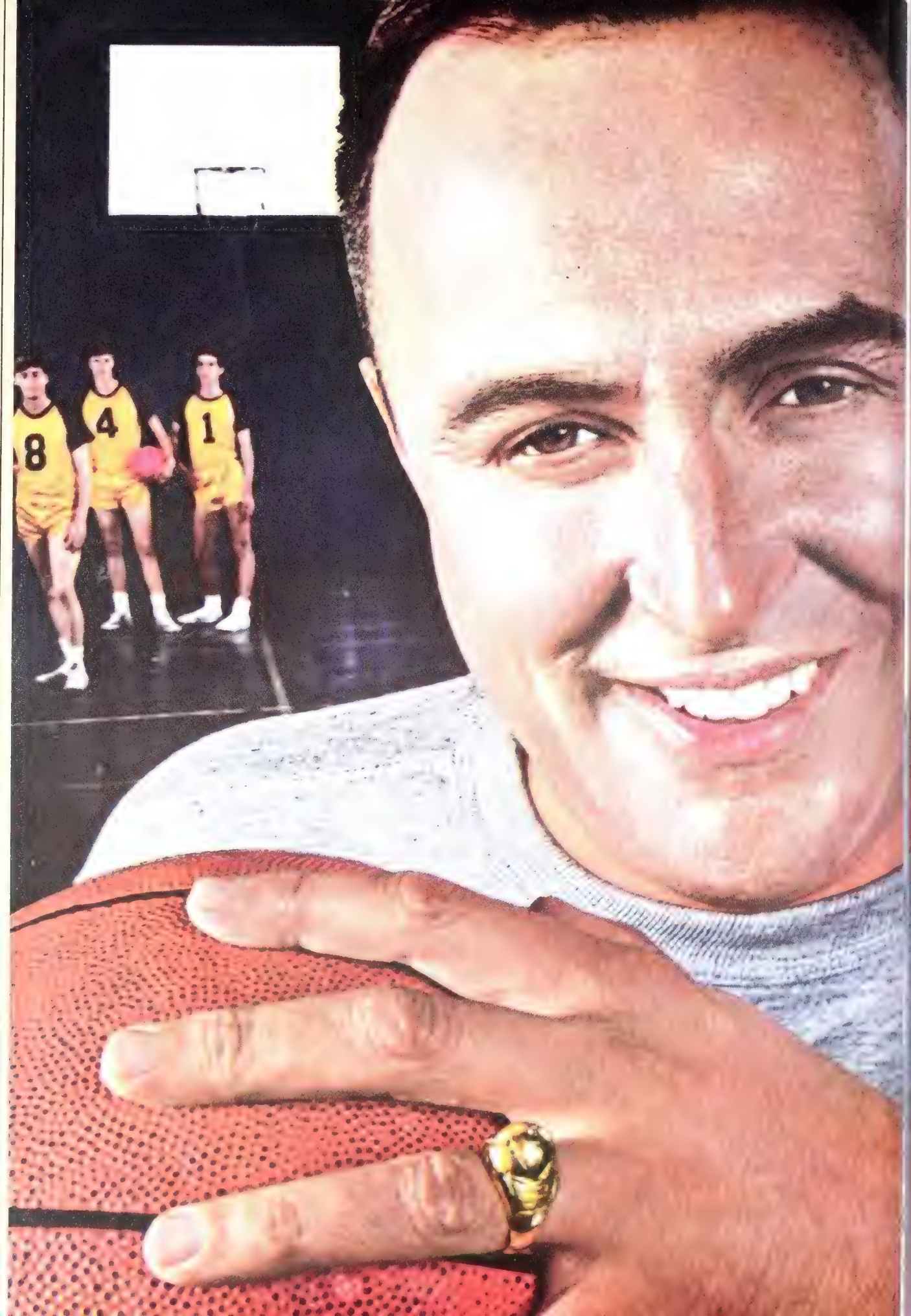
But I also knew that something had to give and it wasn't going to be me, so I started up the stairs. I marched purposefully up, the two small boys who were with me this time, right behind me, and I stood. But two bodies can't occupy the same space at the same time and when I had reached the top

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Almena Lomax is a newspaperwoman whose free-lance articles have appeared in "The Nation" and elsewhere. She has ... children in school and college. As editor-publisher of the Los Angeles "Tribune," Mrs. Lomax won the first Willkie Award for Negro Journalism.



"My insurance company? New England Life, of course. Why?"


8
4
1

This ex-pro basketball star found his toughest competition selling computers.

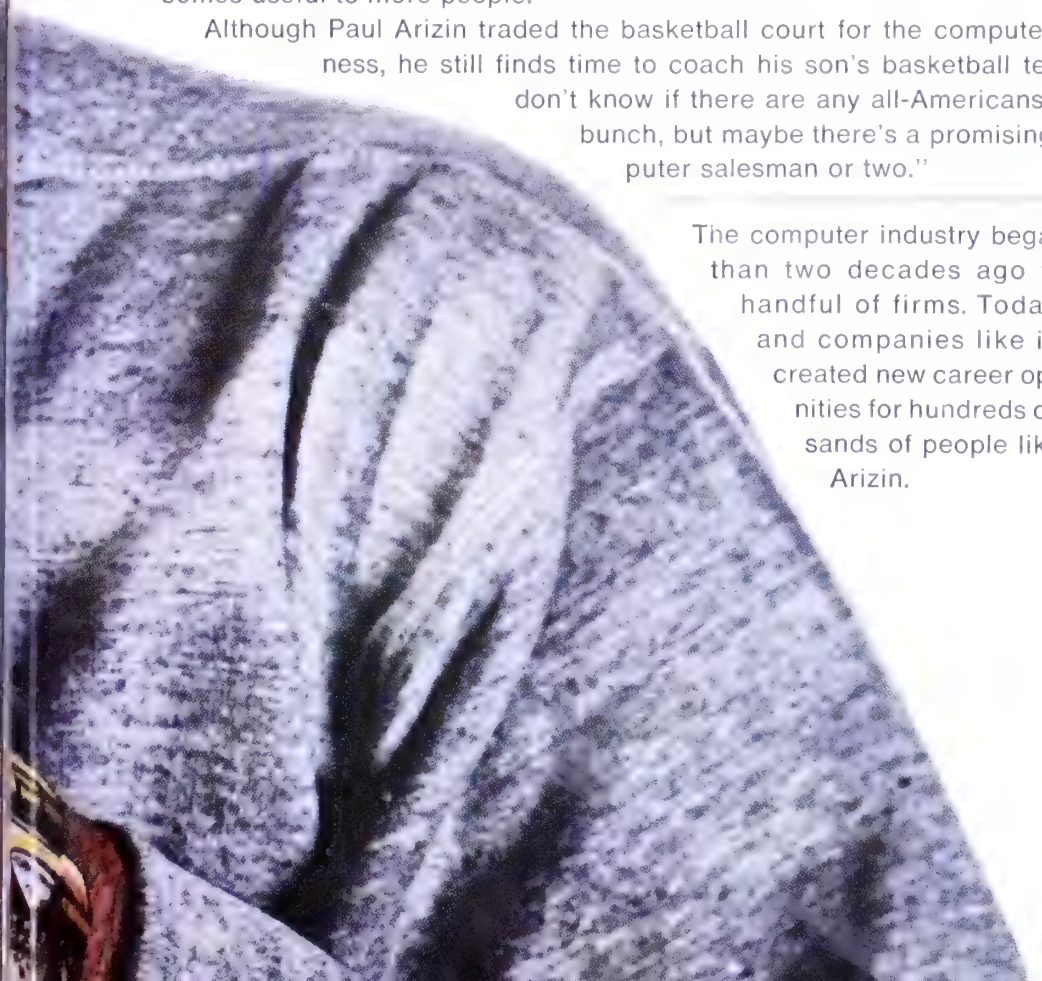
At 6 foot 4, 210 pounds, Paul Arizin was one of the "small" men in professional basketball. Today, he's an IBM computer salesman in Philadelphia.

His competitors aren't seven feet tall anymore, but the challenge is just as tough. "That's why I chose the computer business," says Arizin. "When I retired from pro ball, I simply couldn't take a routine job.

"The computer industry is intriguing. Each of my customers has a different problem, ranging from routing trucks to unscrambling inventory. And with many computer companies working on the same problem, you have to hammer out the best possible solution, or it's no sale.

"All this competition not only makes my job exciting, it's good for the customer. For a dollar, today's computer can process a thousand times more data than it did in 1950. And as data processing gets even more economical, it becomes useful to more people."

Although Paul Arizin traded the basketball court for the computer business, he still finds time to coach his son's basketball team. "I don't know if there are any all-Americans in the bunch, but maybe there's a promising computer salesman or two."

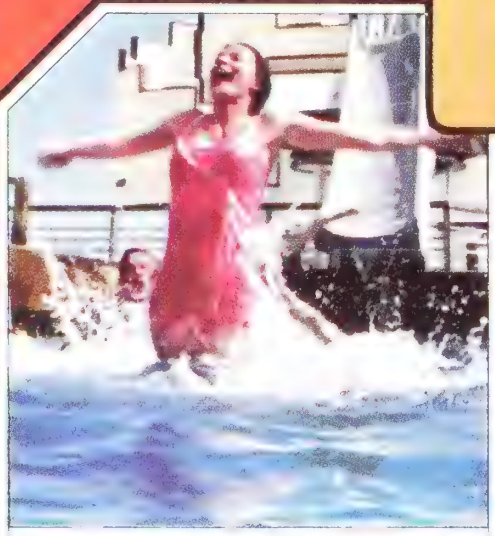


IBM

The computer industry began less than two decades ago with a handful of firms. Today, IBM and companies like it have created new career opportunities for hundreds of thousands of people like Paul Arizin.

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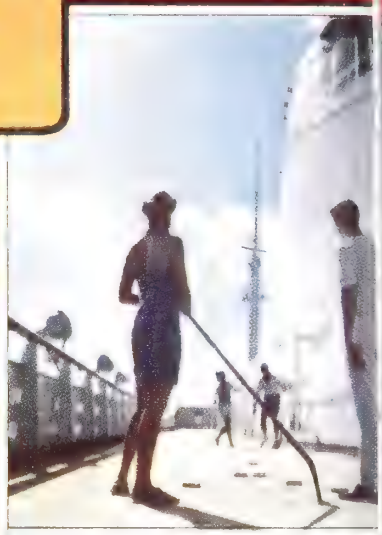
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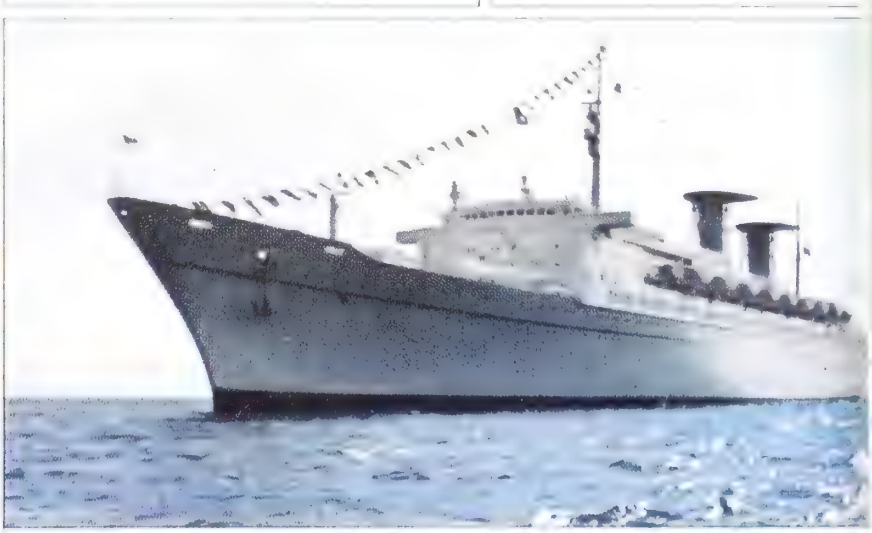
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step, he had stepped back. Then to save his face, I knew, he walked back and stood beside the big six-foot wall safe and looked back at me, like he was guarding it from the Yankees.

"Hi, Mrs. Goode," I said breezily, walking up to her desk.

"Hey, theah," she drawled in accents that Billie Holiday might have used. "You made it, huh? Them some more of your'n?" She indicated the boys, Timothy and Matthew, who were eleven and nine.

"Yes," I said. "This is Timothy and this is Matthew. This is Mrs. Goode, boys."

They said, "How do you do?" without scratching their heads or grinning and, to cover that, she turned to her husband and drawled, "Ain't she somethin'? Got six kids, three boys an' three girls, an' aimin' to put out a newspapuh ovah theah in Tuskegee."

Mr. Goode made some indignant noises, as if he were getting ready to shoot off like a geyser. But I was ready for him. I hauled out my checkbook and said, "The machine's out in the car. I might as well make my payment while I'm here and get some more paper and ink. I'll pay cash for the paper and ink this time."

"Aw, you don' have to do tha-at," Mrs. Goode said, beginning to glow like a potbellied stove, throwing a proud, vindicated glance at Mr. Goode. They must've had many a session about me over the month since I had opened the account, and you could see that the "bread" I was putting down had put her one up on him. I didn't bother to look at him, but I could feel the relaxing effect the sight of my checkbook was having on him and I could feel it more when he left the wall safe and came closer, like a bear enticed by sugar.

I was aware that we hadn't been introduced and I knew we never would be. But when I got through writing the check for the monthly installment, plus four cartons of paper and a dozen cartridges of ink, we began to talk.

"You think you can make a go of that newspaper over there in Tuskegee?" Mr. Goode said, sitting down behind his desk, which faced Mrs. Goode's. I had already sat down in a chair beside Mrs. Goode's desk and had motioned the small boys to two chairs over against the railing from which they could look down on Robinson making a sale of Christmas cards.

"Yes," I said. Mr. Goode didn't have much of a Southern accent. He had a rather cultivated voice and manner of speaking, but he pronounced Tuskegee like all of the white people who don't live in it do. It is, as you can see, a very simple Indian name, but they make it sound like it has a long tail of "e's," and as if it hadn't been ever there east of Montgomery for more than a hundred years. It's because of it being practically an all-Negro town and the white people who don't live over there like to act like it's Africa or some strange part of the mission field, savage and un-Christian and in need of civilizing, not a part of Alabama, which is a laugh, of course, Alabama being as savage, un-Christian, and in need of civilizing as the African bush.

"Well, I don't know," he said slowly. "How's it selling?"

"Oh, I've sold all I could print," I said. Then I decided that the quickest way to get that white man off my back was to attack. "My biggest problems has been your machine," I said. "That machine isn't doing what the catalogue says it should do, and I'm not ready to switch to printing yet." I knew I had him there, both on a point of honor and business.

"Well, now, I wouldn't want to see you do anything rash and premature," he said. "My mother always said you have to crawl before you walk and you seem to be going at it the right way. Get on your feet, know which way you're going, then maybe we can help you. You know, I run a print shop as a part of this operation."

"Yes, I know," I said. I had had my eye on the big Johnny Reb print shop you passed on Highway 80, coming into Montgomery, before I picked out the company to buy my machine from.



"Now, what seems to be the trouble with the machine?"

"It can't carry the load," I said bluntly. "The catalogue says it should give me up to ten thousand impressions per day. I'm running ten pages, 2,500 copies, but I'm spacing the run over three or four days, but the machine just isn't holding up. One part after another keeps breaking down. It's obviously too big a load for it. I'm pretty disappointed," I added. "I like a machine to do what the manufacturer claims it can do."

"I agree with you," he said firmly. I had touched the most sensitive chord in his makeup. He was sitting up straight behind his desk now and leaning forward, and his voice had the ring of steel endemic to men of commerce at the moment of truth.

"I not only agree with you, I guarantee it," he went on. "Johnny Reb stands behind every machine or piece of goods it sells.

"I tell you what I'm going to do," he said. "I'm going to have Robinson take your machine and put one of our Model 290s in your car. That's a bigger, more expensive model. But this particular machine I'm going to let you have while we go over yours is a demonstration machine. It's been in use here in the store for about six months. But it's only had about five thousand impressions run off it, and it may be a better machine for the kind of work you're doing than the one you've got.

"Now, if you decide it serves your purposes better than the one you have, we'll work out something where you'll have to pay a little more for it than you're paying for the one you have—maybe a couple of hundred dollars, it's a twelve-hundred-dollar machine, but your monthly payments won't be any more than they are now. How will that suit you?"

"That'll suit me fine if the machine performs," I said, getting to my feet, accepting my receipt from Mrs. Goode with thanks and motioning the boys down the stairs ahead of me.

Throughout the rest of the transaction, taken care of downstairs by Robinson, Mr. Goode hung about like a floorwalker, his hands in his trouser pockets, his vested belly stuck out, his bright blue eyes watchful and noncommittal. He studied me as if I were a different breed of animal from any he had ever seen before, but I also had the feeling that he protected us from the white Montgomerians whose craggy faces hardened when they walked in and saw me and my children walking and talking uninhibitedly around the store, standing under the hooks of metal plates which still in the year of Our Lord and the 1964 Civil Rights Act said, "White Only," "Colored Only," and sold for a dollar, and nudging one another and pointing at them and laughing.

And also protecting his craggy-faced Montgomerians from us, moving deftly with a greeting, a word, a handshake, a clasp on the arm to make them continue to feel at home, "somebody special," and cock of the walk in spite of the undeferential Negroes littering the place.

Two months later we were still having trouble with the machine, the big heavy-duty one now. The vertical bands which were covered with plastic had worn and granulated under the demands of our press run, and we had spent a weekend wiping and washing off the silk screen and picking bits of plastic out of the ink and cursing and wasting paper and trying to get out enough readable copies of the paper to satisfy our subscribers.

Now it was Monday morning and, in response to a wire he had sent Friday, Mr. Goode had received a pair of vertical bands from the manufacturer on the West Coast and was coming over in person with Robinson to supervise both their installation and the cleaning of the machine.

Robinson had worked for Mr. Goode in good times and in bad for almost forty years. It was the only job he had ever had. He was not only Johnny Reb's manager; he was Mr. Goode's slave, his white one. He didn't have any black ones, at least not at the store. He had a Negro youth, John, who drove the delivery truck, cut and packaged paper, stocked the shelves, swept out the store, and when Robinson or the other salesman were rushed, waited on customers. But John was always as self-contained as Mr. Goode. You never saw him skinning 'em back and whining, "How you today, Mistuh Hernaday?" like you did Robinson, bowing and scraping and backing and hurrying and cackling that little hen cackle of a laugh and munching those peanuts.

He was a good-looking boy, dark and slim-waisted with small keen features, a well-shaped head, and a long, lithe body. The whole time we traded there, he never said anything except, "Yes sir," "No sir," "Yes mam," "No mam," "How you today?" or, "Thank you, call again." But I didn't get the impression that he was shy or frightened, just aloof and detached like Mr. Goode, keeping his own counsel, except when he was in the back-room cutting paper. Then he would whistle jazzy, driving music to match the whir and slash of the wheel and knife of the giant power cutter, moving his body in time to his music and the machine's voracious sound.

Robinson put me in mind of a mouse in a granary, never still, never silent, never relaxed. Even

if he were not talking to anybody, he was blowing or grunting or wheezing or twittering or whistling studiously between the gaps in his teeth, his hands, his feet, his fat little overstuffed mouse bottom swishing and skittering and squatting and rushing. His face had the gray, bloodless, pinched look of a mouse, too. Later, Mrs. Goode wrote me that he had died of cancer.

Robinson had two gods, R. C. Goode and Governor George Wallace. He called Mr. Goode "Mr. Bob" and if "Mr. Bob" had told him to go out and hang himself to the tallest pine on Court Street, I am sure he would have said, "Yessir, Mr. Bob," and gone right out and done it.

As for Governor Wallace, half his whistling was in praise of him. If you asked him how his kitchen garden was coming along out in Comer subdivision where he and his wife lived in a neat brick home built with FHA financing, he would say, "Coming along fine, thanks to George Wallace!" George Wallace had improved the corn that was being grown in Alabama so you could get real "ras'in' ears," not that dry, hard stuff that looked like a cracker's teeth; he had improved the soil, the roads, education, the economic outlook, even the climate and race relations if you listened to Robinson.

I never did learn Robinson's full name, though we spent many hours together in Tuskegee and Montgomery working out my problems with the mimeograph machine. And I never heard him called anything but Robinson. Even when Mrs. Goode would write to me, she'd refer to him simply as Robinson and her husband as Mr. Goode.

Robinson drove Mr. Goode over from Montgomery, of course. I heard the crunch of the tires on the driveway and looked out the front window and saw Mr. Goode's Chrysler station wagon sweep up and park on the thick carpet of pine needles in front of the garage door.

Mr. Goode was sitting up straight as a rod on the front seat. He sat while Robinson jumped out and rushed around and opened the door for him. Then he got out slowly and stately and a little apprehensively, I thought. Suddenly, I wondered if he had ever been in a Negro's house before. That happens down there, you know. They live so that they can't move without stepping on the Negro. Negroes come into every corner of their souls, let alone their homes, yet most of them have never entered a Negro home. They never know how the Negro lives, or what he is like inside himself, while Negroes know all about them.

They walked up on the porch, Robinson clucking along beside Mr. Goode, his tidy little repair kit held in his hand like a doctor's bag, his left hand under the old man's arm.

"Good morning," I greeted them, smiling and again having that longing to take a spoonful of the old man. "Come in."

Robinson was looking at me carefully, but I thought there was a note of confidence in his face. He was used to me now. He knew I knew "my place," as I saw it, and the way I saw it, he thought, wasn't going to upset his "Mr. Bob" and his precious white man's dignity any.

But Mr. Goode didn't seem to be too sure. He looked at me warily and then suddenly his eyes seemed to take a great gulp of me, like a swimmer gulps air just before plunging into water, and he plunged in. There had been frost on the ground and the trees that morning, and he had on his overcoat. As he stepped through the door, he removed his hat. "Atta boy, Robert," I said to myself as I murmured soothingly out loud, "May I take your hat, Mr. Goode?" He was doing better than that cracker termite man who had come to spray once a week until we got rid of everything that had been roosting and nesting and breeding and boring into the house for several years before we had rented it, and whom I had told not to come back until he got so he could take off his hat inside the house.

But "Robert" wasn't going all the way yet, "No, I'll keep my hat. I thank you just the same," he said firmly.

I led them through the living room and down the hall to the small study I used as a combination office and pressroom.

Michael's door was closed. He was home from Atlanta, studying for mid-term finals because the house, when his brothers and sisters were at school, was quieter than either the dormitories or the library at Morehouse. But he had insisted that he was going to "make an appearance" at intervals, just to let "those crackers" know there was a "man around the house." I knew it was a pointless demonstration. I wasn't in any danger of attack from either Robinson or Mr. Goode, but more important, I knew that neither one of them would acknowledge his existence as a "man around the house," or anything else.

He had been to Johnny Reb's with me a couple of times and I had introduced him to Robinson and to Mr. Goode the first time and had told them when they said in place of "How do you do," "You've got lots of help," "No, Michael is in college in Atlanta," and then he ceased to exist for them even while his six-foot, four-inch body remained standing in front of them. They knew Tuskegee had a Negro college and Montgomery, too, but a Negro

male college student was an unreality as long as they refused to recognize him, and there were too many things about me and my family, our casualness and the absence of the usual Alabama Negro inhibitions or fronts or disguises, our strange Northern speech, and the startling frankness of my publication, which I sent over to them and they promptly subscribed to, for them to assimilate without tangling with such exotic flora and fauna as a Negro male who was getting a college education "up in Atlanta" and would never be waiter or a delivery boy or a porter.

I could see that Mr. Goode liked the way I wa set up. The machine was set on a heavy old des alongside a window but out from it so that yo could get at it from both sides. Two smaller desk were ranged alongside it. On one was the type writer with the 18-inch carriage on which I cu my stencils. On the other was the battered, souped up old Royal on which I wrote my copy. Along th back wall were bookcases with my stacks of th issues I had published, my stencil files, my sup plies, and books and reference material. Along th opposite wall from the machine was a Danish sof with throw pillows and an Indian blanket. Th heater glowed warm and red at the foot of it, an the thin winter sun shone through the windo which looked out on the forest which went wit the house and which had pines so tall I couldn't se their tops, not even from the upstairs windows and which fell away into a soft, trackless densit out of which a bobcat was just as likely to pad, o a covey of quail to rush upward, as the squirrel which plunged up and down the trunks of the tree or leaped dizzyingly from branch to branch.

It was very cozy and yet workmanlike, and Mr Goode sighed and began automatically to unbutto his coat.

"Have a seat, Mr. Goode," I said in a casua voice. "Rest your coat if you like."

Robinson turned dutifully to help him, but h snapped at him as quick as one of the squirrels "Get on with your work, Robinson. You got a jo there."

"Yessir, Mr. Bob."

"Mr. Bob" finished unbuttoning his coat, but he didn't take it off. He settled tentatively on th sofa and looked out tenderly on the trees an squirrels. It was impossible to resist them. "Look at those rascals," he finally said and settled back against the sofa cushions, still clutching his hat in his left hand, but his right beginning absently to tug the coat off his shoulders.

Robinson and I ignored him, but not entirely by design. Robinson did have a job in front of him I took the cover off the machine and we stood looking at it. I had cleaned it some, but it was still oozing ink from having too much squirted into it in an effort to unclog the feed line. Nothing was left of the vertical bands except the thin wire which formed their frame. Robinson began to whistle thinly through the gaps in his teeth and to blow and grunt and talk to himself contentedly as he went patiently about the business of breaking down the machine, cleaning its parts, reassembling it, and putting on the new bands.

OFF CAMPUS

by Malcolm Cowley

"Your career and achievement"—
he skipped some words between dashes—
"are of abiding importance

to us and our reference users,"
and now the qualifying clause,
"although your sketch was transferred

some time ago to a non-current category
(because of retirement or other circumstances
affecting current national reference interest)."

A printed card from *Who's Who:*
when the postman came sloshing through the snow
that morning, it was the only mail.

A radiator pounds in the living room
of the house he built with a whopping loan
the year they made him a full professor.

Water drips yellow from the bathroom faucet.
Paint flakes from the walls of his study.
The dust is white on his books.

"Please sign, date and return card
even if no data additions are required."
Would there be any? he wondered.

His old wife putters in the kitchen;
now she is rinsing the breakfast dishes.
The pump comes on with a cardiac gasp.

"If biographee is no longer living,
recipient of card should kindly so
indicate on the space provided."

"I shall so indicate," he said—
the mortgage paid, his papers filed away,
his career and achievement filed away,

his heart filed away on a cardiogram,
his life on a punch card transferred
some time ago to a non-current category.

I left it with him. I wasn't about to help that white man, I said to myself, after the weekend his machine had put me through. I perched on the wooden stool I kept beside the bookcase and gazed contentedly out at the woods. I could have sat like that for days. I'm crazy about Alabama. If it weren't for the schools, which I don't care what Robinson says, white or Negro, aren't fit to educate a cretin, I would never have left. And I'm going back someday. I don't know when. But my idea of heaven is to live in Eufaula, which is only sixty-two miles from Tuskegee, on the banks of the Chattahoochee River, like my Aunt Minnie has for fifty-eight years, "and hated every moment of it," she always adds.

I even liked what the kids at Tuskegee Institute called "those crazy li'l ol' peckerwoods." They didn't bother me. They probably would have if I had stayed long enough, the kind of thing I was writing in my mimeographed paper, stuff like "Register and vote. There can be a Negro sitting in the Governor's chair at Montgomery in ten years," and then sending a copy special-delivery and underlined to George Wallace. I'm something of a rebel myself.

Tuskegee has a softly rolling terrain. The house we were living in was built by a West Indian doctor for his first wife. They had lots of money and she had very fancy ideas. Like most of the houses of the black bourgeoisie in Tuskegee, it was split-level. The front was level with the highway, Old Montgomery Road, which runs by it. It was Georgian, of red Tuskegee-made brick with a wide stone veranda with three entrances and a two-car garage which opened into the sun porch at the back.

The back where we were looked down onto a canopied patio which opened into the basement where there were a playroom, a couple of bedrooms, a bath, and a laundry room. Upstairs, where Michele, Michael's older sister, had retreated with her Kennedy books and a "Yuk!" when I told her that Robinson and Mr. Goode were coming over—she didn't share my fondness for Southern white people—there were three more bedrooms and a bath and a small sitting room.

Out in the pines, the squirrels were having themselves a ball. There were two or three in every tree you wanted to look at and there were pines as far back as you could see. The squirrels would plunge down the trunks of the trees from heights of forty or fifty feet in seconds, two or three seconds. They were so fast your eye could hardly follow them.

Or they would run out to the end of one branch and leap to another on another tree. The branch would bend slightly and the squirrel, without even a pause for balance, would be off along the branch, down the trunk, across the bed of pine needles, cones, and withered kudzu vines and leaves, and up another tree, all lightning fast and as sure and graceful as a ballerina.

Every once in a while, there would be a flash of color, bright-red or yellow or blue, and a bird would dart through the trees and perch on one of the branches, then whisk off again. I was a bird watcher while I lived in Tuskegee, but I never did learn any of their names, unlike the other journalists of the region who regularly devoted columns of the Montgomery *Advertiser* and the Alabama *Journal* and the Birmingham *Herald* and the Opelika *Times* to the habits of the birds which rested in their backyards. As a matter of fact, birds, roses, and azaleas rank with "nigras" and George Wallace as prime subject matter in Alabama, the "heart of Dixie."

"Who owns this property?" Mr. Goode suddenly broke his rapt contemplation of the forest to ask above Robinson's whistles, wheezes, grunts, and the creaking of his joints as he squatted to get a line on the fit of a pair of rollers or the position of a lever.

"A doctor named Walcott. He lives down in Pascagoula now," I said.

"A Negro?"

Mr. Goode was certainly an unusual Alabamian. Outside of Tuskegee, where the whites all learned to pronounce Negro correctly during the five-year boycott the Negroes staged after the city fathers gerrymandered the town to cut out all but five Negro families to keep Negroes from controlling the elections, I hadn't encountered ten white people who could say Negro and not "nigra."

"Yes."

"He owns all that out there, I reckon," Mr. Goode said, moving his right arm, which was free now of his overcoat, in an arc to take in the wire fence, half-hidden by overgrowth which separated the Walcott place from the immense grounds of Dr. and Mrs. Brockenbury next door.

"Yes," I said. "I don't know how far back, though. I've never been all the way back to the fence I understand is back there. I met up with a snake one day while walking, and by mutual agreement, he stays on that side and I keep to this side of the pines."

He smiled at me then, and it was like the splintering of the thin ice which forms in the night during Alabama winters. The children rush to be the first to shatter it with their heels on the way to the car. They give the thin smooth panes a

blow, and they splinter into star shapes which then catch the chill morning sun, and suddenly there are spangles shimmering before your eyes.

He sat and watched the antics of the squirrels some more, and then after a bit, his bright blue eyes with their whites of surprising snow-white purity began to roam around the room, taking in the Venetian blinds, the high ceiling, the smooth rose-colored paint on the walls, the mahogany woodwork, the handsome chandelier. His eyes moved to the north window, to the clump of oak trees on the right side of the house, to the camellia bushes heavy, despite the frost, with pink, white, red, and candy-striped blooms, to the old-fashioned well which Dr. Walcott had preserved there and surrounded with a low concrete wall. It certainly wasn't any sharecropper's cabin, nor like the chicken coops and vegetable crates of houses you see Negroes living in all over Montgomery.

Suddenly, he sat up straight and laid his hat carefully on one knee and shook his overcoat off his shoulders as if he had business to attend to and didn't want to be encumbered.

"I was delayed in driving over here," he began, speaking deliberately and looking straight at me, the look in his eyes as well as his words seeming to deny the presence of Robinson, narrowing the room to just our two pairs of eyes, "by an old preacher of your race, Preacher Jim, we call him. He has been coming to my office regularly once a month for forty-five years, and I always help him out with five dollars or so. I guess he uses it in whatever work he does; I don't know. I never ask. I just give him what I know he's come for."

His words dropped intact, complete, not just in themselves, but in their meaning, their significance, to him and presumably to me and to the Negro doctor who owned the land and the house we were sitting in and who left it to rent out or decay and went off to Pascagoula and made more money, much more, and bought more land and built a much finer house, and to the NAACP and CORE and Snick and the Freedom Riders and Negro college professors and students. Probably the only person to whom Mr. Goode's words were not expected to have significance was Robinson, and people like him, poor whites. As far as Mr. Goode was concerned, they were like the squirrels in the trees of the Walcott place; they came with the property, but were not counted in its value.

When he had done speaking, he kept on looking at me out of those unbelievably clear, bright, and pure blue eyes. His gaze was not so much unfathomable as translucent. Bright, glorious, and as empty as a baby's.

I looked back at him. I did not frown or change the expression in my face at all to show that I was sorry he felt he had to say that. I did not offer him the balm of saying, "How nice," or, "Is that so?" I just looked at him levelly and impassively as at star shapes of ice which had melted and become mud and weren't spangled anymore and said somberly, without any inflection in my voice, "Oh."

He looked away and suddenly, as if a knob had been turned in him to turn his volume up, Robinson began to wheeze and whistle and grunt and creak up a breeze.

"Robinson, you make more noise than that machine when it's going full clip," Mr. Goode said from behind the barricade of his white neck and platinum white hair and rosy cheeks.

"Yessir, Mr. Bob, sho' do. I'm a noisy one fo' a fack," and laughter gurgled out of Robinson like breaking wind.

"Now, you got a stencil you want to try her out on?" Robinson asked in a few minutes, looking up proudly from over the shining clean machine, wiping his fingers tidily with a rag and depositing it in the wastebasket behind him which was filled almost to overflowing with the inky rags and paper with which he had cleaned the machine.

"Sure. I'll let you get started on this week's edition," I said, reaching behind me and taking from a shelf the stencil I had finished cutting just before they arrived. Robinson plugged in the machine and pushed the lever to start the inking of the drum. Then neatly and expertly, he fitted the stencil onto the gleaming silk screen.

Mr. Goode and I watched, fascinated, but in a sort of limbo. Machines were Robinson's life, mimeograph machines, copying machines, adding machines, typewriters, stitchers, paper cutters. His eyes were gleaming as at a lovely woman he expected to love him back. But to Mr. Goode, machines represented figures on his profit-and-loss statement, inventory, property, money in the bank, his standing in the Montgomery Chamber of Commerce, his status in the Rotary Club, the Lions Club, and in the lounge of the Jeff Davis Hotel. While to me, the mimeograph machine was a thing of beauty if it didn't break down, didn't throw ink, didn't tear stencils, got out my 3,500 copies of the *Tribune* (circulation was up), but if it didn't, it had about the same meaning to me that Robinson had to "Mr. Bob."

Robinson's dry, speckled, veined hand smoothed the stencil onto the silk screen while the other turned the lever which turned the drum manually. Then he switched to automatic and stood aside. The drum turned and began to shuttle out sheets of printed paper. He snatched one in midair before it touched down in the tray below.

"How's that?" he asked, handing it to me.

"I don't know," I said cautiously. "What's this black bar down at the bottom?"

"Dawggone!" Robinson exclaimed softly. "What's that? That shouldn't be theah. Wasn't nothin' wrong with the stencil that I saw."

"No, it wasn't on the stencil," I said. "Look, it's getting bigger!" And I indicated the receiving tray into which the sheets were falling like leaves. "The silk screen's slipping."

"Dawggone!" Robinson exclaimed again. "I thought them vertical bands looked funny."

"Something wrong, Robinson?" Mr. Goode asked peremptorily, as if he had been summoned back into our mundane world and could see at a glance that his presence was needed.

"I think so, Mr. Bob. I think them vertical bands was the wrong size."

"Confound it!" he exclaimed.

Afterwards I thought that it was a real "quality" exclamation. No "Damn it!" No "Dawggone!" As Negroes would say, "Class tells."

"Turn that thing off, Robinson," he ordered. "You're just wasting paper."

"Yessir, Mr. Bob."

"Did you check the size of those bands before you put them on?"

"Nosir, Mr. Bob, I didn't. I jes' took it for granted they'd send the right size."

"Never take anything for granted, Robinson. Look at the wrapping."

With a doleful expression on his face, Robinson dug into the wastebasket for the brown paper wrapping the bands had come in. I resigned myself to being late another week. Suddenly, I was aware that though it was not yet noon, the thin sun had paled, and the squirrels had vanished as if stricken from the limbs of the trees, and the woods itself looked gray and whiskery with wintry age.

"Here 'tis," Robinson said.

He smoothed the brown wrapper out neatly on a sheet of the spoiled paper and glanced at it briefly.

"Yep, it was a wrong one all right. Them bands is for a Numbuh 310." He looked up and stood looking miserably over at Mr. Goode. "I should'a looked before bringin' you way ovah heah, Mr. Bob."

Mr. Goode dismissed his woe with a wave of his beautifully manicured right hand.

"It wasn't no more your fault than it was mine, Robinson. I signed for it at the Air Express office. I should have looked and sent it right back."

I sat back up on the stool and let them figure a way out. It was out of mine or Robinson's hands now. It was in the hands of "Mr. Bob."

"May I use your phone?" the old man asked me.

"Certainly," I said, indicating the extension on the end table at his right.

"I want to make a long-distance call to the manufacturer," he explained carefully. "I will make sure the operator puts the charges on my bill."

"Go right ahead," I said.

He moved over a bit on the sofa and picked up the receiver. Robinson, his face crossed and crisscrossed with worry like a pinch-faced old woman's, began to remove the bands and wipe them off and wrap them in their old wrapper.

"Operator," Mr. Goode was saying into the telephone, "this is R. C. Goode, of the Johnny Reb Stationery and Office Supply Company of Montgomery . . ." He paused as if giving her time to digest that.

"Yes, that's right," he said smoothly.

"Now, I want to call San Francisco, the Hall-Mills Manufacturing Company there. I will give you the number, but first, I want you to make a note to charge this call to my telephone at the Johnny Reb Company in Montgomery, not to the number I am calling from. Do you understand that?"

Again he paused. The operator appeared to understand for he began in the same smooth, firm voice. "My number in Montgomery is 232-6418. You have that?

"Now, get me 846-9111 in San Francisco, California. I'll talk to whoever answers."

He settled back against the cushions to wait. Robinson took off the stencil and blotted it between two used pieces of mimeograph paper, and I put it back on the shelf, and he began to wipe down the machine preparatory to covering it.

Then Mr. Goode sat up straight again. He sat very straight as he did in the midst of a business discussion behind his desk, his shoulders squared, his chin thrust forward, his eyes alert.

"Hello," he began confidently, "Hall-Mills Manufacturing Company? This is R. C. Goode, of the Johnny Reb Stationery and Office Supply Company in Montgomery—" He stopped suddenly and a frown of annoyance appeared on his face between his thick white silk eyebrows.

"I said, of the Johnny Reb Stationery and Office Supply Company in Montgomery," he began again, and was halted again.

"Montgomery," he repeated firmly.

Then, "Montgomery, Alabama," he said, adding the last word uncertainly, almost incredulously, plaintively, and in shock as if someone in the lounge of the Jeff Davis Hotel in Montgomery had suddenly challenged his credit rating.

Robert L. Heilbroner

MAKING A RATIONAL FOREIGN POLICY NOW

"... The question is whether America will take its ultimate stand on the side of humanitarianism or moralism, self-reliance or fear, open-mindedness or dogma. The challenge goes to the very core of this nation ...."

The great lesson of the Vietnam war is now clear. It is that the mightiest nation in the world has not been able to defeat the forces of revolutionary nationalism in one of the smallest nations in the world. We may even yet work out the kind of settlement that will enable us to proclaim at least some kind of victory in the struggle against "aggression," but it is quite plain that the United States has lost the war. For the ultimate purpose of our intervention in Vietnam was not to beat a *national enemy*—no one ever accused North Vietnam of threatening our territorial integrity. It was to beat a *revolutionary force*, to demonstrate beyond a doubt that "wars of national liberation" would end in disaster for the revolutionaries.

Now, by a supreme irony, we have shown just the opposite. For what the Vietnam war has revealed above all else is the extreme difficulty of defeating a determined national revolutionary group. Inevitably this must both encourage the rise of such groups elsewhere and discourage our own future willingness to meet their force with counterforce. Thus if the Philippines explodes in an outraged revolt, as seems very probable in a nation where half the customs receipts disappear between the dock and the Treasury; or if guerrilla warfare on a large scale breaks out again in Guatemala, as seems likely in view of the increased revolutionary activity there; or if India dissolves into linguistic parts and these parts are taken over by revolutionary parties, as would certainly be the case in some areas; or if the muted civil war in Venezuela or Colombia or Bolivia or Northeast Brazil again assumes major proportions, it will not be so easy for the United States to intervene on the side of the existing governments. For the first rule of American politics in the next years will be: *No more Vietnams!*

But will revolutionary activity break out in these nations? For reasons that I shall spell out in this article, I think it extremely likely, although it is easier to indicate the broad areas where revolution impends rather than the individual countries. I would think that by the year 2000 and possibly much sooner, we would find revolutionary governments installed, or formidable revolutionary armies fighting, in most of Asia, in at least a half-dozen Latin-American countries, and probably in a fair number of nations in West and Central Africa, and the Near East.

The prospect, in other words, is one of worldwide upheaval in which, retrospectively, the Vietnam war will have been only the first successful campaign. If this prospect comes about, it will present the United States with the gravest challenge of its national existence. It would entail nothing less than the risk of becoming embroiled in Vietnam-like situations in many countries at once. If it has proved almost unbearably costly to wage war against revolutionary nationalism in a nation of fifteen million, what will it be like trying to quell the forces of revolution that can call on the human resources of three continents?

There is no more pressing requirement for the American people than to consider what policies their nation can pursue to pass safely through this unprecedentedly dangerous era. But it is little use seeking to articulate policies until we have a clear idea of what it is that we are up against. And here there is a fundamental lesson that has

t to be learned about the origins of the revolu-
on that threatens us.

We have been taught that the ultimate cause
the worldwide threat of revolution is the sub-
rsive and conspiratorial activities of commu-
sm. Now, although these activities have often
en grossly exaggerated, they certainly exist, and
ere is no doubt that communist maneuvering
n be discovered near the center of nearly every
volutionary situation. Yet to blame the danger
these explosive situations themselves on the
esence of communists is like blaming the in-
rent danger in a huge mass of exposed com-
stible materials on the possible presence of
sonists. The revolutions we must come to terms
ith would break out even if communism as an
ea and as a political force disappeared from the
ce of the world tomorrow. For the harsh facts
e have yet to acknowledge are these: *(1) in
any countries of the underdeveloped world only
evolutionary activity will rescue the populace
om its unending misery, and (2) the United
tates has consistently opposed the kinds of revo-
tionary action that might begin such a rescue
peration.* Thus the real tragedy of the coming
ecades is not that revolutionary action will be
ecessary, but that it is likely to have a bitter
nti-American flavor because of our unwilling-
ess to allow the forces of economic development
o take their essential course.

This is an assertion that seems to fly in the
ace of the facts. No government among wealthy
ations has tried harder to promote economic de-
elopment than the United States. Our foreign-
id program may not be very large in relation to
ur capabilities, but it towers over the efforts of
ther Western nations, not to mention those of
Russia. Moreover the struggle for economic de-
elopment has captured the natural sympathies
f the vast majority of Americans; indeed, the
ery slogan that we ourselves have coined for de-
elopment—"the revolution of rising expectations"
—conveys in itself our goodwill for the peoples
struggling to escape from poverty.

All this is true. But the problem is that few Americans understand what the process of "economic development" entails, or what the "revolution of rising expectations" really means. To most of us, development is merely a matter of money with which we assume economic advancement is bought. Unfortunately, money is the last, if not the least, step in the development sequence. For the long climb out of backwardness is not merely a matter of getting "richer." It is first and foremost a matter of changing an entire society in ways that must go to the roots of its ordinary life and that are bound to shake or topple its basic structure of power and prestige.

Actually, we have had a glimpse of the difficulties and dangers in trying to initiate "economic development" in the problems we have encountered at home in Harlem or Watts. We have learned, for example, that an enormous gulf must be bridged between the people who have to "develop" and those to whom the guidance of development is entrusted. The business and government leaders of Caracas or Rio or Calcutta have little or no contact with the dirty, ignorant, primitive people of the urban and rural slums of their countries—in which live, however, not 10 or 20 per cent, but 70 or 80 per cent of the population. In turn, the inhabitants of the villages and urban slums regard the upper classes as representatives of a class whose only relation with themselves has been arrogant, exploitative, patronizing, or indifferent.

Second, both the slum and the underdeveloped areas smart under the constraints of absentee domination. We know of the resentment of the "radical" Negro against white-owned stores. Far greater is the resentment of the radical Asian, African, or Latin American against the foreign ownership of the main instruments of production in his country—the utilities, the manufacturing plants, railroads, plantations, or oil fields. To be sure, one can answer that the supply of native entrepreneurship is small and that these foreign companies introduce capital and expertise that would otherwise be lacking. But they introduce as well a steady drain of earnings out of the country, and a basic orientation of business interest that is geared at least as much to the needs of the corporate home office as to the requirements of its host nation.

Last, we find another similarity between ghetto and backward land that may help us visualize the problems of economic development. This is the population problem that cuts away at both milieux. At home the rolls of relief mount steadily as the city poor produce more children than can be easily absorbed into society. Abroad, this disproportion between the rate of production of impoverished human beings and their social absorption takes on nightmarish dimensions. Each year we have

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watched Asia, the Near East, much of Africa and Latin America in a race between survival and starvation—a race that has already produced a devastating famine in India two years ago. By the year 2000 we shall have to run this race with twice as many human beings, and even with the brightest hopes for agricultural improvement, no one can face that prospect without flinching. President Ayub of Pakistan has put the threat succinctly: "In ten years' time, human beings will eat human beings in Pakistan."

Ten Thousand a Day

These are some of the obstacles to economic development—obstacles that are obscured behind the bright slogan of "the revolution of rising expectations." They make it clear that much more is needed to bring improvement to the backward areas than money, just as much more is needed in our slums. At home, moreover, we are dealing with a minority that is in some kind of touch with a prevailing culture into which most of its members would, if they could, gladly enter. Abroad we are dealing with an ingrown, suspicious peasantry that has little or no understanding or acceptance of the modern ways that produce "loose" women and "disrespectful" children and a snubbing disregard of the wisdom of the village elders. So, too, at home we have an upper class that, however insulated from the slums, does not find its social position fundamentally incompatible with slum clearance. Abroad the clearance of the vast rural slums requires that its beneficiaries—the landed ruling class—give up their power and position to another ruling group. And finally, whereas the population problem at home exacerbates the problem of bringing economic improvement to the slum, abroad it renders this problem unmanageable.

Thus although Harlem and Watts give us some insights into India and Brazil, the problems of the latter are a thousandfold larger and more intractable than those at home. That is why the changes needed to bring development to the backward areas are so far-reaching that they are hard to describe as "reforms." Take, for example, the question of land reform—the breakup of the vast semi-feudal land holdings that everyone, including our government, recognizes as incompatible with development. In Latin America, according to Oscar Delgado, an official in the Inter-American Committee on Agricultural Development in Washington, "There are families who own more land than is occupied by a number of sovereign states. . . . Statistically speaking, Latin America ha the highest index of concentrated rural propert in the world."

To urge land "reform" on such a society i tantamount to a visitor from Mars urging stoc "reform" on us—telling us that great social bene fits would accrue from breaking up the concen tration of two-thirds to three-fourths of a privately owned corporate stock that lies in th hands of the top 2 per cent of American families With how much enthusiasm would such a proposa be received in the U. S. and with how much car ried out? Precisely the same response has greete other proposals for land reform in Latin America

But the trouble is not wholly that of uppe classes who are unwilling to change the socia system on which their power and prestige ar based. There are other nations in the world- India is of course the prime example—where th terrible and persisting absence of necessary socia change comes from the inability of mild men o goodwill to translate good intentions into effectiv deeds. Somehow a squabbling Congress, a nepo tistic bureaucracy, and an overpowering atmos phere of futility have smothered every impetu to change, so that despite the intelligence and hu mane aspirations of the national leadership, w look with horror at the spectacle of the rottin poor who somehow cannot be housed or fed or pu to work; at the world's largest collection of cattle roaming through the country as an untouchabl symbol of holiness and active agent of famine; a tens of thousands of still isolated villages where tens of millions of women remain in ignorance or fear of birth control.

It would be cruelly wrong to suggest that no progress has been made in the underdeveloped world. Compared with the past, giant strides have been taken. In Asia and Africa, millions of persons who, had you asked them to identify themselves a generation ago would have answered that they were so and so of such and such village, now answer that they are Pakistani, or Algerian, or whatever: the dangerous but necessary infection of self-conscious nationalism has become virtually pandemic. So, too, stirrings of modernization have made their way into the remote hamlets of Asia and Latin America alike: radios bring news of events in the capital city and the outer world; the cinema stirs imaginations; visitors from the cities bring new seeds which, cautiously tried, often bring better crops; there is talk of a school; a road is improved; an irrigation dam is built.

These changes are important and cumulative, but they must not be magnified out of proportion. First, were there no such changes, the Malthusian

lemma would by now have pushed even more illions below the starvation line (as it is, an timated *10,000 people a day* die of malnutrition the underdeveloped areas). Second, the sum tal of all these changes has not been enough to celerate the rate of economic growth. In Latin merica as a whole, gross national product has own by a *smaller* percentage in each successive e-year period between 1950 and 1965. Virtually where in Asia or the Near East or Africa does tput per capita show a strong steady upward end.* And last and most important of all, there no evidence that the people themselves have en roused from their torpor, no release of ergies from the great stagnant reservoir of manity that is the basic repository of backardness itself.

Instead what we see in virtually every corner the underdeveloped world is a terrible changessness that it seems impossible to affect. What e call "economic development" is in truth little ore that a holding action that has succeeded ly in building up the dikes just enough to keep e mounting population from washing away erything, not a movement that has invested fe with a new quality. Change, insofar as it is eing introduced, comes at a pace that is disouraging even to the most dedicated enthusiast. hus we no longer hear the trumpets sound for e Alliance for Progress or the U. N. Developent Decade. The outlook is for a continuation, o doubt with some small improvements, of the revailing misery, filth, ill-health, and hunger or as long ahead as we can see.

This is not a "pessimistic" estimate. To be pesimistic would be to suggest a *worsening* of curent trends—a cut in foreign aid, a petering out of e few birth-control programs that have begun, collapse of foreign or domestic investment in the nderdeveloped world because of growing unrest here, a deterioration rather than an improvement n the caliber of governments. An optimistic apraisal would assume the contrary of these things.

*But what about the fabulous new agricultural echniques, such as the new seeds that yield up to wice the weight of output of present varieties? Our ager endorsement of technology as the cure for nderdevelopment reveals all too clearly our failure o understand the social environment in which the rocess of change takes place. For the new seeds (in ndia and South America) are first used by the richer easants. The poorer ones cannot afford to experinent for fear of starvation if the seed fails, or simply ecause, being poor, they are least "ready" for change. As a result the disparity in income between the upper stratum of peasants and the lowest widens. There is nore food—but there is also more social misery.

A realistic appraisal, I think, assumes that matters will go on much as they have gone on—a forecast that offers little room for rising expectations on our part.

To this general outlook for a continuation of the prevailing hopelessness of the backward world we must now add one final, all-important exception. It is that the sapping inertia of the underlying populace *has* been overcome within the last half-century in a very few nations.

One of these is of course Russia, whose leap into modernity has been the most extraordinarily rapid social transformation in history. Another, still more striking, is China. Even more hopeless, corrupt, and miserable than Russia, China was the source of endless horror stories of peasants eating mud when the crops failed, of the sale of daughters into prostitution to ward off starvation, of the subhuman degradation of the "coolie," the ricksha boy, the city homeless. China, in a word, was like India. But that too has changed. In China, we no longer find the homeless on the street, or forced prostitution, or children deliberately mutilated to become appealing beggars, although we still find all of these things in India. Nor do we find corruption in government, or an inability to distribute food supplies in bad times so as to provide a fair ration for all. More significant, we see an all-important redirection of Chinese life away from the endlessly static past to a new future—a redirection nowhere more dramatically expressed than in the spectacle of the youthful Red Guards indulging in the heretofore unthinkable action of defying their elders. To be sure, as the Red Guard also symbolizes, China is a nation in a paroxysm of change that has brought much that is ugly, cruel, and mean. And yet, before we condemn it for its very obvious evils, let every reader ask himself into which society he would take his chances as an anonymous human being today—India or China?

Last, there is the case of Cuba, never so impoverished as the other two, but also afflicted with the curses of underdevelopment in an uneducated rural proletariat and a corrupt city one. Every report from Cuba emphasizes that a tremendous effort is being made to eradicate these ills. Gambling and prostitution have disappeared in Havana. A great effort is being made in the countryside to bring education and agricultural reform. And if we may believe the testimony of articles both in *Look* Magazine and in the *New York Times*, a new and genuine spirit of idealism and endeavor is to be found among the young.

I do not wish to rhapsodize over these countries in which life is still hard and harsh, and if one

is an intellectual, often impossibly demeaning. Nor should one slight the important fact that China has not tackled its population problem and that Cuba has not yet built a well-functioning economy. Both nations may fail to bring about economic growth. Yet I would insist on one central achievement whose importance it is impossible to overstate. It is that these nations *have* succeeded in touching and bringing to life the deadened humanity that is the despair of the underdeveloped world. Even if they fail now, they have opened the way for a future assault that can succeed. One may fault the communist nations on many grounds, not least that of morality—and on that score I will have more to say later—but one must also admit that they have brought hope, enthusiasm, and effort to the common people of their lands. *Of how many other backward nations can this be said?*

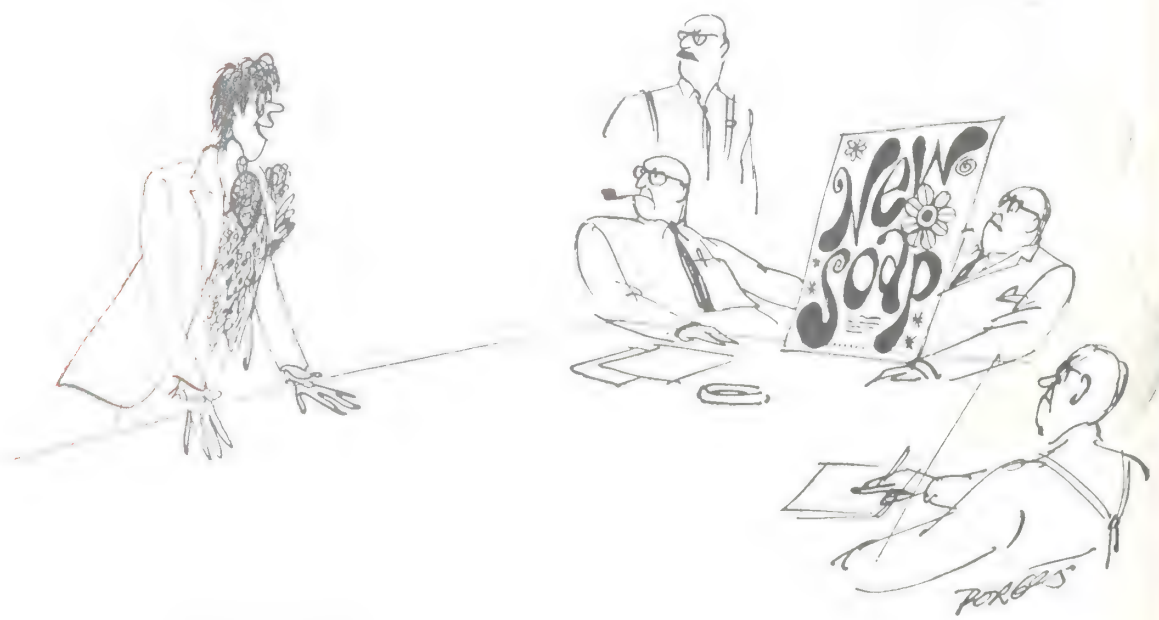
Is Communism the Answer?

Does this imply that only a communist government can bring about the revolution of rising expectations that is indeed the foundation on which development must rest?

This is not the conclusion I wish to urge. There are also a few noncommunist—although, please note, revolution-based—countries, Turkey and Mexico in particular, where at least the beginnings of a mass awakening have been carried out. Thus it is not communism, either as a system philosophy or as a particular party, that mak the crucial difference, but a political moveme that has the courage, conviction, and ruthle energy to carry through a program of moderniz tion from top to bottom.

What is the galvanic force of such a movemen It lies first in the overthrow of an existing regi that is unable or unwilling to change the soc order on which it rests. But that is only the init stage in a developmental revolution, as contrast with a purely political one. Next, such a mov ment must move with the full power of an a thoritarian will to impose a program of chang often unwanted change—upon the very people whose name the revolution has been waged—t underlying peasantry. Finally, it must bring bear whatever economic compulsion is needed mount the massive redeployments and concentr tions of labor that will be needed to move t economy off dead center.

In this painful process, the spread and degr of development that can be accomplished depe very largely on the willingness and ability of t revolutionary group to press relentlessly f change. It is for this reason that democracy a capitalism are not instruments of the revolutic ary impulse, for there are certain changes th neither one permits even when they are essent for modernization. For instance, our own natior goal of racial equality—a change that might regarded as part of our own modernization—h



"I like it!"

been seriously impeded by the democratic process of consulting the will of the majority. How fast can one bring equality when large numbers—perhaps even majorities—do not wish to have it brought? So, too, our ability to raze and rebuild the slums is crippled by our insistence on relying on a market mechanism and on deferring to prerogatives of private property, with the result that urban renewal has come to a virtual halt. It is not surprising, then, that revolutionary parties, facing emergencies of far greater seriousness than anything we must deal with at home, utilize authority and command, and do not brook democratic dissent or rely on market incentives.

Chances for Slowing Down

Thus revolution, authoritarianism, and collectivism are often the *only* instruments by which essential social changes can be made. But having stated this as a generalization, let us now modify and soften the case as it applies to many individual nations. One need hardly say, for instance, that the prognosis for revolutionary change does not apply to Europe, where communism is an agent not at all for modernization but rather for political retrogression. But even in the backward world it would be wrong to deny the possibility of a more gradual and less traumatic evolution in some instances. In Africa, for example, many new nations are now undergoing the first trials of nationhood, including above all that of creating national consciousness and loyalties where only tribal affiliations existed before. These countries may experience their share of coups and turmoil, but it is unlikely that they will constitute fertile ground for mass revolutionary activity until a genuine national community has been forged. And perhaps by that time a workable "African socialism" will permit the rigors of a revolutionary movement to be by-passed.

In Latin America the situation is much more revolution-prone, but even here some important nations may carry out their internal transformations without wholesale revolution. Argentina, with its relatively high standard of living and its low rate of population growth may be one such; Chile—provided that the reforms of President Frei are not blocked by the landholding and foreign interests—is another. As we have already said, Mexico, with a bloody revolution of national identity and foreign expropriation behind it, should be a third. In Asia, the long-run outlook is, perhaps least propitious of all, and yet even here a few nations may bring development to pass without resort to violent upheavals. Moreover, even in these most labile areas, it is unlikely that revolution impends immediately. The incumbent governments in Latin America have strong military forces at their disposal (and are using them); the peasants in Asia are as yet largely unorganized and apathetic. Hence the outlook is not for uprisings everywhere, but for a gradually mounting pressure, a growing instability, as the combination of weak and inept governments and cancerous population growth works its fatal results.

Finally, taking the world as a whole there is always the possibility that a heroic effort to bring birth control to the masses, especially through the use of the plastic intrauterine device, might slow down the Malthusian timetable sufficiently to allow slower processes of change to work their way. Yet realism tells us that such a program will take decades to carry out; 97 per cent of the world's women do not use the pill or the plastic insert.

Last, when revolution comes, the leadership may spring from many sources other than Communist party membership. Angry and disillusioned army officers, idealistic middle-class intellectuals, even peasant guerrilla leaders may provide the nuclei that seed the clouds of potential disaffection. A movement that begins as a mere palace coup may find itself carried on its own momentum into a revolutionary trajectory. Thus revolution and communism are by no means synonymous, although it is undeniably true that communists are working for and eager to lead a revolutionary thrust.

Whatever the leadership, however, it is clear that some sort of authoritarian nationalist socialism will be the vehicle of change. Whether or not this socialism will become communist—that is, whether it will accept the dogmas and doctrines of Marxism and Maoism or seek active alliance with Russia and China—depends on many events internal and external to the nation in question (including our own actions). The nationalism that is so powerful a motive force in revolutions tends to drive the leadership away from communism because of its danger of vassalage to a great state; the need for moral support and technical advice may drive it toward accepting or concocting some version of the communist catechism.

But it is important to realize that we should not expect the attitude of a noncommunist revolutionary regime toward the United States to be very different from that of a communist one. For it is the unhappy fact that the United States in

recent years has thrown its support against *all* revolutions and provided its backing for *all* groups that have opposed revolutions, regardless of the merits of the one or the demerits of the other—the scandal of our Dominican invasion, our Guatemalan "success," and our Cuban "failure," our backing of the militarist Branco in Brazil, and now our intervention in Vietnam all being instances in point. In the essential process of social surgery that must be performed if many backward nations are to be brought to life, it is the United States—for good reasons or bad—that delays the necessary stroke of the blade. That is why the revolution of economic development must become an anti-American revolution unless the United States changes its ways.

In Place of Fortress America

But how to change our ways? How to cope with the forces of economic development? To date we have lived with it in a curiously schizophrenic way. On the one hand we have been the leading agent of international assistance through AID, the Peace Corps, Food for Peace, etc. On the other hand we have been the leader of the antirevolutionary forces of the world.

We have not, of course, meant to be schizophrenic. The possible connection between revolution and development has never been pointed out to us, particularly since the modernizing efforts of communism have been obscured by our steady emphasis on its repressive elements. Nor have we meant to oppose development in backing right-wing or center governments of Latin America or Asia. We continue to believe that development can take place gradually and peaceably, preferably with governments that "understand" the needs of the American business community. Hence our schizophrenia has ultimately been the price of self-deception—of unwillingness to confront the demanding process of development fearlessly or to acknowledge the inadequacies of our client governments to initiate deep and rapid social change. But now, if my prognosis is correct, this self-deception will be increasingly difficult to practice. As the pressures of revolutionary change build up, partly as a result of the bankruptcy of American policy in Vietnam, we shall have to face more squarely the harsh calculus of the developmental process. Indeed, the rise of the development revolution will force us to choose among one of three policies for the future.

The first of these is a continuation of our present policy. This will commit us to determined antirevolutionary activity, both political and military, wherever radical elements threaten to overthrow existing governments. I will not argue the consequences of this policy except to point out again that it presents the likelihood of a succession of Vietnam wars for the indefinite future.

An imaginable alternative is a volte-face in policy that would turn us away from all contact with the underdeveloped world. This would entail the creation of a fortress America, without diplomatic or economic—or direct military—contact with any revolutionary nations, defensively turned away from the inimical changes taking place in the underdeveloped continents. In the end this may be a policy to which we are forced to retreat, but it presents obvious dangers to the United States. An isolationist America, at bay in a revolutionary world, would bring forth the worst tendencies in this country, encouraging every superpatriot, fanning the fires of suspicion and fancied subversion, and submerging the humanitarian impulses that are the best side of the American national character.

The third policy is by far the most difficult to pursue, but is ultimately the only constructive course to follow. It is a policy of neutrality toward the revolutionary movement—a neutrality that ceases to oppose all revolutions as such, although not ceasing to differentiate between revolutionary regimes that we can actively support and those that we cannot. Such a policy does not ask us to endorse regimes that are bitterly anti-American in utterance or intolerable in behavior, nor does it prevent the political and military support of conservative government regimes threatened by subversion or submersion from neighboring states, *provided that these governments have the support of their people as a whole.*

But it would force us to change our present attitudes and actions in several regards. First it would call for an immediate halt to military aid to reactionary regimes and for a cessation of clandestine activity against revolutionary movements. Second, it would require an acceptance of some form of revolutionary nationalist socialism as the political and economic order most suited to guide many developing nations in their desperately hard initial stages of change. Third, it would permit the continuation of humanitarian programs of food and medical aid, as well as technical assistance of a nonmilitary kind, for all governments, revolutionary or not, provided that reasonable standards of international behavior were met.

I need not point out the problems of steering such a course—of determining which revolutionary governments were acceptable and which govern-

ents under pressure warranted our support. But
ıese problems would certainly be less than those
ıcountered under a policy that recognized no
evolutionary governments and that supported all
ıtirevolutionary ones. Indeed, if such a prag-
atic and noninterventionist policy could be pur-
ıed in the future, a kind of victory could yet be
ıatched from the otherwise pointless and hideous
ıcrifices of the Vietnam war. For then it could
e said some day that this war was for American
oreign policy what the Great Depression was for
omestic policy.

However difficult to carry out abroad, the real
fficulties of such a policy of neutrality are apt
o be encountered at home. For in changing our
ance from one of belligerent opposition to one
f neutrality, recognition, and selective aid, we
ould be sure to hear two frightening accusations
om many groups in America.

The first of these would be that we were aiding
ıd abetting an international aggressive move-
ent whose rise would eventually engulf us.
rightening though it is, this accusation could be
ıswered with some degree of assurance. For one
ing, the alternative—military action abroad—
as been revealed by the Vietnam war to be a
olicy that can bleed us white. For another, it is
ıcreasingly evident that communism is no more
f a unified world force than capitalism ever was,
ıd that the rise of many intensely nationalistic
evolutionary states is much more apt to result in
ıternecine warfare among themselves than in
ilitary action against us. Let us recall the ten-
ons between Russia and its satellites, between
ussia and China, and between both nations and
uba when the cry of a communist "bloc" is
ıised. And last, there is simply the enormous
isparity in industrial and military strength
etween America and Europe (and perhaps Russia
n our side as well), and the populous but im-
overished masses of the revolutionary world. A
evolutionary world will assuredly be an extraor-
inarily dangerous, thin-skinned and rhetorically
ggressive environment in which to make our
ay; but the specter of concerted military action
f its impoverished governments against the rich
ations an ocean's distance away is a fantasy that
hould not be difficult to destroy.

Not so easy to allay is another alarm that would
ccompany a policy of neutralism. It is that in
cquiescing in the rise of communist (or even
oncommunist) regimes, we were condoning evil
or expediency's sake.

This is not an accusation that can be readily
ountered by an appeal to reason. There is a strain
f fundamentalism among sections of the Ameri-
can people that regards communism as the ulti-
mate evil with which no compromise is imagin-
able and toward which no attitude but fear and
loathing is possible.

It is true enough that communism has been a
perpetrator of evil and it is all too likely that more
evil will be committed in its name (or in whatever
name is inscribed on the banners the revolution-
ists of development will carry). Yet if one cannot
and should not seek to minimize the weight on
that side of the scale of human suffering, one
should also have the courage to pile up whatever
weights belong on the other side.

This is not an operation we have carried out
honestly. We tend to count carefully each corpse
attributable to the terrorists, guerrillas, or
avowed soldiers of revolutionary action, but to
ignore the bodies of those who perish because of
the actions of our own side, military or not. To
whom, for example, should be charged the per-
manent and irreversible mental and physical
stunting of Latin America's children that follows
from an inability to alter the established social
order? To whom shall we debit the grisly corpses,
living and dead, in the streets of Bombay? In
what account shall we enter the hunger of those
who live within sight of the expensive restaurants
of New Delhi or Lima or Hong Kong?

One does not know which way the scales of
history would tilt if all the evils attributable to
both sides were piled on their respective balances.
But there is the uncomfortable suspicion that
ours might not necessarily be the lighter side
of the scale. What exists in most of the world
beyond our borders is a condition of human
indignity and degradation that verges on the un-
speakable. If we are to set ourselves against a
movement, however violent or cruel, that has
demonstrated its ability to lead such men out of
their misery for at least the first critical stage of
the journey, we must at least offer something as
good in its place. At this juncture it is the shame-
ful fact that we have nothing as good, and worse
than that, have ranged ourselves against nearly
every movement that might have led men toward
a better life, on the grounds of our opposition to
communism. Now the question is whether Amer-
ica will take its ultimate stand on the side of
humanitarianism or moralism, self-reliance or
fear, open-mindedness or dogma. The challenge
goes to the very core of this nation—its structure
of power and economic interest, its capacity for
reasoned discussion, its ultimate inarticulate
values. It is not alone the life and death of anony-
mous multitudes that is weighed in the balance,
but that of American conscience, as well.

Harper's Magazine, September 1968

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Sherman E. Lee

THE IDEA OF AN ART MUSEUM

The director of a great institution takes sides in the unending controversy between two radically different philosophies.

> I am not overfond of museums. Many of them are admirable, none are delightful. Delight has little to do with the principles of classification, conservation, and public utility, clear and reasonable though these may be.

Paul Valéry's words are, on the whole, just; they recognize that the art museum is with us, that it has a *raison d'être*, that it can be admirable, that a major gift of art is delight. I could not ask for more.

Modern usage of the term "art museum" seems to me a blanket covering a multitude of huddled shapes—some vague, others with a more definite topography, all overlaid with fuzzy rationalizations. In one city, art museum may really mean community art center, an institution dedicated to participation in the arts. The arts, in this case, might be an ill-defined complex ranging in activity from puppets and modeling in clay to painting (as distinct from paintings) and the performing arts. Another city may envision an art museum as a hall of temporary exhibitions, a mirror of the available arts of the day: Picasso and Wyeth, creative photography and good design. This pragmatic acceptance of the art museum as a "good thing," this often frantic activity, hardly provides the proper environment for observation, thought, and choice of direction. The evaluation of the historic position of the art museum in our modern society is often lost in the shuffle of doing; or, worse, deliberately avoided in the daily pressures of economic necessity and the peripheral demands of various segments of society that use art for their own, not always unselfish, purposes. In view of this confusion and despite the temptation to "let one thousand flowers bloom," I should like to examine the idea of an art museum.

The word "museum," coming from the Greek *μουσεῖον*—a place connected with the Muses and hence, with the arts—gives comfort to the advocates of multiplicity. But the word "art" gives us pause. Originally connoting skill—the art of painting, the art of war—the word came to encompass the products of skill and, more importantly, of visual imagination. Later still, just before and during the Renaissance, art was construed to apply especially to painting and sculpture, to a higher, finer art than that produced merely by skill. (Such a hierarchy had already been anticipated by the Chinese in their escalating classification of painters into skillful, wonderful, and divine; and in their castigation of the lowly artisan, including the sculptor.) From this particular development arose the concept of the art gallery as a museum of pictures alone, and of the museum of fine arts, for painting and sculpture. This view seemed more and more parochial as the horizon of the Occidental historian widened to include the Middle Ages, the Orient, and finally what we call primitive man, for whom easel paintings or the figure in the round were simply not accepted vehicles of artistic expression. Clearly a broader foundation for art, including both what had been called fine art and minor art, had to be established.

In the twentieth century numerous writers have stressed the formal visual values of art as underlying all its manifestations. Clive Bell's "significant form" and Berenson's "tactile values" are but two of many examples. It remained for Henri Focillon, the great medievalist, most movingly and poetically to express this view on a solid base of historical knowledge and to welcome the values largely neglected by others. Focillon be-

lieved that the artist—whether sculptor, painter, potter, or goldsmith—thought, felt, imagined, and above all worked in forms. Words for the writer and sounds for the musician, but forms for the artist.

Let us return to the Western museum before 1900. Begun in the sixteenth century as a *Wunderkammer* in the North or an *Antiquarium* or *Galleria* in the South, it developed, for example, into the National Gallery of London, for pictures only, and the Louvre, a general museum of art and what were called antiquities. But London and Paris were, with other centers, dedicated to the preservation and display of worthy art of the past. The museums were used by educators as *sources*; for original experience before original works of art, for schooling in technique, for the study of art history or iconology. It was the Victoria and Albert, founded by the Prince Consort as a museum to further the industries and crafts of England, that first fully embodied the concept of the museum as an educational institution with the works themselves as a *means* of public education. The concept was particularly amenable to the rising American sense of democratic education, and by the mid-twentieth century the art museum has come to flourish as a center of art education for the community. Since the second world war this use of works of art as a means of achieving the good life has often been assumed to be the primary function of the art museum. Indeed, the educational programs of our museums have been much admired by some foreign visitors and their precepts carried back to the Old World —not, by any means, to meet with wholehearted acceptance.

At Odds on Philosophy

Today we are confronted with two radically differing and currently irreconcilable museum philosophies. One is summarized with appalling simplicity by Theodore Low in his wartime study, *The Museum As a Social Instrument:* "In short, they [men today] recognize that the *only real* justification for the existence of a museum lies in its degree of usefulness to society as a whole. . . ." We have all seen this museum before; at the end of its long and narrow gallery hangs an enormous canvas covered with bulging muscles and heroically stern eyes. The title is interchangeable: "The Party," "The Heroic Working Class," or "The Master Race."

A more subtle variation of this concept, derived from Alexander Dorner, is given by Samuel Cauman in *The Living Museum* (1958). Cauman sees the art museum as an instrument of evolution "to assist in the transformation of society by the creative energies of our moment in time." This echo of the Bauhaus, a proper one for a school or institute, continues, "The living museum holds our past and present together, not by imposing the past upon the present, but by showing its relation to the present. The new movements are seen as the leading edge of change; older works are seen as traces of the transforming process of the other days." Opposed to what Dorner and Cauman consider a "mythology" of ancient art, they wish to replace myth with science. As science progresses, new discoveries, new theories *supersede* old ones; today's science is condemned to obsolescence. And so it is, they say, with art.

The second theory, by no means a new and progressive one, was summarized in 1918 by Benjamin Ives Gilman in his *Museum Ideals of Purpose and Method.* (It is not without grim significance that he is not mentioned by Cauman, nor is the book listed in Low's bibliography.) Gilman's formula is quite plainly summarized, "While museums of other kinds are at bottom educational institutions, a museum of fine art is not didactic but aesthetic in primary purpose . . . ," and, the "conception of an art museum is not that of an educational institution having art for its teaching material, but that of an artistic institution with educational uses and demands."

Such a formulation recognizes that art and science are neither antagonistic nor at all the same thing. It recognizes that progress or evolution in science is paralleled by progress or evolution in the techniques or means of organizing works of art; however, as art—as meaning in form —its qualities may change, but Sung painting, Phidias, or Gislebertus are *not* superseded and obsolete.

I follow Gilman. The art museum has three major functions—preservation, exhibition, research and education. These are the assigned roles of the art museum in modern society. To this, except for a few fortunate institutions, is added the role of an indigent, marginal suitor for private or public funds. If the art museum is to be a force, whether an obvious or a subtle one, it must take a

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lesson from the art of war: the numerically inferior army does not disperse its limited powers, but by husbanding its resources and concentrating its blows makes its presence felt. And this presence is a visual one, not so much supported as confused by the simultaneous use of the sounds of Muzak or the words of Acoustiguide.

It is poetic justice that the rise of the art museum parallels that of industrialization. One can almost conceive of the art museum as a guilt-offering by industrial society, a place to preserve what is threatened with destruction. The first assigned function of the art museum is to preserve; its curators are keepers. And it is precisely because this preservation function may be an unconscious expression of guilt for the destruction of art, that this function is nearer to the truth of the museum than the more conscious justifications of education, encouragement of the arts, and research. These are all worthy, of course, but certainly they are secondary; preservation is the basic need both for the present and for posterity. One cannot have the remotest idea of what Rembrandt is all about unless one can see a Rembrandt painting in reasonably good condition—in brief, well preserved.

Once we admit the precedence of preservation, we are largely committed to the past. The argument that this concept of the museum is unworthy of "the living present" is the argument of those who are anti-historical, who fancy opinion over tradition and historically constructed taste, of fashion over style, of news over history. If man is the sum of his past and thinks he makes his present preferable to his past, then it is just the past that needs preserving.

But preserve what? In an art museum, art: those products of the visual imagination that the history of taste has established as art—whether a Chinese painting or a Vincennes porcelain. We have our exalted *and* selective idea of the art of the past precisely because we see it filtered through the taste of generations of connoisseurs. Anyone familiar with the dregs of the art market or of the storage rooms of old repositories knows how dreary the non-art past can be. As Hume noted in *On the Standard of Taste*, "The same Homer, who pleased at Athens and Rome two thousand years ago, is still admired at Paris and London. All the changes of climate, government, religion, and language have not been able to obscure his glory. Authority or prejudice may give a temporary vogue to a bad poet or orator; but his reputation will never be durable or general."

We preserve art by acquisition and selection, by rejection and deletion, by science and by taste. I cannot here go into the complex politics of acquisition by purchase or by gift. One aspect of preservation, however, may be of special significance, that of conservation, or more rudely, the care, cleaning, and restoration of works of art. This involves a distinction between the primary function of an art museum—the preservation of the artist's image—and the secondary consideration of the work of art as a physical object in the world of things.

No Halfway Measures

A continuing and bitter controversy over the cleaning of pictures in the National Gallery in London has pointed up the problem. (I am not concerned here with controversies about particular pictures.) The more articulate complainers about "cleaned" pictures cite the importance of the painting as image, while the defenders build their defense about the painting as a physical thing. But no painting today is the thing it was originally. It changes from year to year, decade to decade, in itself. The carmines are often fugitive, the greens blacken, glazes of thin color are abraded by too assiduous butlers. It is pointless to reconstitute a painting or preserve it in a present falsity. As an image, not a thing, it can never be quite the image it was at its origin, but, considered as a visual image rather than as a combination of chemicals, it can be a work of art. The preservation of the image can only be achieved by a combination of taste, respect, and sympathy with physical or chemical science. What must be left on the canvas is not just the pigments, each in its best present condition, but a moving and unified work of art. Such a crucial and subtle problem is a vital concern of a true art museum; it cannot be solved by hasty or dilatory gestures sandwiched between frenetic peripheral activities.

The works preserved should be exhibited. They were made for the delectation of a beholder. Again, there can be no halfway measures for the art museum. Exhibition means that the individual work may be seen in a sympathetic environment and that by the juxtaposition of numerous works of art, one may evaluate, discern, and compare. In the development of taste, comparison is the imperative means. Special exhibitions of works borrowed from afar and exposed to injury by travel or change of environment are justifiable only if the comparisons they allow are meaningful and contribute to more than local knowledge. The exhibition as theater, in which defenseless pictures become part of a jazzed-up dumb show, the exhibi-

)EMS OF THE 'SIXTIES

by Nikiphoros Vrettakos

ıe Companions

:e a closed Bible the black bread
on the table. Inside it were hands.
e hand that held the wheat and sowed it,
t which reaped it, that which kneaded it,
l that which cut it a short while ago.
tretch and touch it. I am not alone.
n't worry about me. We are all together here,
all these hands.

ıe Five Roads and Man

s face, like poured concrete
ınd with iron, reminds me of a sprung corner
or a steel plate
a doomed ship. Everything has left its mark
on him:
employer, poverty, war. Stares have fallen
er him like swords and have slashed him.
r him the stores sell nothing.
terward, when the sun closes its shop,
has nowhere to go promenading
the five streets of the earth.

Corner of Aeolos and Byssus

On the pavement a man seems to measure
time, distance, and light with his glance.
Where should he go? This way? That way?
He is uncertain.
He raises his cold palm to his forehead, attends
more carefully.
The sun of our century does not shine well.
(Once he walked
and leaped and danced. Once when he went out
the sun shone on him.
He recalls that there was a girl in red, a park,
a sea, a garden.)
And war
threatens to come again.

To burn his memory and his wooden leg.

Translated from the Greek by Thomas Doulis

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on à la mode, the exhibition of art as a history things, or the documentation of history by an iselective juxtaposition of inferior and superior orks of art—all are confusions of the value of orks of art.

And what of contemporary art, the art of our vn generation? Where does it fit into this idea an art *museum,* rather than an art *center* or *stitute*? In a sense—and not in any way a deroga-ry one—contemporary art has not yet been eval-ated by taste. As we all know from reading ewspapers or art-news magazines, it is very uch of the marketplace. Some publications even urry a page of current quotations in the art ourse." We would all love to be right in such a arketplace. But immediate judgments are hardly ecessary since contemporary works are not usu-lly in grave danger of destruction, and the sup-ort of the contemporary artist should come from ne healthy patronage of his contemporaries.

The art museum must acquire and show, within eason, works of contemporary art. Special exhibitions are a legitimate function of the art museum today, a function previously performed by salons, academies, and special splinter-groups. But, again, the exercise of selective judgment is essential. The museum should have the courage to represent an honorably chosen position and to judge. Such an attitude is commonly accepted in literary and musical criticism. If art museums do not show all the works of art that ever existed—*i.e.,* history rather than taste—they would be even more wrong to show what is news, that is, merely report on the current state of all art activity.

The idea of an art museum may not be exciting in the current usage of that word. But it is one that remains true to the idea of art as images worth preserving. It makes of the museum a living source of original visual knowledge, available to all. It accepts the occasional need for dilution, but it rejects adulteration. And it ensures, so long as it is possible of preservation, that the still living art of the immediate and distant past will remain visible.

Harper's Magazine, September 1968

Walker Percy

NEW ORLEANS MON AMOUR

"One comes upon it, in the unlikeliest of places,
by penetrating the depths of the Bible Belt,
running the gauntlet of Klan territory, the pine barrens
of South Mississippi, Bogalusa and the Florida parishes
of Louisiana. Out and over a watery waste and there it is,
a proper enough American city and yet
within the next few hours the tourist is apt to see
more nuns and naked women than he ever saw before."

If the American city does not go to hell in the next few years, it will not be the likes of Dallas or Grosse Pointe which will work its deliverance, or Berkeley or New Haven, or Santa Fe or La Jolla. But New Orleans might. Just as New Orleans hit upon jazz, the only unique American contribution to art, and hit upon it almost by accident and despite itself, it could also hit upon the way out of the hell which has overtaken the American city.

My tiny optimism derives not from sociological indices—which after all didn't help much in Detroit and New Haven. It has rather to do with a quality of air, which often smells bad, with a property of space, which is often cramped; and with a certain persisting non-malevolence, although New Orleans has the highest murder rate in the United States and kills more people with cars than Caracas.

The space in question is not the ordinary living space of individuals and families but rather the interstices thereof. In New York millions of souls carve out living space on a grid like so many circles on graph paper. These lairs are more or less habitable. But the space between is a horrid thing, a howling vacuum. If you fall ill on the streets of New York, people grumble about having to step over you or around you. In New Orleans there is still a chance, diminishing perhaps, that somebody will drag you into the neighborhood bar and pay the innkeeper for a shot of Early Times.

Mobile, Alabama, unlike New York, has no interstices. It is older than New Orleans. It has wrought iron, better azaleas, an older Mardi Gras. It appears easygoing and has had no riots. Yet suffers from the spiritual damps, Alabama anoxi Twenty-four hours in Mobile and you have th feeling a plastic bag is tied around your head an you're breathing your own air. Mobile's publ space is continuous with the private space of i front parlors. So where New York is a vacuun Mobile is a pressure cooker.

Philadelphia is suffocating but in a differer way. I speak from experience. Once I spent a hour in Philadelphia. I had got lost driving an instead of zipping by on the turnpikes, I foun myself in the middle of town. I parked and got ou and stood on a street corner near Independenc Hall, holding my map and looking for a street sig and also sniffing the air to smell out what manne of place this was. Some young Negroes were mop ing around, no doubt sons of sons of the Soutl They looked at me sideways. I asked a fellow fo directions but he hurried away. I hummed a tun and swung my arms to keep warm. Meanwhile al around us, ringing us 360 degrees around like a besieging army, were three or four million good white people sitting in their good homes reading *The Bulletin*. I got to thinking: I don't know a single soul in Philadelphia black or white. What is more, I never heard of anyone coming from Philadelphia except Benjamin Franklin and Connie Mack, or of anything ever happening in Philadelphia except the signing of the Declaration of Independence. What have all these people been doing here all these years? What are they doing now? They must be waiting. Waiting for what? For something to happen. Let me out of here!

Somebody said that the only interesting thing bout New Orleans was that it smelled different. here are whiffs of ground coffee and a congeries f smells which one imagines to be the "naval tores" that geography books were always speakng of. Yet the peculiar flavor of New Orleans is nore than a smell. It has something to do with ne South and with a cutting off from the South, vith the River and with history. New Orleans is oth intimately related to the South and yet in a eal sense cut adrift not only from the South but rom the rest of Louisiana, somewhat like Mont-aint-Michel awash at high tide. One comes upon t, moreover, in the unlikeliest of places, by penerating the depths of the Bible Belt, running the auntlet of Klan territory, the pine barrens of outh Mississippi, Bogalusa and the Florida arishes of Louisiana. Out and over a watery vaste and there it is, a proper enough American ity and yet within the next few hours the tourist s apt to see more nuns and naked women than he ver saw before. And when he opens the sports ages to follow the Packers, he comes across such nigmatic headlines as HOLY ANGELS SLAUGHTER SACRED HEART. It is as if Marseilles had been lucked up off the Midi, monkeyed with by Robert Moses and Hugh Hefner, and set down off John O'Groats in Scotland.

The River confers a peculiar dispensation upon he space of New Orleans. Arriving from Memphis or Cincinnati one feels the way Huck Finn did hoving off from Illinois, going from an encompassed place to an in-between zone, a sector of ontending or lapsing jurisdictions. On New Orleans' ordinary streets one savors a sense both of easement and of unspecified possibilities, in fine a latitude of which notoriety and raffishness—particularly its well-known sexual license—are only he more patent abuses.

What's in the Gumbo

Steeped in official quaintness and self-labeled "the most interesting city in America," New Orleans conceives of itself in the language of the old Fitzpatrick Traveltalks as a city of contrasts: thriving metropolis, quaint French Quarter, gracious old Garden District. Actually the city is a most peculiar concoction of exotic and American ingredients, a gumbo of stray chunks of the South, of Latin and Negro oddments, German and Irish morsels, all swimming in a fairly standard American soup. What is interesting is that none of the ingredients has overpowered the gumbo yet each has flavored the others and been flavored. The Negro hit upon jazz not in Africa but on Perdido Street, a lost nowhere place, an interstice between the Creoles and the Americans where he could hear not only the airs of the French Opera House, but also the hoedowns of the Kaintucks, and the salon music uptown. Neither Creole nor Scotch-Irish quite prevailed in New Orleans and here perhaps was the luck of it.

If the French had kept the city it would be today a Martinique, a Latin confection. If the Americans had got there first we'd have Houston or Jackson sitting athwart the great American watershed. As it happened, there may have occurred just enough of a cultural standoff to give one room to turn around in, a public space which is delicately balanced between the Northern vacuum and the Southern pressure cooker.

What makes New Orleans interesting is not its celebrated quaint folk, who are all gone anyway—Johnny Crapaud, the Kaintucks, the Louis Armstrongs—but the unquaint folk who followed them. The Creoles now are indistinguishable from the Americans except by name. There is very little difference between Congressman Hébert and Senator Claghorn of the old Fred Allen program. Every time McNamara closed down a base, say, an Army-mule installation in Hébert's district, the act would go on: "This strikes, I say, this strikes a body blow to the morale of the Armed Forces!"

The grandsons and daughters of Louis Armstrong's generation have gone the usual Negro route, either down and out to the ghetto or up into the bourgeoisie. The boy has likely dropped out of school and is in Vietnam; the girl maybe goes to college and talks like an actress on soap opera. Neither would touch a banjo or trumpet with a ten-foot pole.

Yet being unquaint in New Orleans is still different from being unquaint in Dallas. Indeed the most recent chunk added to the gumbo are the unquaint emigrés from the heartland, who, ever since Sherwood Anderson left Ohio, have come down in droves. What happens to these pilgrims? Do they get caught upon the wheel of the quaint, use up New Orleans, and move on to Cuernavaca? Do they inform the quaint or are they informed? Those who stay often follow a recognizable dia-

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lectic, a reaction against the seedy and a reversion to the old civic virtues of Ohio which culminates in a valuable proprietorship of the quaint, a curator's zeal to preserve the best of the old and also to promote new "cultural facilities." It is often the exheartlanders who save jazz, save the old buildings, save the symphony. Sometimes an outlander, a member of the business-professional establishment, who has succeeded in the Protestant ethic of hard work and corporate wheeling-and-dealing, even gets to be king of Mardi Gras these days, replacing the old Creoles for whom Fat Tuesday bore the traditional relation to Ash Wednesday. There has occurred a kind of innocent repaganization of Mardi Gras in virtue of which the successful man not only reaps the earthly reward of money but also achieves his kingdom here and now. The life of the American businessman in New Orleans is ameliorated by the quasi-liturgical rhythm of Mardi Gras, two months of carnival and ten months of Lent.

Here, in the marriage of George Babbitt and Marianne, has always resided the best hope and worst risk of New Orleans. The hope, often fulfilled, is that the union will bring together the virtues of each, the best of the two life styles, industry and grace, political morality and racial toleration. Of course, as in the projected marriage of George Bernard Shaw and his lady admirer, the wrong genes can just as easily combine. Unfortunately and all too often the Latins learned Anglo-Saxon racial morality and the Americans learned Latin political morality. The fruit of such a mismatch is something to behold: Baptist governors and state legislators who loot the state with Catholic gaiety and Protestant industry. Transplant the worst of Mississippi to the delta and what do you get? Plaquemines Parish, which is something like Neshoba County run by Trujillo. Reincarnate Senator Eastland in the Latin tradition and you end up with Leander Perez, segregationist boss of the lowlands between New Orleans and the Gulf.

Better than Harlem?

Yet things get better. There were times when Louisiana was like a banana republic governed by a redneck junta. Now New Orleans has people like Congressman Hale Boggs, who is actually a statesman, that is to say, a successful able moderate responsible politician. And the Baptist north produces Governor John McKeithen, who may well turn out to be a populist genius.

Moreover, despite the bad past, the slavery, the Latin sexual exploitation, the cheerless American segregation, the New Orleans Negro managed to stake out a bit of tolerable living space. Unlike the Choctaws who melted away like bayou mist before the onslaught of the terrible white man, the Negro was not only tough but creative. He survived and it is not a piece of Southern foolery to say that there are many pleasant things about his life. Even now it wouldn't take much to make New Orleans quite habitable for him. Here is the tantalizing thing: that New Orleans is by providence or good luck fairly close to making it, to being a habitable place for everybody, and yet is doing little or nothing to close the gap—while in cities like Detroit the efforts are strenuous but the gap is so wide that it has not been closed.

Thus the relative serenity of New Orleans—and the South for that matter—is subject to dangerous misinterpretation from both sides. The black militant says that the New Orleans Negro has not tried to burn the city down because he is afraid to. The Mayor and most whites would reply that the local Negro is better off and knows it that there is still a deep long-standing affection and understanding between the races etc., etc. Both are right and wrong. The New Orleans Negro is afraid but he still doesn't want to burn anything down—yet. Despite all, he has something his uprooted and demoralized brother in Watts does not have, no thanks to the whites, and which he himself is hard put to define. Said one Negro phoning into a recent radio talk program while the panelists were congratulating themselves on the excellent race relations in tolerant old New Orleans: "Man, who are you kidding? I've lived in New Orleans all my life and I know better and you know better. I know and you know that every Japanese and Greek sailor getting off a ship and walking down Canal Street is better off than I am and can do things and go places I can't go right here in my hometown. But where I'm going? Harlem? Man, look out!"

New Orleans can perhaps take comfort in the fact that this man still wants to live here, still has the sense of being at home, still has not turned nasty. He is still talking and is in fact not ill-humored. Treat him like a Greek or Japanese today and you have the feeling New Orleans could make it. But tomorrow? That is something else.

The only trouble is that as long as the Negro does not lose his temper nobody is apt to do anything about him and when he does it is too late. It is a piece of bad luck that the Negro, for whatever reason—and of course there are reasons—is like a piece of litmus paper which turns suddenly from blue to red. He takes it, looks as if he is going to keep taking it, then all of a sudden does

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not take it. There does not intervene in his case the political solidarity of the Irish and Italians. So with the Negro the blue litmus is always open to a misreading.

For any number of reasons New Orleans should be less habitable than Albany or Atlanta. Many of its streets look like the alleys of Warsaw. In one subdivision feces empty into open ditches. Its garbage collection is whimsical and sporadic. Its tax assessment system is absurd. It spends more money on professional football and less on its public library than any other major city. It has some of the cruelest slums in America and blood-sucking landlords right out of Dickens, and its lazy complacent city judges won't put them in jail. It plans the largest air-conditioned domed sports stadium in the world and has no urban renewal to speak of. Its Jefferson Parish is the newest sanctuary for Mafia hoods. Its Bourbon Street is as lewd and joyless a place as Dante's Second Circle of Hell, lewd with that special sad voyeur lewdness which leaves the less felicitous encounters between Latin permissiveness and Anglo-Saxon sex morality.

Its business establishment and hotelmen-restaurateurs are content that lewdness be peddled with one hand and Old World charm with the other [illegible] Street for the conventioneer, Royal Street for his wife—while everyone looks ahead with clear-eyed all-American optimism for new industry and the progress of the port. Yet there are even now signs that cynical commercialization will kill the goose. The Chamber of Commerce type reasons so: if all these tourists like the Vieux Carré, the patio-cum-slave-quarter bit, let's do it up brown with super slave quarters, huge but quaint hives of hundreds of cells laced with miles of wrought iron and lit by forests of gas lamps. An elevated expressway is planned along the riverbank in front of Jackson Square and St. Louis Cathedral, with a suitable decor, perhaps a wrought-iron façade and more gas lamps. Twenty years from now and the Vieux Carré may well be a Disneyland Française of high-rise slave quarters full of Yankee tourists looking out at other Yankee tourists, the whole nestled in the mouth around [illegible] expressways. The only catch is that the Yankee is not that dumb. When he wants synthetic charm he can buy it in Anaheim and he can find the real thing in Mexico.

If New Orleans has the good sense of St. Louis and Pittsburgh, which had much less to work with, it will at whatever cost save the Quarter and open it up to the River, thus creating the most charming European enclave, indeed the only one, in the country.

These are some of the troubles, and there ar many others. But the luck of New Orleans is tha its troubles usually have their saving graces. Ne Orleans was the original slave market, a name t frighten Tidewater Negroes, the place wher people were sold like hogs, families dismembere and males commercially exploited, the female sexually exploited. And yet it was New Orlean which hit upon jazz, a truly happy and trul American sound which bears little relation to th chamber music of Brubeck and Mulligan.

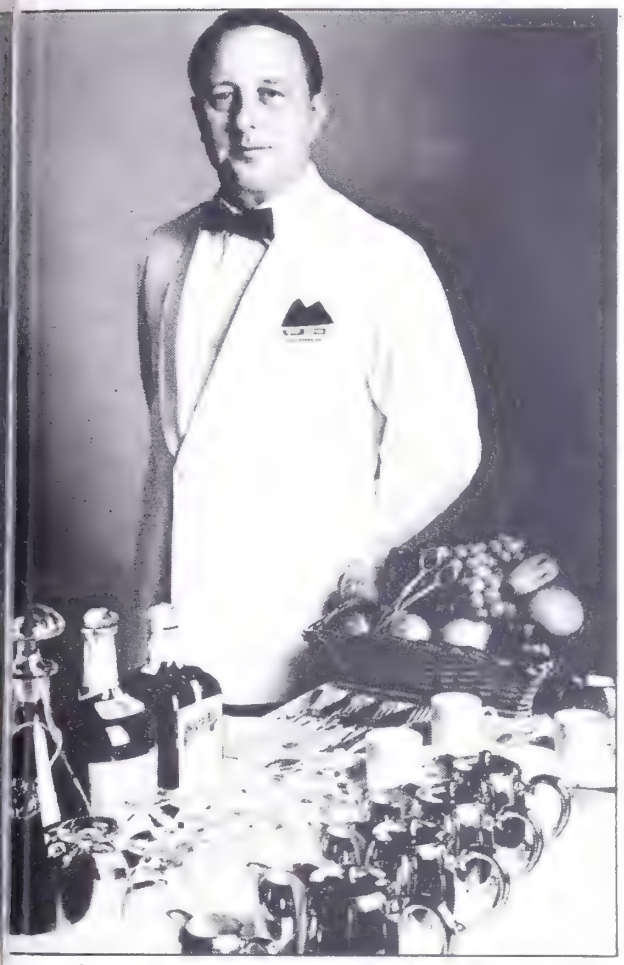
Shining Silver Lining

There is nearly always an *and yet*. Take the mass media. One might have supposed that New Orleans, with its history of colorful journalistic dissent, its high-toned Creole literary journals, its pistol-toting American editors, would be entitled to the liveliest journalism in the South. What has happened here instead is that the national trend toward newspaper monopoly has taken a particularly depressing form. The *Times-Picayune* is a fat, dull, mediocre newspaper which might as well be the house organ of its advertisers. Even the local Catholic archdiocesan weekly, hardly an exciting genre, offers a more provocative sampling of opinion on its editorial page. It runs Buckley next to Ralph McGill. The great debate in the *Picayune* is generally carried on between David Lawrence and Russell Kirk. It is not as bad as the Jackson *Clarion-Ledger* or the Dallas *Morning News* but it is not as good a newsgatherer as Hodding Carter's small-town daily up the River. The best that can be said of the *Picayune* is that, being money oriented, it does have money virtues. It is against stealing. In Louisiana this is not a virtue to be sneezed at. And even though the *Picayune* supported Governor Jimmy Davis, composer of "You Are My Sunshine," and the most lugubrious disaster ever to overtake any state, it has served over the years as the sole deterrent to the merry thieves both in Baton Rouge and New Orleans who otherwise would have stolen everything.

And yet. And yet there is WDSU-TV, owned by the Stern family, a sparkling oasis in the wasteland. It actually performs the duties of a medium. Its news staff is one of the best in the country. It cries when foul is committed and holds its nose when something stinks.

One might have supposed too that the old Jesuit-owned CBS outlet, WWL, would shed some of John XXIII's sweetness and light among rancorous Louisiana Christians, to say nothing of the

irst Class.
/ith the British it's a tradition,
ot an affectation.



The white-jacketed steward leans toward you. "Brandy, sir?" he asks softly. You nod. He pours. His movements are calm, precise, deferential without being patronizing. He vanishes —then reappears at your side just when you begin looking for a light. *He seems to anticipate my every need,* you think. *He's so...self-assured. Yet he leaves me feeling in charge. It's nice.*

It's also the mark of a professional. A way of doing things, an attitude, an art if you will that is centuries old. Perhaps it isn't inborn, but it certainly cannot be taught in eight weeks at airline school. A BOAC Chief Steward apprentices for at least thirteen years; a second steward, for six. You might say they were doing what comes naturally.

We British were selling first class tickets, and rendering first class service, when lords and their ladies traveled in rse-drawn carriages that careened precariously down dusty roads at ten miles hour. The "stewards" of that era kept the food hamper tightly shut, the seats sted, and their eyes out for highwaymen.

Today, they can serve seven-course meals on fine bone china in air-nditioned cabins streaking across the sky at ten miles a minute. Uncork a well-illed champagne 30,000 feet above the earth. And, when called upon, provide sthand knowledge of London's discotheques.

But they still dip into the past when it comes to dealing with you. They sense nen you'd rather grope for ideas than reach for petit fours. When you'd wel-me a few hours of rest more than another cocktail. And their English accents en't put on.

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Ku Klux Klansmen to the north. But although WWL radio is a powerful clear-channel station which covers the entire Southeast, its most enduring contribution to the national morale has been its broadcast of H. L. Hunt's "Lifelines," twice a day, year after year. Millions of farmers get the word about the wicked United States government while they milk their cows in the morning and thousands of taxi drivers hear it on their way home at night. If the South once again secedes from the Union and throws in with Rhodesia and South Africa, the Jesuits are entitled to a share of the credit.

And yet there is Jesuit Father Louis Twomey, who has done more than any one man hereabouts to translate Catholic social principles into meaningful action. His Institute of Human Relations has performed valuable services in labor-management conciliation, in its campaign for social justice for the Negro, and in the education of the unskilled.

And there is Loyola University which under new leadership is doing some admirable things in science and the humanities. As one professor expressed it: "We may be broke and we may not make it, but if we go down, we're going down in style."

Loyola sits cheek and jowl with Tulane University, which is in a fair way of becoming the first first-class university in the Deep South, although it has money problems too and it will probably never be able to compete for scholars and professors with Princeton and Stanford. What Tulane and Loyola should do is capitalize on the unique Creole-American flavor of their city and merge to form Greater Tulane University on the Oxford model, of which Loyola would be the Catholic college. It would be like Beauregard's Zouaves joining the Army of Northern Virginia. Clerical and anticlerical elements would be embroiled in a fruitful melee without which either party tends to become slack and ingrown. Such an institution would be as unique as New Orleans itself, or as the Napoleonic Code of Louisiana and the civil "parish." It could well be more catholic than a Catholic school and less dogmatic than a secular school.

New Orleans has the ideological flavor of a Latin enclave in a Southern Scotch-Irish mainland. There is a certain inner rigidity softened at the edges by Southern social amiability. Catholics tend often to be more Catholic than the Pope. There are always jokes going around about how Pope John had to die in his sleep to get to heaven (*i.e.*, awake, he'd be selling out to the Communists). Protestants are more conscious of being *not* Catholic, are indeed like Protestants of ol Unitarians are more anti-Trinitarian, anti-cler cals more anti-clerical; Freudians more Freudian anti-fluoridationists more passionate.

For all their orthodoxy, the churches—and syna gogues—have not exactly distinguished themselve in the recent years of racial turmoil. Williar Styron said that the Negro was betrayed in th South by those two institutions best equipped t help him, the law and religion. In New Orlean the law has somewhat redeemed itself. The home grown judges of the Fifth Circuit Court of Ap peals have shouldered almost the entire burde of racial justice. The Catholics, like everybod else, have been content to yield moral leadershi to the federal bench. Parochial schools integrat only when public schools are forced to. Protes tants and Jews are by and large silent. Th Episcopalians throughout the state have had thei hands full with a different sort of problem namely, staving off a *coup d'église* by their ow Birchers.

And yet. The first Negro Catholic Bishop i the United States was recently installed in New Orleans and has been received warmly. It is some thing to see him go into a Birchy parish and con firm a mixed bag of little blacks and whites an afterwards stand outside with his shepherd' crook shaking hands with the parishioners an talking with them in the kinfolk idiom Souther ners use. "Let me see now, Bishop Perry, wher did you say you come from? New Iberia? Do yo know so-and-so?"

The new white Archbishop, moreover, is a ma acutely aware of the needs of the poor and of th scandal of preaching the Gospel in air-conditione churches to people who do not have inside toilets

And yet again. The Protestant political hegem ony in Louisiana has produced John McKeither He is in the Huey Long populist tradition bu without the Long megalomania and he seems t be honest in the bargain. Recently McKeithen ra for Governor against a wild segregationist (a native of Indiana), came out flat for equal op portunity, and beat his man overwhelmingly.

The peculiar virtue of New Orleans, like St Theresa, may be that of the Little Way, a talen for everyday life rather than the heroic deed. I in its two hundred and fifty years of history i has produced no giants, no Lincolns, no Lees, n Faulkners, no Thoreaus, it has nurtured a grea many people who live tolerably, like to talk an eat, laugh a good deal, manage generally to b civil and at the same time mind their own busi ness. Such virtues may have their use nowadays Take food, the everyday cooking and eating there

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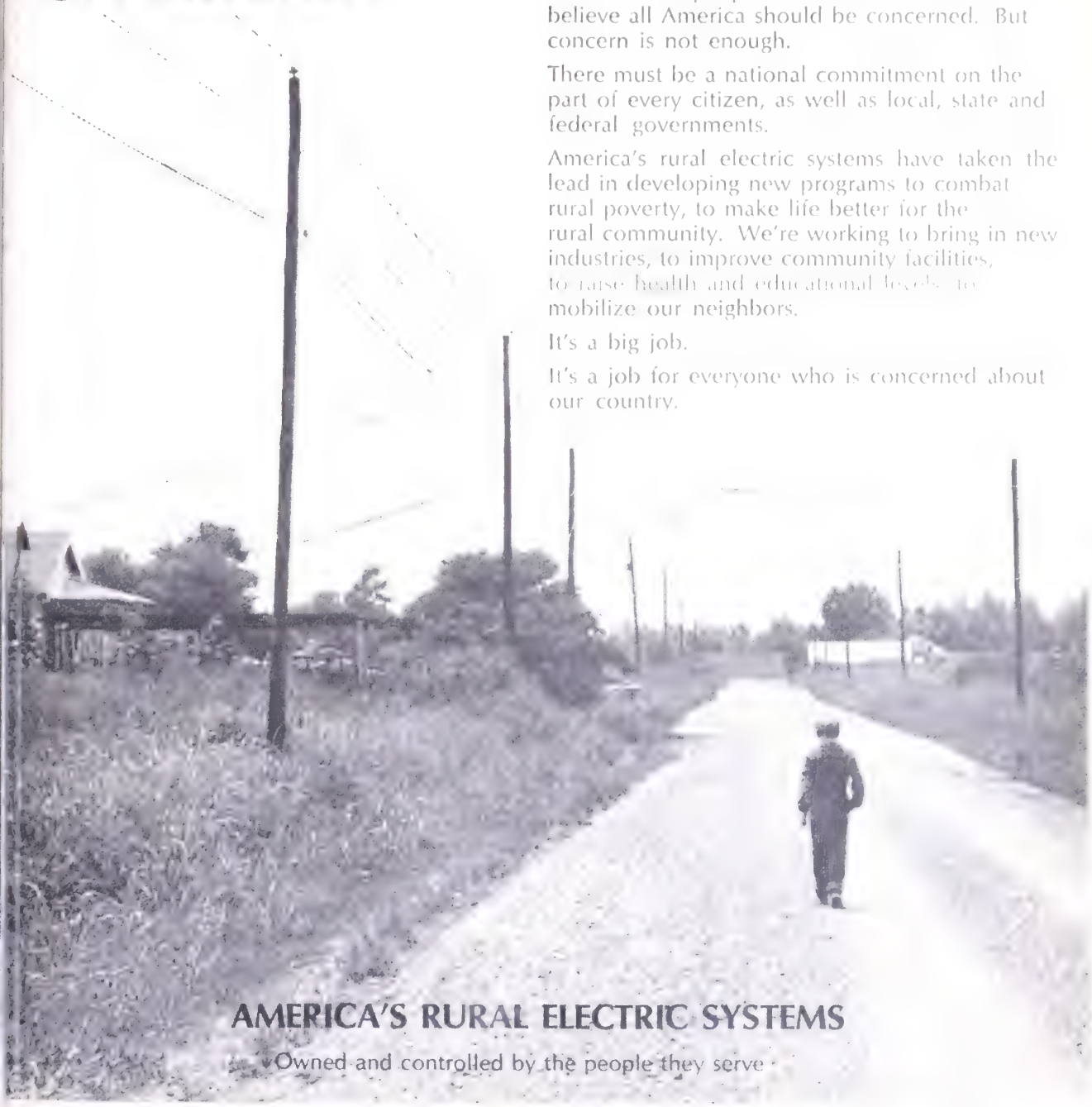
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of. It may be a more reliable index of a city's temper than mean family income. If New Orleans has no great restaurants, it has many good ones. From France it inherited that admirable institution, the passable neighborhood restaurant. I attach more than passing significance to the circumstance that a man who stops for a bite in Birmingham or Detroit or Queens, spends as little time eating as possible and comes out feeling poisoned, evil-tempered, and generally ill-disposed toward his fellowman; and that the same man can go around the corner in New Orleans, take his family and spend two hours with his bouillabaisse or crawfish bisque (which took two days to fix). It is probably no accident that it was in Atlanta, which has many civic virtues but very bad food, that a dyspeptic restaurateur took out after Negroes with an ax handle and was elected Governor by a million Georgians ulcerated by years of Rotary luncheons.

Nearly Everybody

But it is Mardi Gras which most vividly illustrates the special promise of New Orleans and its special problems. Despite the accusations leveled against it—of commercialization, discrimination, homosexual routs—Mardi Gras is by and large an innocent and admirable occasion. Unlike other civic-commercial shows, Macy's parade, cotton carnivals, apple and orange festivals (and a noteworthy Midwestern dairy fete which crowns its queen Miss Artificial Insemination), Mardi Gras is in fact celebrated by nearly everybody in a good-sized city. As the day dawns, usually wet and cold, one can see whole families costumed and masked beginning the trek to Canal Street from the remotest suburbs, places which are otherwise indistinguishable from Levittown.

The carnival balls which have been going on now every night for the past two months end tonight with the Comus and Rex balls. There is a widespread resentment of the parades and balls among tourists and folk recently removed from Michigan and Oklahoma who discover they can't get in. The balls and parades are private affairs put on by "krewes." A "krewe" is a private social group, sometimes an eating club, which stages a ball and perhaps a parade. Some seventy balls, elaborate, expensive affairs, are held between Twelfth Night and Ash Wednesday. The older krewes are quite snooty but even they are not socially exclusive in the same sense, as, say, poor-but-proud Charleston society. In New Orleans money works too. Here, where Protestant business ethic meets Creole snobbishness, the issue is kind of money pedigree. Like Bourbon whiskey the money can't be too green but on the othe hand it doesn't have to be two hundred years ol

The carnival ball itself is a mildly preposterou formal charade. It is a singular occasion for on good reason. Unlike the rest of American society, the balls, the parades, the krewes, the entire ca nival season, even the decorating, are manage by men. Women have nothing to say about i Even the queens are chosen by the all-mal krewes at sessions which can be as fierce as a G proxy fight. New Orleanians may joke about poli tics and war, heaven and hell, but they don' joke about society. This male dominance is prob ably more admirable than otherwise in a nationa culture where most males seem content to be por trayed as drudge and boob, nitwitted Dagwoo who leaves everything to Mama.

What is right and valuable about carnival i New Orleans is that it is a universal celebratio of a public occasion by private, social, and neigh borhood groups. It is thus an organic, viable foll festival, perhaps the only one in the United States

What is wrong seems to have gone wrong inad vertently and almost by bad luck. It is this: whil the unquaint white Protestant businessman is nov very much a part of it, the emerging Negro, th sober unquaint middle-class Negro, is left out Mardi Gras is the least of the Negro's trouble but is nevertheless a neat instance of his findin himself curiously invisible, present yet unac counted for. For there is hardly a place for hin in the entire publicly sponsored "official" celebra tion of Mardi Gras. White Orleanians will poin out that the Negroes have their own Mardi Gra over on Dryades Street. They do. There is, more over, a Negro parade, headed by King Zulu, wh traditionally gets drunk and falls off the floa while the parade founders. These doings were al quite innocent and unselfconscious and pleased everyone, black and white, though for differen reasons. It was only a few years ago, in fact, tha Louis Armstrong consented to be King Zulu. But for better or worse, times have changed. It is harder and harder to find a Negro to play the happy-go-lucky clown who, in a symbolically ap propriate role, loses his way and passes out cold in the street.

New Orleans' people—black and white—may yet manage to get on the right road. The city may still detour hell but it will take some doing Le craps was introduced to the New World by a Creole. Now, the stakes are too high to let ride on the roll of the dice. If they do, Johnny Crapaud and his American cousin will surely crap out.

Harper's Magazine, September 196

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James Baldwin: At Ease in Apocalypse

by Irving Howe

Tell Me How Long the Train's Been Gone, by James Baldwin. Dial, $5.95.

At least in our literature, the black man remains invisible. Almost anyone can rage about "the Negro question," almost anyone pronounce and exhort. But only two or three American novelists have thus far managed to write novels in which Negro men and women come through as credible figures. How disconcerting it is, how unsettling to our liberal pieties, that only from William Faulkner, a Southerner whose opinions on this matter ranged from the benighted to the befuddled, have we gotten a sizable group of Negro characters in whose reality we can immediately believe! Why blacks should be invisible to white writers we have no difficulty in supposing ourselves to know, usually through a masochistic notion that does little credit to the humanity of either color. But what is a good deal more baffling is the scarcity of serious fiction by Negro writers. There is Richard Wright's *Native Son* and, still more notable, Ralph Ellison's *Invisible Man;* there are a few younger Negro writers of talent though not yet fulfillment; and not much else.

A few decades ago we all thought we knew why Negro writers were blocked. They were castrated by the psychology of deference; they kept their anger bottled up; they had not achieved that identity which comes to the suppressed only through rebellion. Then Richard Wright published *Native Son*, a crude but overwhelming book, in which the central figure is not so much a distinctive human being as an elemental force through which to release the rage black men had not dared to express. Other Negro writers, stirred and perhaps liberated by Wright's achievement, tried to imitate his posture of wrath, but rarely with success; for as it turned out, the significance of *Native Son*, which I take to be a major American text, is at least partly that among books of its kind it was the one that came first.

In time, then, it began to seem that anger might not be enough and that protest might turn out to be a sterile box in which the middle-class whites, murmuring their guilt and sympathy, would be delighted to keep Negro writers locked. A young and then unknown black writer named James Baldwin wrote in 1951 that the failure of the protest novel "lies in its insistence that it is [man's] categorization alone which is real and which cannot be transcended." Rebelling against Richard Wright even while acknowledging that Wright had influenced him profoundly, Baldwin declared his wish to compose novels in which *the* Negro would be dissolved as a social phantom of hatred-and-condescension, and instead a variety of Negroes, in all their particularity and complexity, would be imagined. He wanted to write the kind of novel that would show the life of the Negroes through "an unspoken recognition of shared experiences which creates a way of life." And meanwhile he published those brilliant, nervous essays—gestures of repudiation, glimmers of intention—called *Notes of a Native Son*.

The program was Baldwin's, yet by a bitterly ironic turn, its realization came not from him but from another writer, Ralph Ellison, whose *Invisible Man* is the only novel written by an American Negro which on a major scale brings to imaginative life the experience of black people, both in the North and the South. Baldwin [illegible] publish *Go Tell It on the Mou[illegible]* a delicate narrative, blending me[illegible] and fiction, about his Harlem [illegible] hood; but his major talent, th[illegible] now, was for the essay, first thr[illegible] a style of Jamesian elegance and [illegible] through a style of flaming dec[illegible] tion. Yet the program which [illegible] young Baldwin set for himself—a[illegible] gram of aesthetic autonomy [illegible] faithfulness to private experien[illegible] against ideological noise and [illegible] stereotype—was almost impossib[illegible] the Negro writer to realize. Eve[illegible] *visible Man*, for all its imagin[illegible] freedom, could not do so complet[illegible]

In the early 'sixties there took [illegible] a fierce polemic between Ralph E[illegible] and myself concerning the role o[illegible] Negro writer in America, and [illegible] particularly, the extent to which [illegible] writer would have to accept the [illegible] ing of protest as his unavoidable [illegible] gation or burden. In the eyes of [illegible] literary people, Ellison had the b[illegible] of this exchange. He seemed to h[illegible] fending the independence of the [illegible] tive act and the right of Negro [illegible] compose with precisely the fre[illegible] white novelists enjoyed, whi[illegible] seemed to be saying that for the [illegible] seeable future the Negro wr[illegible] would not be able, even if they wi[illegible] to escape the imperatives of pr[illegible] There is no point in rehearsing h[illegible] argument here, and I am hardl[illegible] one to do it—except to remark th[illegible] those years the intellectual at[illegible] phere, strongly conservative [illegible] antipolitical, predisposed many [illegible] ple to sympathize with Elli[illegible] views, while today both of us wou[illegible] denounced as "finks" by mi[illegible] blacks and certain literary peop[illegible] whom a nuance of thought looms [illegible] personal affront.

He can [illegible] ... scale in [illegible]

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people say that only real milk from real cows tastes the ilk should. They are right. Lately it has been found nder certain forage conditions, adding a little real vita- to the cows' diet can improve the flavor of the milk. ake it our business to supply the dairyman with real in E for that purpose.

ne people want to decide for themselves at the cash er whether to favor the American dairyman or the ican farmer who produces vegetable oils which, with elp of emulsifiers we make from the products of still farms, go into a dairy product that resembles milk in ways than one. Numerous state legislatures have now ed that those people are right, too.

Help through knitting

Decubiti (bedsores) can make a large contribution to a patient's misery. We have been working with knitting mills, the American Institute of Laundering, and 2,000 hospitals to develop something more satisfactory than the traditional sheepskin pads. It turns out to be a ¾"–1"-deep pile knit fabric of 100% KODEL Polyester Fiber anchored to a sturdy, acrylic-coated polypropylene backing. It feels like rabbit fur. We hope you never feel it. But if you do have to look into the sizes and shapes available and don't know where to start, write Knit Merchandising Department at Eastman Chemical Products, Inc. (Subsidiary of Eastman Kodak Company), 260 Madison Avenue, New York City 10016.

As the artist sees

This year and next Jeannette Klute's exquisite work, as in years gone by, is bringing a joyful peace to the eyes of beholders at one-woman Klute shows in the exhibition halls of 26 lands. She hadn't thought of herself as an artist when she entered our employ in 1940, one of a crew of girls hired to run a color enlarger.



as parallels are scarce to the way Miss Klute's career loped, so uncommon is the scientist-artist collaboration her boss, the director of Photo Technology at Kodak. h M. Evans is himself an unusual director, provided with inistrative associates of such high competence that he function personally as a working scientist despite an ial responsibility for 431 other persons' work.

uman color perception is the field Evans has long ingated. Its phenomena underlie the best known part of business. Chemists to make the dyes in film and psychosicists to study color stimuli are not enough. Perception e product of stimuli and circumstance. There is no such g as brown light, but there *is* orange light. A surface from ch orange light enters the eye may look brown if other t enters from nearby at the same time. Brown is greyed orange. "Greyness," a new-found dimension which Evans is currently introducing to color science, can pass through zero and become "fluorence" when a color appears to glow with its own light. The artist's eye, such as Miss Klute possesses, has known since the days of the great painters what the scientists are now slowly learning and systematizing.

Hence the collaboration. Our cold-hearted goal, of course, is to pin down just what happens when a white border degrades a color print even though the colors remain physically unchanged, and we want to know what can or cannot be done to make a convenient color print stimulate and simulate as well as does the transparency or projected slide.





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Weyerhaeus

en Baldwin published his novel *er Country* in 1962, I saw it as cial confirmation of my views. his earlier values—complexity, ty, irony—were abandoned in of a style that was sometimes de, though never as powerful, as f Wright in *Native Son*. For *er Country* came out at a time the Negro revolt was beginning her strength, and Baldwin, who een one of its most eloquent pub- okesmen, probably could not avoided the stance of militancy if he had cared to—the very which in his early essays he ound so damaging to literary ement.

v, after having read Baldwin's novel *Tell Me How Long the 's Been Gone*, I have come to feel the whole problem of Negro ig in America is far more com- han I had ever recognized, prob- nore complex than even Ellison pposed, and perhaps so complex be, at this moment, almost be- discussion. *Tell Me How Long rain's Been Gone* is a remark- ad novel, signaling the collapse writer of some distinction. But from its intrinsic qualities, it make clear that neither mili- nor its refusal, neither a pro- of aesthetic autonomy nor its l, seems enough for the Negro st who wishes to transmute the f his people into a serious piece ion. No program, no rhetoric, no al position makes that much ence. What does make the differ- I would now be hard pressed to ut as I have been thinking about Negro writers I know or have I have come to believe that their ems are a good deal more per- than we have usually supposed. he Negro writer, if he is indeed a *writer*, public posture matters han personal identity. His prob- s to reach into his true feelings, y militant or passive, as distinct the feelings he thinks he should or finds it fashionable to have, the life of his fellow blacks. The writer shares in the sufferings exploited race, and it would be geous to suppose that simply by on he can avoid declaring his ge; but he is also a solitary man, ry insofar as he is a writer, soli- even more because he is a black r, and solitary most of all if he is a black man who writes. Frequently he is detached from and in opposition to other blacks; unavoidably he must find himself troubled by his relationship to the whole looming tradition of Western literature, which is both his and never entirely his; and sooner or later he must profoundly wish to get away from racial polemic and dialectic, simply in order to reach, in his own lifetime, some completeness of being. As it seems to me, James Baldwin has come to a point where all of these problems crush down upon him and he does not quite know who he is, as writer, celebrity, or black man; so that he now suffers from the most disastrous of psychic conditions—a separation between his feelings and his voice.

II

The protagonist of Baldwin's new novel is named Leo Proudhammer, and thereby is announced a program of sorts. Leo: lion, king of the cats. Proudhammer: the black man's pride affirmed as if with a hammer.

Proudhammer is a successful Negro actor in his middle years; he enjoys the adulation of both other blacks and the white middle-class public; he is sharp in tongue, cultivated in speech, but puny in body. No one will miss the likelihood that Leo Proudhammer is at least in part an imaginative version of James Baldwin. The mixture of self-caress and feline scratching with which Proudhammer is treated strengthens the impression that we are in the presence of a narcissistic image.

At the outset Proudhammer suffers a severe heart attack. He has been working too hard, driving himself toward a status that brings no peace, tearing at his psyche with the claws of ambition. He is a great success; but still black. He is the long-time lover of Barbara, a distinguished white actress; but also drawn to homosexual affairs, especially with a young black militant named Christopher who offers release from the multiple hang-up, as Baldwin conceives it, of rationality and the stable psyche.

Proudhammer lies recuperating in a hospital while Barbara and Christopher hover over him protectively. In abrupt flashes, he thinks back to the main events of his life, purring over and despising himself at the same time. The technique is not exactly a stunning innovation, but no matter: it has been serviceable in the past and could be again.

In one of the few persuasive portions of the novel, Leo's mind races back to the harshness of his boyhood in Harlem. There are echoes of *Go Tell It on the Mountain*: a grandiose, embittered, and weak father, his mind stocked with fantasies about old black kings even as he works at a wretched job in the garment center; a light-skinned warm mother, forever a haven; and Caleb, the older brother whom Leo loves and perhaps the only person he really can love. As a novelist, Baldwin has always been helpless before the mysteries of heterosexual love, and when he turns to homosexual love he usually drops into a whipped-cream sentimentalism which reminds one of nothing so much as the boy-meets-girl stories in the *Saturday Evening Post* of twenty years ago. The single strong and authentic affection he can dramatize is that between brothers, trapped together in a slum, despairing of their parents and the world, drawn into a web of incestuous defense.

James Baldwin can never be wholly uninteresting when he writes about Harlem, especially Harlem as seen through the eyes of a vulnerable black boy. This is the place he knows, the turf of his imagination. The boy Leo gets lost on a subway and is brought home, with an amused sardonic protectiveness, by a black stranger—an incident in which the quiet reality of racial bonds is shown far more convincingly than in scenes of screeching militancy. And the book is also alive whenever young Caleb and little Leo are together, learning to deceive their parents, discovering the threats and pleasures of the street, educating one another about the world that awaits them.

Yet even when he turns back to Harlem, Baldwin has become a slack and self-indulgent writer. Too frequently he falls back upon his worst fault: a lazy readiness to turn on his passionate rhetoric instead of build-

---

Mr. Howe is professor of English at Hunter College, editor of "Dissent," and the author of a number of books on literature and politics.

ing toward concrete presentation. It is a fault which leads him to falseness of characterization, a kind of indifference to the terms of his own imaginative creation.

One night Leo and Caleb are stopped by a vicious white policeman and painfully humiliated. That such incidents are all too common in our cities I do not doubt. Here is what Baldwin makes of it:

> Caleb took out his wallet and handed it over. I could see that his hands were trembling. I watched the white faces. I memorized each mole, scar, pimple, nostril hair; I memorized the eyes, the contemptuous eyes. I wished I were God. And then I hated God.

Negro boys have plenty of reason to hate white cops. The first four of Baldwin's sentences, while not especially vivid, are credible. But let us remember that we are being shown a little boy, still rather innocent and strongly protected by his family. Can we then believe that at this frightening moment he would wish he were God? I greatly doubt it, yet must suppose it barely possible. What seems to me beyond credence, and a false intrusion by a writer imposing his own attitudes and thereby destroying the unity of his characterization, is the claim of the final sentence that the boy then hates God. Such a sentiment would be entirely persuasive in a grown-up Negro, especially the grown-up Negro who has written this novel; it might just barely be persuasive in the mind of the boy when *remembering* his humiliation. But no amount of sympathy can persuade one that in such a passage Baldwin is really portraying the experience of a Negro boy rather than making an oration about it.

A page or two later Leo asks Caleb:

> "Caleb," I asked, "are white people people?"
>
> "What are you talking about?"
>
> "I mean are white people *people?* People like us?"
>
> He looked down at me. His face was very strange and sad. It was a face I had never seen before. We climbed a few more stairs, very slowly. Then, "All I can tell you, Leo, is—well, *they* don't think they are."

Intrinsically, this passage seems false through an excess of cuteness: it fails to ring true not because we doubt that Leo should here be full of distress, but because we doubt that the boy would express himself in a way at once so convenient to both middle-class notions about childhood charm and Black Nationalist notions about them white devils. Worse still, even if the two passages I have just quoted are each independently persuasive, they utterly destroy one another in juxtaposition: for who can suppose that a boy sophisticated enough to have learned to "hate God" can a few pages later be innocent enough to wonder whether whites are "people"?

A linked falseness of language betraying sloppiness of feeling and observation then appears in magnified form when the elder Proudhammer learns about his sons' humiliation:

> . . . his lips became bitter and his eyes grew dull. It was as though, after indescribable, nearly mortal effort, after grim years of fasting and prayer, after the loss of all he had, and after having been promised by the Almighty that he had paid the price and no more would be dem le of his soul, which was harbored w it was as though in the midst c his joyful feasting and dancing, crc ned and robed, a messenger arriv to tell him a great error had been de and that it was all to be done a in. Before his eyes, then, the banque nd the banquet wines and the ba uet guests departed, the robe and c wn were lifted, and he was alone en. frozen out of his dream. . . .

This passage moves from an le- quate, though by no means di in- guished, description of the fat r's grief to a piece of willed fancy v ch solicits our attention not for he character's feelings but for Bald n's verbal bravado. Without clarit or charm or firm relation between o ect and word, it is a speechmaker's p se.

III

Language rarely lies. It can r al the insincerity of a writer's cl ns simply through a grating adjecti or an inflated phrase. We come up a frenzy of words and suspect it l es a paucity of feeling. In his new ok Baldwin rarely settles into that n- trolled exactness of diction w ch shows the writer to have foc en on the matter he wishes to des be or evoke; for Baldwin is no a writer systematically deceiving m- self through rhetorical inflation nd hysteria, whipping himself into s- tures of militancy and declaratio of racial metaphysics which—for hi in *this* book—seem utterly inauthent

One sign, a minor sign, of t troubles is Baldwin's compulsive se of obscenity: those blazing term of revelation, "shit" and "fuck," o ur endlessly in his dialogue. If it be ic that this is the way people really li and that Baldwin is merely recor m the truth, I would reply that the e fense is incompetent. Real-life n versation is notoriously impre se wasteful, and boring; no nove t even if he clings to a program of f uralistic fidelity, can avoid the n to compress and stylize his dialo s and Baldwin employs these obsc i ties—they come to seem as emotio al affecting as punctuation—for rea that have nothing to do with l r ary realism. He is driven, in l book, by a need to show himself a very up-to-the-minute swinger, a a tough guy, even though his na



"Don't touch it! It's the Pill!"

is for delicacy and nuance; he iting with an eye toward that called *Zeitgeist*.

much more important sign of lty is the abandon with which in opens wide the spigot of his ic, that astonishing flow of high nce which served him so well later essays but is a style al- certain to entrap a novelist. For sound like the voice of doom, enging god proclaiming the fire time, then you don't really have her yourself with the small busi- of the novelist, which is to con- ow other, if imaginary, people nd act. Baldwin seems to have espect for the novel as a form, is great facility with language s only to ease his violations of ry strictness.

ere is still a third way in which vin's language betrays him, per- most fundamentally of all. When ites about Proudhammer's rise ne and the adulation he receives friends and public, Baldwin into the clichés of soap opera, hich he had already shown an ning fondness in the past when ng with homosexual love. Bur- eep within this seemingly iconо- c writer is a very conventional bility, perfectly attuned to the ream of success. Now, if you add ese styles together, you get a l mixture: the prose of *Redbook* magazine for young mamas) and rose of *Evergreen Review* (the zine for all them mothers).

e series of flashbacks in *Tell Me Long the Train's Been Gone* is rned with Proudhammer's suc- as an actor, and the other series Baldwin's notions about homo- al love as it is linked to black ancy. The first comes straight of those movies of twenty-five ago about the theatrical success poor slum urchin (call me Gersh- , shown now in his ripe old age testimonial dinner and looking on his hard but honest climb to op. The second tries out the idea black men devoted to homosex- y and visions of racial apocalypse omehow more pure, more soulful, more trustworthy than men still ing around with women.

roudhammer working as an odd- boy at the summer theater of a y Jewish director; Proudhammer ng his successful if nerve-rack-

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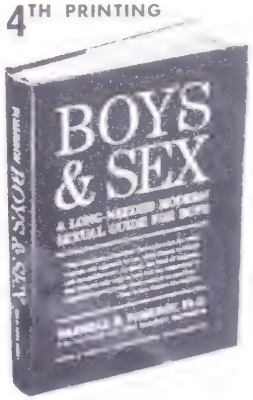
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ing debut in a little theater; Proudhammer as the idol of thousands; Proudhammer surrounded by his faithful growling valet, his long-suffering white lady lover, and his scrappy young black boyfriend (why must the fantasies of black writers be as mediocre as those of whites? because we are all, young Leo Proudhammer to the contrary notwithstanding, made of common clay)—all this comes straight from the heart and bowels of American mass culture.

Here is Leo Proudhammer, veteran of stage and screen, in a moment of reflection:

> There really is a kind of fellowship among people in the theater and I've never seen it anywhere else, except among jazz musicians. Our relationships are not peaceful and they certainly are not static, but in a curious way, they're steady. I think it may be partly because we're forced, in spite of the preposterous airs we very often give ourselves, to level with each other. . . .

A perfect speech, some time back, for Spencer Tracy; a perfect speech, a little time ahead, for Sidney Poitier. And then this bit on his first night:

> I've done lots of plays since then, some of them far more successful, but I'll never forget this one. There is nothing like the first plunge, and any survivor will tell you that. When the curtain came up, I knew I was going to vomit, right there. . . . The moment I delivered my first line, 'No, Miss,' I knew I was going to be all right. . . . I played that scene for all that was in it, for all that was in me, and for all the colored kids in the audience. . . .

Times change, of course. In my day the speaker of such lines would have been playing his heart out for a weeping Jewish mama.

This kind of junk, precisely because it is so familiar, indeed so deeply ingrained in our popular culture, may be judged fairly harmless. But Baldwin doesn't stop there. To the clichés of the ages he adds the cant of the moment. He writes on the tacit assumption that the guilt of his white liberal readers will allow him to say just about anything, indeed, that this audience will accept and revel in the tokens of his contempt, even if the price he must pay is a kind of literary suicide.

Here is Leo Proudhammer at the summer theater, with a rather decent white actress who has taken him to her bed, and taken him, so far as we can learn from Baldwin, not because he is black but simply because she thinks it might be fun:

> I worked with my lips and my tongue and my fingers, she wasn't working much yet, but she would; we fooled around. I can't say what was driving me. Perhaps I had to know—to know—*if* my body could be despised, how *much* it could be despised; perhaps I had to know how much was demanded of my body to make the shameful sentence valid. . . . I got her nearly naked on that sofa, shoes and stockings off, dress half on, half off, panties and bra on the floor. I was striding through a meadow, and it certainly felt like mine.

Brushing aside the dime store poetry of that last sentence, let us try to see what is happening here. The white actress, remember, has shown no hostility toward Leo; nothing preceding this passage indicates that he regards their encounter as warranting its "elevation" to a fateful meeting of colors; indeed, it has all been shown in terms of a casual excitement, a bit of fun; but Baldwin, in his presumption that his novel will be deepened and his audience shaken by the injection of racial shame, must transform the business of making an attractive white actress into a quasi-apocalyptic stroke of symbolism. And what enables him almost to get away with it is our presumption, reasonable enough in general, that a sexual meeting between people of different colors may indeed carry a large weight of meaning and trouble for at least one of them—a presumption which a careless and contemptuous writer can then fall back on to avoid the task of specific depiction and particular validation.

A similar falseness occurs during the summer theater experience. Proudhammer learns that "many of the roles played by white people could only be played by means of tricks, tricks which could never help one come closer to life, and all of which one would have to discard in order to play even one scene from, say, Ibsen."

Fair enough; even though this would also seem to be true for actors of any color. But then comes a wild leap of conclusion:

> I was discovering what some ... ican blacks must discover: th ... people who destroyed my histo ... also destroyed their own.

The inconsequence here is sta ... ing. Is Proudhammer-Baldwin t ... to say that white actors, havin ... stroyed their history," are as a ... incapable of playing Ibsen? O ... there is some deep connection be ... the "destruction" of black histo ... the incapacity of most actors, wh ... black, to perform Ibsen? Or is h ... ing anything at all? The rhetor ... comes more and more oppressiv ... pretentious. Here is a Proudha ... reverie on the nature of love:

> Everyone wishes to be loved, l ... the event, nearly no one can b ... Everyone desires love but also ... it impossible to believe that h ... serves it. However great the ... vate disasters to which love may ... love itself is strikingly and my ... ously impersonal; it is a reality ... is not altered by anything one ...

And here is the way Baldwin ... poses two grown-up people (not ... Garson and Leslie Howard) ... talking to one another while the ... lies sick in a hospital bed:

> ". . . Leo, you always want peo ... forgive *you*. But we, we other ... need forgiveness, too. We some ... need it, my dear"—she smiled—' ... from so wretched a man as you.' ... she watched me very steadily, ... that steady smile.
>
> I said, after a moment, with ... culty, "True enough, dear lady. ... enough. But I wonder why I f ... depressed."

IV

Tell Me How Long the Train's ... Gone ends with a doubled clima ... means of which the sexual and p ... cal themes come together. Barl ... the white lady love, is seduce ... Christopher, the black boyfr ... while Leo Proudhammer is recove ... from his heart attack. In itself, ... fact is not especially shocking, hu ... beings, white or black, being ... they are; it is the utter cant, I ... win's by now wearisome racial ... physics, which the lady uses to ex ... the seduction, that *is* shocking:

> "I think *he* wanted"—she stopp ... "I think *he* wanted to find out—if ... was possible. If it was really poss ...

nk he had to find *out* what I ght of *his* body, by taking mine." paused. "It wasn't like that," she "with you and me."

political climax occurs a few later when Christopher ex- to Proudhammer that "you got e that we need us some guns," roudhammer answers, "Yes, I at." An uncharacteristic flash elligence overcomes him for a it, however, and he says to opher, "But we're outnum- you know." To which Christo- nswers: "Shit. So were the Christians."

ed as it is at the end of the and as the last word spoken by the characters, Christopher's s clearly meant to be a decisive , a sign of Baldwin's acquies- So let us look at it for a at.

ne of the early Christians, pre- bly unlike the Black Nationalists lay, *wanted* to die, since they upon martyrdom as an avenue radise and did not care whether were outnumbered or not. Hence, an hardly be taken as a signifi- model for young blacks, unless in is proposing (what hardly likely) a parallel course of sanc- ion through suicide. Other early tians—and by now, no longer so —had as their goal not the de- ion of the oppressive state, pre- bly the goal of the Black Na- lists today, but rather a gradual ation into places of power. This, d, is what happened: the Chris- slowly transforming the nature eir belief, took over the Empire, you wish, the Empire took over tianity. So, again, Christopher's arison has no relevance to the nt moment. But finally there is ot inconsequential fact that the Christians, who were absolute sts, never said, "we need us guns," and never proposed to oy the Roman state as a tiny rity shooting it out with an op- ive majority. Again, therefore, roposal to employ guns cannot be nalized as a tactic or justified as orality by comparison with the y Christians." What, then, is the e of Christopher's remark? Its e—and I believe that for many ers it will have a notable force— imply in the assumption that not y people will trouble to think

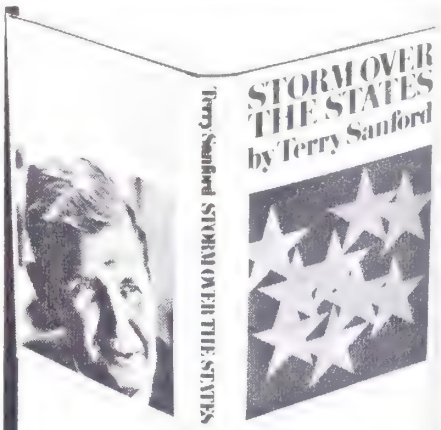
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about it critically and indeed that the current intellectual atmosphere in this country discourages people from thinking.

Tell Me How Long the Train's Been Gone will appeal to the liberal white devils who buy books and who now think, some of them, that it is fashionable to look with kindliness on the Black Panthers and to speak—after all, it's not *their* blood—with approval about the fantasies of apocalypse being nurtured in certain academic and black circles. As such, the novel is a document of and for the moment, an emblem of the 'sixties.

Strangely, however, it also shows, in a few scenes, what Baldwin's true gift as a novelist might be. It is not a gift for sexual *Sturm und Drang*, whether hetero or homo or bi; nor for militant protest; nor for political prophecy. Baldwin's true gift as a novelist is for comedy of manners, nuanced observation, refinement of detail. How absurd and painful that in *this* book Baldwin should r
again show a kinship with t
of fine-threaded fiction writte
Jane Austen. There is, for ins
fine scene in which the young
at the summer theater meet so
Negroes, have an uncomforta
ner with them, and go off war
black gin mill: it is all done w
trol and exactness. There is a
in which Leo and his parents
on the streets of Harlem to sh
the playfulness of the older
breaks out for a minute. The
good section in which Leo wo
restaurant owned by a tough
can woman, and Baldwin can d
with neat detail their divis
labor, responsibility, and emot

But this is not a moment in
our culture can encourage a w
develop a small talent. This is
ment when writers feel driven
stroy themselves: with comf
doom, illusions of prophecy, r
of blood.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

by Katherine Gauss Jackson

Once an Eagle, by Anton Myrer.

This Book-of-the-Month selection for August will, I think, be read and argued over for months. But primarily it will be read. At long last we have what critics have been saying was lost to modern novels—an honest-to-God hero, more American than any pie—and he comes from Walt Whitman, Nebraska. From the time he was a boy, through 817 pages and four wars—for he is an Army career man—he has known and got what he wanted. He has, of course, his human doubts and frailties or one wouldn't care so much about him, but he is a born leader; one knows he is going to last the book; and it is a purging experience to watch his—often tortured—success, up to the very end. And what is the message of the end? At this moment of anti-Army, anti-war, it is here that the argument will come. For this is also as good a story as one will find of the American Army and fighting men and that mystical thing
seems to happen to men who
fought together, and of the dr
responsibility of the man in com
It is an even more vivid depict
the horrors of war, which seem
crease as the wars become f
away and even more incomp
sible to the men who fight th
covers a whole half-century
Pershing's Mexican war right
the "Khotiane" war in Sou
Asia. The mind boggles at the a
of well-digested research that
have gone into this work to con
in such easy, compelling narrat
the boy grows up, takes on com
after command, as he marrie
has a family, as war succeeds wa
casts of characters change. The
mation and understanding tha
illuminate the points of view o
two opposing characters th
three wars—one the born soldie
human commander, the other th
litical self-seeker—is prodigious.
through it all, also, is the impo

. of the intelligent man in
d who realizes the inherent
the fact that man never "for
ordly capacity for wonder and
n, overcame his need to lead,
nate, tyrannize over his fel-
I think, in all its apparent
ty, the book is what one would
o derogatory sense, a natural.
lt, Rinehart & Winston, $7.95

on Fire, by Alan Sillitoe.
vid, earthy, garrulous, dis-
novel—about a Lincolnshire
and his large unorthodox fam-
ch, though the tone is dif-
is reminiscent of those two
nglish novels about artists and
ircles—*The Constant Nymph*
yce Cary's book about Gulley
, *The Horse's Mouth*. Albert
y, the working-class painter,
he book begins has just begun
into his own with money and
success. Before his success
een, of course, radically anti-
shment, diligently chip-on-
er—a pose he still finds it hard
ndon and which gives a satis-
tough and unpredictable edge
ry situation in which he ap-
As a kind of obbligato to his
is that of his friend, Frank
, working-class too, who has
wife and child to fight for the
m of Algeria. The wife, be-
ed (and more) by the Handleys,
link between the two stories as
s between the two men, who,
l and purified by their own
struggles, come together at the
rough suffering and literal
ust to a kind of rough serenity.
ovel is quite unlike *The Loneli-
f the Long Distance Runner* by
ne author, though they are both
le force of a kind, this one long-
ned and peopled with a motley
f memorable minor characters
l. It is the second part of a tril-
which *The Death of William*
s is the first.

Macmillan, $5.95

Suspense

er's Burning, by S. H. Courtier.
lonely valley in the Australian
a mysterious fire broke out
nine of the thirty-six people
lived there and all the cattle
was their livelihood. One
er of the community who lost
his life was the schoolmaster who had written voluminous and detailed letters over a period of years to his friend Hamilton, a patrol officer in Moresby, about the people in Palladin Valley, and had supplemented the letters with photographs. Somehow the information in these chatty letters didn't quite jibe with the newspaper reports and the stories of the survivors, and so four years or so later, haunted by the death of his friend and his special knowledge of the inhabitants, Hamilton goes to the now utterly abandoned valley—none of the residents had ever gone back there to live—to try to find out what really happened on that hot February day. His lonely daytime excursions and nights spent over records and writings by lamplight in his tent, his sense of being watched, have one jumping with twig-snapping nerves and one's flesh crawling at real and imagined dangers as he tries to piece together from his friend's letters and the remains of the fire the motivations of the people who once lived there. In spite of the contrived device of the letters it makes a very readable and credible enough tale and a very vivid picture of that remote piece of geography. Random House, $4.50

Mrs. Jackson did some of the reading for these reviews in her house, with garden, in the Berkshires of Massachusetts, and on trains to and from her office at "Harper's."

Picture Miss Seeton, by Heron Carvic.

This is the story of a Mary Poppins sort of English schoolteacher (or perhaps it's only the ubiquitous umbrella) who has an extraordinary flair for "being able to see into people's motives and backgrounds" and for being able to sketch them on paper—herself unconscious of the implications. She witnesses a murder and becomes invaluable to the police. Well, one murder leads to another, shall we say, and to involvement in a drug ring in a perfectly nice little rural community called Plummergen to which Miss Seeton plans soon to retire. Obviously the murderers soon take out

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after *her*; but what with the local police, Scotland Yard, with Miss Seeton herself, whom nothing "distresses or upsets . . . except bad manners"—together with her mystical ability and above all with the help of her doughty umbrella—it all ends very satisfyingly indeed. Apparently this is Mr. Carvic's first venture into the suspense field. May he and Miss Seeton go on for a very long time.

Harper & Row, $4.95

Maigret's Pickpocket, by Georges Simenon. Translated by Nigel Ryan.

I think it has been nearly twenty-five years since I read my first Simenon book about Inspector Maigret. It's very reassuring to find him as quick and compassionate as ever in this complex murder mystery which takes place among a group of young would-be movie people in Paris. Good food, good wine, nice scenery, and an elaborate plot which M. Simenon's sure characterizations make credible. It's only later that one wonders if the Inspector's Paris will ever be the same again.

Harcourt, Brace & World, $3.95

Spies Among Us, by Agatha Christie.

A special treat for Christie fans: three full length spy novels all packed into one volume: *They Came to Baghdad, N or M,* and *Murder in Mesopotamia.*

Dodd, Mead, $6.95

Nonfiction

Those Remarkable Cunards: Emerald and Nancy, by Daphne Fielding.

When California-born Maud Burke married Sir Bache Cunard (grandson of the founder of the shipping line) and went to live in England in 1895, she was only one of many American hostesses vying for the cream of England's artistic, political, and social Establishments at their dinners and weekends. To read of their machinations and unabashed self congratulatory crowing over social successes is to realize how far gone and long ago those particular social conventions have become. A serious description in this book about a less successful rival hostess, Lady Colefax, gives some idea of what must have gone on at a really successful party. "The parties she [Lady Colefax] gave in her pretty house in North Street were meticulously constructed round ce-

lebrities but seemed to lack dir
The food and wine she provide
excellent, but none of her gues
raised his voice, banged the tal
came indiscreet, or was fired
poetry and passion."

Part of the "poetry and pass
Lady Cunard's social occasion
surmises, was often provid
George Moore or Sir Thoma
cham, both of whom were in lo
her for many, many years—
Moore till the end of his life.

It was from this backgroun
young Nancy Cunard eme
young, beautiful, a poetess, a
of writers and painters, a fight
causes (Spain, Negroes), a re
the 'twenties and 'thirties whos
has become legend among inte
als on both sides of the Atlanti
died in 1965 at the age of sixt
and suddenly there are two
about her. To judge by them a
the extraordinary portraits an
tographs (Cecil Beaton *et al*) th
pear in them, not to mention the
ies, so honest, so passionate, s
about her interests and her ex
these volumes are only a begi
This one, written by a friend
mother's and a member herself
star-spangled milieu, impresses
restraint and lack of flair. But t
credible stories, told so matt
factly gather force thereby. W
world: such brilliance, such
such beauty, such stupidity,
practical jokes, such waste. Ther
have been dull moments, but ne
this reading. Atheneum,

**Nancy Cunard: Brave Poet, In
table Rebel, 1896-1965.** Edit
Hugh Ford.

This book catches more succi
one feels, the volatile essence o
beautiful, generous, damned cre
whom Aldous Huxley has put
Point Counter Point, Michael
into *The Green Hat*, and Robert
ols into *Sonnets to Aurelia*. A
Guevara, Oskar Kokoschka, W
ham Lewis, Eugene McCown,
Banting did portraits of her. I
cusi did her in bronze; Man Ray,
Beaton, and Islay Lyons in p
graphs. (There are reproductio
many of these in both books.) T
an inspired collection of persona
terial about her by her friends,
autobiographical material from
own works about George Moore

BOOKS IN BRIEF

an Douglas (lifelong friends and some other bits about her ood: "It seems fantastic now to of the scale of our existence with its numerous servants, gar-s, horses, and motor-cars, now ll this has floated away forever me wears such a different dress." are excerpts from her reports Spain and France and Harlem om her other travels. She never ed writing. The editor, who also friend and who followed her for years has divded her life into arts—six dedications, in a way:

owing Up: Nevill Holt and London 896-1919.
lependence: Paris 1920-1929.
grations: New York, Moscow, Ge-neva 1930-1935.
War: Spain 1936-1939.
re Migrations and Another War: Santiago, Ellis Island, Havana, London 1940-1945.
rning Back: Mallorca, Toulouse, Lamothe-Fenelon, Cap Ferrat 1946-1965.

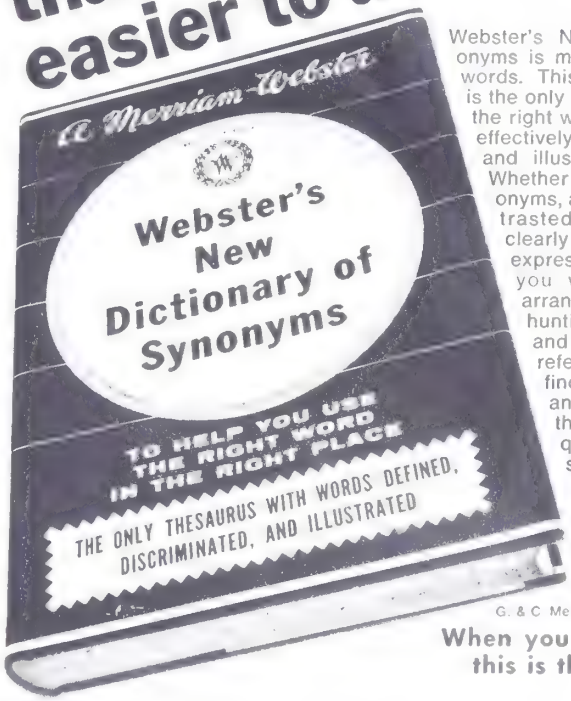
e hated being written about and l writing autobiographically but, ie gave herself totally away in word and gesture, much of the on and hope and madness has captured and put down—as much ch things can be—by friends like ston Hughes, Iris Tree, Sir ert Hart-Davis, Arthur Waley, ire Hiler, Raymond Mortimer, am Carlos Williams, Leonard lf, Kay Boyle, Janet Flanner, s Aragon, George Seldes, Sylvia nsend Warner—and many, many rs. It was a life that touched so n of her time with such intensity it is odd one thinks of it as tragic. her one marriage lasted only ity months; she had no children; had a lonely and painful last ill-and at the end was picked up un-cious from the Paris streets by the e and died quite alone. Yet every e of this book is vitally alive with presence.

Chilton Book Co., $12.50

he third and final volume of the ies and letters of Harold Nicol-**The Later Years, 1945-1962**, has been published. It ends with the h of his wife, V. Sackville West, like the other two it is edited by son, Nigel Nicolson.

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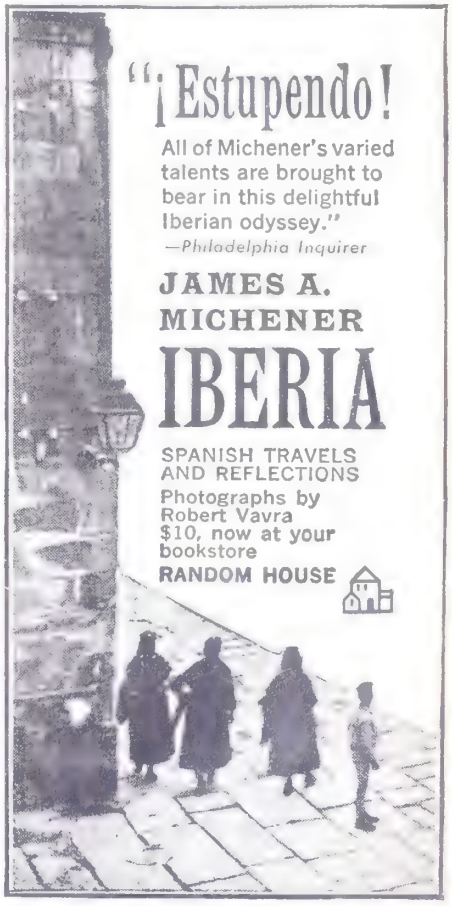
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Music in the Round *by Discus*

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These recordings offer a chance to listen to all-but-forgotten composers and once-stylish pieces that foreshadowed the great ones of musical history.

Here's an odd bag of music that one never encounters in the concert hall, and we'll start with the **Concerto in B flat for Two Pianos** by Jan Ladislav Dusik, played by Toni and Rosi Grünschlag, with the Orchestra of the Vienna Volksoper conducted by Paul Angerer (Turnabout 34204). On this record the composer's name is spelled Dusik, but the standard spelling in most dictionaries is Dussek. He was an important pianist and composer of his period (1761-1812), and all the history books exclaim over his incipient romanticism, stating that he anticipated Schumann and even Brahms. And do you know what? This Two-piano Concerto, which probably has never been played in the United States, does anticipate Schumann and even Brahms. It is a large-scale preromantic score, strong and assured, full of pianistic devices that must have sounded startlingly unorthodox in 1806. The performance here is good, the recorded sound exceptionally lifelike, and the music is very much worth knowing. The second side of the disc is filled out with Schumann's two-piano **Andante and Variations** in its original form with accompaniment of two cellos and horn.

And here is another Turnabout disc (No. 34187), which contains the **String Quartet in D (op. 63)** by Niels Gade, and the **Quartet No. 1** by Carl Nielsen, both played by the Copenhagen String Quartet. If Niels Gade lives today (in this country, at least, for his music still turns up in Denmark), it is in the history books as the composer so strongly touted by Robert Schumann. This endorsement of Schumann is held up to history, as one of Schumann's great mistakes, as an example of the critical aberrations to which even the finest of musical and critical minds are subject. Of course, this statement has been parroted for generations by musicologists and music lovers who have never heard a note of Gade's music.

Gade (1817-1890) was a Danish composer and conductor who was held in high repute by the early romantics. Like Grieg, his reputation died soon after his death, though at least some of Grieg's music has remained in the Western repertory, while Gade's has disapppeared. But this String Quartet in D, composed in the 1880s, is something more than a merely respectable work. It is a really beautiful one, despite its obvious derivations. Clearly Gade was not one of music's innovators or daring figures. But through the music of this Quartet in D breathes something very sweet, very genuine, very personal. The textures are full, the harmonies rich, the melodies very attractive. Perhaps Schumann, after all, was right. Perhaps Gade did have something more to offer than most of his colleagues. One would like to hear more of his music, if this work is a representative example.

The coupling on this disc, Nielsen's Quartet No. 1, is apposite. Nielsen turned out to be the greatest Danish composer. When he composed this quartet in 1887 he was still in his student period, and the score is an ardent postromantic work, but strong and assured, full of promise, well worth knowing.

A Bass with Low Notes

We can turn now to a Russian bass named Boris Shtokolov, who sings **Russian Opera Arias and Romances** with the Leningrad Kirov Theater Orchestra conducted by Sergei Yeltsin (Melodiya/Angel 40038). From Russia we expect great bassos, though in recent years there have been cations that the Chaliapin line dried out, just as the heldentenor in the West has disappeared. A comes this Shtokolov, and now is hope for the future. One alwa hesitant to make a judgment of a on discs. The recording engi have too much to do with the en sult, and small voices can com sounding like a combination of C and Melchior. But if Shtokolov i is anything like Shtokolov on rec he is a magnificent singer in Chaliapin tradition—a singer w supple, mellow bass voice of hug and evenness of scale. And, in tion, he is a bass who has low which sets him off from that fine garian bass, Nicolai Ghiaurov, v upper range is resplendent, but becomes uncomfortable downs On this disc, Shtokolov is heard i terial by Glinka, Rimsky-Kors Dzerhinsky, Bulakhov, Abaza, an like. Little of this material wi familiar to American ears, and of it is second-rate. The interes in the glory of Shtokolov's voice

Getting back to Danish mus said this column was a grab there is a new disc that con specimens of two virtually unk composers—Friedrich Kuhlau (1832) and Peter Erasmus L Müller (1850-1926), Johan Knudsen leads the Royal D Orchestra in Kuhlau's **Incidenta sic from Elf Hill** and Lange-Mü **Incidental Music to Once Up Time** (Turnabout 34230). The lau is interesting. He was a Ger born pianist-composer who settl Denmark and became a citizen i dition to becoming the big ma Danish music in his time. *Elf* composed in 1828 to celebrate a marriage, shows the direction pean music at the time was ta Romanticism was in the air, bu spirit of the just-dead Beethove still the dominating force. Kuh fine musician, was influenced by thoven and Mozart, but neverth he touched on what Mendelssohn the other classic romantics wer ing to do. The history of music rolled in the work of the minor as as the major figures, and this ple Kuhlau work can stand as a sy of what the more enlightened demics were doing just before great romantic figures made



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MUSIC IN THE ROUND

break. As for the Lange-Müller score, there is unfortunately little in it to recommend. It is a collection of middle-romantic platitudes.

Father and Son

Here is a work nobody but horn-playing specialists will know: the **Horn Concerto (Op. 8)** by Franz Strauss. It is on a disc with the two **Horn Concertos** of Richard Strauss. The soloist is Barry Tuckwell, and Anton Kertesz leads the London Symphony Orchestra (London CS 6519). The juxtaposition of the two Strausses is no accident. Franz Strauss (1822-1905) was Richard's father, and was reputed to be the greatest player of the French horn of his time. He was a crusty old conservative, a Colonel Blimp of the horn, who could not even stand Wagner's music much less his son's. His own Horn Concerto is what one might expect—a work that sounds as though it had been composed by Weber or Mendelssohn. It is defiantly old-fashioned, and yet not without charm.

Richard Strauss's two Horn Concertos are somewhat better known, though neither is a repertory item. A lifetime separates the two works. No. 1 goes back to 1882, when Strauss was eighteen years old. No. 2 was composed in 1942, when Strauss was seventy-eight (he died in 1949). The first Horn Concerto, in E flat, a student work, with echoes o delssohn. There is very little tion in it of what Strauss was to develop into, although the v is smooth and professional. time he composed No. 2, also in Strauss was a tired man, wit world wars, the Nazi regime, th phonic poems and the oper behind him. He was writing spective music, such as the *Me phosen,* which quotes Beethov the Horn Concerto No. 2 he look to Mozart, and the writing has wit and point, a kind of arist that is very eighteenth-century out being in the least neoclassi a strange, curiously sad and tive work despite its outward and surface charm. Perhaps it an exercise in futility. Many that in the last stage of his Strauss was merely writing habit, letting his enormous p sionalism and technique carry through a series of thin ideas there are others who hold ju strongly that the late Strauss pure Strauss, purged of all v ity, reflecting a late-autumn b quietness, and profundity. Obv one must make up his own min this disc is available for help, such other late works as the *Met phosen,* the *Four Last Songs,* a Oboe Concerto.



rforming Arts *by Robert Kotlowitz*

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ay, America's first rock opera,
ends out sweet bursts of youth-
rgy into the pickled New York
ile audiences find it harder and
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ork is a sellout on Broadway;
mean it only in a commercial
for there are purists of the
delic world in lower Manhattan
elieve that the show has really
t to the enemy camp uptown,
continues to buy tickets in un-
quantities.

r seems to have made it mainly
h word of mouth, a self-feeding
nenon in the New York area
sends out inviting vibrations
h the middle-class precincts of
ve boroughs, of Long Island,
hester, and exurbia. And there
ty in the show to talk about: a
score by Galt MacDermot pow-
y that rock beat, only slightly
rated by the demands of Broad-
that is in the very bones and
, it seems, of nearly every
American; a well-publicized
cene; and, in place of language,
inity for the crude pellets of
ulary or what we used to call
words. But there is something
isly attractive about the show's
iveness (and vigor), its will-
ss to be both flamboyant and
ss on behalf of its cause. The
g is a series of more or less
ious shocks to the personality;
hat keeps it steadily exhilarat-
s a kind of good-natured im-
satory humor that sweeps almost
thing that might be offensive off
ards.

s, in many places, a very funny



show. A few laughs—the most dispensable ones—are one-liners, pure raggedy-end gags, which are no better, and sometimes are far worse, than the ones Guy Bolton or Dorothy and Herbert Fields used to write for standard musicals. Most are purely visual. Early in the show, Gerome Ragni (who wrote the lyrics and book with James Rado, and shares the principal roles with him) swings out over the audience's vulnerable heads on a rope, like Tarzan, while singing about his sixteen-year-old virgin mistress; Rado himself gets tarred-and-feathered before the performance is ten minutes under way; a pregnant young girl comes out briefly to eulogize pot and try to find a husband; and there is a brief transvestite moment later when a Scarsdale matron suddenly swings open her mink coat to reveal that she is wearing jockey shorts underneath. It is a hippie litany that is being unfolded here: in no particular order, individuality, love, pacifism, cosmology, and drugs, as well. The best laughs, of course, spring from those moments when sight, sound, and content come together in effortless harmony, and director Tom O'Horgan sets everything kinetically working onstage—lights, actors' bodies, music, voices. Those laughs are inspired and they make the best of O'Horgan's work in *Hair* by far the best to be seen on a stage in New York. There is a takeoff on the Supremes, for example, in which three Negro girls sing about the sexual superiority of white boys, while the nearly self-parodying style of small singing groups is impaled once and for all and in the most friendly way. Abraham Lincoln's birthday—"Happy Birthday, Abie Baby"—is celebrated by a young Negro girl who plays Mr. Lincoln herself in beard and top hat. At the same time, a beautiful young white girl kneels before her, polishing her shoes. Meanwhile, Ulysses S. Grant, General Custer, and a few other national heroes are being forcefully demolished on the stage.

Having seen the show first from out front (while a couple behind me fought over the husband's resistance to "all GD hippies," falling quiet only when the nude scene came along to close the first act; they returned

meekly after intermission to sit silently through the second), I decided to try to see it again from the wings. A week later, I was met before an evening performance by Michael Maurer, who is the production stage manager for *Hair*. He is responsible, generally speaking, for all cues, for seeing that everything is in the right place at the right time, lights, props, scenery, and humans, some of whom have been known to go to pieces at crucial moments. Maurer stands in the wings at the right of the stage throughout the performance, wearing a headphone as he faces a lectern that holds a heavily marked script. This is the ninth musical show he has worked on and it is, he says, almost impossibly complex. "I damn near go blind watching it every night and deaf listening to it."

One stroboscopic sequence alone, which requires 108 lighting cues, starts out slyly as a somewhat tasteless spoof of suicidal Buddhists in Vietnam, then suddenly brings on miniskirted nuns, pursued by coolie-hatted VCs, who in turn are being hunted – and destroyed – by Green Berets. In they come, one group following another, while their faces and bodies fragment in the twitching, blinking lights and the corpses litter the smoke-filled stage. As the stunned audience slowly gathers its wits and lamely tries to applaud, the groups suddenly re-form and go through the same sequence in reverse, like a fallen blossom being put back together again, petal by petal. To get the company through the scene and the 108 cues, three electricians work the levers with their hands, elbows, knees, and even their feet, while Michael Maurer shouts directions to them and the cast. It is a lightning moment backstage.

Maurer explained that there was an average of a dozen props for every cast member. Each prop—mikes, masks, wigs, flags, shoes, beards, etc. —has to be in precisely the same spot at every performance, ready to be whisked onstage. (In *Hair*, the cast of twenty-three is onstage almost the entire performance, running off briefly from time to time to transform themselves.) Beyond that, the production uses four hand mikes, five shotgun mikes, one wireless mike, and eight loudspeakers, including one that hangs in the rear of the theater; Maurer is responsible for them all. The band, which plays from an ancient flatbed truck on the opposite side of the stage, primarily is made up of rhythm instruments, including two, sometimes three, guitars, a bass, percussion, and one versatile wind instrumentalist; all of them, to put it mildly, are amplified. As Maurer explained these details, Gerome Ragni practiced a new rock tune, sotto voce, accompanied by Galt MacDermot on an electric piano across the stage.

The half-hour call came. MacDermot disappeared. Ragni wandered across the sharply raked playing platform on which most of the action takes place. "Man," he said, "if you can stand crowds, join me in my dressing room." He was wearing dungarees and he was bare-chested. His own hair stood out from his head like the sun's aureole. "Come on," he said. "You'll meet my son. He comes to see the show almost every night. Most of the time, I bring him out at the end to take a bow. He's an Aquarius. There's where the show's Aquarius song came from."

Ragni shares his dressing room with James Rado, I discovered, and it measures about eight by twelve feet. When we walked in, I was introduced to Ragni's son, Eric, who is four years old and wears *his* hair around his ears; to a young, silent, poker-faced gentleman in Mod clothing, in from London to see the show; to a sunburned and handsome Polish lady with a ponytail; to Earl, dresser for Ragni and Rado; to a nameless young man, with hair below his shoulders and scarves at his neck and waist; to Mrs. Peter Ustinov; and to Rado. Together, we moved gingerly around the carpeted floor. Above our heads, spotted balloons hung from the ceiling and posters from Lincoln Center covered the walls.

Mrs. Ustinov sat down at the head of a long couch, looking abstracted. Her husband, she said, was opening his play, *The Unknown Soldier and His Wife*, that night in Chichester, England. She hoped he was all right. Eric Ragni ran around the room splattering a deck of tarot cards behind him. "There he is, the greatest little man," his father said. "Eric, here's a groovy Indian blanket for you." James Rado looked up from his dressing table. "I'm wearing that onstage tonight," he said. "I'll give it to him later." Rado put on a long, blond wig over his own lon
hair. He looked at himself in
ror and picked up a pair of
"I swear that this thing is g
he said. "It gets longer every

The door to the dressin
opened. Two young men in bl
dals, black chinos, and black
wearing heavy crosses arou
necks, entered tentatively. W
saw Ragni, they walked over
through the crowd, smiling
otherworldly way, and whis
few words into his ear. Then
the same to Rado, and left. Th
lady said that they looked f
were they writers? "Those
said, "are Brothers from
founders of a new religion wh
the world is going to end in
eration. They call themselve
turalists. They don't have
they're busy proselytizing t
pany."

"Oh, bloody," said the Mod

The young man with the
leaned over my shoulder a
"Would you mind telling m
you're writing in that pad? I
me very nervous."

The fifteen-minute call c
think I'd better go to the bat
Rado said. "It always happen
at this time." Someone r
Ragni that their director, Tom
gan, had a new play called *Fu*
ing off-Broadway that night.
decided to send a telegram of
agement from the cast of *Hai*
Earl, the dresser, worked on
hair, pulling it back tight t
form him into an Indian for
appearance onstage, Ragni t
various messages, all of the
urally, punning and all reje
his groaning friends. Finally
laboration between Ragni, M
tinov, and the Polish lady pr
"What's all the futz about? Fu

"Oh, bloody," said the you
with the scarves.

"Ten minutes, ten minute
call came. The company mana
tered the dressing-table and
Ragni his paycheck envelope.
tossed it in the air and let
the open dressing-room dra
which it landed. Eric spread
tarot cards on the couch; his
handed him a flower. "Take
it through the show," he said.

Rado returned to the d
room, shaking his head in di

nose Structuralists just tried to me for a hundred bucks out ne said. "And you gave them ndred," someone suggested. ado said. "I settled for a pair ls." He held them up. are rushing around all of the ne Polish lady said in distress. the trouble with you Ameri-

's how we always work up to a ance," Rado said.
ning! Rushing!" She twitched vtail.
," Ragni suddenly called to ser, "where is my loin cloth?" ng man with hair like Prince stuck his head in the door. e got my hair spray?" No one ed.
someone please take Eric to room?"
w *Rosemary's Baby* this morn- n't stand those movie screens. flat, so boring. They sit in you like a big television set." n looking to read a novel by y Burgess called *Tunc*."
re calling a full company re- tomorrow from two to six. right, two to six."
look funny, Daddy."
r daddy makes people happy,

d the flower up. It'll get l."
at time is it in Chichester?" unno whether they'll get this n London. The young uns will others might find it, I dunno, ious."
you imagine, a hundred "
next month that wig'll be down ankles."
's go."
nebody took my copy of *The* ."
u're sure you're not writing ng about me in there?"
, Gerry, let's go. You can paint hand later."

enly, Ragni disappeared, head- the back of the theater for his ntrance down the center aisle. nd I walked into the wings and Michael Maurer. "Mike," Rado "I'm a little worried about a that's not coming in the right Tonight, why don't you try ng up the lights when I . . ." ers of the company wandered trance-like around the stage. No curtain separated them from the audience. The band moved into place on its flatbed truck. A few performers wandered down the aisles of the theater. Rado walked on to the stage, sat down broodingly, and wrapped himself in the groovy Indian blanket. Michael Maurer sighed. "Every night is a new night."

One of the electricians tipped his chair back in my direction and said over his shoulder, "You seen this show? Wait'll you hear the fucking language." He was bald. At 8:38, several members of the audience began to clap their hands mildly. They were joined by one or two others. "When does the show begin?" someone called. "Jesus Christ," Maurer said. "They must be blind. It began five minutes ago." Rado was still brooding in the middle of the stage, enclosed by his blanket. A small, pretty girl, with long, straight hair down her back, picked up a lighted brazier and looked questioningly at Maurer. He pointed an index finger at her. All the electricians were on their feet. "Okay, Shelley," Maurer said to the girl. "Go, sweetheart."

Shelley walked slowly onto the stage like a high priestess, putting down the brazier in front of Rado and handing him a flower which he sniffed passionately. Soft, electronic sounds began to come from the band: bells, chimes, Oriental chromatics. Several other cast members wandered onstage, languorously. Down the center aisle came the rest of them in single file; to reach the stage they had to climb three steps. Gerome Ragni wore his loincloth and Indian headdress. He somersaulted onto the stage in slow motion. Someone else rolled on. Another boy stood on his head. Then everyone began to embrace. Shelley found herself in a long, quiet kiss with a boy named Steve Curry. The band moved on from the soft, reverberant chromatics of the East to the assertive American beat. At an unexpected moment, a Negro boy named Ronald Dyson rose to his feet and let loose a big, belting voice. "When the moon," he sang, his voice curling around the melody, "is in the seventh house, and Jupiter aligns with Mars." There was a sudden whispering noise from the front of the house as the audience sat bolt upright in their seats, and the show was on.

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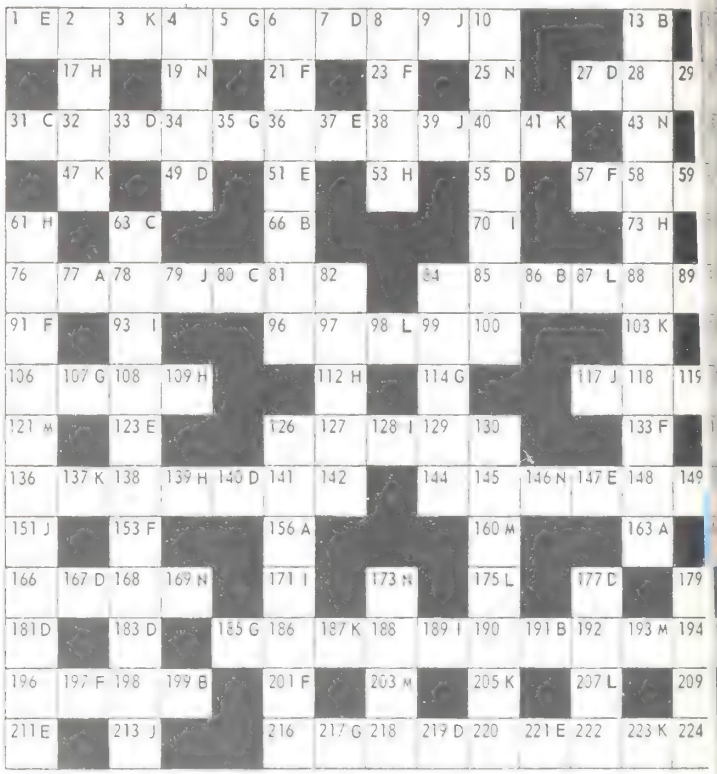
by Henry Allen

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(Solution to Harper's Puzzle No. 2 will appear in the October issue. For solution to last month's Puzzle No. 1, consult Table of Contents.)

DIRECTIONS

(1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One i... ventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play o...
(2) When an answer consists of two or more words, nun... parentheses following the clue indicate each word's length.
(3) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to ... responding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
(4) The initial letters of the correct words in the acros... when read down, spell out the name of a prominent pers... Acrostician.



A
77 163 156 Scottish seaport.

B
191 199 165 13 209 86 66 119 Russian monk.

C
31 80 63 195 "Good enough to_____; food for powder," Shakespeare, "Henry IV, Part I."

D
[illegible] 181 219 [illegible] 167 33 7 55 133 177 49 To place in a curative institution.

E
[illegible] 211 126 81 147 221 1 Submarine.

F
23 149 197 133 201 153 91 21 57 135 Palliative portion (6,4).

G
114 217 5 185 107 45 35 29 Film of cobwebs.

H
17 61 139 109 15 112 73 53 Surpass.

I
128 93 105 179 171 70 189 A case before the bar.

J
213 117 151 9 79 39 One of a class of murderous robbers in Burma and India.

K
[illegible] 102 87 47 223 137 157 41 205 Oriental punishment of beating an offender on the soles of his feet.

L
87 75 175 98 207 Fairylike.

M
121 203 193 160 Puerto _____

N
173 225 146 169 19 25 43 One who takes a quick look.

ACROSS

1. With 31 and 76 across, one of the positions of the Acrostician (10,2,3,6,7).
27. Country that isn't quite worth an Indian coin?
31. See 1 across.
57. A short pencil to bust.
76. See 1 across.
84. The sine ten is unusually oppressive.
96. Parting on one gong.
106. Feeds in defeat, stressing virtue.
117. Disease to take a cane to.
126. The hue may be cool or not.
136. Is a banana not her dish to hold an alternative?
144. Browned or feted.
166. Depict when Milne loses a point.
185. Do such japes hurt when Don Adams does them?
196. Bone of the moon goddess.
216. If you let picas on, it's run of the mill.

DOWN

2. This kind of point wit ... may be a saying.
4. Pain from Apache dances?
6. Turning acid when you ... about our rights.
8. Kind of coffee for a sq...
10. One of the subjects taug... the school of the sea ... drunken behavior?
13. Obstinacy when saucy ... metropolis.
15. Favorite vegetation of ... bats?
61. When one's reputation i... he'd better carry an umb... (5,1,5).
63. Utopia, perhaps, or the ... you feel? (5,2,4).
82. Point with two alternat... for my Latin sister.
84. A lump of metal may be g... some.
126. May ear wax be used to ... men of trouble?
130. On this part of the build... one may suffer from shing...
173. An abrasive kind of cour...
177. A metal when you find the ... letter in the third.
179. Bird sounds like a spit.

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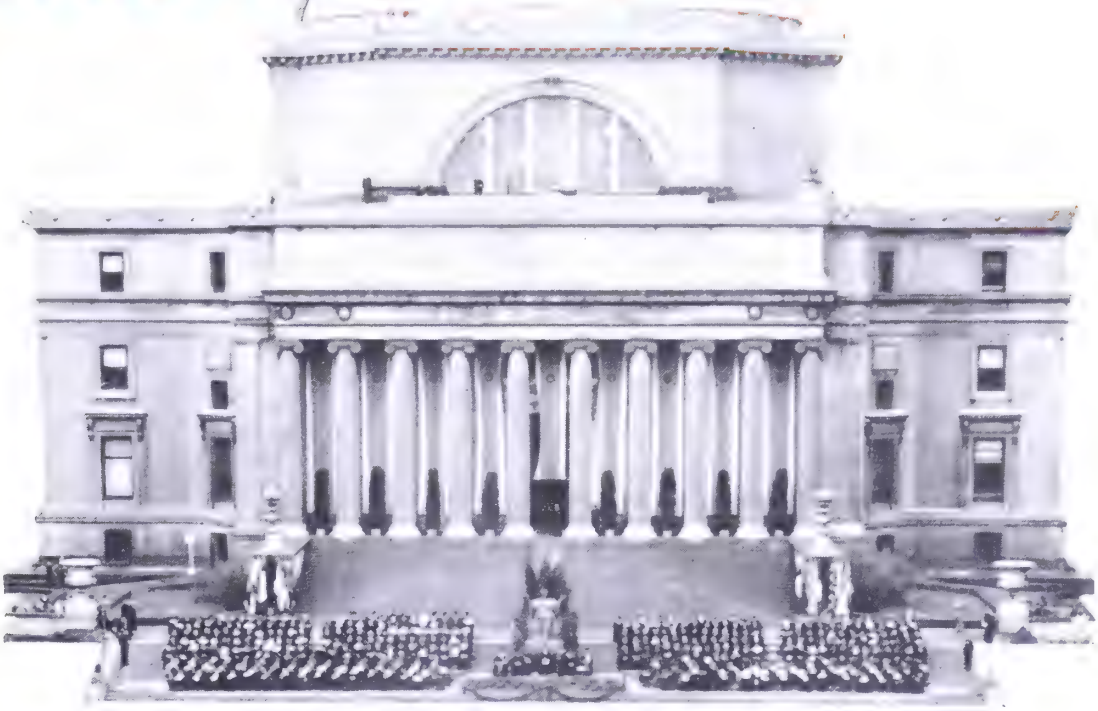
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by Jeremy Larner



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Letters

No Teapot Dome

The article by Chris Welles in your August issue ["Oil Shale: Hidden Scandal or Inflated Myth?"], among its other faults, does not emphasize the one point that makes it clear why oil companies have not yet developed the West's oil shale lands.

In spite of millions spent on research by both the government and private companies, no one yet knows how to mine and process oil shale—and handle the accompanying land-conservation problems—at costs competitive with conventional sources of crude oil.

Mobil is among the U. S. oil companies which do not produce as much oil as they need. Every incentive exists for these companies to become self-sufficient rather than buy oil from others. Consequently, when new technology is developed to make shale oil competitive in cost, there will be a shale oil industry. . . .

Contrary to what the article states, these facts are discussed openly and often by oil companies. The implication of scandal and "bonanza" in land is grossly misleading, for in fact most of the West's 16,500 square miles of shale formation is public domain. Moreover, the 2,500-square-mile area that has attracted the most interest—Colorado's Piceance Creek Basin—is 65 per cent public domain; about 25 per cent is held privately by mineral patents, and about 10 per cent is held privately by placer claims.

Commercial production from oil shale will start when research and development work provides assurance that satisfactory operating economics can be achieved and maintained. This should happen about the time that a gap between the demand for oil and our conventional supplies develops, starting about 1975 and growing to 1.8 million barrels a day around 1985.

The misunderstandings reflected in your article come from overly optimistic speculation about shale's economics. Recognized experts, including those in government and in independent consulting firms [illegible] the facts and could have s[illegible] straight.

DAYTON H. C[illegible]
Sr. Vice Pr[illegible]
Mobil Oil Corp[illegible]
New York, N[illegible]

Kudos for F[illegible]

I have read with growing a[illegible] tion Dr. Donald Kaplan's [illegible] articles on Freud. The las[illegible] ["Since Freud," August] wa[illegible] the best. Dr. Kaplan's ability [illegible] complicated things correctly [illegible] cinctly, and with such deadl[illegible] lively accuracy, is altogether [illegible] tional.

ERNEST VAN DEN [illegible]
New York, N[illegible]

Who Condones Viol[illegible]

I question whether any mag[illegible] sincerely dedicated to incisive [illegible] nalism would have carried Pro[illegible] Arthur Schlesinger, jr.'s recen[illegible] ticle ["America 1968: The P[illegible] of Violence," August]. In doin[illegible] you have assisted this most [illegible] pous of our "intellectuals" in ar[illegible] of his fatuous diatribes thinly [illegible] guised as an analysis of violenc[illegible] Why do you give us this article [illegible] such drastically overstated [illegible] tions as, ". . . for three years we [illegible] been devastating a small count[illegible] the other side of the world in a[illegible] with no rational relationship t[illegible] national security or our nation[illegible] terest." Or later, ". . . we have [illegible] sued an irrational war. . . ." Or, "[illegible] country has never undertaken [illegible] thing more absurd than the Viet[illegible] war." And so on. . . .

Even in his approach to his st[illegible] theme, Professor Schlesinger's i[illegible] rity is suspect. He early cond[illegible] those intellectuals who have "[illegible] tributed to the atmosphere w[illegible] has begun to legitimize hatred [illegible] violence." Immediately therea[illegible] with regard to "student upris[illegible] of recent weeks," he says, "I [illegible] no question that on balance [illegible] world stands to gain from stu[illegible] protest." And later, while talkin[illegible]

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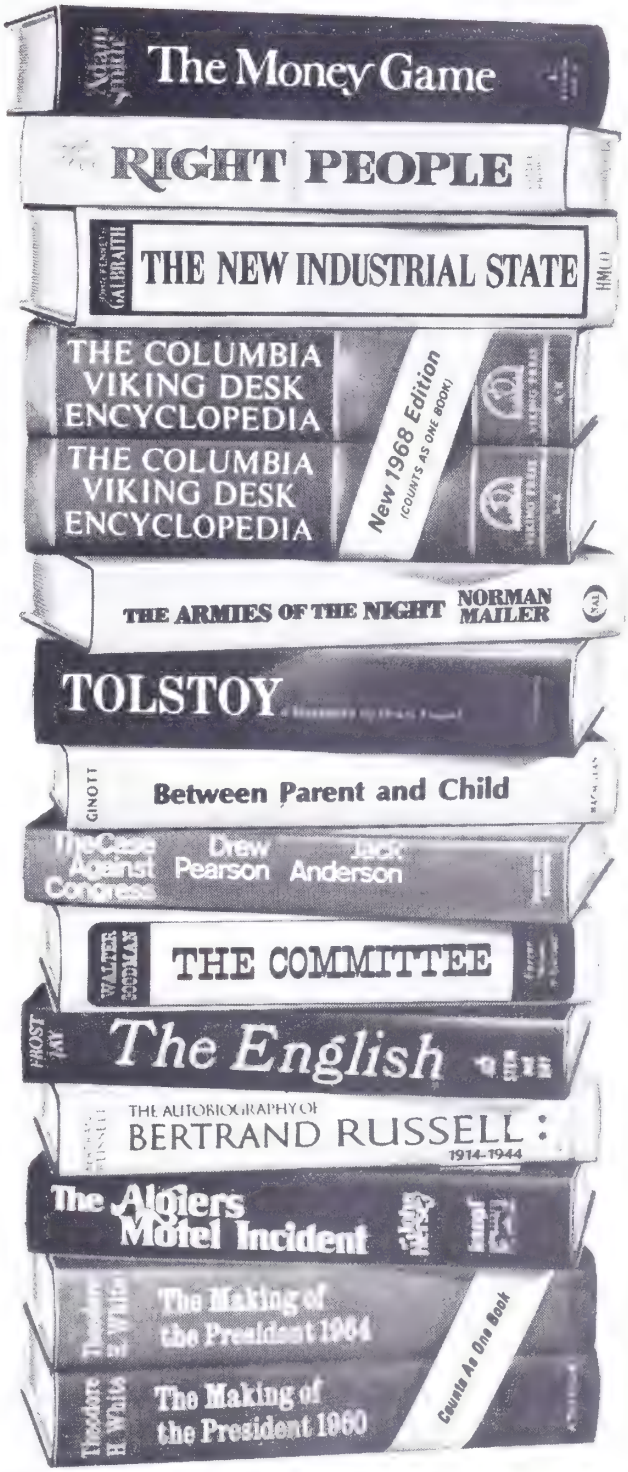
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ciety," he says, ". . . so long
insurgencies remain pragma
is, related to specific issues a
cific injustices—they represen
perately needed pressure aga
established complacencies of
righteous nation." Now P
Schlesinger, just who are t
tellectuals who condone violer

HARLEY M
Washingt

Arthur Schlesinger, jr. can
given for uttering, in the ex
of his grief, the ill-conside
marks that appeared in *H*
Neither you nor he can be
for making the judgment, u
flection, that it merited publ
If there is any national s
today, its most dramatic sym
the universal outcry that u
ingly fastens the blame for
hideous act of some demente
irredentist, Bulgarian refugee
defector, or Cuban extrem
American society and instit

JOHN VA
Dept. of Psy
Hunter
New York

For rock-like, basic common
I find no genius-writer supe
Arthur Schlesinger, jr., and I
lowed him carefully for year

CLEMENT A. N
Boston,

The Professors P

John Fischer must be ha
rough time of it this year o
Yale, to judge by his bad-ten
polemic against the "profes
in the August "Easy Chair"
Case for the Rebellious Studen
Their Counterrevolution"]. .
would be hard to find a riche
lection of illogic, non sequitu
downright misinformation abo
versity teaching than this.

On the one hand, according
authority, we have the under
uates, all innocence and tr
Wordsworthian clouds of glory
on the other hand, an army of
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their helpless charges. (Sorry
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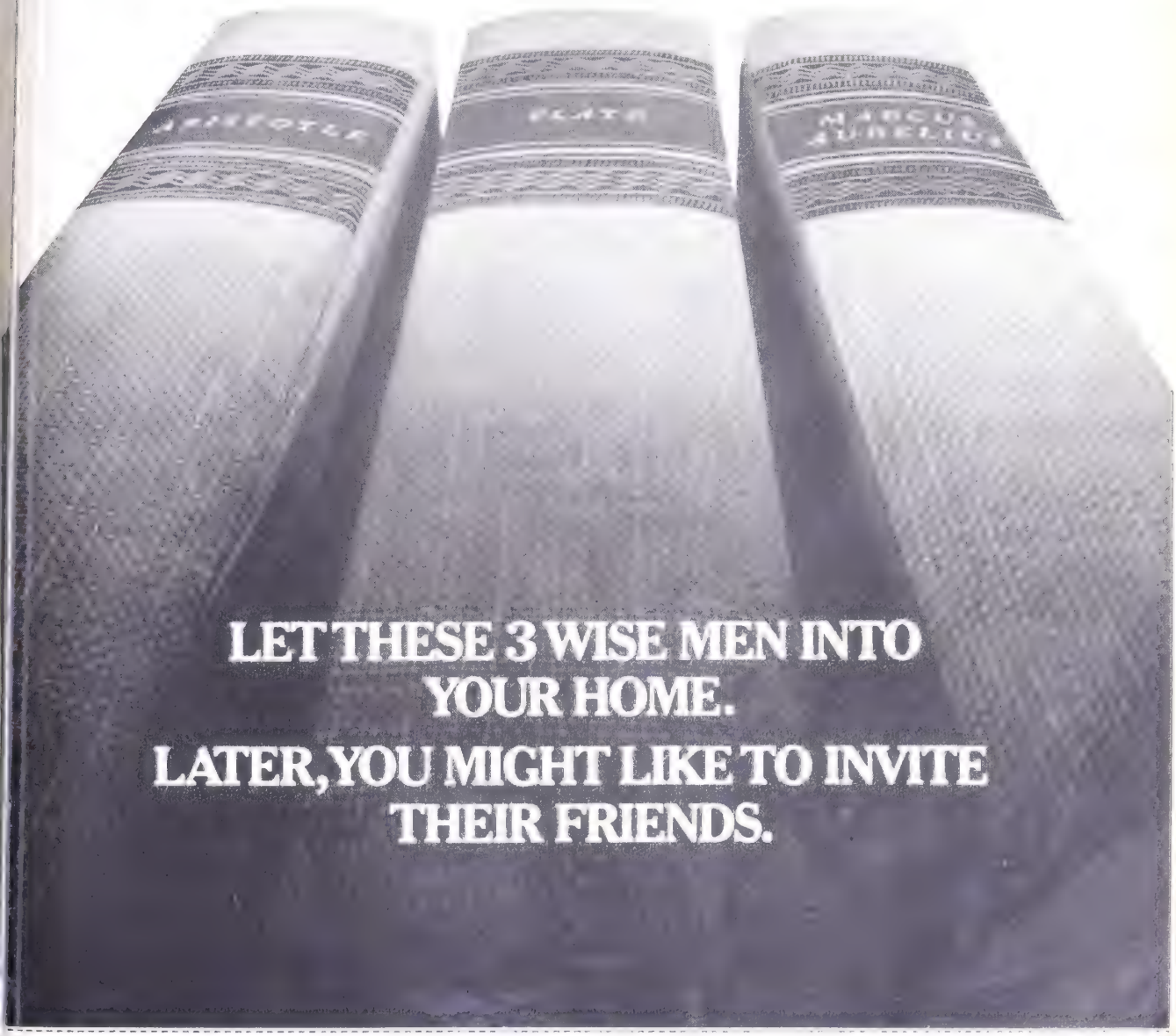
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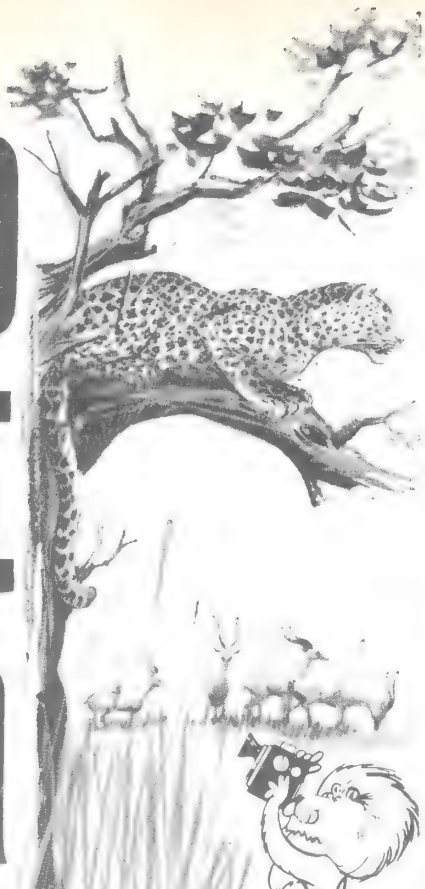
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LETTERS

That's the way we pedants ta
here in the ivory tower.)

And to back up the grisly a
tions, as chapter-and-verse w
given selected passages—only sl
wrenched out of context—from
man and Jencks (thereby mis
senting their estimable study
the bargain).

About all one can conclude
Fischer's argument is that, d
his proud claim of "conversa
with dozens" of students, the
still has a long way to go bef
will grasp the nature and comp
of the (admittedly serious)
lems facing higher education
days. Mr. Fischer's penchan
simplistic generalities serves n
pose, least of all his own credi
as an informed critic. That te
tion to jump on the youthcult
wagon is hard to resist, isn't it
Fischer?

STEPHEN C. B
Dept. of Er
Brown Univ
Providence

I wish to express complete a
ment with John Fischer's ana
Not many commentators outsi
the educational community, an
that matter inside of it, have
clearly the relationship betwee
dent protest on political issues
protest against education, the
tionship between fights agains
administration and problems
have been created by the faculty
the relationship between educat
change and broader social ch
His article draws those connect
and in doing so, makes a val
contribution to the public di
sion. . . .

EDWARD SCHW
Pres
National Student A
Washington,

Congratulations to John Fis
on his adroit exercise in the
truth. How exciting to finally
the "lowdown" on the typical A
ican professor who actually en
ages his undergraduates to dro
if they are not interested in see
the Ph.D. This is just one of th
believable number of patently ab
excesses constituting Mr. Fisc
article. Also, can you imagine
"horror of it all" when many
versity faculties today decide
shall be hired and fired? As in

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LETTERS

case of other professions, it igh not be really all that ungodly to av those *within* the teaching profsio have some "power" of evalettio with respect to the standar that profession. It is quite ude standable for Mr. Fischer to l in pressed with "authorities" Cl st pher Jencks' and David Ries an *The Academic Revolution*, b should really consider gettin from "the Easy Chair" to ai o and perhaps straighten out so e his academic biases.

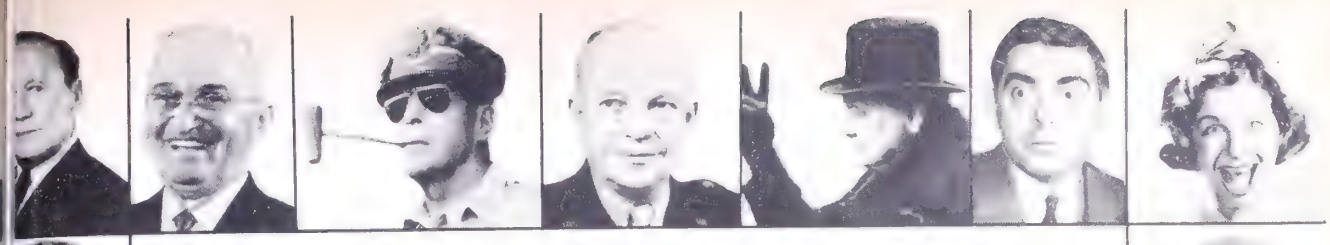
ROBERT A. (KI
Dept. of Huma ti
U. of Missouri-. ol
Rolla, Mi.

John Fischer obviously invite di senting replies, particularly frq i side the academy. Let me offer o reactions of a long-term inma the two points made in his co lu ing paragraph. . . .

What disenchanted students a long known disparagingly as " System" seems only a strait k and has the same appeal. The ro lem for these students becomes n to get an education in spite o System. A few succeed, thoug n without frustrations. Others increasingly seek what they wa universities outside the United St —not solely because of Vietnan a the draft. But many more, pa ic larly of late, are simply turne by what they encounter. And t a great pity. For society can ill a o to lose the many "middle-level' dents who in the right circumst could have their sights raised.

Few will argue with Mr. Fisc a second point, the case for gettin of "Aunt Nannie" and her ca housekeeping functions. But do go far enough? Would students a that there is nothing of Aunt N in their academic experience on pus? No standing *in loco par* intellectually as well as person No prejudging, predigesting, packaging involved in the "giv of courses—or in "taking" them How can Aunt Nannie actuall got rid of if those students wh i tellectually are adults are not tr that way academically as well as sonally and politically? . . .

J. W. OLM
University of Calif
Riverside, Ca



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The Easy Chair *by John Fischer*

CAN RALPH R. WIDNER SAVE NEW YORK, CHICAGO, AND DETROIT?

You never heard of Ralph R. Widner? Never mind. Neither did about 199 million other people, including probably Mayors Lindsay, Daley, and Cavanagh. Mr. Widner likes it that way; he can do his job only by keeping a low silhouette and moving gently, gently through the underbrush of government.

But the three Mayors—and all the rest of us—would do well to offer a small prayer that his work goes well. For if he fails, the big cities will fail too, sinking steadily deeper into their morass of disorder and decay. If he succeeds, they will at least have a chance to work out remedies for their multitudinous ills—and such a success might also just possibly give us a new pattern for rebuilding American society.

I doubt that he is aware of it, but Ralph Widner is a revolutionist. What he is up to could change the established order in this country more drastically than anything the New Left has yet proposed. He and his handful of co-revolutionists don't use the jargon of the New Left, but some of their goals are identical—to disperse and decentralize power, to create communities, to give people more control over their own lives. "Participatory democracy" is not one of their slogans; it is simply one of their working tools. In the last three years they have led thousands of people to take part, for the first time in their lives, in running something important. In the process they are transforming a good many obsolete institutions, and building a few new ones.

Widner's job is unique. He might be described as America's first proconsul. He is the chief executive of a new experiment in government, entirely different from anything in our history. His domain includes nineteen million people in thirteen states. Its boundaries are not very sensi drawn, its resources are pitiful, problems are heartbreaking, its thority is narrowly limited. Its habitants, moreover, are proba the least governable on this co nent: belligerently individualis most of them, suspicious, badly e cated, apathetic, underfed, conser tive to the marrow, and often so what alcoholic. Yet even now, in toddling stage, the experiment gaining an unexpectedly wide ra of support. For example, on one cent memorable day enthusias statements came in from both S ator John Stennis of Mississippi a the National Association for the vancement of Colored People. So as I know, that's the first day t ever agreed on anything.

The sign on Widner's door, i nondescript Plate Glass Mod building at 1666 Connecticut Ave in Washington, says that he is ecutive director of the Appalach Regional Commission—a title t tells practically nothing about w he really does. On first acquaintan Widner too is easy to underestima He has none of the cautious p posity which so often characteri the high-level civil servant. A o time desk man for the *New Y Times*, he still has the newspap man's shirt-sleeved working habi relaxed, outgoing, a little clutter on first-name terms with his st Only those who have worked w him for some time understand t unusual combination of talents wh brought him, at the age of thir eight, to a post of such respon bility. They include hard-drivi energy, a solid academic groundi in government (Duke and New Y universities, a Congressional Fello ship from the American Politi Science Association), eight yea experience in both state and fede government, highly developed po



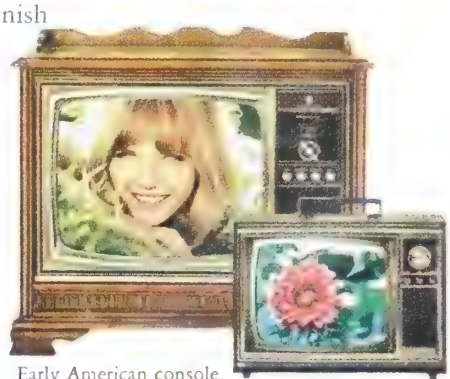
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To name just a few of its strongpoints:

It has an armored crystal, which is a lot brawnier than ordinary crystals.

It's tested to withstand water pressure as far down as 333 feet.

And inside is the famous Bulova movement. With every part precision fitted to every other part. Which is why the Oceanographer isn't just super waterproof*. It's super dustproof [illegible] ant to heat, cold and shock as [illegible]ell.

So if you're in the market f[illegible]a su[illegible] rugged watch, you can't do b[illegible]ter [illegible] an Oceanographer. Despite its g[illegible]od lo[illegible]

The Bulova Oceanographe[illegible]

Not just another pretty face[illegible]

*When case, crown and crystal are inta[illegible]



Oceanographer "H" 17 jewels. $85.
See the Bulova Oceanographer Colle
fine jewelers and department stores e
Bulova Watch Co., Inc.
New York, Toronto, Bienne, Milan,
London, Frankfurt, Hong Kong. 19

ensitivity, and an apparently nless reservoir of tact. The last bably the most important.
· the outfit he directs is a rously temperamental bastard, by state politicians, born out ıe federal bureaucracy, and d by Congressional prima don- I couldn't begin to understand til I learned a little about its ption and birth.

vas conceived in desperation eight years ago, when the Gov- s responsible for Appalachia ed that they were in an all-but- ess mess, and that no one of alone could do much about it. lachia is an oblong patch of tains and misery, stretching a corner of Mississippi on the to a corner of New York at orthern end. For at least a ıry it had been distinguished ly for having the densest con- ation of poverty in America, since World War II it had been ng worse. Its only significant ucts were coal, timber, and chil- . All three had been pouring out ıe hills for a long time, leaving countryside steadily more im- rished—its slopes ravaged by miners and slash-and-run lum- ıen, its streams polluted, its ıs drained of brainpower and ership. The loss of people hurt —two and a half million of them single decade. When they got to ago or Cleveland or Detroit they derided as hillbillies, but they the best Appalachia had: those enough initiative, energy, and ation to get out and try to make w start somewhere else.
n May 8, 1960, Millard Tawes, Governor of Maryland, asked e of the other Appalachia Gov- rs to meet him in Annapolis, to whether they could figure out e way to stop this hemorrhage. night help, he thought, to pool r ideas and resources (though didn't have much of either) and ther they might stand a better ce of prying a really big satchel- of money out of the federal asury.
he upshot was a permanent Coun- of Appalachian Governors. They ed to President Kennedy, who a soft spot for Appalachia be- se his victory in the West Vir-

There are over 600,000 words in the English language. But not one can really describe just how good J&B is. So when it comes to *anyone's* word on J&B—don't take it.

Take a drink of J&B instead.

Savor its special taste for yourself. You'll discover the flavor of J&B is unique. Far better than any words can convey. Far better than the scotch you used to think was great.

And you'll be anxious to pass the good word along. When you do, do it right. Forget all the superlatives; all the glorious adjectives. And simply insist they taste J&B for themselves.

Because now you know that only tasting is truly believing.

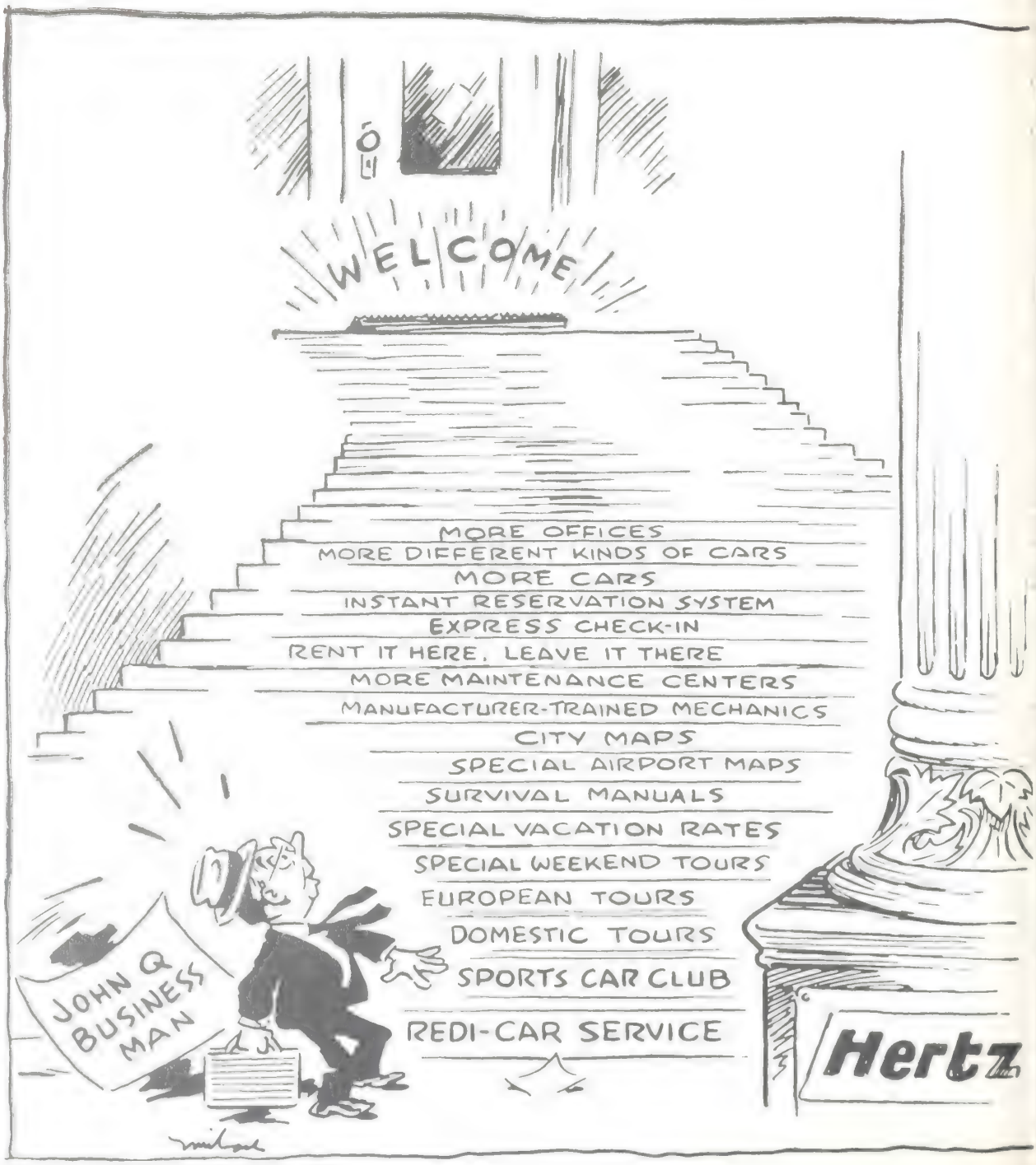
no man can really tell a woman about it

The unique flavor of J&B Rare Scotch

pennies more in cost
worlds apart in quality
the premium product of
JUSTERINI & BROOKS
founded 1749



The bigges
It's only right.



hould do more.

this age of skepticism, when you y to people, "We do more," they id to put their tongues in their eeks and roll their eyes skyward.

Perhaps this is because people ve come to suspect that saying u do more in ads and actually do g more can be horses of different lors.

At the risk of provoking fur- er skepticism, we'd like to say re and now we do do more.

We don't ask your undying atitude for this. After all, since e got to be the biggest on your oney it's only right that we should ve some of it back in good service.

In that light, we've listed here me of the things we do more of.

ur car's better than your car.

would be foolhardy to try your atience with the nuts and bolts of ur car maintenance.

(How we keep our cars in ood running order is our problem nd we intend to keep it that way.)

There are, however, two short uts and bolts we think you might nd interesting.

One, on the average, a Hertz ar is rented just 71 times before e get rid of it. And between those 1 rentals our mechanics have or- ers to give it more babying than ven the factory warranty calls for.

And two, if there is a question bout how a car is running we tell ur people not to give you the car. Ve think if you have to be disap- ointed you should be disappointed it the counter, not on the road.

There's a Hertz office in the vicinity of this ad.

It's hard to go anywhere in this world without being near a Coke® machine or a Hertz counter.

A fact which cannot be fully appreciated until such time as you want to pick up or drop off a car in some town where the major industry is the Hertz office.

A fact, which you can start appreciating right now, is that you can rent a Hertz car in one city and drop it off in virtually any other city in the United States. And between over 50 major cities, you can rent a Ford sedan in one and drop it off in another and you won't get hit with a drop-off charge. (If you want to know what we call a major city, call any Hertz office.)

If you're ever not in the neighborhood, give us a call.

If you're in Des Moines and you want to reserve a car in, say, San Francisco or New York, you don't have to call San Francisco or New York. All you have to do is call your local Hertz office and we'll reserve a car for you at any one of our offices anywhere in the world.

If you're in a hotel lobby, you can get a car by picking up one of those little yellow phones we've placed in the lobbies of hundreds of hotels and motels.

If you're in an airport about to fly someplace and you forgot to reserve a car, it's not too late. On your way to the plane stop at the Hertz counter and by the time you land we'll have a car for you.

Or if you're talking to an airline or a travel agent, you don't have to talk to us at all. Have them call us.

Behind every smile, a brain.

Good Hertz girls are made not born. They're also good for more than handing out keys.

We put them through a most exhaustive (they claim the most exhausting) training program in the business.

And when they're through, our girls can help you with everything from figuring out the lowest possible rate for the time you're going to be using the car—to the fastest way back to the airport during rush hours.



Man cannot live by four-door Fords alone.

There's nothing wrong with four-door sedans per se. Unless, of course, the car you left at home happens to be a four-door sedan.

In which case we think you deserve a change. So we've put together the widest variety of Fords and other new cars in the business for you to change to.

Hard-tops, convertibles and station wagons. Mustangs, Mercurys, Thunderbirds, Continentals and even some $8,000 Mark III's.

And if you're in the mood to rent something your wife may never let you own, you may want to try a Shelby Cobra or a Mercury Cougar XR7-G.

The A.S.P.C.C.R. (American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Car Renters).

We've said it before: traveling for a living is no way to live.

Since more than half of our business comes from men who travel on business, we don't think it's going to kill us to help out where and when we can.

If, for example, you know where you're going but aren't too sure how to get there, tell the Hertz girl. She'll give you specially made maps on how to get around the city. And if you're no Daniel Boone at reading maps she'll even diagram them for you.

If you're a stranger in one of America's 28 largest cities we'll give you the world's most complete guide on how to survive in that city. The Hertz Survival Manual.

If you're running to catch a plane, we won't make you stand in line behind people who aren't. If you're a charge customer (we accept most major credit cards) all you have to do is stuff your keys inside your rental envelope, write your mileage on the back, drop it on the counter and take off.

And if you're temporarily embarrassed for cash—and have a Hertz credit card—we'll even lend you $10 on your IOU.

After all, we couldn't in all conscience claim to do more if we only paid attention to the car the man rents and ignored the man who rents the car.

Hertz

©HERTZ SYSTEM.

Steinway gives you a tune-keeper with every piano.



In fact, Steinway builds it in.

It's the patented Hexagrip wrestplank and its job is to keep the Steinway piano in tune better and longer.

Steinway found that six layers of rock maple, laminated at different angles, would grip tuning pins more firmly.

Finding a way to keep Steinway's unique sound in tune longer is just one of the continuing improvements we build into what many consider the perfect piano.

We know the world's greatest pianists insist on playing a Steinway for one reason only.

The way it performs.

And that is the very reason you should consider one.

Steinway & Sons

For information, write: Dept. S-Steinway, Steinway Hall, 111 West 57th Street, New York 10019

ginia primary had been a t
point in his career. He set
inevitable study group, which
mightily and brought forth
By that time LBJ was in the
House; he sold the idea to Co
and finally—five years after T
first meeting—the Appalachi
gional Commission was born.

Its orders were simple: ma
palachia prosper and put its
to work. But nothing else a
was simple, or even familiar.
to be financed mostly with
money—nearly half a billion
in the first three years—but
not a federal agency. It was a
part federal, part state, part
thing that neither of its pare
recognize. It has two heads.
as cochairmen, one of then
Governor—at the moment, Mil
win of Virginia—who speaks
states; the other is a Presi
appointee who speaks for Wa
ton. Together with the twelve
Appalachian Governors, they
up a sort of corporate board of
tors. But in addition, the Gov
have a full-time representat
look after their interests from
day. He and the federal cocha
sit just down the hall from W
and together they serve as h
mediate bosses. Moreover, W
salary, like those of his six
staff members, is paid half
the federal purse, half fro
states.

Any management expert wou
you that such a Surrealist org
tion chart would never work,
for the Biblical rule that no m
serve two masters. In practice,
worked surprisingly well—pri
because the President's man, J
Fleming, and the Governors'
John D. Whisman, think ali
most matters and pull comforta
harness with their executive
tor. Besides, all three are brim
over with excitement about
work.

One of the first things the
was to hire a private consultin
expert on the location of ind
to tell them how to coax a lot o
factories into Appalachia. Th
swers were unexpected. The
tional bait—tax exemptions,
dies, the promise of cheap,
nonunion labor—no longer wo

ROM SPAIN WITH LOVE

those people whose first sip of imported brandy
't quite the romantic interlude they expected.



member how it was the first
you raised a brandy glass to
ever-waiting and over-eager

member how you sniffed at
ur nose twitching with
ement?
d then finally you tasted it.

nfortunately, like so many
people in life, you were
epared for your first experi-
You thought that a bottle of
rted brandy–with 5 stars
large V.S.O.P. on the label–
ad to have the exotic flavor
were expecting.
hat you didn't know was that
y of these imported brandies
one big thing in common:
ger taste. Which is fine if you
stronger taste. (A lot of
dy drinkers do.) But for a gin
tonic, scotch and water person
ourself it turned out to be an
rience you never forgot.
dly for us however, a lot of
le, like yourself, have
luded that all imported
dies must taste the same.
nd sadly for us, they've never
a chance at the sweet, gentle
of Fundador: the brandy from
n. The brandy made the solera
–which is the way all Spanish
ry is made. (Hence the mild,
tate flavor; Hence the smooth,
ant aroma; Hence the full
ance of brandy.)
o if your first sip of imported
dy was less than you expected–
t let it get you down. Just look
the bottle that bears the Spanish
l–and let your second sip make
or the first.
undador: from the world
ous house of Pedro Domecq.

80 Proof. Imported from Spain by Somerset Importers, Ltd., N.

Volkswagen leaps into the present.

AGEN OF AMERICA, INC.



With a fully automatic transmission.

If you bet a friend we never uld, we almost didn't.

10 years ago the decision was de. To design a fully automatic nsmission. The kind you put in ve and forget.

Our aim was to make things sy, but for us changes aren't easy make.

Especially in this case. There re certain things we just didn't nt to lose.

Like horsepower, and our repution for being economical.

What we've ended up with is a 3-speed automatic transmission that's pure Volkswagen—designed from scratch to get the most out of the VW with the least expenditure of effort.

It has the fewest moving parts.

It's the lightest per horsepower output. And it's incredibly sensitive. (A model airplane engine is powerful enough to turn it.)

So come see how far Volkswagen has come.

The Squareback and Fastback. Both have disk brakes, an electronically controlled fuel injection system, and now, a fully automatic transmission.

If you're interested, it's available as an option on our '69 models.

If you're not interested, we sure went to a lot of trouble for nothing.



FYI

For your information, Seagram's V.O. is America's biggest-selling Canadian.



Seagram's V.O. Canadian. Known by the company it keeps.

CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND OF SELECTED WHISKIES. 6 YEARS OLD. 86.8 PROOF. SEAGRAM DISTILLERS COMPANY, N.Y.C.

well as they did a generation ago. Moreover, these lures usually attract only declining, low-wage companies —a shirt manufacturer, for instance, or a carpet weaver who couldn't make it up north.

To hook a modern, expanding industry in electronics or chemicals or instrument making, you have to offer something quite different. What it looks for first, the consultants reported, is a location where its scientists and management people (and their wives) will be happy; otherwise it could never hold its key personnel. This means, first of all, good schools; a doctor and a hospital within easy reach; a nearby university; and at least some of the amenities of city life—smart shops, theaters, museums, music, and a few good restaurants. A pleasant environment, with plenty of streams, mountains, and open countryside is a big help—but only if the other ingredients of a good life are reasonably close at hand.

In addition, modern industries are looking not for cheap labor, but for skilled workers with at least a basic general education. Rail and water transport no longer are as important as they once were; but good highways and airports are essential.

Appalachia could offer practically none of these things except for scenery, and much of that had been messed up. In the whole region there is only one modern highway crossing the mountains from east to west. It is also short of cities; most of its people live in crumbling small towns or on starvation farms at the head of some God-forgotten hollow. The only metropolitan centers in the region are Pittsburgh and Birmingham, both dominated by the elderly and sluggish steel industry. Nearly all of the growing cities lie just outside the borders of Appalachia: along the coast and the Piedmont to the east, booming Atlanta and the Gulf ports to the south, in the Mississippi Valley to the west. That is why it might have been more logical, if it had been politically feasible, to extend the boundaries of the Commission's realm to take in at least a few of these growth centers.

Under these circumstances it would have been easy for Widner, Fleming, Whisman & Co. to decide



We'll take yo to the shops of India. And give you the biggest bargain of al

28 days in India, Iran and Nepal. $1,570.*

You could search the world never find more exotic countrys

India for 17 days (including th in Kashmir), Iran for four and Ne for three, fully escorted all while. With a day in London c ing back, to make the bargain much bigger.

Including round-trip Air-Ir fare from New York. Twin-bed rooms with private bath at supe hotels. All meals except in Iran London, where Continental bre fasts are provided. Sightseeing excursion tours by private mo coach. And most taxes and tips.

Departing Oct. 1, 1968; and J 14, Apr. 1, July 15 and Oct. 7, 19

Truly, the biggest bargain of

AIR-INDIA

666 Fifth Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 1001

Dear Sirs:

Please send me more informa tion on your String of Sapphires tour. Then I'll see my travel agent.

Name

Address

City

State Zip

Travel Agent

*Based on the 28-day economy group Inclus tour air fare—minimum 10 in a group—va all year except June 9-July 3 and August 4- 1969, when rates are increased $50 per pers



. will love the shops in India.
t not as much as the shopkeepers.

er a day of sightseeing
v Delhi, you find your-
ı possession of a bag
low cooking spice, do
surprised.
ıerchant in Delhi can
a bag of cooking spice
ike a terribly neces-
ommodity.
will clear your sinuses,
end. And awaken your
. And open the dusty
ors of your mind. It
nake you witty and
It will even put hair
ır head."
v can you resist such a
?
erever you travel in
you will be impressed
he quality and low cost
of our handcrafted goods—our silks, sandals, carvings, paintings, brocades, brassware, ivory, precious stones.

But it is our guess that what will often move you to buy these treasures will be the charm and good humor of the people who sell them.

Come and discover this for yourself. Talk to the silk merchant in Madras. The rug dealer in Kashmir. The goldsmith in Jaipur. Swap stories with the weaver in Benares. The ivory carver in Kerala.

Come and meet the shopkeepers of India. You will not need an interpreter. And you will not need much money.

For more information on our shops, our shopkeepers, our hotels, our restaurants, our scenic wonders, see your travel agent or complete the lines below and mail them to us. We will send you a free colorful booklet filled with useful travel information.

Government of India Tourist Office: New York, 19 E. 49th Street; Chicago, 201 North Michigan Avenue; San Francisco, 685 Market Street.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____

State_____ Zip Code_____

Johnnie Walker® Black Label 12 Year Old Blended Scotch Whisky, 86.8 Proof. Distilled in Scotland. $9.49 a Liter N.Y. State Price. Slightly Higher or Lower in Other States. Imported by Somerset Importers, L



It can be a small way of paying yourself back
for all the years of struggle it took to get where you are.

ıse was hopeless, and to dribble their federal money in a lot of make-work projects all over the n. That also would have been cally expedient: it would look it would satisfy every court- statesman, and would give at a few dollars to every hamlet ıollow. But when the cash was Appalachia would have been ıs badly off as ever.

ad they chose a bolder strategy, f political risks. Its first objec- is to create the cities which lachia now lacks. This means ntrating all the money they can tate and federal—in a few po- ıl growth centers. It means that ittle, dying towns will be en- ged to die faster, regardless of ırieks from local politicians and bers of commerce. It means that e will have to move—millions of eventually—away from their -bottom corn patches and d-out mineheads. It means giv- p an old American dream, still shed by such romantics as Ralph ɔdi and Paul Goodman: the no- that America might return ıow to the pastoral life in coun- illages and small farms.

e brutal truth, as Widner once rked, is that America now has two choices: either (a) urbani- ı or (b) urbanization. From now ıe great majority of our popu- ı (which will double in forty) inevitably will live in cities. we can still make a conscious ion about the *kind of* cities, e they will be located, and how ve want them to be. That is, we as we are now doing) let prac- y everybody drift into about a sprawling megalopolises, like York and Los Angeles. Or we leliberately plan to spread our ation around in many cities of re human and manageable size: ; two hundred of medium size. Louisville, Atlanta, Minneapolis, Seattle, plus a thousand or so er satellites, like Lexington, n, St. Cloud, and Olympia.

e second choice is the announced of the Commission. If it can nstrate that it will work in Ap- hia, Widner and his associates that it will become a national r. Up till now, of course, we never had any policy about our

She Needs Your Love



Little Kim was abandoned by her mother in an alley of Seoul, Korea. She was found curled up behind a box, shivering, hungry and frightened.

Her G.I. father probably doesn't even know she exists. And since Kim is a mixed-blood child, no relative will ever claim her.

Only your love can help give little Kim, and children just as needy, the privileges you would wish for your own child.

Through Christian Children's Fund you can sponsor one of these youngsters. We use the word sponsor to symbolize the bond of love that exists between you and the child.

The cost? Only $12 a month. Your love is demonstrated in a practical way because your money helps with nourishing meals . . . medical care . . . warm clothing . . . education . . . understanding housemothers . . .

And in return you will receive your child's personal history, photograph, plus a description of the orphanage where your child lives. You can write and send packages. Your child will know who you are and will answer your letters. Correspondence is translated at our overseas offices.

(If you want your child to have a special gift—a pair of shoes, a warm jacket, a fuzzy bear—you can send your check to our office, and the *entire amount* will be forwarded, along with your instructions.)

Will you help? Requests come from orphanages every day. And they are urgent. Children wrapping rags on their feet, school books years out of date, milk supplies exhausted, babies abandoned by unwed mothers.

Since 1938, thousands of American sponsors have found this to be an intimate, person-to-person way of sharing their blessings with youngsters around the world.

Little Kim and children like her need your love—won't you help? Today?

Sponsors are urgently needed this month for children in Korea, Taiwan, India, Brazil. (Or let us select a child for you from our emergency list.)

Write today: Verbon E. Kemp

CHRISTIAN CHILDREN'S FUND, Inc.

Box 511, Richmond, Va. 23204

I wish to sponsor ☐ boy ☐ girl in (Country) _____

☐ Choose a child who needs me most. I will pay $12 a month.

I enclose first payment of $_____

Send me child's name, story, address and picture.

I cannot sponsor a child but want to give $_____

☐ Please send me more information

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Registered (VFA-080) with the U. S. Government's Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid. Gifts are tax deductible. Canadians: Write 1407 Yonge, Toronto 7.

HP 108

About the finest Canadian whisky you can find. If you can find it.



What makes Canadian Masterpiece great is what makes it scarce. Time. This whisky takes so long to make, you may find it smoother than brandy. (In fact, some people drink it like brandy—straight.) If we tried to make it any faster, it wouldn't be Masterpiece. So the best we can promise is to keep trickling it in from Canada. At that same high price, around $9.00 a fifth. But don't get discouraged. Canadian Masterpiece is hard to get because it's hard to make. Look around a little and we think you'll find some.



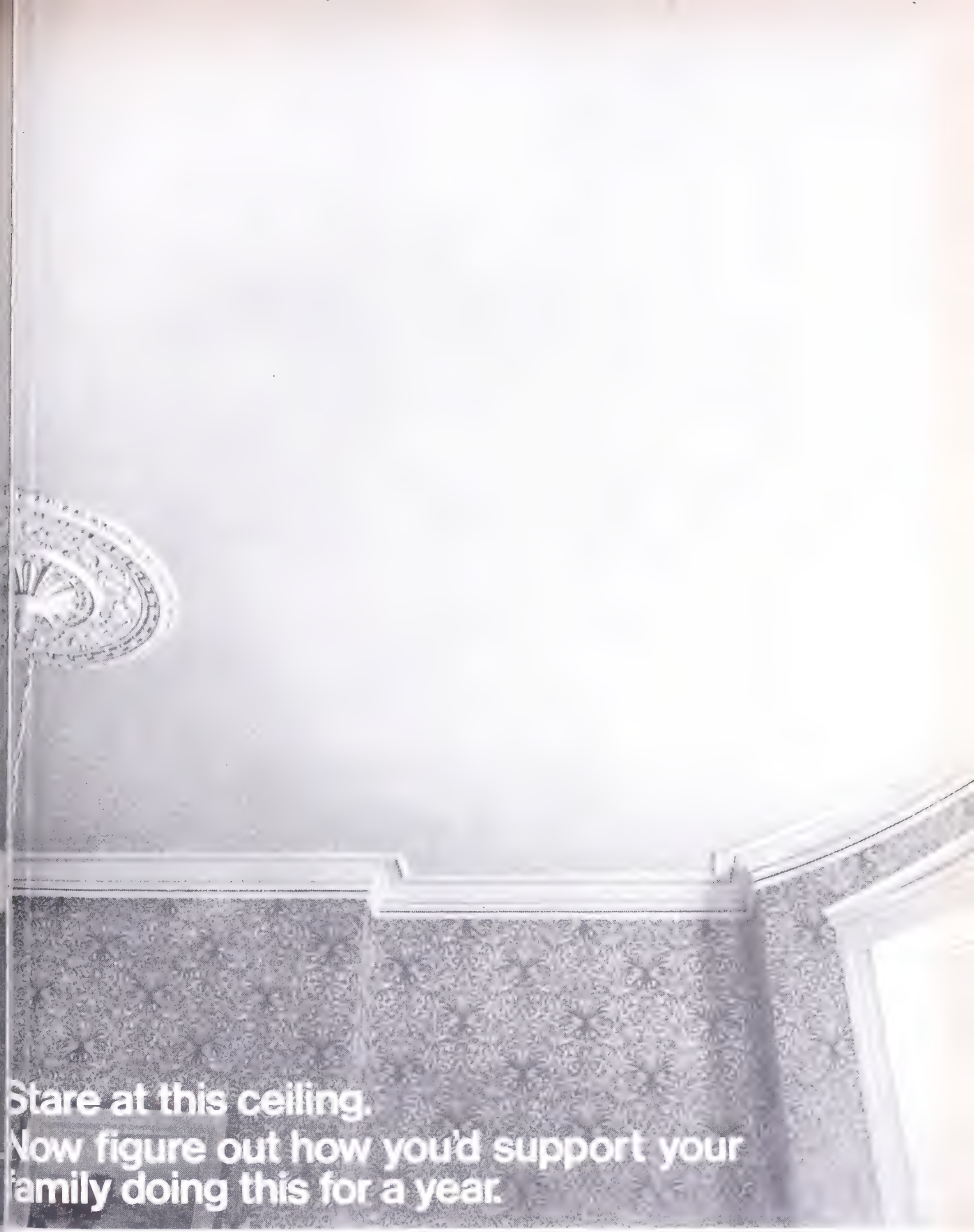
cities; we have just let them
which is the main reason th
in such trouble.

What the Commission is try
do requires planning, at all le
government, on a scale which
have been denounced just a few
ago as communistic, un-An
and unthinkable. The most r
able triumph of the Commis
that it has been able to ma
such planning into some of th
conservative states in the
with hardly a whisper of pro

A master plan for Appalach
exists in skeleton form. It desi
eighty growth centers—the ci
the future. It sets forth just
steps will have to be taken, in
order, to make them grow. Y
year the plan is being fleshed
specific detail, district by dis
to show where each road wi
which towns will get a new h
one vocational school where
towns would be built, what st
should be dammed, which
should be reforested first and
the money will come from.

Two things made this possibl
First, the plan was not dream
in Washington and imposed
local people. Quite the contrary
state drafts its own plan, a thou
by some most of them got
assistance from the Commi
staff. Since the governors
serve [illegible] Commiss
have [illegible] so it [illegible] se

[illegible] Commission [illegible]
[illegible] development d
The [illegible] Appalach
small towns, for [illegible] to
[illegible] anything. Everybody s
[illegible] of about [illegible]
paid by [illegible] state [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] the [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible] [illegible]
[illegible] [illegible]



etty tough, when you're flat on your back. bling accident or illness can keep you from ng for a long time, and reduce your income to near-zero in no time. But you can eliminate that worry. With State Mutual disability income insurance. If you'd like one less thing to worry about, we'd like to talk to you.

STATE MUTUAL OF AMERICA, Worcester, Mass. 01605. Founded 1844. Life / Health / Group / Annuities

erica Group STATE MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA • WORCESTER MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY • GUARANTEE MUTUAL ASSURANCE COMPANY OF AMERICA • CITIZENS MUTUAL INSURANCE COMPANY • AMERICAN VARIABLE ANNUITY LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY • BEACON MUTUAL INDEMNITY COMPANY • AMERICAN SELECT FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

Asti Gancia. Italian sparkling wine. Made from fresh, ripe Moscato grapes.
Pride of the province of Asti, in Italy. Pure. Golden. Semi-sweet.
And seen in all the right places. All over the world.

ICY GRAPES TASTE LIKE ASTI GANCIA.



Drink a bunch today.

YOUR TABLE IS OUR KITCHEN.

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LT 1-0930
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Chicago
166 E. Superior St.
664-9643
Hawaii
opening Fall 1968



Solution to

Harper's

Puzzle No. 2

(September issue, page 110)

A	M	B	A	S	S	A	D	O	R			P		T
	O		C		O		R		E		P	E	R	U
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Acrostician—

ARTHUR GOLDBERG

plans together into a coherent
for the region. Naturally thi
involved a certain amount of p
and hauling, state rivalries
what they are. But because the
idea originated with the Gove
—and because all of them are
vinced that it offers the only h
salvation for their people—they
so far, managed to compromise
differences quite sensibly.

For the last few months I
been studying these state plans
the master plan for the region,
a growing sense of astonishr
For example, South Carolina
torious for its conservatism and
federate nostalgia—has come up
one of the best. Only six of
state's counties fall within the
palachian region, so Governor R
E. McNair might have produc
plan for them alone. He was so t
with the advantages of the plan
process, however, that he is tr
to cover the whole state, follo
the Commission's guidelines
principles throughout. A m
irony: South Carolina had no
ning staff to speak of, so Mc
hired a Wall Street consulting
Moody's Investors Service, to do
job for him. Next year's vers
however, will be produced by a g
of experts newly assembled in
own office. Like most of the o
Governors, he has discovered
the plan is not a static, once-and-
all document. It is a strategy for
vestment, which needs to be r
larly updated and revised, as par
the state's budget making and
forecasting.

Less surprisingly, Pennsylva
too has an impressive plan, wh
neatly mortises the state's own
dustry-promoting efforts into
programs of the Commission. But
far Ohio and a few other states h
produced rather disappointing pla
And West Virginia, which needs
Appalachian program most of
has been slow in getting it goi
The reason, according to an eco
mist who worked briefly on the pr
ect, is simply "the hideous facil
that West Virginians have for lo
ing everything up." He would h
been fairer, it seems to me, if he h
put part of the blame on the stat
antiquated constitution, which mak
effective government almost imp
sible.



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Since these thirteen state
just learning to plan their
future, their performance na
is spotty. But on the whole it
me as both imaginative and
headed; and the overall region
clearly is a major achievemen

The second reason for this a
ment is Widner's role as proc
With the backing of Flemin
President's man, he can speak
in the region, for the whol
eral government. As a conseq
Appalachia is the only place
country where the tangled sk
federal programs is being wo
gether to pull toward a singl
Everywhere else innumerable
agencies are tugging at cros
poses, snarled by bureaucratic
ries and confused by contrad
mandates from Congress.

Not that Widner can give
exactly, to the federal burea
operating in Appalachia. But
wheedle and explain; and whe
essary he can twist an arm,
the considerable leverage o
Commission's money, the p
influence of its Governors, a
somewhat vague coordinatin
thority conferred on it by Co
This he is doing with tactful
trusiveness. Rarely does he c
tention to himself or the Co
sion's staff; for whatever is
accomplished the credit goes,
ever possible, to a Governor,
gressman, a Mayor, or some
elected official.

His sharpest weapon proba
The Plan itself. Just by point
it, he usually can keep a road o

A former White House aid
talked to me about Widner said
God's sake, don't call him a pro
That word will scare Congr
death." But I can't think of any
word which comes even close to s
ing his functions; and besides, I
think Congressional nervousness
tified. Like the old Roman proc
Widner does direct the operations
central government within a speci
ritory—but in this case, he does
it at the expense of local gover
On the contrary, the work of the
mission has markedly increased t
fectiveness of state, city, and
governments, so that they ca
handle undertakings which prev
would have had to be done (if at
Washington bureaucrats



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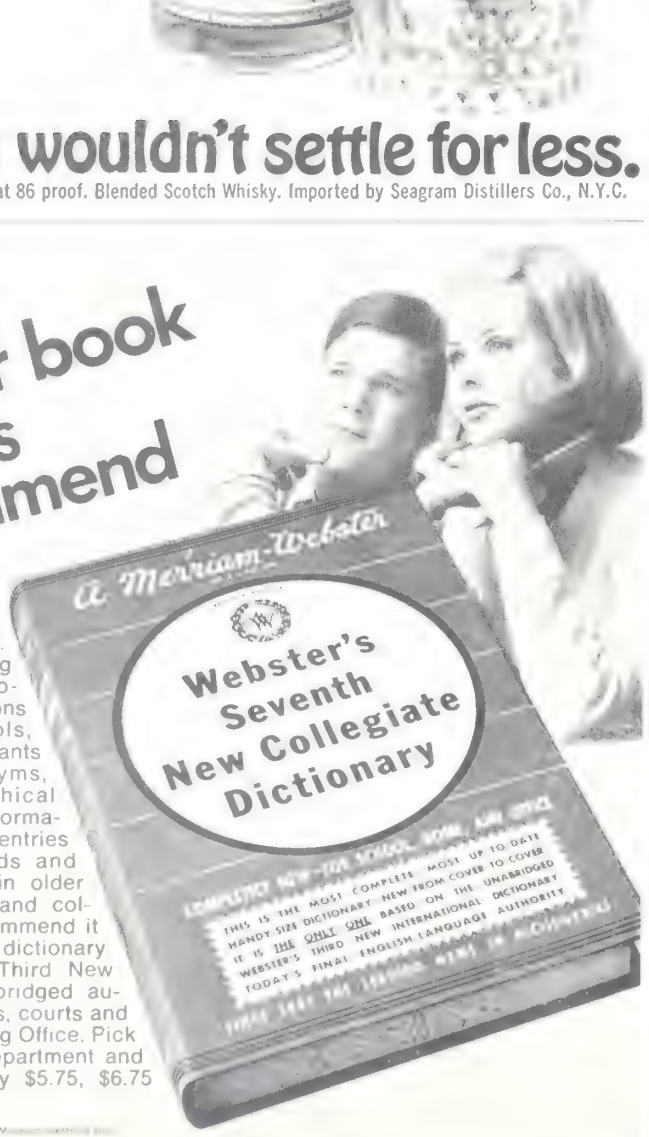


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from going up in the wrong
A look at the plan often helps t
suade a federal agency to put
its field offices in a designated g
center, instead of a dying tov
to steer antipollution money wh
will create a water supply for
industry. In dealing with a bu
racy which has no overall sche
priorities, a man who knows
cisely what he wants and whe
wants it is strongly armed.

How the plan works is a fas
ing story, but it is too long t
here; I hope to come back to
other month. For now, it is en
to note that it *is* working. Appa
finally is beginning to get the t
it needs to become a self-suppo
part of a modern society—high
health services, education gear
the future job market, new i
trial complexes, rejuvenated
recreational attractions which
someday make it a playgroun
half the nation.

For those of us in other pa
the country, the most heartenin
is that the flood of migration
from Appalachia already has s
down. A decade ago, about 25
people a year were streaming
heading, mostly, for the slums
relief rolls of Chicago, Cleve
Detroit, and New York. This
the exodus probably will be c
less than half that rate; and th
rection of the flow is shifting
North Carolina, for example,
folks are still moving away fro
mountains and the coastal plain
instead of aiming for New Y
Washington, and Philadelphia
they traditionally did, many of
are now settling inside the sta
the thriving industrial towns o
Piedmont.

In some districts the tide act
has been reversed. A case in poi
Watauga county, North Caro
until recently one of the po
counties in the nation. In the de
before 1960 it lost nearly 10 per
of its population. Since that
however, it has gained more tha
per cent, and in the last five y
the number of jobs in the county
trebled. Here a fast-growing to
industry is mainly responsible
the turnaround. Another example
far away is Greenville, South C
lina; its growth spiral is based

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the development of machine nd chemical industries to serve the ex- tile mills in the surrounding ed- mont area. North Georgia also s ms to have turned the corner—and 've spotted other areas in Pennsylv ia, Kentucky, and Tennessee w ch either have reached the tur ng point or are close to it.

Not all the credit belongs to he Appalachian Commission and it re- gional plan. Eight years of st dy growth in the national economy as done a lot for Appalachia, along th other depressed areas. And loca ef- forts started long before the birt of the Commission are responsible or at least part of the upturn.

But there is enough evidenc to convince me, at least, that the a- tion's investment in Appalachi is beginning to pay off. Though its st of about $200 million a year a modest investment—in compar on with, say, the farm subsidy prog m or a single week of the Vietnam ar —nevertheless every taxpayer is t- ting up a few dollars to finance he Commission's work. We are, I th k, getting our money's worth.

For it is a good deal cheaper n the not-very-long-run, to mak a family self-supporting in Appala ia than to support it on relief in H r- lem or Chicago. Indeed, so long as poor people, unskilled and illiter e, continue to pour into the great cit s, I don't see how our urban probl is ever can be solved. There simply is no way (and no room) to prov e them with housing and jobs and e u- cation fast enough. But if they n be anchored down in their ho e states, then New York and her sis r metropolises will at least have a breathing space to learn to take c e of the poor people they have alrea y.

Not all of the poor come from A palachia, of course; nearly all ru l areas from coast to coast are los: a population. But if Widner and s co-revolutionists can show us how to turn the tide in Appalachia, it c n be turned anywhere. They are, I think, doing just that, by develo- ing a new pattern of governm t capable of dealing with social ma a- dies too vast and intractable for a one state to tackle. It may be a p t- tern adaptable to other regions—p r- haps eventually to the whole nati n

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After Hours *by Russell Lynes*

STACKED-UP

Early this past summer when I was in a plane "stacked-up over New York," as the expression goes, I read about Marcel Breuer's plan to stack a fifty-five-story office building on top of Grand Central Terminal in New York. Actually I was not over New York at all; I was in a "holding pattern" over Allentown, Pennsylvania. It would be nice, I thought, if Breuer's tower could be stacked-up over Allentown, instead of me, where it might look rather smashing, and would avoid making a further mess of metropolitan transportation, of whose condition, as a constant user of the subways and busses, I am sensible.

The problem of stacking-up in and around the transportation centers of New York is, of course, a thoroughly familiar one. It is only a few years ago that the Pennsylvania Station, one of New York's great architectural monuments (by McKim, Mead, and White), was razed and a new Madison Square Garden and office building were erected on the site, thereby driving hundreds of thousands of commuters out of the once airy and dignified waiting rooms into rabbit warrens. In the last dozen years one forty-story tower after another has risen like block after block of ice from the edges of Park Avenue to increase the daily population of the area surrounding Grand Central by, quite literally, several hundred thousand. The architecture is in a style which might be called Mid-century Copycat, so nearly indistinguishable are its designs, with the exception of the Pan Am building which rises like a massive letterhead to cut off the north from the south, the handiwork of the great Walter Gropius and the dean of architec re at MIT, Pietro Belluschi. Stack g- up over La Guardia and Kennedy i- ports is peanuts compared with ie stacking-up over the terminals id stations of the island of Manhat

Greed is one thing and what pa for aesthetics is another, but t y are not unfriendly to each othe n New York or, for that matter, in y other city where land is expen e and the cost of status runs high t would be unreasonable to ex t architects to turn down good cli s just because the clients happene o want to build where there were l- ready too many buildings for e good of the community. It is, a r all, the architect's function to p- duce an aesthetically satisfactory efficient structure where his cli t wants to put it; the architect s essentially just a hired hand, a n with a special skill for surround- air with construction materials b make several enclosed layers of and thus make a parcel of land i a layer cake of parcels. The value f the land is increased in exact prop- tion to how stacked-up it becom Or, if that is not the function of architect, that is certainly the eff he gives today when he works cities, and the generalization appl to the designers not only of busin structures but of housing devel ments and luxury apartment hou as well.

There has, it seems to me, alwa been a basic conflict between arc tecture and transportation, thou never since the traffic jams of ancie Rome has the result been so bothe some as now. It is the fight betwe the art of the static and the art the mobile. Architecture has mea the design and structure of som thing that was meant to stay pu "Firmness" in Vitruvius's trinity architectural virtues, "Commodit Firmness, and Delight," meant t ability of a structure to persist its site . . . not to budge, to wit stand the elements—to project itse into the dimension of time as well exist in the dimensions of space. the architect worried about tran portation at all his concern w largely confined to the approaches his building, to roads which mac vistas at the end of which loome his creation or down which its occ pants could look from the secure



"The problem, Master, is that your generation cannot comprehend my generation."

Harper's Magazine, October 1968



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position of a somewhat distant world. In recent years architects have conceded to the motor age by spreading vast macadam meadows around their buildings if there happened to be room for them or, if there wasn't, by tucking in underneath them the minimum of space for cars demanded by building ordinances.

But there is another static aspect of the architect's traditional function which is worth mentioning. If you will look back over the history of the profession of architecture in this country (as a profession it has existed for less than a century and a half, before which it was the trade of carpenter-builders and the game of gentlemen-amateurs like Thomas Jefferson), you will find that the architect has not only emphasized the monumental and the static in structure but the static in society as well. He has been concerned with great houses (indeed only people who could afford great houses thought architects worth hiring), with great public buildings, business edifices, and cultural institutions. The closest architects have got to mobility has been to build massive palaces to house railroad stations, less symbols of mobility than of the permanence of railroad empires, and now, in the same spirit, those massive inconveniences called airports. They have tried to give status to both private and public (corporate and civic) facets of rich America.

There is an obvious affinity between the words *status* and *static*. Status is antithetical to social mobility just as static means the opposite of physically mobile. Architects have made a profession of maintaining both in a country which has prided itself on its social mobility (the opportunity for a man to change his station in life, while often more dream than reality, is nonetheless deep in our mythology) and its physical mobility. Americans have never been ones to stay put if they could find better livings by picking up stakes and moving on. If architects were not pro-status and pro-static, how could one explain the fact that an architect as distinguished as Marcel Breuer could lend his talents (and convictions too, I dare say) to the erection of a massive status symbol which buries (or

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by
Julian P. Van Winkle, Jr.
President
Old Fitzgerald Distillery
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Recently I came across a list of Fortune Magazine's 500 largest companies and was pleased to note that, as usual, ours was not one of them.

We have no ambition to be among the elephantine elite.

To do so, our small family distillery would have to turn into a huge whiskey factory. We'd undoubtedly have to diversify, instead of specialize.

We'd have to wear too many hats—and the old one fits just fine.

I'm reminded of a remark attributed to Ben Franklin that "don't put all your eggs in one basket" was a fool's advice. "Put all your eggs in one basket" said Franklin, "*and watch that basket*".

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at least swamps) a symbol of mobility?

Real-estate values, you say, but the fact that this building is planned for "the highest-valued land in the world" (as Daniel M. Friedenberg called it in this magazine last May) is obviously based on the assumption that because of the *status* (not the convenience) of its location the business community will be willing to pay astronomical rents to inhabit it. And what does this kind of status produce? By adding some twelve thousand regular workers plus an unknown number of visitors a day to the population of the relatively tiny area served by already frighteningly overburdened subways and busses and commuter trains, it will inevitably reduce mobility to a standstill, and the triumph of architecture over people will be complete.

Well, not quite.

The triumph of the builder over people and even over transportation is never quite complete; it is just miserable, nagging, sweaty, and inhumane.

But can we blame the architects?

When I walked the miles of corridors at O'Hare Field in Chicago on my way unwittingly to the skies over Allentown, I wanted to blame somebody for so designing a building (whose sole function is to move people) that it put all of the burden of mobility on my feet. It may be that O'Hare is the worst airport in the world from this point of view, though the Paris airport at Orly and the new one that serves Rome and the one in London are triumphs of elegance and inconvenience. Only the aged and infirm who can command wheelchairs are equipped to cope with the distances they must cover from aircraft to airport bus or taxi. If this is not the architects' fault, whose is it?

One could say that like the stacking-up over the airports it is the public's fault for insisting on not staying put. Too many people want to move too great distances too fast, and they have demonstrated that they will put up with being treated like sheep (or, when placed in jet-propelled cans, like sardines) to get there. One could say that it is the continual disparity between what technology promises and what it can effect. For every speed-it-up there is a slow-it-down; progress is at

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partially self-canceling, and it
ly creates demands that it can-
upply. Can you blame the ar-
cts for that?
s, in some degree, you can.
is a function of architecture to
cile technology with human cus-
ss, to make the mechanics of
ndurable, and to reduce (rather
aggravate) conflicts between
has to be static and what has
mobile. The place, that is, and
neans of getting to it.
was told by an architect who
ld know that several fellow New
practitioners turned down the
hat Marcel Breuer accepted, on
grounds that they did not wish
espoil the landmark which is
nd Central Terminal (and so
ally designated by the Land-
ks Preservation Commission of
city) and that furthermore they
not want to be party to adding
he congestion of the "highest-
ed land in the world." There is,
hermore, a proposal before the
Planning Commission, as I
e this, which is supported by a
ber of architects, to create three
cial transportation districts in
s surrounding Pennsylvania Sta-
, Grand Central Terminal, and
aica Station area in Queens."
purpose is to empower the Com-
sion "to reduce or increase build-
size in such districts after con-
ring the new structures' impact
the area's environment and mo-
ty in the district."

such a proposal is approved by
Commission, the Board of Esti-
te, the City Council, and the
yor, it may be too late to have an
ct on Breuer's plans but it may
estall or ameliorate future crises
h as the current one. It is, indeed,
kind of confrontation of the "in-
ests" by the people on an issue of
survival of dignity and decency
t might provide a nationwide ex-
ple. Chicago architects, for exam-
, the pride of the nation, evidently
no more attention to the larger
blems of mobility than their New
rk counterparts.
It is our inclination almost always
wait until there is a crisis before
can come to grips with situations
ich grow increasingly aggravat-
g. We can put up with the most
noying pains in the neck almost

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AFTER HOURS

indefinitely, and it is not unt neck gets broken that we stop s ing and start thumping the ta And even then we are likely to th that our thumping falls on the ears of "the Interests," that va bunch of faceless "villains" on wh we blame the ills of civilization. I the Establishment, the Interests an ill-defined, ill-identified concep powerful machinators who somehow control our destinies, the whee dealers of public policy and priv money. It is not as easy as th Very often the problem is to dra a distinction between "the people" "the Interests," because they are too often the same. Are the peo who insist on air travel to m every whim also the Interests? A the businessmen who want th offices where they have the great "visibility" the people or the Int ests? The Interests, like "pressu groups," are usually the people happen to disagree with and wh want to get their own way, in opp sition to our way. Since our pol is based on the reconciliation of t differences among pressure grou we are likely to move from crisis crisis, patching rather than solvi as we go.

I like to think of architects "good guys" and not "bad guys" a I want them on my side, not on t side of the Interests. But if they a going to be on my side, which I i sist is the people's side, then th must be on the side of mobility a find a way to reconcile their trad tional commitment to the static, wi a society composed of people wh just won't stand still, who must b moved, and who spend a very larg portion of their time in transportin themselves. There is a way to tak advantage of these ants in the na tional pants, and that is to abando as many businesses already have, th doctrine of concentration in favo of dispersion. The American In stitute of Architects has a "cod of ethics" which disapproves o stealing clients and advertising an rate-cutting and the like. It shoul also include a prohibition agains subjecting the employees of its cli ents to degrading conditions, an refuse to stack them up where they cannot get to work without under going misery and cannot get hom again without exhaustion.

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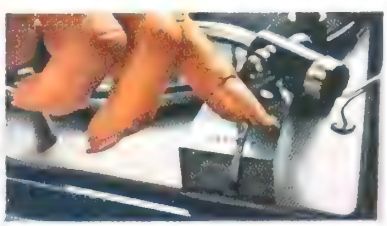


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Harper's
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THEY ARE TAKING MY LETTERS

a story by Jeremy Larner

Willie McBain's conflict with Columbia University and with the Dean of the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences thereof came to a head over the thirty credits Willie had taken at Chicago University before deciding to come to terms with New York City.

Willie came from Chicago in need of a shrink; he had not been able in that twisted year in a lost, pointless city to get down to the actual writing of his Master's paper. He was expecting, therefore, at least in theory, to take both his M.A. and his Ph.D. in his newfound academic community.

The trouble was, the lean sad Dean informed him, shuffling papers on his desk, that Columbia had a rule: "a somewhat arbitrary rule, to be sure, but yas . . ." The Dean smiled a smile of worldly resignation.

The rule was that if you were taking one graduate degree, you could transfer thirty credits; but if you meant to take two degrees, you could transfer only fifteen. So Willie was required to take five courses over again at fifty bucks per credit-hour, for a total of $750 and endless empty hours of his earthly time. He for whom the very word "course" measured one unit of indoctrination into The System!

Ironically, by the time a ruling on Willie's special appeal had been passed down from on high and he had secured an appointment with the Dean to find out what it was, five months had passed with the shrink and even though the shrink himself had said nothing, Willie had fulfilled *his* side of the relationship by producing a Master's paper. But never mind that. "Okay," Willie said to the Dean's blue protestant mild calm innocent eye (the other being out of view, its owner having swiveled away as far as form permitted), "forget about the M.A. I'll go straight for that big union card in the sky!"

"Well, um, indeed yes. That would be possible, I'm sure," said the Dean, massaging his upper lip. "If one takes the proper steps in a proper sequence

before a proper date. All quite bureaucratic, you see, ha ha." The Dean taught a seminar in bureaucracy. His smile, though not without complexity, was met with a glare of pure murder. The Dean stood up, grabbing his pipe with both hands. "Not my department, you know. Good luck, Mr. McBain. I'm sure things will work out."

The Dean turned and strolled slowly behind a coat tree, from whence issued the sounds of striking matches—like rifle fire in a distant wood. Willie, for his part, went straight to the Philosophy Department, where he all but stroked the thigh of the amiable middle-aged secretary. By and by she produced a list of philosophy students who were to receive M.A.s, and after some skirmishing scratched off Willie's name.

And thus passed a year, in which Willie, by offering his soul to the classroom, spared his body from the quagmires of Vietnam. Classes did not hinder his own study of philosophy, which was concerned with the implications of personal commitment. The Master's paper he judged to have been a pretty decent piece of work, reconciling as it did the concepts of Oriental communalism with the implicit psychology of the Kronos-Titan myths. Willie was far from sure he wanted to become a teacher, to assume the role of "professor," or to force on defenseless students the traditional values of the Western linear dialectic set. But for the time being, he found it meaningful and not dishonest to pursue his own studies into the issues of man's existence.

The wonder of it was how little any of it helped him in relating to his girl Sarah, who that year was finishing college in Philadelphia and fully expecting to marry him in the spring and start dropping babies right and left. Well, why not? Why shouldn't she? It was a question, ultimately, of personal meaning.

Willie's house of books fell in one balmy day in May, when the Columbia computer awarded him a Master's degree. Shaken, Willie went in to see the Dean without an appointment. The Dean controlled himself extremely well. He rose and received Willie just inside the door. Hand on knob, the Dean informed Willie that he had not officially withdrawn his name from the M.A. list; to do that, he would have had to fill out a Degree Withdrawal Form and a special card to stop-circuit his punched matriculation slip. The Dean then opened the door so that Willie could pass out into the corridor from which he had improperly made entrance. But Willie didn't pass out, he passed further in—in fact seated himself in the upper-executive reclining swivel armchair the Dean had become entitled to only that year.

"Why didn't you tell me that before?" Willie cheerfully inquired.

"It was not my department. It is still not. I'm afraid I must ask you to leave now, old chap. Congratulations on your degree."

"I'll tell you what," said Willie. "I'd like to refuse that degree." He was grinning most inappropriately. The Dean would have liked to get behind his desk so that he could press the little button that lit a red light in the office of the University Police.

"Surely you jest!" That was the way the Dean decided to play it. "I can't think of a single person who has *ever* turned down a Columbia degree! Besides, you know, ha ha, there's no degree refusal form."

Willie's face went dead hostile. He leaned forward and crashed his large fist down against the surface of the desk. "Don't . . . talk . . . to . . . me . . . that . . . way!" he said, one word at a time. "Now dig this. I am serious. I mean what I say. I'm talking to you about my life."

The Dean fumbled casually for his pipe. "Yes indeed . . . well," he said, wobbling the stem between his teeth. He pinched strands of tobacco from a plastic folder and pushed them into the bowl.

"It's not so bad, you know," he finally said. "I think you'll find the Columbia degree highly prestigeful. And don't forget you'll have a lifetime subscription to the *Columbia Forum*."

Willie rose. It's about time, the Dean thought. He was glad now he hadn't pushed that button. No need—these sort are gone soon enough. But Willie's thick hands were curled beneath the desk top. In one fluid motion, he overturned the desk and all the forms, letters, and personal belongings informally arranged upon it. A grating guttural rent the air. Willie was grinding mounds of paper beneath his feet as the Dean, lighting his pipe at last, strolled from the office to summon help.

At the next meeting of the Proctorial Board, Graduate Division, Willie McBain was duly suspended from Columbia University. But fate would have it that Willie's friend Lickens was just then beginning a neat little career for himself as an Assistant Professor in Political Anthropology. For once Lickens stuck his neck out in Willie's

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ehalf, and made a telling appeal to the Disci-linary Subcommittee. Willie understood this as Lickens' *thing*, his way of relating, and in return ie forced himself to express gratitude when the Subcommittee granted him permission to make reapplication. He agreed to submit a letter of con-trition, plus a letter from his psychiatrist and a cash bond against future damages. When these documents were duly processed, Willie would pre-sumably be sent an application form for the fol-lowing fall.

Willie spent that summer happily enough as a playground director, and on the side did consider-able reading in existential psychiatry. The worst problem was Sarah, who deeply resented living with her parents on Tremont Avenue in the Bronx. Was Willie supposed to save her from that, when she couldn't even save herself? At that time he could have gotten out of Vietnam by marrying her; but he preferred Columbia. You didn't have to marry Columbia. One more year, maybe, and then . . . Sarah had to face the city, too. She got a job as a social worker in East Harlem. All right; he would see what happened to her, and to them. He wouldn't marry anyone just to get out of some-thing. Bad enough, the whole idea of registering your sexuality with City Hall. All summer long, Willie took Sarah into the public parks at night. If she sincerely wanted to know how girls grew up on the bottom of the city, she would have to learn to relax outdoors in the bushes.

Early in September, Willie woke one morning to realize he'd never received a Columbia applica-tion blank. He rushed to 116th Street, but regis-tration was over. He'd have to get another blank and wait till February. It was some months before Willie discovered that this time he'd been a victim, not of Columbia, but of his local Lower East Side U. S. Post Office. For the first time Willie's life had been damaged by the U. S. Mail. Sure, he had had letters delivered weeks late, or opened, or left outside the box, or in the street, but he had taken up an attitude of cavalier nonchalance toward the Post Office, not yet aware of its key position in the American power structure.

There had been a William McBrown in his block about a year before, an accountant who worked for a distributor of pinball machines and who had run away with the boss's wife. It was he whom Willie McBain's application had followed, for-warded first to a bank in Zurich, then to smaller towns as the slick embezzler fled gang vengeance through Europe, Willie's mail finally coming to a stop with the newly deserted ex-wife, now desti-tute in Lima, Peru, who had cashed Willie's mother's birthday check and then dropped a little basket of opened letters at the American consulate.

Willie learned these details only after receiving an "attempt to deliver" notice in his mailbox during Christmas week five months after the application should have reached him. For years afterwards, whenever an important letter was due, Willie awaited the government's disposition with an anxiety long familiar to the subjects of totalitarian states, well aware that the money or love he so urgently required might well have been delivered into the unscrupulous hands of Wm. McBrown.

The post office that had attempted to deliver was in the Columbia zone, where he had since moved, and after going there and waiting in line forty-five minutes at the "Inquiry" window, Willie was referred downtown to his previous branch office. There he was given his outdated Columbia application, its envelope rich with the incrusta-tions of functionaries the world over, and told that if he wanted an explanation he would have to apply to a certain department of the central post office on 34th Street. Later, in view of sub-sequent postal events, Willie was amazed to think he had found out about McBrown in only one full day of asking.

His move to the Columbia neighborhood had been a deeply rooted existential action. The wreck-ing of the Dean's office had produced in him an epiphany. In the rejoicing of his hands and feet, Willie knew, not just upstairs but in the pulsing of his very cells, how the University had shackled him. Unwilling to confront his true talents, the Great Society had left him enchanted in a junior dungeon, jamming his brain waves with the static of minor anxiety over grades and papers. He had been a sleeping beauty. No wonder he hadn't been able to write without the help of a docaroony!

So he had told the docaroony goodbye. He wasn't saying he didn't have problems; to dare health in a sick society a man must be sick. But sick or not, there comes a time when he has to live. Willie told that to the shrink and waited fifteen minutes in silence. "You got anything to say?" Willie finally said. "What do you want me to say?" the shrink replied. "That's just it," said Willie, with-out a backward glance.

He sold all his textbooks and moved into a hotel for one-room transients on 114th near Broadway. And he made Sarah move in with him. Words came freely to him now, though he didn't bother with "papers." He had chosen, freely chosen, to give up the make-work of academic philosophy. If he could help it, he would never again make a dis-tinction. When he put his head through the Dean's

window, a switch had tripped inside: he changed fields, and became, from that moment, a *free-lance* in psychology. Thus the change of residence was more than symbolically appropriate: he was living in one of Columbia's slum properties, having made the hotel a center of psychically subversive activities designed to undo the morale of the University and eventually to bring it toppling.

Willie moved uptown around the time the kids went back to school and his summer playground job vanished from under him. When his registration form didn't come through, he decided to grant himself one whole year as Columbia's psychological free-lance in residence. The draft board assured him that his number was not quite up; so that even when he finally got an application blank, Willie let the February registration pass him by. By that time he was well into his program of sabotage and harassment.

Willie's chief assistants were two symbolic ten-year-old boys he picked up right on the block. "Joint" was a quick slender Negro, pronounced unteachable when last attending school on account of his miraculous bug-eyed blank stare. But Willie knew that Joint's grown-up little mind outran his feet. "Cho-Cho," the Puerto Rican, was phlegmatic; he used his soft slow body the same way Joint used his face. Cho-Cho made an excellent scout around Columbia, where he spent a large part of the day lounging. Sometimes he would run errands for the undergraduates, moving freely through their dormitories and desk drawers. On the street, he infallibly singled out the most guilt-ridden middle-class types and clung to their pants grinning up with his open, trusting, culturally deprived grin, until he got the quarter he begged for. He always said, "Mister," whereas Joint would press up close and sneer, "Hey, man . . ." Joint didn't particularly care about the quarter—his purpose was to "shake Whitey." His financial needs were well supplied by the delivery business he ran in behalf of certain residents of the hotel and their counterparts in nearby boardinghouses. Joint's blank face was one of the last a narcotics cop would look into, and his general traveling reflexes were skittish as a silverbug's.

Willie got to know Cho-Cho through Joint, and he got to know Joint through Joint's mother, Miss Dacron, who was employed on the block as a solicitor. Willie would never have gotten past the sidelong stares and mock greetings if he hadn't one night accosted a policeman in the act of arresting Miss Dacron. After a weekend in the pit with the drunkies, Willie returned to find himself fraternally accepted into the social activities of the block. Up to that point he had been Whitey; from then on they realized he was simply craz

Once he recognized their unusual talents, Will made believers of the two boys in short order. H had them up to his room one night, produced pint of Thunderbird, and said, "Gentlemen, we a going to start a Higher Horizons program!"

They began by stealing food from college dinin halls and redistributing it to the residents o Columbia-owned slums. Cho-Cho was a maste scout who provided a complete blueprint of th target area; Joint could wriggle like a roac through the smallest opening; and Willie maste minded the timing and transportation. Usuall Willie went to Brooklyn and borrowed the statio wagon his father used for the dry-cleaning bus ness—if not, they would confiscate in the name o the revolution a faculty car—and by morning th food would be divided into a hundred cubbyhole

Before long heavy guard was posted, and Willi turned from food to electronics. With the aid o Joint and an older cousin of Miss Dacron's, a pro fessional man, he broke into the sanctuary of th computer itself. It would have been too crude t wreck the machine, and besides, Willie had noth ing against it personally. Thanks to the infatua tion of an academic-type chick who worked at th Columbia Library, Willie had managed an illega entry into the stacks, where he spent three days gleefully reading up on computers and sleeping in the employees' washroom with nothing fo nourishment but a gross of stolen animal crackers

Within the two hours it took Joint and his rela tive to loot the outer offices, Willie was able t re-program the computer from start to finish, al tering the contents of its "memory" so thoroughly that for the next two months, until a new machine was installed, students received lower bills and higher scholarships, faculty salaries suffered enormous "welfare" deductions, administrative pay was suspended entirely and fifty-three dish washers and chambermaids were awarded Master of Arts degrees.

Next Willie struck at the Columbia subway stop, short-circuiting the third rail and ultimately flooding the whole station, thereby providing its first washing in fifty years. After that he produced an incredible tie-up at the Columbia master switchboard, as a result of which deans and department heads were reached with a few choice verbal messages which they might otherwise have never heard. Running low on cash, Willie engineered a daylight robbery of the bookstore. He merely pushed over a pile of faculty-edited anthologies assigned by their compilers to thousands of helpless students at eight and ten dollars a head.

Sharp-witted students, some of them recognizing Willie, began to trample the commodities, whereupon Columbia's loyal booksellers leaped with little shrieks of rage to quell the disturbance. Somehow they slipped and fell among their wares, so that they never saw Joint's spidery arms creep up over the cash register. Much later, officials found in the looted cash drawer a note from "Jesu and the Christians."

The fresh cash came right after the turn of the year, and Willie decided to lie low while students were occupied with midyear exams and an intensified police force went from door to door. A day would come, Willie knew, when students would burn their exams and band together in outlaw groups of teachers and pupils; but for the moment it was sufficient that small-scale destruction was a campus contagion, reaching even to the authoritarian halls of the ROTC, where essential parts were stolen from sixty-three drill rifles.

The atmosphere was more ambiguous within the neighborhood at large. Class consciousness abounded, but Willie's occasional food and cash bonuses had utterly failed to arouse the authentic communal instinct. The trouble was that the Society had ground its poor to a fine pulp. Love did not flow freely from hand to hand; it was tense, genital, and sometimes hard to tell from hate. Willie was not by nature Pollyannish; but even if he had been, Joint's sister, among others, would have quickly de-pollinated him.

At fourteen, Joint's sister was a trim, catlike creature whose shifty eyes showed fresh milky whites and whose fine-boned face seemed shrewdly pointed with unspoiled carnal knowledge. She was like a young boy, only more graceful and confident. Her breasts were chocolate apples and her little buttocks no more than biceps. One day Willie dropped by with Miss Dacron's share of Columbia's reparations and chanced to find Joint's sister alone. It was only natural that Willie should reach out lovingly to her, but she wouldn't look at him, she began to flex all over. He caressed her soothingly, and when she mumbled "ho-ass" between clenched teeth, he thought she was saying something frankly physical. But the word "razor" made him hesitate, especially when she produced one and flew at him, deftly nicking his upflung forearms.

A moment later Willie found himself out in the street, while Joint's sister stood above him on the stone porch, clearly unflexed and letting loose a torrent of imprecations on Willie and his relations with his mother, viciously brandishing her razor, and threatening at the top of her powerful lungs to part him from his "pale pecker" if he did not instantly "haul ass" out of there! From his lowly station on the sidewalk, Willie smiled up at her in unabashed lovingness, still humbly offering of himself, never for an instant accepting her distorted and surprisingly rigid concept of him. But his vulnerability was too much for her; it only angered her the more, to the amusement of such fellow residents who happened to be on the block.



or, in the case of the elderly old, looking out their windows, including Miss Dacron, who merely laughed and shouted at her daughter like an aficionado at a bullfight: so that Willie was forced to back his way, calmly, through spectators and garbage cans, as Joint's fierce sister, half his size, stalked him crazy-eyed up the block and all the way to Amsterdam Avenue, where he rightly guessed she would not follow.

"Bye-now," he called, still, for his part, available, and dared at last to turn his back and walk away with the easy stride of a man who to his own self is true. It was only through reflex that he jumped at the sound of running footsteps behind him, and came around in a crouch, ready to strike. He beheld two minuscule girls in ringlets, still pregenital, accustomed to seek him out for chewing gum and licorice. Willie supplied them, kneeling so as better to bathe in their sparkling child-softness. He loved to smell them, loved the sensual brush of their starched, ribboned dresses. He had so little time, it seemed, before the environment would weld their natural feelings into a shield of protection.

Willie went to Cho-Cho's sister, Dulcinea, who at fourteen was in her prime, bulging generously but not yet overripely from purple sweater and cold-fire-pink Capri pants. An amiable girl of weak feeling who had spent most of her life indoors, she was vaguely grateful for Willie's recognition. He found her overly resigned, impregnable to the notion of creative play. For all that, she had something he hadn't. Before long, however, he had it too, and he passed it on to Sarah.

Which was fair enough, all things considered. All through January and February, Willie regarded Sarah's dose of clap as a piece of existential morality. Sarah was supposed to be a social worker, wasn't she, sharing the life of the poor? Then let her run the risks!

Sarah disagreed, and returned to her parents. Willie's own clap was vanquished by a single hypodermic; so that two months later, when he learned how much more durable it was for women, he ran all the way to the Bronx in his house slippers, waited freezing for Sarah to emerge, then fell to his knees on the icy pavement.

Sarah came back to live with Willie that night. He watched fondly from the bed as she took down her thick black hair. The next few moments were the best he had known all year. Afterwards he wanted to tell her so, but she began to tickle, her little fingers darting like hummingbirds. Willie at last was helpless. Sarah had a little taste, a nip, of her future power. Fervently she prayed she were pregnant.

Sarah's clap coincided with the highest damag rate of Willie's disruptive activities. As winte wore on, Joint and Cho-Cho faded into new en terprises which lured them from their nativ neighborhood. The Vietnam scene had worsene considerably, distracting student radical concer from problems of fundamental community. Willi was driven to solo diversions, such as faked phon calls and forged letters, wherein the effects of hi actions were frustratingly concealed from him And it upset him, now that he had curtailed hi Robin Hooding, to get money from his parents- who believed he was spending his year in disin terested research. As if there were such a thing But finally, beyond all else, Willie was nervously aware of the beckoning beachheads of Vietnam

Even yet he could have escaped the Army by marrying Sarah. Which was exactly why he wouldn't. Not that he didn't love her—but he was beginning to get hung up on getting hung up on her. He stayed in his room all day while she was out working, slowly kneading his head into the wall. When she came back at night all bright and cheerful, imagining herself of all things fulfilled, Willie went out. He wasn't going to let conditions built up in him by the Society spill out into his relationships. The trick was to catch the rays of invisible pressure as a burning glass catches sunlight, and to focus them in a searing beam right back where they came from!

Not yet would he marry Sarah, not until the very end. One night over cold cuchifritos and a hot pinball machine, Willie had a vision of the triumph of love over induction. When the six brutal cracker sergeants forced up his arm to swear him in, he would say instead, "I do—till death do me part!" Then Sarah and he would consummate their troth right there on the cement floor of the recruiting room, forcing the forcers to witness at last real human passion, cracking open their shallow eyeballs with the sight of face-to-face interpersonal love!

By the time another summer came, Willie's various anxieties had collected into a crying need to get his fall registration blank. School was a negative thing, but he had to have it—simply to be *left alone*, to work out his own fate in his own way. He had inquired at the Graduate Division, but had been told he could not just simply pick up his form: its release was authorized by committee action, and therefore it had to go through the mails.

That was all right with Willie, as long as he got it. But he waited in vain. And at length there occurred a piece of postal chicanery which cast

an unpleasant light on the apparently innocent McBain-McBrown episode of a year earlier.

Not that what he had seen at the post office in that year had pleased him. Often uniformed delivery men from nearby manufacturers would run their hand trucks right past a long line at the parcel-post window—where their packages would be matter-of-factly accepted by the clerks. The University, too, was a privileged customer, commanding four deliveries a day when the ordinary population had long ago been reduced to one desultory drop-off. And more than once Willie saw the Dean's secretary step briskly around patient throngs of Columbia slum dwellers to leave off a stack of envelopes at the stamp window.

One day in July Willie at last received a notice marked "attempt to deliver registered mail." Upon not finding him home, the mailman had allegedly returned the letter to the post office, where addressee could pick it up after 4:30 P.M. After walking up and down Morningside Heights all day, Willie finally entered the post office promptly at 4:30 and stood in line for thirty minutes to get to the Registered Mail window. Whereupon he was referred to the Inquiry window and went quietly, like the good citizen he basically was. He waited again and got to the bars shortly before 5:30. The civil servant, a sallow, shapeless man whose body spread out amorphously, made a slight head movement to indicate that Willie might put his business. Willie slid his notice card beneath the bars. The man glanced down, mumbled "McBay"—or was it McBrown?—and melted away. Willie stood for a quarter of an hour in increasing tension while others in line behind him poked their documents at the barred-in clerks. Some were rewarded with papers and packages, others curtly dismissed. But the man . . . Willie could not remember his face. Was he taking a coffee break, napping, gone home, sitting on the john? Was Willie's registration form before him, soon to be behind? Or was he conferring with the higher-ups over stratagems to avoid releasing the document to an addressee who showed such suspicious ardor to receive it?

The man was back. "Not here," he said. He shrugged and half turned away—the sign for Willie to depart, to step aside and let the line move up one place. Willie said, "You mean the registered letter for William McBain?" The man shrugged and yawned. "It must be here," Willie said; "I have a card for it." The man shrugged. "Were you looking for it all this time?" The man stood there, his eyes closed, head slumping away. "And did you have the right name, McBain not McBrown?"

"Next," said the man.

"Now HOLD ON!" Willie thundered. "This matters a lot to me and I want to get it very, very straight. Are you saying that the postman hasn't brought the letter back, and I should come here tomorrow?"

"You could do that."

"What do you mean, I *could* do that? Don't tell me what I *could* do, tell me what I *should* do!"

The man rolled his eyes and dissolved. Another man came forward, whose head was a hairless mound with eyeballs installed like fixtures.

"Are you the supervisor?" Willie asked.

"What's your problem, mister?"

"Tell me first if I can hold you responsible."

"Listen, mister, the station is about to close. Come back tomorrow, we'll go into the whole thing."

"Wait!" said Willie desperately. Leaning forward, he quietly told how he needed the blank to register in school and keep out of Vietnam, how he needed it now, how it had been duly sent him, how he had reported to the post office when directed, how his life had once before been dislocated by mishandling of the mails, and how he feared it might happen again. He spoke at top speed, fearing to let the man reply, forcing himself to be concise, calm, articulate, staking everything on the chance of a human breakthrough. . . .

The man nodded—Willie's heart leapt! The man reached into a warren of lettered cubbyholes, and pulled out . . . a form.

"You could fill out a tracer," the man said.

"No, no, no!" Willie shrieked. "That's not it, that's not it at all!"

"Station's closed," the man said. With a lightning movement, he whipped down the metal screen behind the bars. But Willie reached even faster, jammed his hand in beneath the screen, wedged his other hand between the bars, and in an explosion of adrenaline, shot the screen back up.

Two inches away, the man was caught blank-faced and blinking, like a bushwhacker in a flashlight beam. Willie's fingers flicked the man's blue postal tie into his palm and yanked the puffy face forward into the flesh-serrating metal strips.

Willie put his own face up against the jelly eyes that could no longer avoid seeing.

"You're not a human being," Willie breathed. *"You're a piece of excrement."*

With his free hand he wiped the man's extruded features from left to right across the bars.

As a result of Willie's confrontation, the man had the first original idea of his postal career. He snatched a scissors, snipped his tie, and fell heavily backwards, landing in a mass of letters which flew up into the air like a burst of snow.

Willie, not-to-be-denied, strained at the bars until they bent. He was going to come in through that window and go through his government's public post office and the civil servants thereof until he got his rightful letter. But before he could yank the frame out, he was seized from behind and dragged down by sheer weight of numbers.

It took nine policemen to extrude Willie McBain from his local post office. As they carried him down the steps, he saw the Dean of the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences, with freshly delivered manila envelopes tucked beneath his arm, stuffing a pipe that wasn't there as he stood among the crowd of silent onlookers.

The sight threw a calm over Willie, reminding him how he had blown his cool and betrayed himself into nonstrategical maneuvers. He instantly grew docile, and trotted along so lamblike that when a ruckus broke out in a nearby bar, the law enforcers left him with but a single escort. Willie managed to trip up the cop and ran into a tenement. He pounded on the stairs with his hand, the ran into the backyard while his pursuer charge up to the roof.

Willie spent that night with friends down o the Lower East Side. Luckily the cops hadn't ha time to take his name and couldn't get it from th post office till opening time the next morning. Ye Willie knew that he had broken laws, and mus come to court now and openly defend himsel Perhaps he could turn his trial into a confronta tion. He could imagine how afterwards he woul slip unseen from the smoking rubble of what onc had been a courtroom, going underground thi time for real. At last America would see tha napalm was no mere abstraction!

But to get napalm he'd have to go to his ideol ogist friends uptown, and the repugnance of tha thought reminded him how little, when all wa said and done, he longed for the tropic breezes o Vietnam. But even yet all might be averted, if onl he could get hold of that Columbia registratio form. If he filled out the punched card and fed i to the machine, he would be registered, post offic or not. Then he could turn himself in to the police cop a plea on his escape, plead guilty to peace disturbing, let his parents pay the fine as a tax o middle-class tranquillity, and go on ahead with hi existence.

He racked his brain over the whereabouts of th form. If it was lost, destroyed, returned to sender or forwarded to Peru, he might as well head for the marriage bureau. But there was always the possibility that the postman still kept it in his bag having stuffed it there on failure to deliver and thinking to turn it in at the post office any month now.

The morning sun found Willie lurking behind a smokestack on a tenement roof. Around eleven o'clock he discerned the portly unhurried figure of his mailman. He waylaid the man in a cavelike hallway, dumped out his bag, and sat on him firmly while with beating heart he shuffled through the scattered mail. By long-overdue miracle, there it was, marked two cents due! Happily flinging the mailman his pennies, Willie was off on the dead run for Columbia, where the machine accepted his card and the cashier his check without question. He was registered!

But who wants to be registered? The pitiful outcome of all his scheming and groveling left Willie humiliated.

Sarah came to Willie's friend Lickens' house after work that night, bravely ready to meet Willie there and go with him to the police station. She found Willie grinning maniacally and Lickens dis-

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DADDY

by Rachel Hadas

These weeks, and up and down, and it goes on.

Stay off it for six months, one said.
No. Only pulling at the past
can bring me up to what is dead.
Let me write elegies at last,
I said, and then wrote nothing down.

But no forgetting. Elegies
were all around me: youth and age together
or some botched love or any reaching out
meant you and me and death. No need to write.

Breaking the silences and spaces took
more than the violence of time. A fierce
loneliness pushed us in and out of town.
Country and city: what we fled would follow.

Dead people, no, they don't come back.
That's why they're dead, one said.

It pulled together, slowly. What must be
still disentangled was the reason first
for seeing things at all
so far away
and never further than my arms and legs
and never coming back. No, no forgetting.
It would be funny, if I loved you less,
life's merciless and reassuring clusters
of elegies.

traught, drinking bottle after bottle of Yoo-Hoo. "He's not going," Lickens moaned. "He's a lunatic. He *wants* to go to Vietnam!"

"Baby, sit down," Willie said. "You know, *somebody* has to go. If you really believe in democracy, I mean real democracy, can you say that a man ought to hide behind his education?"

"But you don't believe the war is right!" Sarah objected.

"I knew you'd say that," Lickens said.

"For that very reason," Willie told her, "I must go." His face was radiant with a quiet intensity. "I must convince my fellow soldiers that they can talk personally to the Vietcong, that the Vietcong are fellow human beings, wounded human beings, fighting for what *they* believe is right."

"Convince your fellow soldiers! Willie, what are you saying! They won't listen to you—they'll throw you in the stockade!"

"I'll ask to serve among the stretcher-bearers," mused Willie. "I will bind any wound, Asian or Occidental, without asking a man's politics."

Willie dried Sarah's tears somewhat mechanically. He knew that ultimately she, too, could transcend the fiction of governments.

"Let's go back to the hotel," he proposed. "I'll write my letter of enlistment, and we'll have all night to say goodbye."

"No, I won't!" Sarah was crying furiously. "Go ahead and do any damned thing you like, but I'm not going to help you!"

Before he could think, Willie grabbed her arms and started to shake her.

"Let go of me!" Her voice was gratingly thin and shrill. "I'm not your slave! You've flipped, Willie! You're a goddam lunatic!"

Lickens went into his bathroom all splotched with embarrassment.

Sarah was being an incredible drag. It always depressed Willie to hear her cursing in that tiny voice of hers. The more Willie tried to reason, the more out of her box she became. Willie had to leave. He could not bear to feel the bitterness accumulate. Was this the woman he had given up so much for?

"You should ask yourself," he said, "what motive you have for pushing me toward paranoia. Look inside, look inside yourself."

Out in the street, a summer breeze had come up, sweeping the fresh stench of the river into the air-locked city streets. Willie felt purged, relieved, reborn. Back in his room, he dragged out a battered portable and carefully typed two letters. The first was a formal withdrawal from Columbia, the second a personal letter of enlistment, requesting immediate front-line duty, addressed directly to LBJ. He awoke in the late afternoon, stumbled down to the corner mailbox, gulped an Egg Creme at the candy store, and returned to his room to await the police.

Sarah was there. She had left her work to rush to him. She wouldn't talk, she just wanted to love him one last time. For two slow hours of the afternoon she threw her small body into his worship, a communion all the sweeter for Willie's moment-to-moment expectation that the cops would throw open the unlocked door.

Finally she slept. Shadows crept in under the blinds. And Willie lay transfixed, seized once more by his postcoital death trauma. In his exhaustion he saw himself lashed to the jungle floor, while impassive Orientals dropped rice grains on his forehead. When he tried to make contact they sneered at his strange gibber, shut him away from them with wet bamboo shoots wedged into his apertures. They had bedded him in a river; the blackness pulled him down, massing blankets of suffocation. . . .

He rolled out of bed and hit the floor with a smack. Sarah stirred, sighed sweetly his name. Oh how he did repent! He lay writhing, clutching at the floor, trying to pull something over him, around him, into his mouth; trying to break free, to dissolve the stuff that bound him, to push back the air.

He came to, face down on the tiles of the hall bathroom. Around him, beyond him, blurred the kind laughter of old dark people. He staggered up and tore back to the room. Sarah was still asleep, breathing evenly, a slight flush suffusing her cheeks. She, in her little person, the connection given him on earth. Oh, the wonder! The delicacy! The value! If we can only accept!

With his undershirt he toweled off a layer of latrine from his chest, thighs, and brow. He pulled on a polo shirt and a pair of plaid Bermuda shorts, stuck his bare feet in sneakers. What if his sperm had taken root: helpless, guilt-crippled sliver of a child, with Daddy dissolving on the bottom of the Mekong River!

He charged down the dank linoleum stairs, glancing at his watch, tripping therein and falling one full flight. Ten minutes till pickup. Willie tried to shove his arm down inside the mail slot. The sharp metal edges pressed hard against him—a citizen could get tetanus trying to retrieve his own mail! As Willie stood with his arm jammed in the box, several of his fellow Americans slipped their letters right in past him.

Having freed his arm, Willie got out his penknife and pried at the locked metal door. No use. Darting like summer lightning into the basement

tance of the witness has been told many times, but it can never be told enough. It would be sufficient to demonstrate that we as individuals will never acquiesce to the corporate violence of the State. But I think something more is going to happen tomorrow in front of the U. N. There are those among us, myself included if I have the guts, who have every intention of throwing themselves beneath the wheels of moving cars. They will show by their witness that flesh and blood are real, and cannot be manipulated like so many dominoes. And we must face it," she concluded; "the probable result is arrest."

An elderly painter began to talk about arrest, complaining that since they had no agreement among themselves as to how they would behave, what statements they would make and so forth, their arrests would be largely wasted—in appalling contrast to the arrests of his youth. While he talked, Willie watched Sarah, who sat in the darkest corner, her head flopped back against the wall. Willie snorted. What was the matter with her? She would only make it harder for him to say what he had to.

In refuting the painter, Cassandra had built to a rush of lyricism: ". . . What one learns under arrest is one of the great lessons of life—next to loving someone or living with them. One must not make rules that will keep the individual from getting the most of his experience. Arrest is a golden opportunity to learn how we react under stress. If you haven't gone through it, I couldn't begin to describe it for you. I will say only this: that as a result of reacting freely and openly to my arrest, I have grown as a person. And until each of us can grow in self-reliance to handle the pressures the Society puts on us, people will continue to dissolve their identities into groups and to rely on force to settle differences. So I think that accepting arrest is a significant beginning towards the kind of social change that William here referred to."

William here smiled wanly and forbore. He had nothing against arrest. But he knew he had only one more to go. If they took him, he wanted to make it *count*.

The shawl spoke up; Willie strained to hear her. "We must discuss the nature of violence," she was saying, "or else we may cancel our very purpose in bearing witness. It is so easy to lose sight of the fact that even enthusiasm or fervor can be interpreted as violence."

"But we are fervent!" said Willie.

"Of course we all are fervent in our hearts," the shawl replied.

Cassandra spoke with calm decision: "One can't go too far wrong as long as one is firm and loving. Nothing we do can be wrong as long as our hearts are full of love."

The shawl answered pointedly, "I myself consider that going limp when arrested is a form of violence."

Willie could contain himself no longer. "Now get this: when I go limp, I go limp with full love in my heart. I go limp both with my feeling for the officer and my love of those around me. I have no hatred in my heart. I offer only that."

The shawl opened her round mouth to reply.

"I have the floor now!" Willie shouted. "Please let me finish—then *you* can have the floor!"

They waited in silence, but Willie had forgotten everything he meant to say about the post office. Sarah was looking at him now, but with alarm, and Willie's fury redoubled. He turned on the shawl. "Sorry if I offended your saintliness. But get thee to a nunnery. Quick. Quick!"

When she averted her face, he stepped toward her, as if to start her on the nunnery trail. "Don't you feel superior!" Willie warned. "Superiority is a form of violence!"

He felt Rack's beard brush lightly against his elbow. "Cool it, man, later, later . . ."

Suppressing his impulse to pound Rack through the floor, Willie twisted sharply away. As he started out the door, Sarah clutched at his arm, with that look of "concern" on her face. He wanted to kill her but he merely shoved her away: she gave a little scream and fell down. The others, still seated, stared up at him with wide holy eyes.

"If I'm a sinner, you've got to save me!" Willie told them. And out he went. It seemed to him the whole world was out of its box.

But worst of all, he wasn't sure. How could he be sure?

He walked up the East River and spent time crossing and recrossing the footbridge to Welfare Island. A person had to live, that was all he could come up with in the final analysis. The shrink could sit in his office and answer madness with control, but Willie was out on the streets every day, fighting hand-to-hand with insanity.

At opening time the next morning, a band of ten-year-old boys assembled at the neighborhood post office, beneath a plaque which proclaimed the grand motto of the United States delivery system:

> NEITHER SNOW NOR RAIN
> NOR HEAT NOR GLOOM OF NIGHT
> STAYS THESE COURIERS
> FROM THE SWIFT COMPLETION
> OF THEIR APPOINTED ROUNDS

Willie came at the last moment, carefully dressed

and carrying an armful of leaflets. He had briefed the boys meticulously. Led by Cho-Cho and Joint, they would get inside the building and make their protest before the civil service knew what was happening to it. Their main objectives were the bars—which they would wipe with acid; the mail chutes—which they would plug with tar; and the bags of mail—which they would empty out for possible redistribution. They would then stage a sit-in on the post-office floor, explaining themselves with the leaflets, which urged citizens, among other things, to deliver mail in person whenever possible, to spindle punched IBM cards, and to use no stamps when mailing payments to the electric or phone monopolies. Turning their coats inside out, they would reveal signs taped to their backs demanding a "Personal, Public, Democratic Mail Service."

Up the stairs and into the post office rushed Willie and his brave young commandos. But the cops had been tipped off—by Sarah?—and were lined up inside protecting the implements of postal privilege. Outnumbering the guerrilla forces three to one, the boys in blue pressed forward and dispassionately herded them into a roped-off area. Willie's troops had only a few square yards in which to turn their jackets inside out, during the course of which they elbowed each other off their feet. They squatted like trapped squirrels while the cops kept meek stamp buyers well out of leaflet-passing range.

The post office grew crowded; word got around and people who had nothing to do with the sending or receiving of mail packed in to see the curiosities. They had a good laugh at Willie's attempts to hand leaflets to the relaxed, good-humored policemen, who couldn't find it in themselves even to acknowledge his human voice.

The boys had set out in fine spirits, but now they began to look forlorn. One lad snuffled back a few tears, and angrily shrugged off Willie's comradely arm. A group of Negro teen-agers had entered with Joint's sister; their lips curled contemptuously as they called names at the boys behind the ropes. "You a bunch of jive monkeys with you white devil organ grinder!" hollered Joint's sister, her face a stiff mask of hate. Without looking, she held out her hand to the "brother" next to her, got it slapped, capered for a moment in joyless glee, then froze in a disgusted slouch.

Miss Dacron came in and shouted a series of promises to Joint, who sat in bug-eyed innocence. "You get you *head* broke, nigger!" Cho-Cho's mother appeared, a neat stout woman with curlers in her hair. She seemed to brace herself against a wave of shame; her mouth set hard, and she turned and left without a word. A cry of anguish escaped Cho-Cho; he dodged through the line and ran after her.

Looking desperately for a sympathetic face, Willie caught sight of the Dean, who stood near the Inquiry window with a police lieutenant and the alleged postal supervisor. Apparently he, too, had been properly notified. Returning Willie's gaze the Dean slowly shook his head—he felt sorry for Willie!

"I'll fight you man to man!" Willie shouted, but the Dean only smiled, his pipe in fine working order.

For a little while Willie had got the kids to join hands and sing—a tremendous accomplishment, a last treasured token of the work he had done with them and their trust for him. But after Cho-Cho ran, they sat huddled together like little old men on park benches. Willie was in despair. All his passion for a new kind of feeling among men had come to this: he was reduced to an entertainment, walled off like a performing animal.

He closed his eyes against the malice ranged all around him. His neighbors would throng screeching to see the spectacle, then turn docilely to go about their business as usual, while with every passing second, innocent others in Vietnam paid for that business with their lives. While he sat like a fool on the post-office floor, village leaders were being executed in the name of collective politics, and empty all-Americans were swooping down in helicopters, to deposit their payload impartially on all who must be saved. Saving people, that was the style. Hoping to help each individual split himself off and become a responsible person—that was naïve and hopeless.

He had a vision of himself in a dark jungle, alone at dusk in a trench. Little shreds of letters were falling through the air like snow. He held up his arms to catch them, but they melted in his hands and trickled down his yearning body in streams of rain. The earth was giving way: before long he would tumble swiftly into the gloom of a bottomless night.

He realized then the mockery of himself and all he stood for. Opening his eyes, he found himself in a pitiful crouch behind the ropes and the wall of blue, his boys slipping rapidly away from behind him. He stood up, stood tall, that he might not be forever ashamed, and cupped his hands to his mouth and roared, that all who had ears could hear,

"The post office is a hollow shell!"

He knew he was futile, useless, lying to himself. But he knew, too, how right he was, oh how he was right!

Larry L. King

INSIDE CAPITOL HILL: How the House Really Works

"In two-year cycles, an elected human herd descends on Washington . . . Some lucky few may be virgin U.S. Senators . . . The majority of newcomers, however, will carry their dreams into the House of Representatives—where, statistically, each is an odds-on bet to attain immediate oblivion."

Out in the great American hinterland at this very moment are many hundreds of able and sincere men making countless promises impossible to keep. These are neophyte candidates for Congress, and on November fifth some will be winners. It is for these we weep.

In two-year cycles a human herd descends on Washington armed with mandates they usually assume to be more demanding than others do. Some lucky few may be virgin United States Senators who—because they represent entire states in a body lately restored as the spawning ground of Presidents—may reasonably expect their names and faces to be discovered outside their native precincts. Their oratorical vapors may soon mingle with those of Senator Everett McKinley Dirksen, or they might be summoned to the White House for grander purposes than receiving one of six dozen pens used to sign a new canal-barge bill into law. The majority of newcomers, however, will carry their dreams into the U. S. House of Representatives—where, statistically, each is an odds-on bet to attain immediate oblivion.

Though Congressional powers have eroded with the advent of strong Presidents, the House collectively wields vast powers in establishing our tax rates, voting our pensions, dams, or post offices, drafting our sons, declaring our holier wars (if not those in Korea or Vietnam), protecting our voting rights or giving away our oil-rich offshore tidelands to the favored coastal states. It may decide the amount of cotton or tobacco we may plant, how truthfully we shall package our commercial products, the amount of time we should allot in Leavenworth for marijuana smoked in careless circumstances, or what minimum wages we shall be paid. For good or ill it can influence almost all of our freedoms or our functions.

Individually, however, all save a corporal's guard of the 435 House members are without major influence, except in the narrow areas of their specializations as dictated by committee assignments. Thus for many Congressmen the House with its worship of seniority, jealously kept jurisdictions, and indifference to new blood is not a happy home.

"Possibly the members from his own state know him and receive him into full fellowship," Woodrow Wilson wrote of the freshman Congressman in the 1880s, "but no one else knows him, except as an adherent of this or that party, or as a newcomer from this or that state. He finds his station insignificant and his identity indistinct." Wilson need not have limited his comments to rank newcomers. In 1964 a sixty-seven-year-old freshman from California, one Everett Burkhalter, gave his reasons for declining to seek reelection: "I could see I wasn't going to get anyplace. Nobody listens to what you have to say until you've been here ten or twelve years. These old men have got everything so tied down that you can't do anything."

House Speaker John McCormack (Massachusetts) is seventy-seven; Minority Whip Les Arends (Illinois) no longer lists his age in biographical sketches, but will never greet seventy again; Majority Leader Carl Albert (Oklahoma) is a mere sapling of sixty. Of the twenty-one chairmen of standing—or permanent—House committees in the 90th Congress, only three were below age sixty, eleven were over sixty-five, and seven were past seventy. Many represent rural constituencies in an increasingly urbanized America: Texans chair five of the twenty-one standing committees, and they hail from the cultural cen-

ers of Anson, College Station, Waco, Lubbock, and Texarkana. South Carolina claims two chairmanships; Mississippi, Louisiana, and Arkansas one each. The Old Confederacy thus controls ten standing House committees.

Our great cities, increasingly rotted and restive, are stepchildren here. New York City, Chicago, San Francisco, and Baltimore claim only one chairman each, and none have jurisdictions especially tuned to urban problems. Los Angeles, Philadelphia, Houston, and Detroit have no chairmanships. Washington, D.C. doesn't even have a plain-vanilla Congressman: the nation's capital and the most predominately Negro city in the country—its black population is estimated at 67 per cent—must look to an aging South Carolinian, who chairs the District of Columbia Committee, for the token representation it gets.

While in theory the highest responsibility resides in the House Speaker, more and more power has accrued to crusty old committee chairmen dating from the moment the House stomped on dictatorial Speaker Joe Cannon almost sixty years ago. Only a stern and vigorous Speaker is able to deal effectively with the experienced old swordsmen who head the committees; Speaker McCormack may no longer fit that description. Congressmen trooping into the Speaker's chamber to push their legislation are increasingly treated to McCormack's discourses on his lifelong fight against "Godless communism" or to rambling reminiscences of his triumphs as a middle-aged New Dealer. In his last years Speaker Rayburn—old, ill, unfairly burdened—lost much of his crusader's zeal; he would never consent, however, to pass the crown. Those stubborn few ruling the House committees consider themselves omnipotent, granting or withholding favor in the style of whimsical despots or prohibiting action on bills for which the public, the President, or large segments of Congress itself may be crying.

Perhaps a dozen committee chairmen truly count in the grand scheme. Others, because of their own lassitudes and deficiencies, or the limited scope of their committees, have a distinctly minor influence. The minority party generally can claim about ten senior "Outs" whose counsel is honored by the majority party "Ins." Possibly three to a half-dozen young-to-middling House members are junior consultants to their betters; their special stations may be credited to powerful sponsors, lucky breaks, unusual talents or—above all—cooperative conduct. The remaining Representatives are on the fringe, able to dictate a National Historic Site now and then or to nominate a local postmaster. These are judged worthy of special attention only when a particularly bloody partisan war looms and their votes are, temporarily, disproportionately valued.

Larry L. King saw Congress from the inside as an Administrative Assistant in the House for over a decade. He has since written a political novel, "The One-Eyed Man," and his nonfiction collection has just been published with the title "And Other Dirty Stories." This is his fifteenth "Harper's" appearance in the past three years.

"The Longer I'm Here . . ."

On reaching Washington the freshman Congressman is certain to suffer cultural shock. In the weeks since his election he will have become a minor sage. He may have departed his district to strobe lights and music, while happy cadres screamed their pride. A few ambitious favor-seekers, an awed old crony or two, and some unprincipled born-politicians (more likely a preacher or down-at-heels relative) will have proclaimed Destiny's varied and high future uses of him. Then, suddenly, he is the New Boy in town, ignored or scorned. In a city where prestige and power are the paramount coin of trade, he is a nobody.

Except for instances where entrenched political machines are so powerful as to pick and rule Congressmen as effortlessly as they do their county auditors, House members are free to operate their individual offices with great autonomy. It is expected of them, however, to uncomplainingly play their assigned internal bit-roles in what amounts—always structurally, often in attitudes, and despite Emerson's description of Congress as "a standing insurrection"—to a giant corporation. Even the most powerful muscles in the corporate body are tolerant of other members in a personal or political sense. One may junket, juice, philander, or cavort to excess with lobbyists without risking even a mild House rebuke—so long as proper form is observed. Despite his well-known transgressions, Representative Adam Clayton Powell angered his colleagues only after he claimed, "I haven't done anything more than other Congressmen"; when he added that "nor, by the grace of God, do I intend to do anything *less*," he was stripped of seniority, his committee chairmanship, and ultimately his House seat.

Congressmen may forgive a colleague from Dixie (or, lately, from Chicago's backlashing Polish wards or other uneasy white Yankee pre-

cincts) his intemperate inferences that the Negro was somehow created inferior by God or Darwin: survival is, after all, the Genesis rule of politics and every Congressman has a special constituency to make happy, be it bigots, powerful ward captains, or usurious bankers. Everyone is free to discover his own menaces. Speaker Rayburn's advice to Congressmen fearful of the grassroots consequences on a given vote, should they follow a difficult partisan line or unexpected tremors of conscience, was unvaried: "When in doubt, vote your district."

Any Congressman who is openly critical of his colleagues or of the parent body, or who shows impatience with accepted rituals or otherwise impinges on the mighty, risks deep trouble. "The way to get along," another bit of choice Rayburnism ran, "is to go along." The corporation tolerates only minimal deviations from protocol, abhors internal dissent, and considers "idealism" a handy word for stump speeches though a word seldom fit to muddy the eternal dialogue of pragmatic old-pro pols.

One night a few years ago a young, bright House nonentity from the Midwest complained to me as we departed Capitol Hill, "This damned place is a plenary of Rotarians. The House acts, thinks, and reacts in terms of some stodgy old Philadelphia club. It's overpolite and phony and nothing much gets done. Nobody listens to my speeches. New ideas scare these old-timers to death."

That was some fifteen years ago; my friend was a raw freshman. A term or so later he ran to fill an unexpired Senate term, but lost. He returned to his House seat burned by campaign debts, disconsolate; in his private chambers he spoke of quitting Congress for the ministry or teaching. For two or three years he growled his old frustrations: "I just don't amount to a damn. I'm not doing anybody any good. I'm stymied." One day he ceased to complain; in due course he was seen near the stations of power. Today he is among the ruling elite: welcome at the White House, a regular at the table where Speaker McCormack receives his most loyal minions over morning coffee, a confidant of Hubert Humphrey. Perhaps people listen to his speeches now, though his speeches no longer frighten old men. Indeed, he recently likened permitting "the people" to nominate their Presidential candidates to permitting "fans in the stands" to name the captain of the football team rather than his being chosen "by the coach and the teammates who know him." Not all our Che Guevaras die in battle.

The standard quip of House seniors—"The longer I'm here the more I appreciate the many virtues of the seniority system"—covers up many midnight bargains, each evacuating an old dream or jettisoning certain burdensome ideals. Congressmen like to say they become more effective with time's passage. In the sense that they learn the procedural shortcuts this is true: the experienced House member is better able to exploit parliamentary loopholes, to emerge uncut from gentlemanly backbitings or from safaris into Washington's mysterious and thorny undergrowths, to cozy up to powerful despots without gagging when ambition demands or convenience recommends, or to horse-trade without—to call on Faulkner—buying too many spotted horses. Congressmen often become more "effective" only at the price of their youthful visions if not their larger capacities. "The institution itself allows for precious little ingenuity," ex-Congressman Charles Weltner of Georgia has noted. "But outcry over the seniority system is nothing new, and almost everybody is for reform—except those who have the effective power of reform. So the system clanks along, depressing eager spirits, diverting bright minds, and discouraging apt members." What results is too many drones and chairwarmers: men willing to swap intellectual potential for a rather shallow cleverness, or cocktail-party sophistication, or profuse exercises in rationalization; these they too often mistake for accumulated wisdom or seizures of statesmanship, especially as time works its dry rot in the conventional Congressional mind. Some few House members remain capable of natural growth, flourishing intellectually because of their Washington experiences and despite the stifling House atmosphere. Most of these attempt to move on, to the Senate or to Governors' mansions or lately as the Mayors of our giant cities. If political circumstances prohibit their leaving the House, these restless and creative few must overcome many a high-placed suspicion before their cautious elders welcome them to participation.

Sent to the Back of the Bus

A myth Congressmen promote in the interest of the corporate image is that these House elders are benevolent old daddies to new members, freely giving advice and encouragement. The truth is that only Congressmen of low or middling seniority (perhaps remembering the degradations and hazings of their own freshman years) offer generous help to fledglings; older and more powerful members are often stingy in their

MAN'S DAIQUIRI

v to make it

Most men like their Daiquiris on-the-rocks, in a glass they can get a grip on.

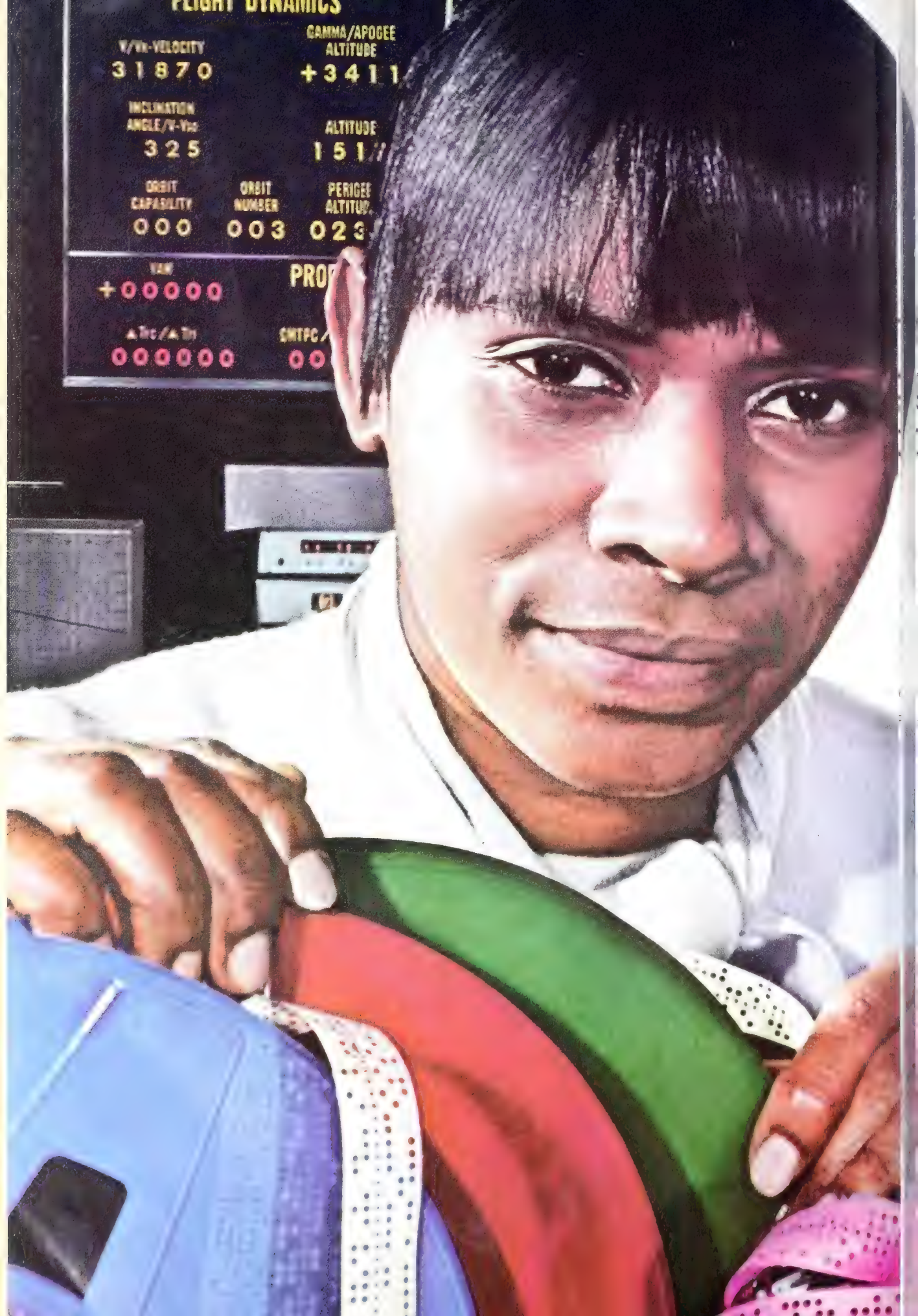
½ oz. lime juice and 1 level tsp. sugar (or use Frozen Fresh Daiquiri Mix), 1½ oz. white or silver Puerto Rican rum.

Shake with ice and strain over ice cubes in an Old Fashioned glass.

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/hen Gail Johnson was grade school, jobs like hers dn't even exist.

en IBM's Gail Johnson was a little girl learning arithmetic, there was no h job as a computer programmer.

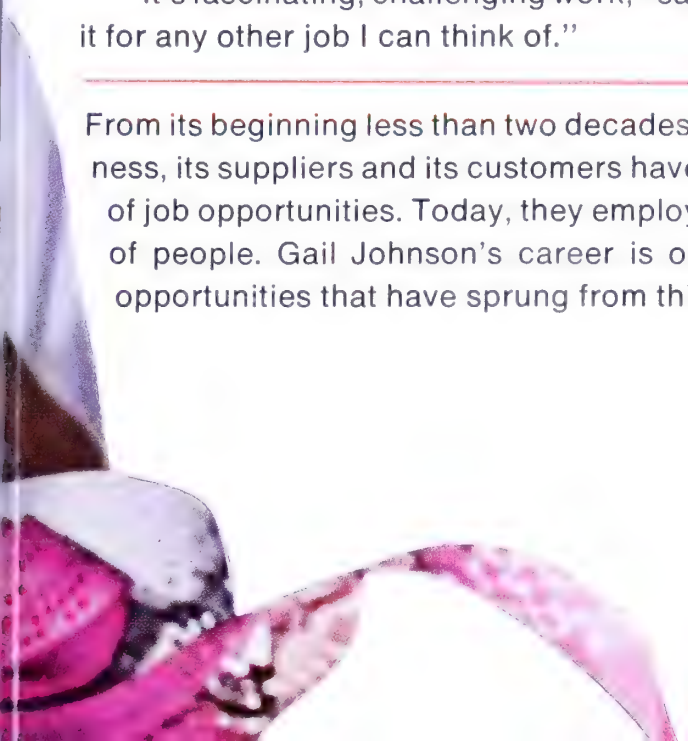
Today, there are some 300,000 programmers—highly trained men and nen designing the detailed instructions that tell a computer what to do. One of Gail's recent assignments was to help write computer programs the worldwide NASA network which tracks American manned space nts. During the historic Apollo flight to the moon, these programs will sist in processing data coming from the spacecraft.

Her current job is devising new ways to make computer programming even faster and more economical.

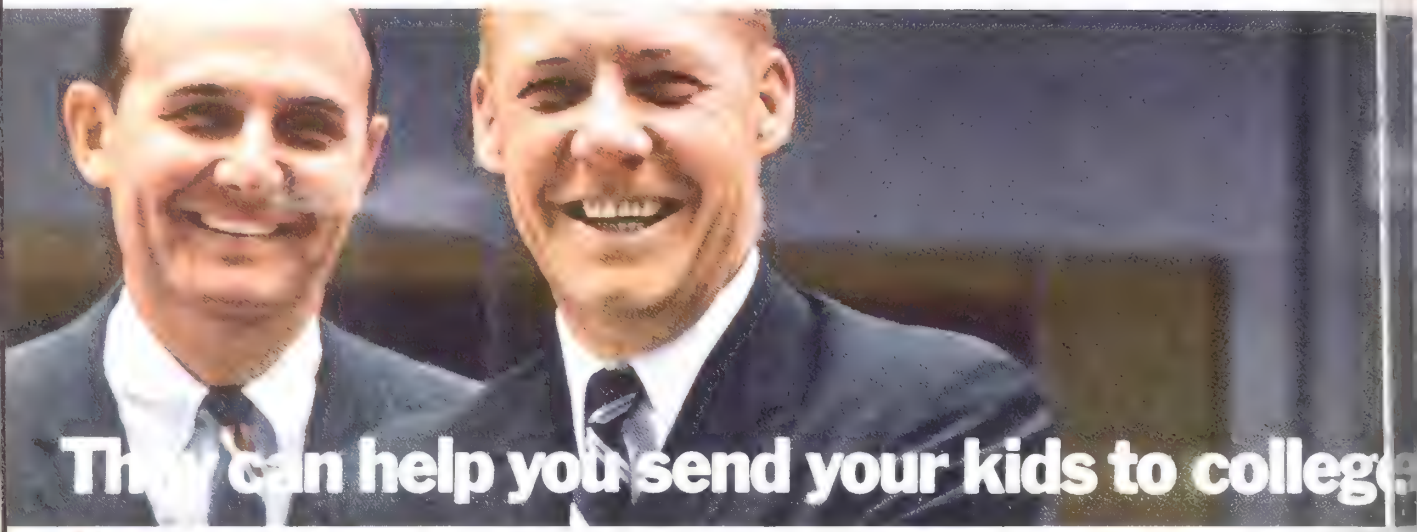
"It's fascinating, challenging work," says Gail. "I wouldn't trade it for any other job I can think of."

IBM

From its beginning less than two decades ago, the computer business, its suppliers and its customers have been a growing source of job opportunities. Today, they employ hundreds of thousands of people. Gail Johnson's career is only one example of the opportunities that have sprung from this growth.



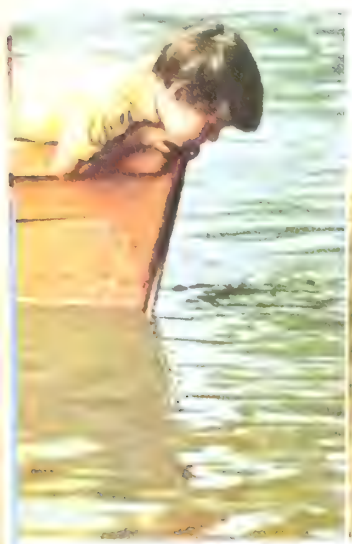
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THE EQUITABLE

ections to the point of actively resenting new-
ners who speak without being spoken to or
ıo sit uninvited in certain select corners of the
)use cafeteria. Each new lawmaker discovers
e internal generation gap. Former Representa-
ve Jerry Voorhis of California wrote of his 1937
eshman observations, "Like New York, Keokuk,
ıd Centerville, Congress has its select circle. It
nsists of a number of highly prepossessing
embers, who have considerable influence and
ho are well aware of that fact. Practically al-
ays they are members of long service. A few
' them seem to make a point of failing to note
ıe presence of newer members or those not be-
nging to the select influence group." Dr. Ernest
. Griffith, for many years an official in the
ibrary of Congress, observes, "Seniority is a
pirit pervading the total behavior [of Congress].
'his is especially true between new members and
lder ones. The latter want the former to seek
heir advice and have their own ways of clipping
he wings of upstarts."*

A few years ago a Texas freshman took on an
ld Congressional head in what the neophyte
)resumed to be proper debate; he won his minor
)oint. Two years later the Texan, at the behest
)f her relatives in his district, introduced a bill
:o admit a young Chinese woman to the United
States outside the regular immigrant quota sys-
tem. He appeared in behalf of that bill before
a committee chaired by his elderly adversary. To
show her appreciation of the Congressman's ef-
forts, the young Chinese woman—a teacher and
artist—had painted from photographs his like-
ness in oils. By way of stressing the woman's
talents, the Texan took his oil painting to the
committee. The sour old chairman jumped at the
opportunity to bait and humiliate the young Con-
gressman. "Do you introduce bills for anyone
who happens to paint a purty picture of
you?" he demanded. "Do you think just because
somebody paints purty pictures they'll be good
citizens? How about that Diego Rivera fellah?
Wasn't *he* a Communist?" The chairman also
wondered whether he had visited China to pose
for his purty picture. Properly avenged, the old
chairman bottled the bill up in committee.

Another freshman, assigned to the House In-
terior and Insular Affairs Committee, objected
when senior members decreed to hold only per-
functory hearings on the Hawaiian Statehood
Bill on the grounds of "last year's extensive
testimony"; *he* had not heard any testimony, the
new Congressman insisted. The chairman, show-
ing a grace rarely known to his breed, agreed to
more meaningful hearings. He was unusually
serene while testimony droned on—though other
seniors snarled at the troublesome freshman,
cold-shouldered him, or pointedly boycotted hear-
ings until "repetitious matters" could be disposed
of. Years later, when he could laugh without
pain, the former greenhorn would confess, "I
finally *begged* the chairman to abort those hear-
ings. I apologized profusely and regularly to my
offended seniors. I bowed in their presence and
brought them cigars. And one day no more than
six years later one of them nodded to me in the
hall."

Rare is the freshman who receives a major
committee assignment even though he slavishly
imitates protocol by going to the "dean" of his
home-state delegation to beg that presumably
powerful old bird's assistance. Letters are sent
to those chairmen of committees one most avidly
craves. The Speaker is notified of one's more
arrogant ambitions in servile terms, as is the
Congressman designated as one's "geographic
representative" to his party's Committee-on-
Committees. After such desperate offensives the
luckier freshmen may land at the foot of their
third or fourth committee-of-choice.

The three most powerful House committees
are Rules, Ways and Means, and Appropriations.
Vacancies are especially infrequent on Rules or
on Ways and Means. Because House leaders con-
sider these units vital to House continuity and
to their own control, assignments are made with
unusual care, and pains are taken to select
"stable" Congressmen considered good bets for
reelection as well as instinctively cooperative.
When prized vacancies do occur, there are always
men of at least middling seniority eager to quit
lesser assignment for more prestigious ones;
short-timers are shoved to the back of the bus.

Since assignment to the Big Three Committees
points the way toward genuine power, the bril-
liant-but-erratic, the loner, the gray-flannel revo-
lutionary, or the born insurgent need not apply.*

The late Speaker Rayburn, a Texan, was dedi-

*Old heads often quiz young ones on the issues or tactics that brought the newcomer campaign victory —but only to learn for themselves what democratic pitfalls elder statesmen should avoid back home where things may be changing.

*Exception: Representative Richard Bolling (Missouri) is a gadfly hot for major House reforms; when he came to Rules, however, he was a favored protégé of then-Speaker Rayburn. Only after revealing his reformer instincts and a stubborn independence did Bolling fall from favor. He plunged to brimstone depths last year by publicly suggesting that Speaker McCormack should step down for reasons of advancing age and decreasing skills.

cated to preserving the 27½ per cent oil-depletion allowance—possibly the most obvious (and surely one of the more odious) tax loophole available to favored industries, corporations, and foundations. Rayburn required nominees to the tax-writing Ways and Means Committee to give personal assurances that they saw unusual merit in oil's merry boondoggle. No Congressman who believes that churches should pay taxes on their properties (even though untaxed church holdings are now worth billions) is likely to receive Ways and Means clearance from Speaker McCormack—a devout Catholic known behind his powerful back as "The Gentleman from Vatican City." Ways and Means is chaired by Representative Wilbur Mills of Arkansas, a strong oil champion, and is heavily weighted with Congressmen from such oil-producing states as California, Louisiana, Florida, Texas, and Montana; its makeup is consistently more conservative than the prevailing House attitude. Since in the case of Democrats this unit also functions as the Committee-on-Committees and as such dictates committee assignments, untaxed oil tycoons and affluent clergymen may relax. (Republicans hand out committee assignments through a special unit comprised of one member from each state having GOP Congressmen. As ever, seniors dominate.

The House may appear to the untrained eye to

RECREATIONS

For all its strict internal rituals, the House knows few partisan bounds in its recreations. Many dimly lighted clubs or cocktail lounges conveniently ring Capitol Hill, and in them one may often discover enough Congressmen to threaten a quorum. Members of both parties freely intermingle in the GOP Capitol Hill Club or in the Democratic Club, both located in the Congressional Hotel—and each connected to the buzzer system which summons lawmakers for roll calls. In such watering stations can be found the old "regulars" of consummate drinking skill; they habitually claim their preferred tables or barstools just as less exotic revelers do in neighborhood taverns or businessmen's clubs throughout the country. Here, aided by wet goods, the freshman lamb may lie down beside the most senior lion and both may cozy up to certain select secretaries. Such conventions know much more pure democracy than the House processes themselves will ever know.

In my rookie season on Capitol Hill, excessive partisanship or ideological loyalties blinded me to the personal or human qualities of all who took their political stances to my right. It seemed somewhat obscene that pro-civil-rights Congressmen could swap cloakroom jokes with colleagues whose own racial attitudes might have gladdened Bilbo, or that my liberal champions could break bread with certified mossbacks convinced that socialism began when Jesus shared the loaves and fishes. I soon began to appreciate the professional necessities, for it became imperative to go begging of Mississippi arch-reactionary John Bell Williams—now Governor of his state—for clearance of a bill that would improve airport facilities in an isolated Southwestern town. Though I half-expected Representative Williams to greet me in white sheets, he was helpful and understanding. Yes, he thought he could schedule our little airport bill for hearings; would I like a cup of coffee while I briefed him on the bill's provisions? In a soft drawl he deftly extracted the facts while his aide, Charles Griffith—now a freshman Congressman—took notes. As time went on, it became routine to do minor business with other members whose voting records seemed to me only slightly less shameful than the rape of Nanking.

One of the men whose public record I least admired proved to be one of my most cheerful drinking companions. Some two years ago that man—Representative Joe Pool of Texas—rose to a certain tainted eminence because of the stormy hearings he presided over as chairman of a House Un-American Activities Committee sub-unit. I subsequently wrote in *Harper's* ("Joe Pool: McCarthy-in-the-Round," November 1966) of my disapproval of Congressman Pool's conduct of the hearings, of his bill that would have harshly punished Vietnam war dissenters, and of his reactionary voting habits. Though my description of Joe's physical properties, his mental processes, or his personal view of our Constitution were candid, no man has claimed them flattering. Some of my personal fondness for the man with whom I shared no common ideological ground crept in, however. At one point the article stated, "As Harry Truman once said of Stalin in an unguarded moment, 'I like Ole Joe.' He is a jovial companion at libations, quick to pick up the tab for his table, and maybe the neighboring one as well. He is good to his employees, paying them well and smiling away mistakes. He makes easy jokes on himself."

It was not these little compliments, however, that Joe Pool would remember.

A few days after the article was published, I was socializing near Capitol Hill with the New York book editor, Bob Gutwillig. The Rotunda was one of Congressman Pool's favorite spots; while Gutwillig and I wrangled over money and deadlines, Pool made one of his grand entrances. Here he came down the bar, grabbing hands and slapping backs at every stool, beaming good humor and hoo-hawing pleasantries, all unconsciously demonstrating why he was such a formidable opponent back in the grassroots. When Pool recognized mine as the next hand to be clasped, he abruptly halted; all the cheerful radiations left his rotund face. Sensing that he was about one half-wish away from smashing me with a barstool, I said, "Hello

have as many Chiefs as Indians. Vast numbers of subcommittee chairmen, specializing in road building or foreign trade or exotic agricultural crops, may in their fields be judged major czars. Get them outside their specialities, however, and many are without superior leadership skills or opportunities. Most subchairmen exist only as creatures of full-committee chairmen who may predetermine their actions by stacking key subcommittees with cronies sure to remain loyal to the larger office; the full chairman also controls all jurisdictions, travels, and budgets. "The committee member who has served twenty years is not just 5 per cent more powerful than the member who has served nineteen years," Representative Morris K. Udall of Arizona, one of the finest and most intelligent men in the House, notes. "If he is chairman he is 1,000 per cent more powerful."

All power is, of course, relative: the chairman of the Merchant Marine and Fisheries Committee may be a demigod in the eyes of fishing-boat captains, mackerel canners, or coastal resort Mayors everywhere, but he makes only a small ripple in the deeper Washington waters. The chairman of the House Un-American Activities Committee may terrify the sensitive and arouse the superpatriots, but he could absent himself from Capitol Hill for an entire two-year term without visibly slowing the democratic processes. Junior members of such lesser units are little

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. . . AND AN EPITAPH

Joe." He turned away as if he hadn't heard. I impulsively grabbed his arm and spun him around: "Goddammit, Joe, I said *hello.*" "Hello," he reluctantly grunted. After a moment he added his choice invective for my kind: "Yew ole Liberal thang, yew. I read that article you wrote me up in." Well, how had he liked it? "Aw," Pool said, "there wasn't a hail of a lot that made *me* mad. But now, lots of my friends is madder than eighty-six dollars. Just one thang *I* didn't like —that part where you said how quick I am to pick up bar tabs. Hail, you tryin' to get me beat? I got too many Methodists and Baptists and Campellites down there in Dallas for you to write-up about how quick I am to buy whiskey." I told Joe they couldn't ever beat him in Dallas. "Aw, now," he protested, "you don't *know.* Those church folks don't hold much with whiskey. Sure enough, now you ought not to go around writin' a whiskey label on me." Then, quickly, Joe Pool draped one short, fleshy arm around my shoulder and with the other hugged Gutwillig; not even pausing for breath he said, "Lemme buy yawl boys a drank." A seizure of merriment almost cost Gutwillig his barstool balance, and we both guffawed. Congressman Pool looked puzzled, as if wondering who'd told the joke and how he'd missed it.

We joined Joe at his favorite table. A few weeks earlier he had been criticized in the press for raising $30,000 at an "Appreciation Dinner" honoring himself, and to which appreciative lobbyists had been admitted for only $100 per head. Now Joe Pool extracted from a coat pocket two tickets. "Say, Larry, I'm throwing myself another Appreciation Dinner next week. Well, it's really not a *dinner*—it's more like a glorified whiskey-drank. Tickets are twenty-five dollars—but here, yawl boys be my guests." Gutwillig said he would be in New York on the festive evening. "You keep that ticket anyway," Joe said. "Save it for your grandchildren."

As much out of curiosity as in search of refreshments, I attended Congressman Pool's "glorified whiskey-drank." A few of his old cronies, up from Dallas, berated me for my literary criticism of their hero, one to the point of demanding physical satisfaction. Pool, spotting my discomfort, rushed over with his arms spread wide and wrapped me in a bear hug: "Aw," he said, "my favorite *arthur.*" Long after midnight I carried a metal strongbox containing the evening's profits to Joe's car, and wished him Godspeed on the drive to his Virginia home.

On a night not long distant, Pool was making the homeward drive again when he ran upon two soldiers waiting in their car for a red light to change to green. Somehow, Joe noted neither the red light nor the motionless car; he plowed his own vehicle into it at such speed as to quickly attract policemen. Joe refused to sign the traffic ticket officers wrote out for him. "I am a Congressman," he said again and again, "and I cannot be arrested." He repeated this contention to the booking sergeant, and consequently spent the night in a Virginia jail. When the story broke in the newspapers, Joe denied that he had been detained. "I was just waitin' for the judge to come down," he explained of his six-hour incarceration. One of the policemen was quoted as saying, "He kept saying he was a Congressman—but he didn't look like one or sound like one." Later, in the Rotunda, Joe would confide, "You know, I thought they couldn't arrest a Congressman unless he'd committed a felony. But it turns out they *can* unless he's en route to or returning from a session of Congress." He shook his head sadly, betrayed by the Constitution. Then he bought everybody in sight another round.

A few weeks ago I picked up the morning paper and there was a headline that—despite Joe's unholy girth and his fondness for late hours—I was unprepared to read: Joe Pool was dead, the victim of a heart attack in a Houston airport. "Aw, goddam," I said, "poor ole Joe Pool dropped dead." My wife gasped and joined me to read the story. "Well, hell," I said, "I don't suppose Congress is much worse off. But dammit, I'll miss ole Joe around the table."

Quite a few of us do. And among us are several "ole Liberal thangs."

—L. L. K.



"Quick—whoop like a whooping crane!"

more influential than their hometown fire chiefs.

Perhaps the *real* power rests nowhere on Capitol Hill, but in the Congressional districts themselves. On the surface this seems the ideal of a grassroots democracy. I fear the opposite. Most Congressmen are elected only with the active assistance of two or three giant economic forces in their districts. The money interests are helpful far beyond the dollar: they may influence their employees' voting habits (especially in areas where unions are weak or absent and a monolithic favored industry dominates); they or their chosen men usually are the local social and political leaders. Each Congressional district has its own internal Establishment—usually a combine of industrialists, financiers, businessmen, newspaper publishers, television owners, corporate lawyers, powerful ministers or priests. When the Congressman returns home these are the people he sees at civic-club luncheons and country clubs; these are the people whose lobbyists entertain him in Washington—and then report back to their superiors whether the Congressman deserves to prosper. Lawmakers may only infrequently be telephoned their voting orders, but they *are* made aware of powerful opinions dominating their districts. An NBC newsman, himself once an Administrative Assistant in the House, recently remarked that legislators know almost without exception how they'll vote on many key issues without troubling to learn the specific contents of the bills. "They have been conditioned by their grassroots experiences," he said. "If someone troubled to analyze the internal Establishment in every Congressional district, I think he could predict with total accuracy how any major roll call would divide—and do it well in advance."

The more a Congressman prospers by close identification with such consensus constituencies the more he is tempted to imitate them in the name of "leadership." Congressmen from swing or marginal districts with varied partisan, economic, and ethnic values are much less likely to become extremist zealots, more prone to objective evaluations of issues, more likely to grow with new experience. The terrible irony is that these members with capacities for growth are often defeated, while the safe-district parrots who rise through seniority take their prejudices along.

The Blessings of Debate, Ltd.

It is perhaps an overall blessing for the Republic that the House, unlike the Senate, does not enjoy unlimited debate. The late Senator Carter Glass of Virginia, whose total service in both bodies exceeded thirty years, once said he had never seen a single vote changed nor a mind visibly swayed by oratory in either chamber. Forget Jimmy Stewart striking such oratorical sparks on his third day in Washington that old stone faces of the House and Senate are moved to tears, cheers, and patriotic actions; I doubt that even Ronald Reagan could do it.

Each bill may be debated in the House for exactly that length of time dictated by the Rules Committee; on many major bills this is one hour, to be equally divided between the pros and cons. Each has a floor leader who controls the time, parceling it out in five-, three-, and one-minute lots; he generally reserves the most generous portion for himself. Newcomers or others deemed unworthy may be denied the opportunity to speak at all. Ex-Representative Weltner recalls trying to amend a House bill so as to permit eighteen-year-olds to vote: "By the time all committee

embers had spoken, and time had been allotted, had less than one minute to convince my colagues of the validity of my position. Under the rcumstances, the cause was hopeless and dis-etion demanded that the amendment be withld for another day—which never came."

As he sits in his rear pew watching the action, n inexperienced Congressman might wonder hether he has wandered into a schoolboy's study all while the teacher is visiting the WC, or he ay ponder the words of Augustus Foster, Secetary of the British Legation, who wrote on iewing the House in the early nineteenth cenury: "This undoubtedly is a miserable place, but he elect of all the states are assembled in it, and eally such a gang to have the affairs of an mpire wanting little of the size of Russia enrusted to them, makes one shudder." Members ounge while signing mail, reading newspapers, r eying the visitors' galleries for familiar faces r pretty ones. Some sit with their knees propped gainst seats in front of them, chatting or laughng; others lean on the rail at the rear of the hamber to smoke or swap jokes. Congressmen vander in and out aimlessly; attendance is genrally sparse. When a half-dozen Congressmen nnounced this July that on a given date and hour hey would urge the House not to adjourn without fully debating Vietnam, only twenty-odd Congressmen appeared—most of them to argue that n this busy election year Congressmen had no ime to study war. Proceedings may be interrupted by several Congressmen who—largely as delaying tactics—"suggest the absence of a quorum"; each quorum call consumes at least thirty minutes (or 217.5 Congressman-hours) and two minutes after its conclusion one couldn't find a quorum with bloodhounds. The only advantage from these wasteful quorums lies with the unimaginative chair-warmers who faithfully answer so as to advertise on the stump their "100 per cent voting-attendance" records—which means nothing, but may impress the homefolks.

The back-bench member during the 90th Congress may have wondered if he—and the nation—were victims of some gigantic practical joke. The three most pressing issues—Vietnam, racial injustices, the prospect of an indecisive Presidential election that could be thrown into the House for compromised settlement—were not acted on at all. As for planning toward that vague but certain day when mankind has all but bred himself off the planet, perhaps the House will get around to that after the rights of those fun-loving sportsmen in the National Rifle Association have again been assured. "Congress attacks problems piecemeal," a young Tennessee member complained last year. "You build a highway thinking only of traffic. There's no concern with displaced homes or air pollution or conservation of soil, trees, or wildlife—though all are interrelated."

When the House last year voted down money to eradicate rodents in our slums, Congressmen made bad jokes: "This foolishness should be ended *rat-cheer* (right here)." On the same day our television screens gave us the return from London of James Earl Ray *and* a Los Angeles hearing for Sirhan Sirhan, the House was constrained to reject a gun-registration bill. While ghettos burned the House reacted by mangling anti-poverty, cities, and "safe-streets" bills. It refused to enact pending civil-rights bills while making it unlawful for citizens to demonstrate on Capitol Hill. More House members urged the forcible eviction of the improvident wretches of Resurrection City than received them to hear their complaints. In the same session in which the House found it necessary to expel one member because of his odious conduct—and the proud Senate censured one of its own—legislators were either unable or unwilling to write a meaningful Code of Conduct by which its members might both be adequately measured and trusted. As it approved billions for our costliest war in one chaotic, undemocratic, and underdeveloped state, the House slashed foreign-aid funds to an all-time low and may have risked future Vietnams.

Why the Closing Rush?

An American Political Science Association study reveals that the House devotes only half its time to legislative matters. My own observation in a decade on Capitol Hill was that most House members so invest less than one-third of their available hours. Nor did one often hear them discussing great issues in their recreations. They did, however, painstakingly quiz each other about the trends in mail from constituents and they freely exchanged tips on how best to exploit politically the advantages of incumbency.

Congressional offices produce floodtides of mail calculated to do little more than promote reelection. Weekly newsletters go out to thousands of individuals chosen because of their personal stations or influences or simply because some nameless office clerk lifted every fourth name off voter-registration lists. Such mailings are sent under the free franking privilege; while they carry excellent political clout, they are almost

entirely self-serving. The same holds for TV and radio scripts offered for airings back home as "a public service."

In almost every House office men and women search and clip home-district newspapers so their Congressmen can congratulate Golden Wedding celebrants, bake-off contest winners, or insurance salesmen recently welcomed to the Million Dollar Club. Weepy condolences go out to grieving widows. New mothers are furnished infant-care booklets often accompanied by poems printed on blue or pink paper. Thousands of high-school graduates, tomorrow's voters as well as the children of today's, receive special scrolls signed by their men in Washington. Congressional Christmas cards lists may exceed 50,000 in some offices, and staff members must begin addressing Yuletide envelopes on July fifth.

"Polling your people with questionnaires is a greater gimmick than mailing out free flower seed," a wordly old member advised me when I first arrived on Capitol Hill. "Everyone is flattered to be asked his opinion on great issues. You get credit for putting 'democracy' into action; you advertise yourself. By releasing the compiled results to newspapers you can live off the publicity for weeks. You can use your poll to justify questionable votes later, or even to beg off a dangerous commitment when the House leadership is twisting your arm. And the beautiful thing is you can mail your poll out *free*!"

Though many Congressmen despair of having more than fifteen minutes each day to consider questions of war or peace, the politician willing to concede obvious political advantages is rarer than the swimming stone. To hope seriously that Congress will vote reforms curtailing the use of free mailing privileges or require more worthy preparations by its members, is merely an exercise in futility. Those Congressmen shunted outside the House ruling circle, their dreams of world reform fading as they grow jaded in their nation's service, tend to spend increasing hours and energy in mundane busywork pursuits. Regrettably, it is these newcomers or undistinguished timeservers who should be acquainting themselves with the strengths and weaknesses of the House so that in days of future influence they will not endlessly repeat their elders' mistakes.

Though our legislators convene in earliest January, few bills reach the voting stages until April or later. The House is slow in its awakenings. Committees meet erratically and for no more than two hours; House sessions may be gaveled to order and adjourned within minutes; the legislative "weekend" begins on Thursday night and extends to Tuesday morning. Invariably, business stacks up and schedules collaps by late summer or early fall it is necessary launch grinding catch-up campaigns. Efficien and tempers are impaired in those final hect weeks, and good bills fall victim to hurried co siderations while more malodorous proposals sl by in the closing rush. Some years ago Congre "reformed" itself so as to require adjournme by June thirtieth except in time of national eme gency. Every year since, Congress has routine declared just such "national emergencies" ar has gone its usual way.

Even the most powerful of House members fe certain frustrations, for Congress is no long the only power game in town. Its influences ha been weakened by a historic reversal of th original Legislative and Executive roles, und which Congress hammered out much of the na tional policy and programs while placid Pres dents largely accepted their acts or exercise their powers only to veto. Now, however, th President proposes virtually all legislative pr grams; Congress has been reduced to vetoing mitigating, or emasculating. "The only real important law originated, shaped, and passed b Congress since the second world war is the Taf Hartley Act," Stewart Alsop has written, "an there may never be another."

There are other faults to disenchant the stu dent of textbook civics or well-intended youn legislators: the carelessness with which financia matters are transacted (a secretive "Swiss Bank in the House where members may hide their mor embarrassing contributions, hypocritical electio laws requiring the filing of fraudulent reports) 10 per cent of committee meetings held behin closed doors in "executive session" (encouragin chicanery or sheltering cowardice); the speeche Congressmen pass off as their own though the have been ghosted by biased lobbyists grindin their private axes.

In the mid-1950s then-Representative Eugen McCarthy of Minnesota formed a loose unit o some youngish liberals, ultimately known a "McCarthy's Mavericks," to give men of lik minds a rallying point against the predominan House attitudes. Successes were few and mino but from this, in 1959, evolved the Democrati Study Group, whose membership reached a hig of 180 following the Democratic landslide o 1964. DSG has its own elected officers, an execu tive committee, a whip system to rally votes, a full-time staff, and internal fund-raisers. It i strong on research, holds helpful seminars t enlighten and encourage confused Congressmen

.nd has actually known brief triumphs of legis-ation or in House internal matters.

Yet, DSG is only infrequently a significant 'orce. Because of divisions within its own coun-:ils it has formulated no Vietnam policy, no gun-:ontrol guidelines, and as a unit it avoids the)eriodic fights over whether the House Un-American Activities Committee is worthy of new .ife and appropriations. It took no stand on the :igarette-labeling bill, staying silent even as crass lobbying by the tobacco industry virtually dic-tated the labeling limits. It split on whether Mississippi's all-white delegation should be seated at the 1964 Democratic National Convention at the expense of the integrated Freedom Demo-cratic party delegation. This inability to vote consistently or work as a cohesive unit is noted in the higher citadels of power. In day-to-day struggles DSG is no match for the House with its outmoded rules, its indifferent leadership, or its crazed kings. The shoddy performance of the 90th Congress offers ample evidence.

The Measure of an Institution

Defenders of Congress contend that good and hard-working men are in it, that some of its wisest and best are among its elders, that it has approved many progressive programs or im-proved them, that it has in times of crisis per-formed its duty so that all ended well; that if, say, one in six Congressmen loosely use their offices then five are blameless.

Yet a lawmaking body is most fairly measured not merely by what it has done but by what it had opportunities to do, not by its atypical per-formances (the "first hundred days" New Deal Congress, and what Lyndon Johnson more than thirty years later would call "the amazing 89th"), but on all the bleak and insufficient sessions in between. It should be judged as much for those national crises it has allowed to ferment or has left unattended as by those it has served.

Nor can its atypically outstanding members alone atone for the sins of their numerous if less-talented colleagues. Nor can the five mythi-cally "blameless" men be forgiven their omissions in permitting the sixth to repeatedly sully the offices of all. Nor do infrequent little ripples of reform excuse a stubborn clinging to archaic tra-ditions which at once bind, stunt, or handicap the Congress by preventing its best work and en-couraging the conspiracy of silence enforced against its more noble voices. It is that wide gulf between what Congress *is* against what it *could* be that is our national shame. "The parliament of the world's greatest democracy," Congressman Udall says, "is not a democratic institution."

I am reminded of a time when a single car thrummed along a flat roadbed at eighty miles per hour while lizards and jackrabbits bounded away in fright, and two men—a Congressman and his associate—monitored the President's grim speech by car radio. The men were riding the campaign trail in an isolated and windswept corner of the country and they were tired and discouraged, for the day's half-dozen campaign rallies had not been good ones. The Congressman knew he was in trouble that election year: the polls hinted at it, and now his constituents were affirming it by cool eyes and limp hand-shakes.

Then John F. Kennedy's voice came into the speeding car, filling it, metallic and yet strangely measured, and the President of the United States demanded the Soviet Union's removel of its mis-siles from Cuba. It was a tough speech, a chilling one, hinting of clearly unmentionable conse-quences. Any man hearing it might reasonably have experienced fear, not only for himself or for his nation but for all of mankind: the Russian or the Cuban or the Afghan. He may have been forgiven a sudden recognition of his own personal insignificance, or an urgent wish to reach a tele-phone to call someone he loved. And these were the rather conventional reactions of the Con-gressman's companion.

Until, suddenly, the Congressman let out a joyous whoop of the kind usually reserved to those who have won big at love or cards or war. "I've got him *now*," the Congressman cried in ecstasy: President Kennedy's popularity would skyrocket as the nation united in its common danger, his get-tough policy would be overwhelm-ingly popular in the Congressman's hawkish and extremist district; the Congressman would, there-fore, rush to identify with the Kennedy position "and blow my opponent's little ass right out of the water."

The wind blew while the car hummed on and the Congressman talked in glee, and his associate sat staring down the flat stretch of lonesome road thinking of how not so many years before—before he had had his glimpses of political muscle, be-fore he had learned the duplicities of the House and its self-serving ways, before winning had come to mean everything because winning begat seniority and seniority begat power—the Con-gressman might first have thought of other and more innocent asses blown out of larger and bloodier waters.

Harper's Magazine, October 1968

Robert MacNeil

THE NEWS ON TV AND HOW IT IS UNMADE

Show business economics and the logistical problem of "getting the picture" have made the star commentator the centerpiece in a parasitic form of journalism which has little use for real reporters.

Television's most impressive and predictable spectacle is the coverage of election night. In one generation TV has transformed the anxious, all-night ritual into an incredible display of electronic virtuosity. It has dazzled, and not always pleased, the voters with its ability to tell them who won, before some voters have even gone to the polls. The public is still mystified and a little annoyed that there is no longer any "horse race." There never was, of course, except in very close elections. Old-fashioned reporting techniques merely created that pleasurable illusion.

Illusions of a different sort are created by TV. For its journalists are enmeshed in a system that looks upon news as another commodity, which sells or does not sell, attracts audiences or does not, which—like other commodities—can be shaped, reworked, and manipulated, or simply dropped. There is, however, one factor that distinguishes news from almost everything else the networks transmit: prestige.

Thus, for example, on June 14, 1967, NBC's local station in New York published an advertisement in the *New York Times* to promote the *Eleventh Hour News* and its anchorman, Jim Hartz. The program had earned considerable public following in several years of competent reporting but that wasn't good enough for the PR men. "Jim and the Eleventh Hour Staff pore over thousands of reports compiled each day by NBC News correspondents in 75 countries to bring you New York's most meaningful late-evening report," the advertisement said.

It is true that NBC News employs a large staff in the United States and up to a dozen correspondents overseas. But they do not compile "thousands of reports" each day; they compile very few. As do the other networks, NBC bases the bulk of its news service on the worldwide facilities of the Associated Press, United Press International, and Reuters. The networks also have interlocking arrangements to exchange news film made by other broadcasting organizations. On occasion, the services of "stringers" or part-time correspondents employed by a newspaper or wire service are called upon, though more often for radio than for television. At the particular period of the advertisement quoted, in fact, WNBC had introduced an economy wave. The budget of the *Eleventh Hour News* did not permit it to pay for as many fresh reports from around the United States each evening as it had customarily used, so there was less "poring" than usual.

Since 1956, NBC had boasted that it ran seven days of news, treating Saturday and Sunday with the same importance as weekdays. Although both the Saturday and the Sunday news programs found themselves repeatedly pushed off the air by sports programs, that claim had some validity. Then in the spring of 1967, NBC told its affiliate stations that it had contracted to carry ten doubleheader football games that fall, which meant that the *Frank McGee Sunday Report,* one of the better news programs, would disappear for ten weeks. A discussion took place among top executives of the network (not the News Department) as to whether the Sunday news program should be dropped altogether if it was going to be lost for ten weeks. An NBC executive later said the question around which the discussion cen-

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red was what the "public relations effect would of dropping the McGee show." One executive volved was asked how the network would handle e loss of prestige if it took the McGee show the air just when the Public Broadcast Labotory was inaugurating a series of Sunday eveng programs intended to demonstrate the adequacies of commercial network currentfairs programming. The reply was that the *Exriment in Television* series NBC had run for ne weeks in the 1966-67 season had shown how sy it was to get prestige. "We put on nine urs," he said, "and the critics raved over every ie."

On May 25, 1967, NBC bought a full-page adrtisement in the *New York Times* to ask in ld type: "Did you miss last Saturday's satellite om Europe? Too bad." It referred to a new nture in network journalism, a scheduled news ogram (*The Frank McGee Report*) using regur reports from Europe and Asia by space satelte. The idea was to bring the capitals of the orld as close as cities in the United States. The dvertisement continued: "But you'll get another ance to see and hear Europe *live* this Saturday. nd next Saturday. And Saturday after Saturay after that."

The very next Saturday the program did not ppear, having been preempted by a baseball ame. This frequently happens to news programs n weekend evenings during the baseball and otball seasons. Sports are more profitable than ews and if the two conflict the news gets ounced.

Advertisers are more easily drawn to sports an to news, not only because the audience is igger (sometimes it is not), but because it asures, in *Variety's* words, "an upper economic lass male audience" which is lost to the networks n most other TV programs. The value of that udience can be demonstrated by the rates adversers are willing to pay to reach it. A one-minute pot on the CBS National Football League schedle has sold for as much as $75,000.

Scheduled news programs on weekdays are sually safe from casual preemption because they ave developed large enough audiences to be aluable. But even weekday programs occasionally et pushed aside by sports.

On June 5, 1967, an announcer on WNBC-TV, New York, came on the air at 5:30 P.M. and said: "Because of the Middle East crisis, the *Sixth Hours News* is beginning half an hour early tonight." In fact, the change in schedule had nothing to do with the Middle East crisis. The NBC network salesmen had persuaded the program schedulers to let a baseball game begin at 7:00 P.M. That meant pushing the *Huntley-Brinkley Report* out of its usual place to a position half an hour earlier, and WNBC's local news program was also pushed back.

Eighteen million people are said to rely on the *Huntley-Brinkley Report* most evenings for their news of the world. For those who did not happen to get home early that night or to turn on their sets sooner than usual, there was no news on NBC.

The time segments allotted to journalists on the air and the amount of money they can spend are controlled by the profit considerations of the entertainment, mass-advertising end of the industry. The simple rule is more money for news when times are good and short rations when profits go down. The only qualification to that rule is the prestige consideration.

For example, *CBS Evening News* was expanded from fifteen to thirty minutes in September 1963. Newspapers deduced these factors as contributing to the decision: prestige—CBS had won critical acclaim for its coverage of the 1962 off-year elections and wanted to keep up the momentum of being first in news; ratings—to step up the battle for the prime-time-entertainment audience after the news programs; money—more revenue from more commercials; quality—the opportunity to cover the news in more depth. NBC immediately made the same decision with the *Huntley-Brinkley Report*.

The consequent gain in informational programs was more apparent than real. The CBS program *Eyewitness to History* was dropped at the same time, while two valuable weekly series on NBC, *David Brinkley's Journal* and *Chet Huntley Reporting*, were both cut back and eventually allowed to wither away.

Network profits mounted without interruption through the prosperity of the 1960s until economic uncertainty in 1967 caused a falloff. A poorer showing in profits for the second and third quarters caused immediate repercussions in the news departments. Plans for political coverage in 1968, including the primary elections and the national conventions, suffered budget cuts in all three networks.

"What's Going on Down There?"

In 1963, when Governor George Wallace tried to prevent the integration of Alabama's schools with his "stand in the schoolhouse door," NBC correspondent Tom Pettit, covering the story there.

phoned a producer in New York, who started telling Pettit how to handle the story.

"There's a good story in the *New York Times* this morning," he said.

"We don't get the *New York Times* down here," Pettit said.

"Well, the night lead of the AP says—"

"We don't have the AP."

"Never mind. The UP's got a pretty good angle on it—"

"We don't have the UP either," Pettit said.

The producer said, "You don't have the UP?"

"No."

"You don't have the AP?"

"No."

"Then how do you guys know what's going on down there?"

To be sure, newspapers like the *New York Times* and the Washington *Post* are also dependent upon some wire-service and syndicated material, but a high proportion of their material still originates with their staff reporters.

The chief difference between television and newspaper journalism lies in their respective attitudes to the function of the reporter. Television news has not found a central role for the reporter. Preoccupation with the logistical problems of getting "picture" have made the TV reporter secondary, while show-business economics have replaced him in the studio with a "commentator" or front man.

Entertainment TV disposes the audience to be attracted by personable stars. Viewers develop their loyalties and habits by identifying particular programs with particular stars. From the beginning, the industry handled news in the same way. Huge audiences for news grew as star commentators became centerpieces. It has proved so difficult to fit reporters into this pattern that they often have been reduced to a form of window dressing.

The incentives of success are also different from those in print journalism, for the system of rewards belongs to the entertainment industry. During a strike in April 1967 by the television artists' union (AFTRA), Chet Huntley complained that it was demeaning for journalists be members of a union of "singers, actor jugglers, announcers, entertainers, and comed ans." Demeaning or not, it has a certain log because TV newsmen are paid in the same ma ner as singers, actors, and comedians—by the a pearance. With some recent exceptions, netwo newsmen make their money from fees paid on t of a basic salary.

Reporters contributing to television nev shows receive fees ranging from $25 to $150 f each item used on a program containing con mercials. A man may spend three or four da quietly digging for facts to support a story, on to find himself receiving a fee of $50 if his sto is used—or nothing if the story does not pan ou His colleague, meanwhile, may use the sam amount of time rushing to snatch an intervie here and put together a few superficial fac there, may place ten separate pieces on the ai and may as a result pocket $500. Obviously t system discourages methodical pursuit of info mation. The object is to get each story on t air and move on to something else.

What a "Star" Reflect

The commentator is the pinnacle of a syste which glorifies him at the expense of the r porter. Once the broadcast journalist has mad the grade and is found to have attributes desi able on the screen, he is rewarded by bein taken out of the field. He is given regular com mitments as anchorman on one or anothe regularly scheduled program. A commentato presenting a five-minute daily television new program on the network receives an additiona $400 a week. Preparing and broadcasting a five minute radio news program once a day for fiv days a week pays $250. Fees for longer new programs are negotiable, and because they ar paid in the manner of show-business personali ties, network newsmen find it necessary to hir agents to bargain for them with the employer For commentators who are much in demand, an nual incomes of $50,000 to $80,000 are commo at the network level. For the biggest stars, suc as Huntley, Brinkley, and Cronkite, the figure are much higher.

Incomes of $40,000 to $50,000 a year are re garded as routine for local-station anchormen i good markets. It has been reported that Jerr Dunphy, anchorman of the news program o KNXT-TV, Los Angeles, receives about $70,00 while Floyd Kalber has been said to have ne

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tiated a contract with WMAQ-TV, Chicago, in 67, that started at $120,000 a year.

To put it in its worst light, the work of the nmentator is a form of parasitic journalism. e either rewrites the news from the wire ser- es or, depending on the importance of the pro- am and the magnitude of his stardom, he has team of writers to do it for him. It is as ough the rewrite man on a newspaper were vated to the salary and prominence of a man- ing editor, and his byline placed over most of e stories.

Those who remain in the field as reporters, ther by professional choice or because the net- orks did not think them star material, can be ustrated men. For example, the NBC London rrespondent may attend a briefing at 10 Down- g Street with the press secretary of the Prime inister. Yet he will not be the one who tells mericans about it. Chet Huntley will do it. What untley says, in all probability, will not even be ken from the notes of the NBC correspondent, it from the notes of the AP or UPI reporter ho also covered the briefing with him. Only if e whim strikes the producer of the *Huntley-rinkley Report* will NBC's own correspondent eport from London, either very expensively by tellite, or, with a day's delay, on film.

Occasionally, star correspondents go out to ver a story, but their fame often attracts more ublic attention than do the events themselves. uring the 1964 campaign, David Brinkley went a shopping center in California to watch Nel- n Rockefeller on the stump. There was a siz- ble crowd around Rockefeller but, when Brinkley as spotted, it melted and massed around the igger attraction, the TV commentator. The same ning happened to ABC's Howard K. Smith, raveling with Barry Goldwater in New Hamp- nire.

Sometimes the stars are prodded by the net- orks to go out when surveys show that their redibility as newsmen is slipping. On these oc- asions the commentator travels not simply as a orking reporter but as a potentate with a etinue. He is scheduled as tightly as a politician o as not to miss too many air commitments in ew York. Someone else does the basic digging or facts. He does not have the time to see the eople involved, to read the materials, and to ask he necessary questions. He has no time to do hat essential mulling over which stirs the ac- umulated facts in a reporter's mind into signifi- ance. His time is worth too much money to the etwork to let him "waste" it. At the worst, on hese forays, the stars are like vacationers who briefly stop to be photographed, showing their heads through cutouts of muscle men and bathing beauties. The alternative is for the star to do his reading and fact-gathering at long distance, carry his prepackaged conclusions with him to the scene, hop off a plane at the scene of the spot-news story, deliver his views onto 16-millimeter film, and get back on the plane. Although some commentators do acquire the imperiousness of stardom, most of them are embarrassed by the phoniness of such procedures, and therefore go out very seldom.

NBC has recently made a major effort to correct this weakness by adding four permanently featured reporters to the *Huntley-Brinkley* staff, but it still has not significantly increased the material originating with staff reporters. Nor have the networks yet found it economically feasible to employ enough specialists who can cover particular kinds of stories—say scientific—with expertise.

The reason for this basic shortcoming of TV journalism—its neglect of the true reporting function—is partly economic; but it also stems from a particular view of the news. Walter Scott, the NBC board chairman, whose public utterances are remarkably unpretentious for a network executive, has said, "Because television *is* a visual medium, it may scant the background and significance of events to focus on the outward appearance—the comings and goings of statesmen instead of the issue that confronts them."

The comings and goings make easy pictures; the issues usually do not. Obviously, most of the energy and organization of television goes into getting pictures. The logistics of doing that are so formidable (and so expensive) that they overshadow everything else. Consequently, from its inception television news has been criticized for a tendency to let pictures dictate the story. Television newsmen cannot be blamed for wanting to put visual material on a visual medium, but when this preoccupation overrides news judgment, it encourages emphasis on action rather than on significance and the playing up of trivial or exciting occurrences simply because they can be covered by cameras. That has been the burden of complaint about TV's vivid, and often heroic, coverage of the Vietnam war.

Shooting Bloody in Vietnam

By the end of 1967, NBC and CBS were each reported to be spending two million dollars a year on covering the Vietnam war, and ABC, one

million. Each network maintained a staff of two dozen or more people in Saigon and the film shot in jungle battles had appeared prominently on the news programs virtually every night for two years. Much was written about "the first television war" and the probable political effects of having a war which so divided the nation brought so vividly into American homes. No one is certain what that effect has been. Morris Janowitz, a University of Chicago sociologist, has said that television coverage had "hardened and polarized public sentiment." He added, "Those people who are skeptical of the war now have a vehemence in their skepticism. Those who are for the war see Americans being killed and they don't want those sacrifices to be in vain." Other observers have echoed that view.

Another point of view suggests itself, however, if the nature of television's coverage is considered. Overwhelmingly, what has been seen on the home screen has been battle action. Camera teams and reporters in Vietnam found that no matter what they filmed, the networks wanted action footage. At CBS, Vietnam hands used the expression "shooting bloody" to describe the filming they had to do to get on the air. It was not that they were ordered to shoot only war scenes, but when they shot a political story or the progress of the pacification program as well as war scenes, it would be the action film which the program producers selected. Night after night for two years, American families have seen badly wounded Americans, sacks of dead Americans being loaded for shipment home, sprawled heaps of small, dead Vietnamese bodies. There are those who believe that this portrayal of horror has sickened Americans and turned many against the war, which has seemed increasingly pointless. Yet the horror has been heavily edited, and that may also have had a political impact. By exposing the mass audience to more vivid and horrible battle events than have ever been brought into American homes before, but by cutting out what is most unbearable, it may be that television has built up a tolerance for the frightful, a feeling that war really is bearable. The grisly truth has been shown in the screening rooms of the network news departments. There would be close-up footage, with sound, of a young soldier, whose leg had been shot away a moment before, screaming obscenities at the medics, pleading with them in desperation to stop his agony. As someone who believed before 1964 that this war was a futile and stupid waste of American energies, I often wondered as I watched this uncut footage at NBC whether we should not be putting on even more of the horror, so as to arouse people more. We did not because, as one man put it, and not facetiously, "We go on the air at suppertime."

He said that one afternoon when we screened a story showing American soldiers cutting the ears off dead Vietcong as souvenirs. A U. S. sergeant took out a straight razor and the zoom lens followed him in. The ear came off like a piece of soft cheese, and the sergeant put it away in his pack as the party went crunching off through the forest. The NBC reporter explained in a careful commentary that this barbaric practice was not uncommon. The story was referred to an executive in the News Department, who said not to use it. We were divided on whether we wanted to, in any case. Again, to have shown such an incident would have said a good deal about the brutalizing effect of the war. Six months later, a CBS crew filmed a similar scene, which was seen on the *Walter Cronkite* program. The effect of TV coverage, in convincing people they are seeing the worst, may have been to inculcate a spirit of pained but loyal tolerance of the war.

It is also possible that because audiences have been conditioned to the staged violence of television serials the emotional impact of the Vietnam footage has been diminished. Real violence often seems curiously tame and insignificant compared with fictional horrors. It was remarked at the time that Lee Harvey Oswald's shooting by Jack Ruby, as carried by TV, looked amateurish; the action occurred too quickly, there was no buildup.

All these factors have helped dilute the impact of the nightly war coverage. It was not until the sudden reverses of the Tet offensive in February 1968 that a majority of Americans seemed decisively moved by events of the war. Then television appeared to be moving with public opinion rather than leading or molding it.

Until the Tet offensive raised the rate of American deaths to over five hundred a week, television had not treated the story as a crisis or a national emergency. There were a few attempts at longer treatments of the political and economic issues, but for the most part not when a majority of the television audience was around. NBC ran a *Vietnam Weekly Review* for over a year at midafternoon on Sundays, but finally took it off in 1967 when no sponsors could be interested. The program was hastily resurrected after Tet. *ABC Scope* was a weekly series of half-hour programs, also run at odd weekend hours, and discontinued for financial reasons in January 1968. Though the United States was by then en-

ged in a major war, the nation's most impor-
nt news medium was not even reviewing the
ar week by week.

It is interesting to consider what effect there
ight have been on the Administration if one
etwork had decided that the war needed greatly
panded coverage and deserved at least one hour
prime time on a weekday evening. Assuming
at the other networks would have followed suit,
e impact might have been very great. For ex-
nple, Morley Safer's piece on the Marines in
ietnam (CBS-TV) showed Marines setting fire
the huts in a village with cigarette lighters,
id infuriated the Pentagon. Defense Depart-
ent officials tried to pressure CBS into removing
afer, who is a Canadian, from Vietnam. Per-
aps it is significant that the one piece of tele-
ision war reporting which notoriously went
gainst the grain in the Pentagon appeared on
network which had no affiliations with large
efense contractors.

Stealthy Cheerleaders

The Vietnam war obviously presented the tele-
ision networks with a dilemma. It is the best
nd most exciting story going and therefore
nerits vivid coverage. At the same time it has
eriously divided the country. The industry has
eacted in a manner that is now habitual: it has
overed the action, done a minimum of explaining,
nd taken no moral stand until very late in the
lay. One wonders how television would have
reated the second world war. Presumably because
he nation was almost unanimous in support of
he President's policy, television would have
cted as a cheerleader for the country. That is
loser to the natural inclinations of the industry
han frosty detachment. Thin bits of cheerlead-
ng can even be heard through the coverage of
he Vietnam war.

Have the networks behaved correctly? Whether
he White House wanted it said or not, Vietnam
had obviously become a national emergency for
the United States by 1967. The best-known TV
commentators were by no means neutral in their
own minds. Yet there was a curious reaction.
Those who were inclined to be hawks let their
hawkishness come through on the air. Listening
to Chet Huntley, for instance, over many months,
one would have little doubt that he was in agree-
ment with Administration policy. David Brinkley
was, apparently, opposed to the war, but little
evidence of that came across in his broadcasts.
In June 1967, Brinkley told *TV Guide*, "We
should stop the bombing—there is not much evi-
dence that it has ever been as effective as the
Air Force thinks it is, in this or any war—and
I think we should take the first settlement that
is even remotely decent and get out without in-
sisting on any kind of victory. It was a mistake
to get committed there in the first place, but this
country is big enough and secure enough to admit
it, survive it, and go on to something else."

If a man with David Brinkley's following had
said precisely that, at that period, on nationwide
television, it would have created quite a stir. The
question arises whether a man who is a communi-
cator of such stature should not communicate
what he believes when the issue is so important.
Why could Brinkley say it in print and not on
television? *TV Guide* has an enormous circula-
tion. Why is neutrality necessary in one medium
and not in another? It is not a question of com-
promising the credibility of a news commentator.
Comment can easily be separated from what is
reported as fact, and even when it is not clearly
labeled, a good deal of contraband comment slips
through anyway.

If a commentator wishes, he can make his at-
titude known in a multitude of subtle ways by
varying his expression or intonation. More im-
portant, however, are the facts the commentator
chooses to use and the form of words used to re-
port them. In a situation like the Vietnam story,
which appears night after night, it is possible
consistently to accentuate the positive elements
in the news and to give less emphasis to the nega-
tive. Simply by beginning each story with the
American initiative that day and the number of
Vietcong reported killed, you can create a sense
of American achievement and progress. By be-
ginning our story with an account of the enemy's
initiative, you convey the opposite impression.
This is putting it crudely, and I am not imputing
to all well-known TV commentators a deliberate
attempt to slant the news. Personal attitudes and
emotions are a factor in how a story is told.

My complaint is that it took television so long
to tell the American people frankly how disas-
trously the war was going. By the time the in-
dustry did, and then almost to a man, in February
1968, the evidence was so overwhelming that a
good proportion of the public had made up its
mind anyway.

The Vietnam war is a good case over which to
argue the morality of television's refusal to take
an editorial position. It is true that some sta-
tions do present editorials, chiefly on local issues.
The networks do not, but it is time they did.
What tended to happen, at least over Vietnam,

was that stealthy editorializing in support of the Administration slipped through, but criticism did not. There was implied cheerleading in the nightly preoccupation with battles and body counts and often cursory treatment of Congressional debate.

Television does not have to come on with flags waving to appear in agreement with the Administration. It takes that side by default. If the networks argue that they have no business editorializing, when they serve some two hundred diverse affiliates, that is an argument for changing the system.

The Reassurance Syndrome

Television journalism often appears anxious to sell the chief commodity of entertainment TV—reassurance. Apart from a tone of somewhat deeper unction on occasions of sadness, as during coverage of Martin Luther King's or Robert Kennedy's assassination, the heavily stylized mode of delivery—half sung, half chanted—of many news broadcasters makes most of the stories sound alike and imparts a certain artificiality to the content. That, coupled with the tendency of newscasters to punctuate their performances with smiles, conveys a false geniality which drains the news of meaning.

Research into audience preferences in New York and Los Angeles has revealed that newscasters who could reduce the anxiety level of audiences and present the news in a context of reassurance had tremendous appeal. The most successful personalities on the air were those who could take the edge off what was unpleasant.

On the other hand, programs like *Huntley-Brinkley* and *Walter Cronkite* have certainly increased public awareness of current events over the past ten years. Millions of people who were not avid newspaper readers now have some appetite for serious news and a fleeting familiarity with the world. However, electronic journalism cares more about form than content. Leslie Slote, who is Governor Rockefeller's press secretary and who has been dealing with TV newsmen for years, repeats the frequently uttered criticism that "one of the ingredients lacking in TV news coverage is the *why* factor: it is superficial." His particular concern was with what he thought was the failure of TV journalists in New York State to explain Rockefeller's Medicaid program: "They get so involved in the controversy that they never reported what the program was all about and what it was supposed to do."

In May 1967, when the late Martin Lu[ther] King, Jr. was protesting that the Vietnam [war] was immoral because it interfered with c[ivil]-rights progress at home, the *Huntley-Brin[kley] Report* carried a curious item. It began w[ith] Brinkley saying that King had alienated him [self] from other civil-rights leaders and from the [Ad]-ministration by his campaign against the w[ar]. He then introduced what was called an "in[ter]-view" with Hubert Humphrey in which the V[ice] President, more in sorrow than in anger, ch[as]-tised Dr. King. No questioner was ever shown or identified. One only saw Humphrey standing against a wood-paneled background, talking. The circumstances of the interview, or at whose [in]-itiative it was given, were never mentioned. It is a fundamental rule of journalism that you must give the circumstances of an interview or statement, for otherwise there is no way of evaluating whether it was inspired or spontaneous. The story left a viewer with the strong impression that the Administration had something to say about Dr. King and that NBC had accommodated it in making a gratuitous attack.

Taken in isolation, such technical matters are perhaps not important. Television news programs are not habitually so careless about journalistic standards. What appears more damaging to television news credibility is the atmosphere of outside pressure in which TV journalists must work, a pressure not always overt but of the sort that suffuses one's thinking so delicately that a person writing a story or broadcasting it may not even be aware of how careful he is being. Buried somewhere in his professional psyche is a feeling of caution put there by years of "politic" judgments by his superiors.

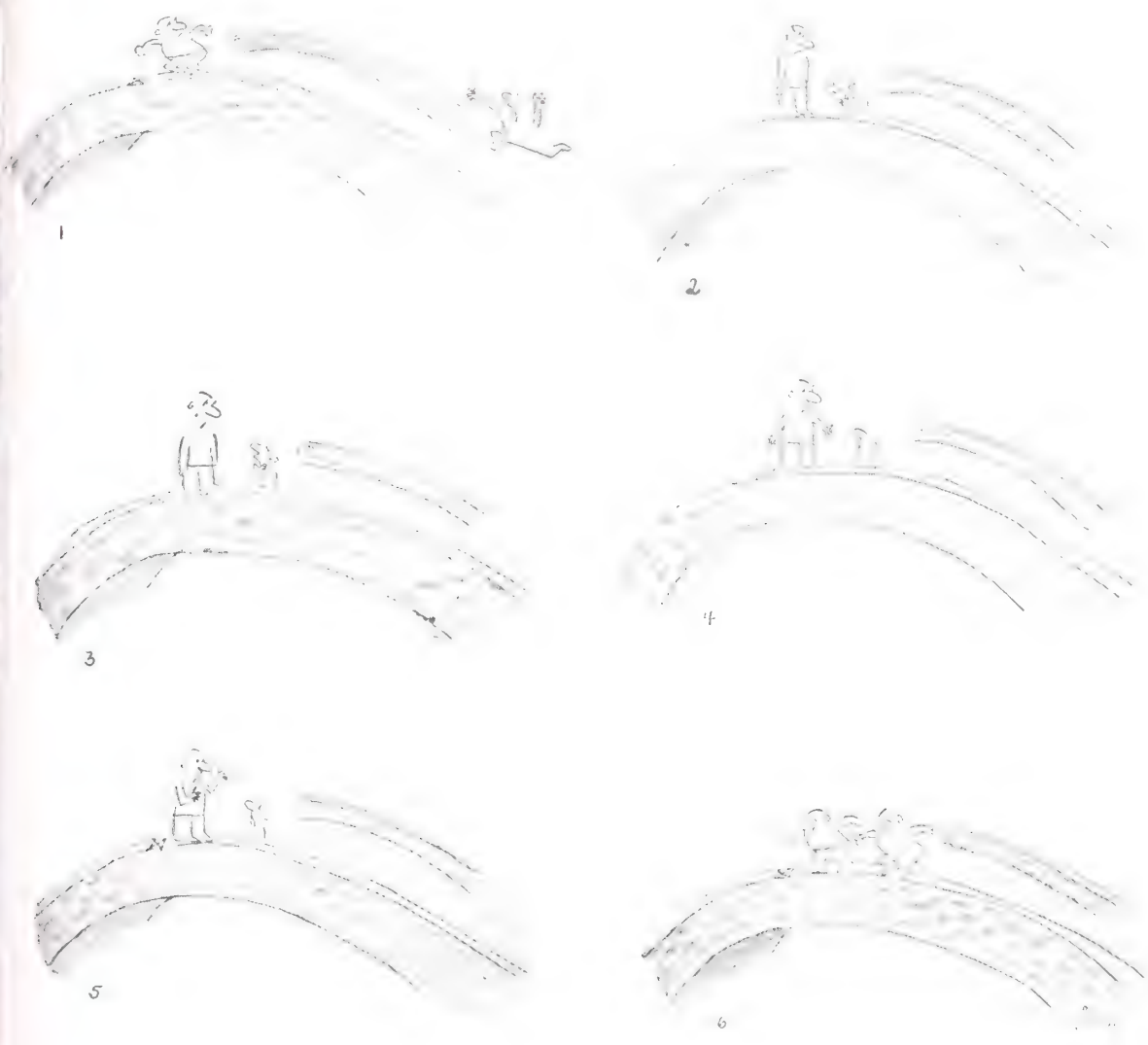
There is yet another aspect of television journalism which lends it common identity with entertainment programs: it does not want to offend anyone. When Pauline Frederick, NBC United Nations correspondent, once interviewed General Maxwell Taylor rather aggressively on the *Today* show, Hugh Downs later felt it necessary to apologize to the audience for the vigor of her questions: a few people had written in to complain. At the beginning of *Meet the Press* each week, the announcer reminds the audience that the questions the panelists ask do not necessarily reflect their own points of view. Only in extreme cases—as in the period of disillusionment about Vietnam in the spring of 1968—do network commentators burst through the blandness.

The television news departments offer what sounds like a respectable defense for their avoid-

nce of controversial stands. They operate under ne restraints of FCC regulations, which require nem to present both sides on matters of con-roversy. When they do examine controversial natters they are fair, but sometimes fair to the oint of irresponsibility. William S. Paley, de-ending Edward R. Murrow's broadcast on Sena-or Joseph McCarthy in 1954, said that fairness annot be reduced to a mathematical formula. He vent on, "And it must be recognized that there s a difference between men, ideas, and institu-ions: some are good and some are bad, and it is p to us to know that difference—to know what vill hold up democracy and what will undermine t—and then not to do the latter." That was owerful stuff in 1954. It would be today. Un-ortunately, today only the critics complain about he absurdity of mathematical fairness, not the roadcasters. Indeed, one gets the impression hat they prefer to use the Fairness Doctrine as shield rather than as a weapon.

Here is an example which involved me personally: Late in 1966, I began working with Fred Freed, one of NBC's more spirited producers of documentaries, on an hour program about gun laws, to be called *Whose Right to Bear Arms?* Freed had researched the subject very thoroughly and we were both convinced that the evidence pointed overwhelmingly to the need for federal legislation to restrict the sale of firearms. It was calculated that 17,000 people would die in the United States by gunfire in 1967. No other civilized people has such a high homicide rate. The issue seemed beyond argument. Every conceivable eminent and qualified authority in the nation—successive Presidents, the FBI, police chiefs, judges, and criminal psychologists wanted tighter laws. Countless bills had been introduced in the federal and state legislatures in recent years but almost none had passed. In Washington, they had not even come out of committee.

The reason was a powerful and well-financed



lobby led by the National Rifle Association, which had mounted successful campaigns to kill gun-control legislation. By playing on the fears of millions of Americans who use guns legitimately for hunting or target shooting that their sport was in danger and their constitutional rights threatened, the NRA had successfully blocked all efforts to prevent guns from falling into the hands of criminals, narcotics addicts, the insane, and minors.

As We Saw It

Our purpose, as we saw it, was not to go over arguments which had already been well aired, but, after demonstrating the need for new laws, to expose the motives of those opposing them. We were not precisely breaking new ground on television. CBS had handled the subject in a relatively forthright documentary three years earlier. We were bolstered in our conviction by a poll, commissioned by NBC from the Gallup organization, which showed that 61 per cent of Americans wanted stricter laws concerning rifles and shotguns, that 75 per cent favored a law requiring registration of rifles and shotguns. The percentages were even higher for handguns.

As the word got around that we were doing such a program, there were interesting reactions. Freed received a letter from Democratic Congressman John D. Dingell of Michigan, a member of the House Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, which oversees broadcasting. The letter could only be described as an attempt to intimidate us. Dingell said that, as an active sportsman, he took a considerable interest in commentaries involving firearms, and threatened that, if our program actively pressed for a particular legislative position and did not give full expression to the views of opponents of anti-gun legislation as the Fairness Doctrine required, he might find it necessary to bring the matter forcefully to the attention of the FCC and the chairman of the Commerce Committee. Dingell's interpretation of the Fairness Doctrine—a common one among broadcasters—was wrong.

Shortly afterward, the advertiser who had intended to sponsor the program withdrew, but the documentary was completed and shown to NBC network and News Department executives at the customary pre-air screening.

The final one-third of the film was devoted to a searching interview, conducted by Walter Sheridan and myself, with the executive director of the NRA, Franklin Orth. It was designed to bring out very clearly the inconsistencies—in fact, the hypocrisy—of the NRA position, which pretended to support measures to limit misuse of firearms but in fact worked diligently against them. The interview succeeded in doing that. Orth dodged, but the truth did emerge. The program was to end with a brief summary by me, concluding with the opinion that it was up to Congress to throw off these pressures and pass a bill.

Shortly after the screening the word came down that the program would have to be re-edited. The instructions came from the NBC lawyers and were ostensibly based on the need to observe the Fairness Doctrine. It was also mentioned that NBC representatives expected to have to testify in forthcoming Congressional hearings on broadcasting and did not wish to be under any cloud of disapproval when they did so. The instructions were resisted by the NBC News Department, whose President, the late William R. McAndrew, thought the program was strong and should be aired as it was. However the wishes of the network prevailed and the film was re-edited. The effect was to soften considerably the impact of the argument and to weaken the case against the NRA. In particular, the lawyers considered that we had been too tough on Franklin Orth. Passages embarrassing to him were cut out and passages were inserted which either put him in a better light or permitted him to filibuster. In addition to other changes, an exceedingly tame ending was concocted. *Variety*, quite correctly, called it a "cream puff" ending.

It is difficult to believe that it is fear of government regulation which keeps broadasting so sterile of opinion. Government regulation by the FCC does not appear to be nearly so effective in bringing broadcasters to heel as is the occasional direct interference of an elected official or the general awareness of being part of a business community with a large stake in the economy.

All this has a particular relevance to politics. If the nation's chief medium of journalism is suffused with show-business values; if it does not regard digging for facts as its primary function and subordinates the reporter's role; if it concentrates on recording action rather than probing significance; if it fails to analyze the news for fear of being dull or of dipping into controversy, then television journalism is not fulfilling the traditional journalistic role of putting public men and their activities under the kind of scrutiny that will provide a public check to their actions.

Harper's Magazine, October 1968

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"My insurance company? New England Life, of course. Why?"

Scotch for people who know the difference.

Scotch should be light.
Scotch should be smooth.
One thing more:
Scotch should be Scotch.
Agreed?
Tonight, "Black & White."

"BLACK & WHITE"
SCOTCH WHISKY



SCOTLAND 86.8 PROOF SCOTCH WHISKY THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORP. NYC EXCLUSIVE IMPORTER

Leo Rosten

THE JOYS OF YIDDISH

Never in its history has Yiddish been so influential—among Gentiles. Do you know what the Pentagon means when it talks about "the bagel strategy"? If not, here is your answer, and others.

I have just finished writing a long, long book. I wrote it because there was no other way in which I could have it: a discursive lexicon of Yiddish words and phrases that (1) are part of English (*kibitzer, shlemiel, shmaltz*); (2) are rapidly becoming part of English (*megilla*—a long, boring account; *yenta*—a gossip; *chutzpa*—nerve, effrontery); or (3) should become part of our noble tongue, in my opinion, because there just are no English words like them (*shmoos, kvetch*—of these, more later).

Some contemporary Yiddish words are used in both England and the United States: *mish-mash, gonif, fin* (five); others are coined by, and indigenous to, Jews in the United States: *donstairs-ikeh* (the woman who lives downstairs), *kochalayn* (a room or bungalow, in a Catskill resort, that contains "cook alone" privileges), *shmegegge* (hot air, "baloney," nonsense).

Every so often I run across the statement that *Webster's Unabridged Dictionary* contains five hundred Yiddish words. I do not know if this is true, and I certainly doubt that anyone actually counted them. For my part, I have long been surprised by the number of Yiddish words thriving in everyday English that are not in *Webster's* nor in other standard dictionaries, including the incomparable thirteen-volumed *Oxford English Dictionary*, nor in H. L. Mencken's *The American Language*, nor in Eric Partridge's *Dictionary of Slang and Unconventional English*, etc.

It is ironic that never in its history has Yiddish been so influential—among Gentiles; among Jews, the tongue is running dry. Surely we are witnessing a revolution in the mores when a Pentagon officer describes the air bombardment encircling Haiphong as "the bagel strategy." Or when the *Wall Street Journal* headlines a story about student movements: "REVOLUTION, SHMEVOLUTION." Or when a gag lapel-button reads:

MARCEL PROUST
IS A
YENTA

And how could we manage without such priceless coinages as *beatnik, peacenik, no-goodnik*? Or the all-purpose device, exuberantly lifted from common Jewish practice, of flatly dismissing something by repeating it with an *sh* play preceding the first syllable; "Fat-shmat, she's happy," "Rich-shmich, he won't contribute a dime." Who has not heard or used phrases such as these:

Get lost.
You should live so long.
My son, the physicist.
I need it like a hole in the head.
All *right* already
It shouldn't happen to a dog.
Okay by me.
He knows from nothin'.
Who *needs* it?
From that he makes a *living*?
Do him something.
This I need yet?
Excuse the expression.
Go fight City Hall.
I should have such luck.
It's a nothing of a dress.
On him it looks good.
Listen, *bubele* . . . ?

Leo Rosten's new book, "The Joys of Yiddish: A Lexicon for Readers of English," will be published in October by McGraw-Hill. This article is a condensation of his Author's Preface, and ends with several striking examples of the entries.

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Or consider the Ashkenazic panoply in which insult and innuendo may be arrayed. Problem: Whether to attend a concert by your neighbor, niece, or wife's friend. The same sentence may be put through maneuvers of matchless versatility:

(1) "*Two* tickets for her concert I should buy?" (Meaning: "I'm having enough trouble deciding if it's worth one.")

(2) "Two *tickets* for her concert I should buy?" ("You mean to say she isn't distributing free passes? The hall will be empty!")

(3) "Two tickets for *her* concert I should buy?" ("Did she buy tickets to *my* daughter's recital?")

(4) "Two tickets for her *concert* I should buy?" ("You mean to say they call what she does a 'concert'?!")

(5) "Two tickets for her concert *I* should buy?" ("After what she did to me?")

(6) "Two tickets for her concert I *should* buy?" ("Are you giving me lessons in ethics?")

(7) "Two tickets for her concert I should *buy*?" ("I wouldn't go even if she gave me a complimentary!")

I am not for a moment suggesting that other languages lack virtuosity in the deployment of affect; but I do believe that Jews revel in the embroidery of emotional distinctions. I also think that Jews think they just *have* more moods to express than anyone else and, thinking so, they are driven to competitive exercises in linguistic dexterity.

I have always marveled at how fertile Yiddish is in what may be called the vocabulary of insight, that is, in the range and variety and nuances of words for delineating character types. Little miracles of discriminatory precision are enshrined in the subtleties of the distinction among, say, namby-pambies, like a *nebbech*, a *shlemiel*, a *doppess*, a *nafish*, a *shmendrick*, a *shnook*; or among dreary drips: a *shlep*, a *shlump*, a *kvetch*; or among such braggarts as a *plosher*, a *fifer*, a *fonfer*, a *trombenik*, a *bluffer*; or among dolts, like a *klutz*, a *zhlub*, a *yold*, a *Chaim Yankel*; or show-offs: an *alrightnik*, a *k-nocker*, a *macher*, a *boychik*.

The sense of psychological differentiation is so acute in Yiddish that a word like, say, *paskudnyak* has no peer in any language I know for the vocal delineation of a nasty character. And Yiddish creates new names with ease for new personality types: A *nudnik* being a persistent pest, a *phudnik* is a *nudnik* with a Ph.D.

Yiddish, incidentally, is not Hebrew; they are entirely different languages. A knowledge of one will not provide even a rudimentary understanding of the other. Yiddish does use the letters of the Hebrew alphabet, employs many Hebrew words, and is written, like Hebrew, from right to left, thusly: UOY EVOL I ACIREMA. But Yiddish descends from German (perhaps 80 per cent of its vocabulary is German). Yiddish and Hebrew are as different from each other as are French and English, which also use a common alphabet and together proceed from left to right. Nor is "Yiddish," the name of a language, a synonym for "Jewish." Technically speaking, there is no language called "Jewish"; Jews do not speak "Jewish" any more than Canadians speak Canadian, or Baptists read Baptist.*

Yiddish is the Robin Hood of languages. I think it a tongue that never takes its tongue out of its cheek. Steeped in sentiment, it is sluiced with sarcasm; it favors paradox, because only paradox can do justice to the injustices of life; it excels in irony, because the only way Jews could retain their sanity was to view a horrifying world with sardonic and astringent eyes. In its heart, Yiddish swings between *shmaltz* and derision.

Where It Comes From

Despite popular belief, Yiddish is not a new language (though it did not come fully into its own, building a literature of its own, until the mid-nineteenth century). Yiddish is actually older than the English we use today; it was born around the tenth century, when Jews from Northern France, who spoke Old French and, of course, Hebrew, migrated to towns along the Rhine, where they began to use the local German dialect. Hebrew remained untouched as the "sacred," the liturgical language—for reading Torah and Talmud, for use in prayer and in scholarly or theological discourse.

Yiddish took root in the ghettos, which began in walled *judecias* in Spain back in the thirteenth century.** The new parlance combined Middle High German, some Old German, remnants of Old French and Old Italian, many Hebrew names and phrases, and local dialects. The Jews wrote this German phonetically, using the letters of the Hebrew alphabet—just as, in Spain, they wrote Spanish and Arabic with Hebrew letters—

*But in popular usage even among Jews, "Jewish" is used as a synonym for "Yiddish." "Yiddish" comes from the German *Jüdisch*, which means "Jewish," as does the Yiddish word "Yiddish." Purists may frown, but the words are used interchangeably.

**The Lateran Councils of 1179 and 1215 forbade Jews to live close to Christians, and in 1555 Paul IV ordered segregated quarters for Jews in the Papal States.

from right to left. But Yiddish did not really flower until after the fifteenth century, when the Jews went to Eastern Europe—Poland, Galicia, Hungary, Romania, Russia. There the buoyant tongue picked up new locutions, adapting itself to the street and the marketplace. Yiddish became the Jews' tongue via the Jewish mother, who was denied a Hebrew education. It is often called affectionately *mama-loshen*, "the mother's tongue."

Professor Max Weinreich has given us an exhilarating epigram: "A language is a dialect that has an army and a navy." Yiddish, unlike Hebrew, the official language of Israel, has neither army, navy, nor governmental mandate. It has only ardent practitioners and sentimental protectors. In Israel, Yiddish has been accorded short shrift by officials and populace alike.

"Learning Is Sweet"

Few instruments of human speech have led so parlous a life, amidst such inhospitable neighbors, against such fierce opposition. And I know of no tongue so beset by schisms and fevers and ambivalences from within the community that gave it birth: Jewish purists derided Yiddish for its "bastard" origins and hybrid vocabulary; Hebraicists called it vulgar, "uncivilized cant"; German Jews called it a "barbarous argot," a "piggish jargon." But it remained dear to the hearts of the Jews of Eastern Europe, the Ashkenazim, who brought it to Western Europe and the United States.

It is worth noting that before coming to America, nearly all male adult Jews could handle at least *three* languages: Hebrew, "the sacred tongue" used in the synagogue and the mandatory "houses of study"; Yiddish, spoken at home and among Jews; and the language of the land in which they lived (Russian, Polish, Hungarian, etc.). My father, a workingman denied the equivalent of a high-school education in Poland, knew Yiddish, Hebrew, Polish—then learned to speak and read English quite comfortably.

As for the Jews' well-known passion for learning, we might remember that for several thousand years, while most mortals were illiterate, every Jewish male over six (unless defective) could read and write. The Jewish boy's mother would give him honey-cakes, shaped in the letters of the alphabet, before he went off to the *cheder* (Hebrew school) on his first day, or when he returned, to tell him that "learning is sweet." And after the boy completed his first lesson, some parents would surreptitiously drop a coin before him. "Ah, an angel dropped that from heaven to show you how pleased God is that you learned your first lesson."

In my book I often use a story, joke, or anecdote to illustrate the meaning of a word. This is unorthodox among lexicographers, but the Jewish story (*myseh*) possesses an instructive bouquet all its own. It is at its best when it points a moral or moralizes a problem. A very large part of Jewish humor is cerebral. It is, like Sholem Aleichem's, reason gone mischievous, or, like Groucho Marx's, reason gone mad. Jewish jokes drape laughter on logic—in despair.

The first riddle I ever heard, one familiar to almost every Jewish child, was propounded to me by my father:

"What is it that hangs on the wall, is green, wet—and whistles?"

I knit my brow and thought and thought, and in final perplexity said, "I give up."

"A herring," said my father.

"A *herring*?!" I echoed. "A herring doesn't hang on a wall!"

"So hang it there."

"But a herring isn't green!" I protested.

"Paint it."

"But a herring isn't *wet*."

"If it's just painted, it's still wet."

"But—" I sputtered, summoning all my outrage, "*—a herring doesn't whistle*!"

"Well," smiled my father. "I just put that in to make it hard."

Yiddish was my first language (I was brought to the United States when I was three) and it should be obvious, by now, that I regard it with special affection. Here are some examples of individual entries in *The Joys of Yiddish:*

Lexicon

Shmoos (shmues shmooze shmoose)

—rhymes with "stews" and "ooze." (Hebrew: *shmuos*: "rumors," "idle talk.")

Both a verb and noun, *shmoos* (which is how I prefer to spell it) means a friendly, gossipy, heart-to-heart talk—or, to have such a talk.

"They had a little *shmoos* and settled everything."

"She *shmoosed* with her father until dinner."

"How about a walk and a *shmoos*?"

"There's nothing better, to get something off your chest, than a *shmoos* with a friend."

Gelett Burgess, who invented the word "blurb," once tried to get "huzzlecoo," a word he coined,

used in English. "Huzzlecoo" never caught on; but it was a dead ringer for *shmoos*.

Alav ha-sholom (masculine)
Aleha ha-shalom (feminine)

—pronounced *aw-LUV ha sha-LOAM* or *AW-lue ha SHO-lem*. (The first pronunciation is Hebrew, and elegant; the second is Yiddish, and brisk.) The two Hebrew words are often pronounced as if one—*alevasholem*. The feminine form is pronounced *Ah-leh-ha ha-SHO-lem* or *sha-LOAM*.

Literally: "On him (or her) peace."

The phrase is used, automatically, when referring to someone who is dead—as, in English, one says, ". . . of blessed memory," or, "May he rest in peace." When a man says, "My Uncle Harry, *alevasholem*, once said . . . ," you can be sure that Uncle Harry is dead.

As a boy, I was fascinated by the obligatory "*alevasholem*," but puzzled to hear: "That man? A [illegible] no-good, *alevasholem*." This realism, wrestling with ritual, resolves ambivalence. In fact, the primary purpose of ritual is to provide a routine for the management of emotion. Routine [illegible] anxiety by removing [illegible].

It also used to please me, as a boy, to hear a patriarch utter a fearsome oath thusly: "May beets grow in his belly! God forbid." It pleased me, I say, because "God forbid" took the edge off a malediction uttered in anger—*after* the anger had been healthily expressed.

It was at the great Café Royale, on Second Avenue in New York City, *alevasholem* [illegible], that I first heard this classic joke:

Scene: Restaurant

Waiter: "Tea or coffee, gentlemen?"

First customer: "I'll have tea."

Second customer: "Me, too—and be sure the glass is clean!"

(Waiter exits, returns.)

Waiter: "Two teas. Which one asked for the clean glass?"

Fin (**finif**, **finiff**, **finnif**)

—pronounced to rhyme, respectively, with "thin," "lymph," "sin if." (German: *fünf*, "five.")

(1) Five.

(2) A five-dollar bill; a five-pound note.

(3) A five-year jail sentence.

"Fin" is the Anglicized and contracted form of *finif*, the Yiddish word for "five," and is widely used in colloquial English, especially by sports fans, gamblers, Broadway types, night-club habitués, and newspaper columnists who memorialize these gaudy provinces of diversion. "Fin" is so much a part of American vernacular that I do not italicize it.

"Fin" and *finif* were used with his customary felicity by Damon Runyon, in his stories about that after-twilight world in which lived his "more than somewhat" unforgettable guys and dolls. "Fin" appears in John O'Hara's emphatically non-Jewish dialogue, going back to the early 1930s. It is standard argot among connoisseurs of boxing, racing, dice, poker, *et alia*.

H. L. Mencken attributes "fin" to German, not Yiddish (*The American Language*); I think this wrong. The word *fünf* is indubitably German; but the pronunciation *finif*, in two syllables, or *finf* (not fünf) in one, is just as indubitably Yiddish. Wentworth and Flexner's excellent *Dictionary of American Slang* attributes "fin" flatly to Yiddish, as do I.

Aha!

—pronounced with a note of sudden comprehension, pleasure, or triumph.

This versatile expletive is widely used by old-fashioned Jews to signify:

(a) Comprehension: "You don't subtract but [illegible] Aha!"

(b) Illumination: "*Aha! That's* why they called off the party!"

(c) Surprise: "The *doctor* was wrong? Aha!"

(d) Sententious hinting: "Just ask her—and watch her expression. Aha!"

(e) Delight: "Ah-a! Then I win the bet!"

(f) Triumph: "Aha!" (meaning, "So now do you admit you're wrong?")

Aha! is not to be confused with *Hoo-Ha!*, its blood cousin. Perhaps the best way to illustrate the difference is with this story:

For twenty years Mr. Sokoloff had been eating at the same restaurant on Second Avenue. On this night, as on every other, Mr. Sokoloff ordered chicken soup. The waiter set it down and started off. Mr. Sokoloff called, "Waiter!"

"Yeah?"

"Waiter, please taste this soup."

The waiter said, "Why? Twenty years you've been eating the chicken soup here, no? Have you ever had a bad plate—"

"Waiter," said Sokoloff firmly, "taste the soup."

"Sokoloff, what's the *matter* with you?"

"Taste the soup!"

"All right, all right," grimaced the waiter. "I'll taste—where's the spoon?"

"Aha!" cried Sokoloff.

el tov!

pronounced *MOZ-z'l,* to rhyme with "shnoz-
tov is pronounced *tuv, tuff,* or *tawf.* (He-
mazal: "luck"; *tov*: "good.")
Congratulations!" or "Thank God!" rather
the literal meaning: "Good luck." The dis-
tion is as important as it is subtle.
o not say "*Mazel tov*!" to a fighter entering a
(it suggests you are congratulating him for
ng made it to the arena), or a girl about to
e her nose bobbed (which would mean "and
it time, too!").
ay "*Mazel tov*!" to an Israeli ship captain when
irst takes command: this congratulates him
his promotion; don't say "*Mazel tov*!" when
ship reaches port: this suggests you're sur-
ed he got there.
t all Jewish celebrations—a birth, wedding,
duation, *Bar Mitzvah*—you will hear *Mazel tovs*
unding like buckshot in a tin shed.
he ancient Hebrews, like the ancient Babylo-
ns, Egyptians, and Greeks, fiddled around with
rology. In the Bible, *mazal* referred to a planet,
onstellation of the zodiac, and the word was
oked when "fate" was involved. Later, Tal-
dic sages sternly warned the Jews to eschew
thsaying and diviners. (Poor believing Jews
l a hard time knowing what to think: the
le, after all, talks of the "signs of heaven"—
emiah, for instance, and Isaiah. But the Mid-
h teaches: "The Holy One forbade astrology
Israel"; and it is said that God made Abraham
prophet, not an astrologer.") The great Mai-
nides called astrology "a disease, not a science."
Nonetheless, Jews continued to utter "*Mazel*
!" Soon the supernatural aspects were for-
tten (just as "God be with you" became "good-
e") and *mazel* became simply "luck"; "*Mazel*
!," "congratulations."

*

Mournfully, Mr. Lefkowitz entered the office
his burial society. "I've come to make the
neral arrangements for my dear wife."
"Your wife?" asked the astonished secretary.
But we buried her last year!"
"That was my first wife," sighed lugubrious
efkowitz. "I'm talking about my second."
"Second? *I* didn't know you had remarried.
azel tov!"

hammes (shamus shammus)

—pronounced *SHAH-mes,* to rhyme with
promise." (Hebrew: *shamash*: "servant.")
(1) The sexton or caretaker of the synagogue;
ne "servant" of a congregation of worshipers.
In the old country, and in the early decades of this century in America, a *shammes* had many duties beyond the janitorial. He was expected to keep the synagogue clean and warm; to repair minor damage; to see that prayer books and ceremonial objects were safely preserved. He would go around the village waking up congregation members, calling them to prayer, announcing sunset and Sabbath times (often by trumpet). He also was used to carry messages, and acted as a bailiff to the religious court. He collected synagogue dues, made funeral arrangements, and rounded up a *minyan.* He would even fill in for a cantor with a sore throat.

(2) In American slang: a detective, policeman, guard. *Shammes,* in this usage, enjoys wide popularity in detective fiction and among the Irish, who spell it *shamus,* which sounds more Gaelic than Yiddish. Eric Partridge and others claim that *shamus* derives from the Irish name Seamus, and some say that since so many Irish immigrants became policemen, the name Seamus grew to be associated with police.

(3) A "private eye."

(4) A functionary on a low level; an unimportant menial. "A *shammes* in a pickle factory" is a Yiddish phrase for a low man on anyone's totem pole.

(5) Sycophant; a hanger-on. "Every movie producer has to have a *shammes.*"

(6) A "stool pigeon"; an informer.

(7) The ninth candle of the Chanukah *menorah,* used to light the others.

*

On the high Holy Days, seats in the synagogue are often sold in advance, to provide revenue for synagogue upkeep. In a small *shul* in Coney Island, a Jew without a ticket came running up to the door: "Let me in, let me in! I must see Abe Baum!"

The *shammes* barred his way. "No one gets in without a ticket!"

"It's an emergency! I'll come right out! It'll only take five seconds!"

"Okay," said the *shammes.* "But don't let me catch you praying!"

*

The visiting rabbi stopped in the middle of his sermon and signaled to the *shammes.* "In the second row," he whispered, "is a man sound asleep. Wake him up."

"That's not fair," said the *shammes.*

"What do you mean, 'not fair'?"

"You put him to sleep; you wake him up."

Harper's Magazine, October 1968

Rowland Evans and Robert Novak

MONDALE AND HARRIS: Humphrey's Establishment Radicals

How two gifted young Democratic Senators took on the rugged —but not quite impossible—task of prodding and cajoling their party's regulars into the politics of relevance.

On the day of the Poor People's March on Washington last June, political lieutenants of Vice President Hubert H. Humphrey gathered in the Vice President's office in the old State Department Building to decide whether he should take part in the program at the Lincoln Memorial, overlooking Resurrection City. The first advice came from his tough, Texas-reared Administrative Assistant, William Connell. Abrasively blunt, fanatically devoted to Humphrey, and instinctively cautious, if not conservative, Connell had been the foremost influence on Humphrey's course of action over the past eight years. Now his recommendation was to boycott the floundering Poor People's Campaign, which had become an irritant to white America, and scrupulously avoid doing anything that might expose him to the white backlash. The recommendation was part and parcel of Connell's fundamental strategy of the Humphrey campaign, and up to that point, Connell had dominated campaign strategy. With Humphrey leading all the polls, Connell reasoned, what conceivable purpose was there in risking association with black militancy?

On this occasion, however, the words of Bill Connell were not decisive inside the Humphrey camp. Dissent came from two young U. S. Senators—Walter F. (Fritz) Mondale, forty, of Minnesota, bright, trim, and buttoned-down, with the look of a rising banking executive; and Fred R. Harris, thirty-seven, of Oklahoma, whose congenial loquacity conceals one of the sharpest minds in politics today. Nominally, they were national cochairmen of the Humphrey campaign for President, but professional Democratic politicians around the country, innately scornful of Senate-based politicians, tended to regard them as "two brass Boy Scouts," little more than a shiny storefront behind which the real decisions would be made by Connell and other Humphrey advisers. Now, in the confrontation with Conn over the Poor People's March, Mondale and Ha ris were asserting themselves. Humphrey mu pull himself out of the ditch of the Vice Pre dency, they said, and start to dramatize Pre dential candidate and party leader Hubert Humphrey. He must immerse himself in a se ting of militant youth, alienated blacks, the poo and the dispossessed. Above all, he must steadi widen the distance between himself and his p tron, Lyndon B. Johnson.

Humphrey followed their advice. And ev though he was booed at the Lincoln Memori Humphrey was strangely buoyed by his vis there. For the first time in ages, he felt li the Humphrey of old, the self-styled Bla Knight of Civil Rights who changed the cour of the Democratic party with his convention-flo oratory at Philadelphia in 1948. Invigorated, l returned to his office and a renewal of the deba over campaign strategy still going on amor his advisers.

Mondale and Harris had drafted a plan spring Humphrey from his LBJ cocoon: a speec at the National Press Club moving leftward o domestic policy and a speech in San Francisc moving leftward on foreign policy. Again, Co nell raised cautious objections, and so did th mysterious Richard Maguire, a skilled pract tioner of the old politics and Humphrey's chie fund-raiser.

Mondale delivered a candid lecture to the Vic President. Humphrey, said Mondale, had becom in the public mind the champion of the interest —big business, big labor, Jim Crow politicians i the South, big-city bosses. Quite apart from th 1968 election, he continued, Humphrey had t think about his place in history. Then it wa Harris who resolved the internal strategy strug gle with an impassioned plea, drawing on hi

al insights as a key member of the Presi-
's commission on riots, that lifted Humphrey
enants and Humphrey himself out of their
rs. The U. S. was becoming an ungovern-
nation, Harris declared. Thus, he concluded,
phrey could not possibly govern the country,
if elected, without the good will of the dis-
essed—the black, the poor, and the young.
ne Mondale-Harris position carried the day,
icing talk about brass Boy Scouts. From that
on, they were cochairmen in fact as well as
e. When asked, they carefully placed them-
es in an echelon on the Humphrey organiza-
al chart above all others, including Connell.
more important than the reality of their
er is the way they used it. Prodding here,
ning there, they moved Humphrey back to-
d the leftish regions of his political origins.
lone among the Humphrey inner circle, they
v student power as a positive good. "The
have a worse reputation than they deserve,"
s Mondale. "The fact is there are only a few
b throwers." To Harris, today's youth "is
e aware than ever before and they're not
ng to be put off anymore. They're going to
e us look long and hard at some of our insti-
ons." When reminded that Humphrey himself
described the most militant among anti-
youth leaders as "red-hots," Harris grim-
d. "That's not Hubert," he said, "that's out
the LBJ script." Mondale and Harris have
rkedly widened the spectrum of political
ught transmitted to Humphrey, who had in
t grown bitter about the campus antiwar pro-
ters, having personally felt their sting. Until
ndale and Harris entered the picture, Hum-
ey had heard nothing but middle-aged grum-
ng about youth by traditional, old-style liberals
cluding one close associate who advised Hum-
ey he ought to ignore the youthful dissenters
ause "some are draft dodgers, most are hop-
ds, and none of them vote anyway.").

Their Own Ambitions

But if Fritz and Fred are Establishment Radi-
s, the accent is on Establishment. It was not
y close personal ties with Humphrey that led
em to immediately choose him over Robert F.
nnedy last spring (for Harris' ties were
ually close with Kennedy) but an innate feel-
g that Kennedy's radicalism would split the
tion, while Humphrey could unite it. It is the
sence of their political styles that while both
ve been troubled by the Johnson Vietnam pol-
icy (Mondale more deeply and earlier than Harris), neither spoke out critically as did other liberals in the Senate, and both nurtured their politically valuable ties to the LBJ White House. Moreover, their political style, far from radical, seldom transcends conventional custom.

Traveling into Louisville in July as stand-in for the ailing Humphrey, Mondale stepped out of his sleek Jet Commander and tumbled right into a cluster of placard-carrying kids supporting Senator Eugene McCarthy. As they stood there on the lonely apron, slightly embarrassed and wondering what they should do, Mondale studiously ignored them. Why didn't he go over and shake hands, banter with the opposition, and maybe even attempt a conversion? Because, he explained, he didn't want newspaper pictures of himself as Humphrey's agent surrounded by McCarthy placards. It was the cautious man's approach. One week earlier, addressing a private breakfast meeting of industrial giants at the exclusive Detroit Club in Michigan, Harris predicted that although Humphrey might now be rejected by some voters looking for a more stylish candidate, he would soon return to favor. "You automobile executives know," he added, "that a man looks at a convertible but always buys a sedan." Fred Harris looks like a man who would *never* buy a convertible.

But by virtue of the fact that within the Establishment they are totally unafraid of radical currents in the politics of the Black and the young, Mondale and Harris probably synthesize the future of the Democratic party and its hope for revitalization, both in the Senate and the nation, more accurately than any other party leaders. Because their radicalism is subdued, they are accepted by the regulars in a way that "unwashed" radicals such as Allard K. Lowenstein are not and never will be. And because they are accepted and because they both want some day to be President, Harris more urgently than Mondale, it would be hard to overestimate their long-range impact on the Democratic party.

For all of their similarities, in substance and style, they exhibit large differences. Partly because it was decided in early May that Harris would concentrate on collecting delegates, and

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partly because of personal inclinations, Harris spent the summer traveling coast-to-coast on a steady diet of eating, drinking, and talking politics with party powers and fat cats, while Mondale stayed in Washington, gathering the strings of the organization in his fingers in a no-nonsense manner that shocked some aides who had expected that the two Senators would be amiable figureheads, not hard taskmasters.

Both are on the brash side, both supremely self-confident, but Mondale—lacking Harris' biting wit and cutting edge—is perhaps a shade less brash and far more conventional. He is three years older than Harris, but his appearance is more boyish. Fastidiously dressed in conservative dark suits, he has a pink, scrubbed look that appeals to women. Harris, swarthy and rumpled, looks not at all like a ladies' man. He started work at the age of five riding a horse on an Oklahoma hay baler, and looks today with his center-parted black hair as though he had settled right into premature middle age, skipping adolescence. His accents are pure Oklahoma, where his father emigrated from Newton County in Mississippi as a sharecropper in 1912. Both have that deep commitment to the urban problem and the Negroes that marks all Establishment Radicals, but Harris' commitment is more surprising and perhaps a shade more profound. Harris, in short, learned his liberalism in the field. Mondale was born with his.

Fritz Mondale grew up in shabby gentility as the son of a Minnesota liberal clergyman in a household where intellectual and cultural pursuits were elevated above material gain. His father, who switched from the Republicans to the old Farmer-Labor party of Minnesota after losing two farms in the 1920s, also transferred from the Lutheran to the Methodist pulpit in quest of a less fundamentalist, more humanitarian doctrine. It was he who set the left-of-center tone in the Mondale household.

Young Fritz was very well left of center twenty years ago ("I was the Al Lowenstein of 1947," he recalls). As a student at Macalester College in St. Paul, he dove into campus politics in late 1947 by inviting Henry Wallace to deliver an address at Macalester. He looked down on Harry Truman then much as student radicals denigrate Hubert Humphrey today: old hat, crony-oriented. In 1948, Mondale's Presidential choice was Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas, also the choice of the new Americans for Democratic Action (whose leader, Joseph Rauh, was one of Mondale's boyhood heroes). He dropped out of college for a year in 1949 to take a $250-a-month job in Washington as exe- tive secretary of the now defunct Students fo Democratic America, the youth branch of AL

But Mondale began edging back toward middle as early as February 25, 1948. That w the date of the Communist coup in Czechos vakia, and it had a profound impact on Monda fuzzy until then on the subject of popular fron "That disabused me," he recalls. "I knew th you couldn't be a liberal and support Stalin communism." Despite his dalliance with AL protest politics, Mondale's real political base w the essentially practical politics of Humphre dynamic, new Democratic-Farmer-Labor par As a college student, Mondale joined the Dem cratic Organizing Committee which was Hu phrey's vehicle to combine a new, vigorous Dem cratic party with the more radical Farmer-Lab party. In 1948, he hitchhiked around southe Minnesota campaigning for Humphrey as starry-eyed liberal idealist. "I went into politi because of Hubert Humphrey," he says. He al worked for other heroes of the DFL, specifical Eugene McCarthy and Orville Freeman. It w Governor Freeman who appointed Mondale Sta Attorney General at age thirty-two in 1960, b Mondale's real mentor and patron in the DF was always Humphrey. When Humphrey w elected Vice President, both Governor Karl Ro vaag and Senator McCarthy had first-choice ca didates to fill Humphrey's vacant seat who we not named Mondale. But Humphrey's will pr vailed, and Mondale, then thirty-six, took hi appointed seat in the Senate on December 3 1964, two months after Harris was elected to his

Harris' road to the left was far less predict able and reflexive. His sharecropper father wa a brass-collar Democrat out of the old South wh had little sympathy for eggheads like Adla Stevenson or Harvard men like the Kennedy and who still protests the transfer of his ow tax money to help the Negroes. Just why Harris determined at an early age to become a lawye in a family no member of which had ever seen the inside of a college is a mystery even to him. Nor does he know the source of his desire for politics and his concern over the race issue. In the back of his mind he connects his youthful aspiration to his grandmother. "I was raised some by my grandmother, and she was a fundamentalist Baptist lady who talked a lot about service to the public." Not so much a mystery is how it came to pass that a farm boy in the small Oklahoma town of Walters (pop.: 2,000), where Negroes were forbidden to spend the night, should be concerned about racial discrimination.

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the kitchen.

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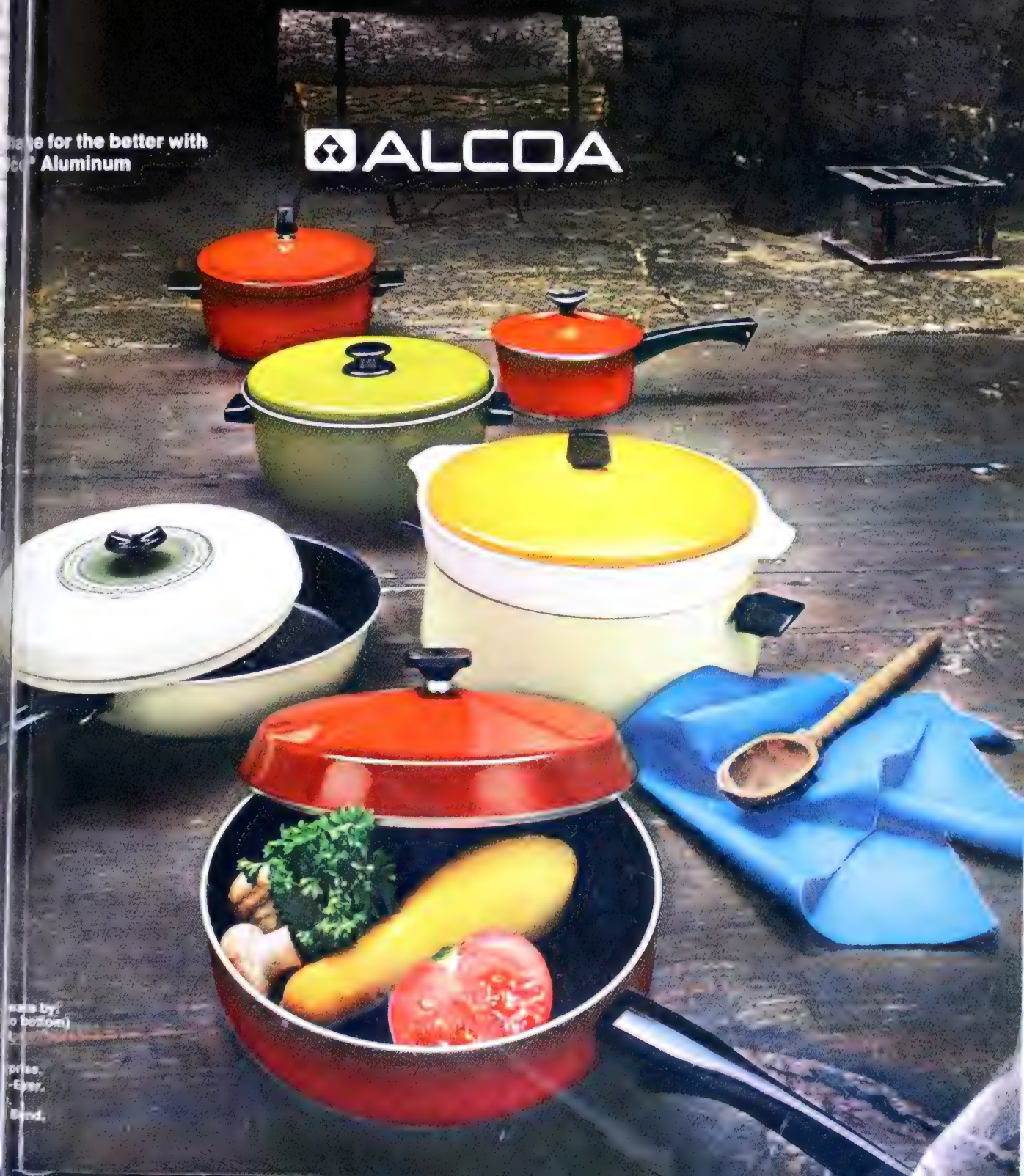
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In high school he was puzzled by Shylock's moving speech on discrimination against the Jews in *The Merchant of Venice*. "I didn't even know what a Jew was," Harris recalls, "and I couldn't imagine anyone hating Jews. But I did know about prejudices toward Negroes." Adapting Shylock's speech, he gave a little speech in high school against Negro discrimination.

But there was another factor. Before he finished high school, Harris fell in love with a Comanche Indian maiden named LaDonna Crawford, and he learned quickly all there was to know about discrimination against the Indians, whether poor or rich. (Years later, when the Harrises had moved to suburban Washington, a neighbor asked their eight-year-old son what his father did. "My daddy is a cowboy and my mother is an Indian," he replied.)

Exposure to discrimination against the Indians undoubtedly played its part in Harris' instinctive opposition to discrimination against Negroes. But back in the late 1940s, Harris certainly did not regard himself in any way as a liberal. Senator Robert S. Kerr, the millionaire buccaneer of Oklahoma politics seeking to enlist new young blood, heard about Harris' forensic skills and asked him to speak in Kerr's behalf—for pay—in the summer of 1948. Harris declined, not because of any scruples over becoming one of Bob Kerr's mercenaries, but because he could earn more money—badly needed to help him make a start at the University of Oklahoma in September—by going to the wheat harvest instead.

Unlike Fritz Mondale, Fred Harris had no youthful doubts about backing Harry Truman in 1948. Basically, his orientation was on the side of the state's progressive forces. While working his way through college as print-shop foreman on the student daily and winning a Phi Beta Kappa key, Harris was attacked by name in the *Daily Oklahoman* for his opposition to Joe McCarthy. Fresh out of law school, he joined an unsuccessful effort to deny Kerr renomination to the Senate in 1954. Two years later at age twenty-five, he was elected to the State Senate, where he fought hand-to-hand combats with two Governors. By 1962 he was ready to run for Governor ("Hell, I've been presumptuous all my life"). After rejecting Bob Kerr's private advice that he and his wife abstain from alcohol, as good Baptists like the Kerrs did, and thereby capture the Temperance vote, Harris finished fifth for Governor in the Democratic primary.

It scarcely fazed him. When Kerr died in 1963, Harris began building a personal political organization to take his place in the Senate. He won the 1964 Democratic primary, then upset Republican Bud Wilkinson, the former Oklahoma football coach, thanks mainly to the Goldwater drag on Wilkinson. Without question, he was the most anonymous of the freshman Senators elected in 1964.

Alliances and Withdrawals

Arriving in Washington to be sworn in on the day after his election, Harris met Mondale (soon to be appointed to Humphrey's seat) and both were invited to Humphrey's home, where they began to form their political and personal partnership. Mondale was clearly Humphrey's protégé in the Senate, but Harris' patronage was more widespread. Just as a cocky young Texan named Lyndon Johnson, some thirty years ago (simultaneously and with spectacular success) cultivated Franklin Roosevelt, Sam Rayburn, and Carl Vinson, so has Harris also submitted himself to the care and tutelage of the most powerful political forces in Washington. The relationship with Humphrey bloomed. At the same time, Harris made a curious alliance with right-wing Senator John L. McClellan of Arkansas, who saw to it that Harris was assigned to his famed and feared Senate investigations subcommittee. And young Fred Harris soon came to be invited to intimate White House suppers. "Johnson might have just liked my accent," Harris theorizes. Or perhaps he saw a reflection of his younger self.

More remarkable, however, was the close personal friendship between Harris and Robert Kennedy that developed in 1965. Fred and LaDonna Harris lived less than half a mile from Hickory Hill and spent many evenings swimming in the Kennedy pool and dining at the Kennedy table. Harris used to kid himself, in mock amazement, at the spectacle of this son of a sharecropper living it up: "Fred Harris, here with the beautiful people!" But Kennedy and Harris became close friends, and worked intimately on a variety of Senate bills, including programs to help the American Indian. Top staff men for both Senators, looking into the future, speculated about a Kennedy-Harris ticket, or a time when Senate Majority Leader Fred Harris would be President Robert Kennedy's right hand.

His collaboration with Kennedy was a liberalizing force on Harris. Mondale had arrived in Washington as a full-blown reflexive liberal, and his voting record shows it ("I really say I have the most liberal record in the Senate"). Not so Harris. He campaigned in 1964 against Medicare

and voted against it in the Senate. While Mondale was always a dove on Vietnam, and held his tongue only to save Humphrey from embarrassment, Harris came to Washington a hawk.

But over the last four years, Mondale and Harris have become nearly indistinguishable ideologically. Harris' early friendship with McClellan cracked over their deep disagreement on the urban crisis and Harris' unhappiness with McClellan's rip-roaring probe of the poverty program. Long ago he modified his views on Vietnam and, along with Mondale and other pro-Administration Senators, was ready to speak out publicly at precisely the moment Johnson declared his non-candidacy and began de-escalating the war.

As Establishment Radicals, Mondale and Harris have carefully avoided any bomb-throwing from the back rows of the Senate and aren't found among those criticizing the uninspired leadership of Mike Mansfield. They are the inner core of a group that meets frequently and privately with Senator Ed Muskie of Maine to discuss major legislation. This cabal hopes to defeat the Southerners in the post-Mansfield period and elect Muskie the Senate Democratic leader.

Both have high ambitions for themselves in the future Senate, chastened somewhat for Harris after his race for the third-highest post within the Senate Democratic hierarchy—Secretary to the Senate Democratic Conference—ended in disaster two years ago. Harris' self-styled presumption got the better of him. He erroneously thought that the privately pledged support of both the Kennedys and several conservative committee chairmen would be enough to win. He was his own worst pitchman, and when a newsmagazine mistakenly listed him as the favorite, Harris outraged fellow Democrats by sending each of them a clipping of the story. Days before the vote, Harris realized his weakness and withdrew somewhat ignominiously.

Looking back on that fiasco, Mondale now says, "We were too new at this Senate business then. We didn't know the ropes and we hadn't done our homework, but we learned a lesson and we know a lot more about the inner structure of the Senate now." The rapport between the Southerners and the forces backing Muskie when Mansfield finally steps aside, and Mondale and Harris must work with Muskie, are tangible.

Mondale, for example, was sponsoring the 1968 open-housing bill after [illegible] working both sides of the aisle to marshal support for it in the best style of Humphrey during his salad days as Senate Whip. If Mondale is an expert legislative craftsman, Harris' style is more rhetorical and flamboyant. Harris' finest hour came not in, but outside, the Senate in his role as strongman of the Kerner Commission on riots. The Kerner Commission, in fact, was largely Harris' doing ("I thought it up one morning," he recalls). While delivering a speech backing a Senate-approved study commission during the height of the Detroit rioting in 1967, it suddenly occurred to him that the President could appoint his own commission without Senate action. He walked off the Senate floor to the cloakroom and called the White House. That weekend, the Commission was an established fact, with Fred Harris a member, and he proved to be its driving force. It was at his insistence that the report contained its sharp tone.

When Kennedy Came In

Although Mondale and Bobby Kennedy maintained good personal relations, there could never have been any question of Mondale forsaking his political patron Humphrey for Kennedy. But Harris was another matter. On the night Kennedy decided to run for President against Johnson, in the fateful days just after the New Hampshire primary, Harris was a dinner guest at Hickory Hill. He left before a pregnant strategy session of Kennedy aides began, and as he said good-night he advised Kennedy only to "do what you have to do and that will be the right thing." He left with a feeling not only that Kennedy would not run himself but that, surprisingly in view of Kennedy's well-known antipathy for McCarthy, Kennedy would endorse McCarthy. He never saw or spoke to Bob Kennedy again.

Harris at that time was publicly committed to Johnson. After Johnson's pullout, he quickly and [illegible] switched to Humphrey.

"I saw the country, as I still do now, fragmented into blacks and whites, young and old, rich and poor," he says. "I couldn't see how Bobby could get enough of the Congress and enough of the country to pull together to get anything done. It was a hard, hard, thing for me to do. It was a very sad and an embittered kind of thing for me and for LaDonna." Kennedy allies claim that Harris, having encountered intense opposition in conservative Oklahoma as a result of the Kerner Commission Report, felt himself compelled to appease the regulars back home. But Harris contradicts that view, terming it the one way the

ennedys could rationalize the defection of a ose friend. Harris did not see the Kennedys gain until that sad day the assassinated Sena- r's flag-draped coffin made its journey from ew York to Washington. "I felt like an es- anged wife temporarily separated from her usband must feel at her husband's funeral," arris says. "I know that some people must feel little bit unfriendly toward me and I wouldn't lame them."

As for Mondale, Johnson's withdrawal left him omentarily certain that Kennedy would win the omination and highly uncertain whether Hubert umphrey should even run. Watching the Presi- ent's speech on TV with Senator Henry M. ackson of Washington, Mondale heard Johnson eject a second term, turned to Jackson and said, Bobby's nominated. Hubert shouldn't even get n the race." But Mondale soon changed his mind. nd when James H. Rowe, Jr., the old-pro politi- al lawyer in Washington who has been planning ohnson's aborted campaign, told his friend lumphrey that he could only accept an inactive ole in the Humphrey campaign, he suggested a ounger man—specifically, Fritz Mondale—as cam- aign chairman. When Humphrey duly asked Mondale if he'd do it, just before Easter, Mon- ale asked for a week to make up his mind. He ent to Rowe for advice, and informed him he anted no part of the campaign if, as the press as then speculating, Humphrey had any inten- ion of picking conservative Governor John B. Connally of Texas as his running mate. Rowe nstantly replied there was little chance of that. Mondale then suggested that a Mondale-directed ampaign would smell too much of an all-Minne- ota flavor and proposed his close friend, Fred Harris, as cochairman. The two families had acationed the previous summer together at Fen- vick Island, Delaware, and saw eye-to-eye on all najor political affairs. Humphrey himself was omewhat dubious about a two-headed campaign taff but agreed after Mondale and Harris flew lown to the Vice President's vacation retreat at Key Largo for an Easter weekend conference.

"Hubert Understands"

The campaign subsequently engineered by Fritz and Fred will never be inscribed in the annals of classic delegate collection beside the drive of Lawrence F. O'Brien and Robert Kennedy in be- half of John F. Kennedy in 1960 and F. Clifton White's machine-tooled effort for Barry Gold- water in 1964. Rather, Mondale-Harris main- tained an essentially holding operation to nurture the natural inclinations of organization-backed delegates toward Humphrey and keep them away from Kennedy or McCarthy. With Harris whip- ping around the country for delegate meetings and Mondale running the operation from Wash- ington, and with each having the power to sign the other's name to staff directives, they had per- formed admirably if not spectacularly when, on June 5, the shooting of Kennedy made their job almost a purely mechanical one.

At that moment their task became, not *win- ning* the nomination, but making sure that the nomination was *worth* winning in view of the intense opposition from the left wing of the party. Indeed, the very success of the Mondale- Harris delegate operation became an overnight liability. "Our success in the delegate hunt re- inforced the backroom image," Mondale con- cedes, adding that in retrospect he felt that Humphrey probably made an error in boycotting all the primaries.

Besides dealing with the backroom image, a central aim of Mondale-Harris was to counteract the image of Humphrey's abject servility during his four years in the ditch of the Vice Presidency. "Within the last four years," says Harris, "he has not been his own man by the nature of the Vice Presidency. He's been somebody else's man." The fall campaign, they felt, would change that and make Hubert Humphrey a flesh-and-blood leader in his own right.

But the Establishment Radicalism of Mondale and Harris seems to go beyond the vintage 1948 liberalism of Hubert Humphrey. Noting that more and more radical youths are dropping away from the system, Mondale blames it in part on the nature of the Johnson Presidency: "The work has all been done privately and behind closed doors, outside the normal give and take of the system—not enough public debate, not enough exposition and talk and going to the people."

Mondale hastily adds: "Hubert understands this."

The task of Fritz and Fred was to convince the alienated elements of the party that Hum- phrey does indeed understand it. Whether or not successful, the fact that *they* perceive the politi- cal realities of 1968 makes the survival of the Humphrey candidacy, successful or not, a good bet and a fortunate circumstance. For they come as close to the New Politics as the Democratic party regulars can bear to go. As such, they are a hopeful symbol for eventual détente between the old and new, and for a reversal of the politics of alienation, firebombs, and apartheid.

Barbara Probst Solomon

LIFE IN THE YELLOW SUBMARINE: BUFFALO'S SUNY

An adventure with one of America's bright and hopeful new efforts to expand higher education—the multi-campus state university system—in which our author makes the discovery that not all fantasy is the work of impractical men.

I used to think that Los Angeles—the place where when you are looking to buy a home you are told you are buying "prime dirt" and the houses are called "structures"—I used to think *that* was the American nightmare of the twenty-first century, but things have speeded up, and now New York State is rivaling California. We now have our multi-university system, our State University of New York (SUNY); and in the midst of the dying elms of the dying town of Buffalo we have our own LA gone wild not far from the choked defunct Erie Canal.

I planed into Buffalo last fall, on what amounts to one of those writer-in-residence sort of things, and spent a few days walking through the city. In certain parts of Buffalo one still hears the Polish of another century. On the east side of town, along East Ferry, are the scars of the summer riots, open American wounds of summers past and summers to come. Poles, Negroes, a thriving Mafia, a Peace Bridge to Canada, the Albright-Knox Art Gallery, four Frank Lloyd Wright houses, sprawling old Victorian homes with the smell of the East and the shape of the Midwest colliding together—this is the landscape of Buffalo. There are, to be sure, new suburbs built in classic American monotonous style, and it has its dying Main Street—with the usual steady stream of garages, Sears Roebuck, and milk-shake stands, and there are, too, the surprising parts of Buffalo, rather beautiful circles, parks, and homes that on [illegible] recall Paris and the Luxembourg Gardens, some of that air of faded comfort that one associates with Proust, and the Avenue Foch.

Walking through the west side of the old parts of Buffalo I suddenly remember that at the turn of the century Buffalo was a prosperous middle-class town: the ladies of Pittsburgh and Cleveland wrote to Buffalo for their patterns and silks, until perhaps symbolically, all that seemed to end with a post-Victorian shot in the air. An anarchist rebuffed by Emma Goldman as being "unstable" shot McKinley at the Pan-American Exposition, and because of a doctor's reluctance to use a new X-ray machine McKinley died of gangrene. Buffalo, too, slowly died of gangrene. The turn-of-the-century wealthy middle class wished nothing to be changed, and no new industry has come into the town—though of the belt of dying Northeastern towns Buffalo is a little luckier than most in that it is one of the major seats of the Mafia in the U. S. In the summer of 1967 its citizens were surprised that they, like the rest of America, could have their riots. . . .

Off Main Street with its Sears Roebuck, its garages and highway interstices, its delicatessens and malted delights is the State University of New York at Buffalo, part of the explosion which includes Harpur and Stony Brook, and into which the state is pouring the usual billions of dollars. At present, it sits on a postage stamp of a campus of old buildings which was six years ago the private University of Buffalo—a small second-rate university famed primarily for its law school, which, way back in the 'thirties, was the seedbed for better schools. Louis Howe and David Riesman were among those who came out of it.

Old pseudo-Gothic, new slabs of Germanic concrete, and pink and blue Army-type quonset huts crammed together is about what Buffalo looks like

y, a crowded mishmash, while everybody athlessly waits for the enormous new building ich is to serve as "campus," a presumed archi- tural glory that will, I gather, cost billions and the largest single building outside of Brasilia. the meantime, the student population is ex- ding at a galloping pace: some are still locals, t over from the days when this was a trolley- university; the majority are pouring upstate m greater New York City and environs: they into Buffalo and are part of the experiment own as mass education. Martin Meyerson, for- rly of Berkeley, presides over the vast com- x and what he has to deal with is nothing less an a microcosm of America *Now:* new young pie faculty, expensive "star" faculty, dead- od old faculty, eager students, hippie students, llen students, an alien, generally hostile town, d a bureaucratic mess.

Living Off Its Future

After one week in the quonset hut known as e English department I felt I was going com- etely crackers, and then, like Yossarian in *tch 22,* I decided there was nothing else to do t go *with* it and hope for survival.

One result of this decision was that—someone ving noticed that at one point in my life I had ne some film criticism—in a moment of weak- ss I found myself being prevailed upon to ach a course on film. Within a week my iden- ty went from writer to film critic to *film expert,* d everybody, in breathless enthusiasm, pounced on me as if I were personally bringing the test word from Godard, Warhol, etc.

One week we are living through the usual ten- ons and storms over Dow Chemical and the CIA, d when one of the students comes into my office rieking that he's had it, is about to blow every- ing up, I assume he means the CIA. "No," he ies, "the milk machine! It's a thief. Eating my imes, eating my dimes." I sympathize. Some- ow, I feel, this one has got right smack to the eart of the problem.

For Buffalo, a university without a true past, s at present a Blanche du Bois, living off its lectronic fantasy future. Its basic timidity and uncertainty about its own image make it lack the courage to be at times conventional, and fear- fully and provincially it is desperately grasping at the "new." Filthy rich, it is buying up scholars and, along with them, supersalesmen who have no idea what they are selling or who the "cus- tomer" is—and, in line with its futurity, it is of course buying equipment like mad. There is so much money floating around as to create total chaos. Events pile upon pseudo-events in shriek- ing hysteria. More poetry readings are held, more East Europeans invited, more movies shown on any given day than anyone can absorb. Buffalo, like all provincial towns, vacillates between the poles of thinking that everything is going on else- where and that everything is going on in Buffalo. As a result, in order to make up for lacks and simultaneously prove its lack of lacks, there are the poets, the East Europeans, and the movies—in a greater density per square inch than any- thing on Morningside Heights. The University suffers constantly from indigestion.

The equipment is bought in bulk. Somewhere there is a reactor that either no one can locate or no one knows how to use. In the basement of the classics department is a printing press grind- ing out ancient Byzantine. Though library facili- ties are appalling, one is told not to worry—within a year we will have a new dial-a-matic book system.

Daily there are dreams spun to relieve the dreariness of Main Street, Buffalo, and most of the dreams center around the wonders of the Pentagonesque new campus to come: a movie theater that will show films twenty-four hours a day, a complex of seven theaters for a drama school complete with prosceniums to fit each theatrical era, and, as one administrator groaned to me, in sober recognition that the best thing that could possibly happen to Buffalo is to get it to "hold still" for a moment, "Do you realize that when examined closely to scale the theater they have planned is only slightly larger than Lincoln Center?"

At the heart of this is the good old-fashioned American principle that the past does not exist—and a tendency to put all one's paper chips into ideas about the future and progress which are irrevocably bound to a notion of happiness and goodness that is our natural national birthright, like manifest destiny.

One faculty member breathlessly announced to me that studies have been made about academic children. (Statistics are floating around for just about everything.) "We are producing a race of mental giants." The children are better, the cam-

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arbara Probst Solomon, author of a novel, "Beat f Life," as well as films, criticism, and trans- tions, was visiting assistant professor of Eng- ish at Buffalo last year. She lives in New York nd has two daughters. Her new novel will be Nobody Gets to the Pré Catalan."

puses are unique, the future is glorious; meanwhile the fog in Buffalo is awful, and one professor has just bolted. To Haifa!

I quickly realize that one of my main functions is to read the torrent of messages that are ground out daily by the purple mimeographing machine bought by the English department. There are memos for grants, for feelings, sentiments, sporadic student underground pronunciamentos, and lots of memos about MONEY. For people who live in the future, present time has no meaning. One of the first memos that comes my way is an apology to new faculty suggesting that if one has been in the university for less than four weeks it would be better to wait until spring before applying for summer grants. At the end of the day I am exhausted by the financial opportunities offered to me.

Well, I quickly adjust to the rhythm that nobody knows what is going on and if nothing works, it doesn't matter, because Buffalo is a child of the future. My second adjustment is to paranoia. I've always been fond of paranoia as a life style, but paranoia on a grand scale, preferably in some major European capital with good restaurants to plot in. Of course, for paranoia to work, I've always believed you have to have a lot of spare time; with the new small teaching loads (average of two courses a week), the placing of sixty-five assorted geniuses, would-be geniuses, poets, writers (Lionel Abel, Robert Creeley, John Logan, Leslie Fiedler, John Barth among them), the scholars looking nervously at writers, writers feeling sullen among all those Ph.D. types, all crammed together in a cinder-block Stalag 17 office, additionally huddled together because the university has no connection with the town of Buffalo—and even more intensely huddled because the Life of the Mind is being carried on in brutal weather and with an ugliness of surroundings that took imagination to produce—one is often overwhelmed by the sheer weight of the paranoia. I figure Tuesdays to read the memos (statistics: fifty thousand words come through the mimeo every week—about the size of a nice Françoise Sagan novel), and Wednesdays I save for the paranoia. I am greeted in the morning by a young assistant professor, Howard Wolf; he looks at the corridors with their attempts at McLuhan, posters frantically placed on every wall to cover the cinder blocks, "*Veh is mir*," he groans, "the leftist gabardine axis, basement of the mind." Freud, Jung, Maoism, existentialism, Marcuse, agrarian anarchism, you name it, we have it, Buffalo gray, Klein's basement of the mind.

Buffalo, like all instant universities, in order to combat a physical environment that is hell, a quires faculty quickly by offering high pay a low teaching loads. While it flounders searchi for an image of itself on paper, in practice its ov style takes form. Many of the young faculty co from California, bringing with them an idea Western mobility, of Western enthusiasm for ne ideas, and a casualness of dress and life styl cramping Westerners into Dostoevskian-cu American physical conditions results in a hi degree of nervous tension. There are no cranni here, neither the electric feeling of a large cit nor the trees and buildings of a country campus absorb any cultural or emotional shocks, to buff professors' eccentricities, and here among the ci der blocks, everybody's emotional problems h you unprotected.

The placing of a jet strip at the Buffalo airpo three years ago has also made Buffalo into a su urb of New York City. More and more of t students are coming from Queens, Brooklyn, a the Bronx; for them, Buffalo, forty-five minute flying time out of La Guardia, is merely an e tension of the New York megalopolis. Sitting the English department one day, I looked down t hall and realized that the jet professor is tru here. I myself live in New York City, my hom my children are there, and having lived all ov when my husband was a floating academic, di tances truly meant nothing either to me or to m children.

I often gave my children breakfast in New Yo in the morning, saw them off to school, spent fort five minutes on a jet to Buffalo, taught a fe classes, and then came back home to New York n long after they got home from school. In lookin down the hall it came to me (and I'm not talkin about the $106,000-per-year elite, but ordina associate professors) that one man commutes b tween Houston and Buffalo, another is on the Ne York-London circuit, another is on the Toront Buffalo-New York circuit, etc. In actual practi I see as many people from Buffalo in New Yor at the end of a week, as I see in Buffalo during th week. Obviously the university is coming more ar more to resemble the city, with all the problems the city: it is inchoate, vast, confused, overly m bile, caught in a series of happenings and pseud events and visiting lectures. The students "wat events" with all the pitfalls of the anonymousnes of the city; one professor found himself deepl shaken when he questioned a student about th problems of draft exile in Canada and realize that the student simply didn't know what he wa referring to by way of place, family, home; th very words appearing to have lost their meanin

The new professors are a cross between creditard intellectuals, businessmen, and performing rtists. One visualizes that within five, ten years, rofessors will be based wherever they choose to ve and will essentially be delivering a series of ctures at a series of universities—which is more r less what is being done now. If the university esembles the city, emotionally it also resembles he Army. Allegiance is not to a specific post (a iven school)—one is based at some post and transerred around within the total system (the uniersity in America). The student is also on the ove, and the problem of who might be where at phone call already boggles the mind. The reality tands out clearer within the confines of a proincial university, and it is a frightening reality. The least discernible consideration, behind all the ew academic window dressing, is the question of who is being taught what, and when.

Feeling a little discouraged, and often restless, would have been glad to do more teaching than was scheduled for—idle time in Buffalo is boring -but I quickly understood that to suggest such a hing would brand me a subversive in the system; hey have graduate assistants for *that*. I once asked one of the university's vice presidents if any faculty ever, well, like did they ever discuss actual teaching, and he thought for a minute and said, well no, he couldn't remember any time offhand, occasionally students dropped by, but never faculty. At some point (he was showing me a great many graphs, and like those of every administrator I ever saw on the campus, all his graphs had to do with life ten years hence) I asked him how many students were on the campus.

"Do you mean real bodies or FTEs?"

"I mean *students*." I shuddered at the "real bodies," and I could not avoid imagining them stretched out, ready for a grave somewhere. "What's an FTE?"

"A full time equivalent," he rattled off. "You add up a number of credits, which is the equivalent to one real student—"

I shuddered again, told him I had a slow mind.

"We have *two sets of figures*," he explained, shoving yet another graph in front of my face, "one for real students."

"One for full time equivalents," I repeated after him, my eyes following the double graphs that look like a series of Mount Everests in combat with one another. I gave up. As I was leaving, the vice president began to question me about, well, what exactly seemed to be going on around the place.

There are all types of paranoia. The form that that of the administrators takes—and the only thing I remember about my conversations with any of them, which I presume weren't very interesting—is the conviction that someone "down there," the reverse of the faculty's "someone up there," actually knows what's going on. That someone probably being a computer.

Administrators, I rapidly found, weren't worth talking to, as they seemed primarily to be armed with statistics pulled together for the purpose of implying that a youngster had to give some evidence of genius in his high-school average in order to get in to Buffalo. But once, downstairs in Hays Hall, as I waited for the snow to let up so I could leave, I talked with two students, one of whom said she liked it here but she had worked harder at the University of Miami, it had been a more serious place. Then what, I mentally asked of a graph, has intervened since high school?

Later in New York an architect friend of mine explained the whole thing to me. He's out at Stony Brook, a fellow university in the state system located in the far reaches of Long Island. He told me, "I, Barbara, am designing multi-interdisciplinary units for your full time equivalents. Capiche?" Buffalo believes in the rebirth of the humanities.

"It's Not the Heating System"

I walked across campus with Warren Bennis, the provost of social sciences, a rather thoughtful, reflective man, who had recently come from MIT. He asked me if I had noticed that people tended to behave *strangely* in Buffalo. "I get the oddest calls," he mused, "people threatening to leave because the heating system breaks down for a few hours . . . you know damned well it's not the heating system. . . ."

I muttered that I had observed a rather, shall we say, high degree of hysteria.

"I think," he said, "it is the business about the future. Buffalo has the lure of promise, of possibility, of change, people come here, they are beguiled [conned?] and all of a sudden they want to act out all their pent-up dreams, all their fantasies, all their ambitions for their own brave new worlds, and, boom, then they are in Buffalo, and unless they are here on a very specific project, boom, the dream explodes, and they find themselves in Buffalo. . . . Some of them will be here for the rest of their lives, trapped by a bit of money, a company town." He sighed. "It is very sad."

I thought of California, where the idea of this sort of dream began, and how there, at least, when ten, fifteen years ago, the Eastern professor stood in his Eastern suit gazing out at the Pacific Ocean,

walking along Malibu Beach, or later La Jolla, or watching the bay at San Francisco's Golden Gate, if the dream did not become a reality, the landscape gave him room to sustain the illusion just a while longer, which is after all what life is, the sustaining of things through time, and how now, for the young California professor in his California dungarees, to stand on the edge of Main and Bailey and behold the future is closer to Dick Diver come home from the Riviera.

Many afternoons are spent in the Buffalo gray of the English department, with young professors out of Berkeley discussing the look of California, Buffalo *outre-mer*, Buffalo *cafard*.

People *do* behave differently in Buffalo. I sit in my office, wistfully talking to Bruce Jackson about Austin and the pull of the Texas landscape. We have both been there at different times of our lives, and like all children born of the cement and twenty-stories-high of New York City, found that that kind of landscape had a pull. He was showing me his photos of small Texas towns, they had a look I recognized and understood, and he was playing Texas prison songs on the stereo in the office, when someone thrust a lost visiting scholar in at us, whispering, entertain him—he's meant to be hired.

A middle-aged graying man, German university in the stacks and papers type, he looked dazed. "I'm so glad to find you," he kept muttering. (Buffalo has a way of inviting people, meaning to be nice, and often losing track of them, so that would-be chairmen are just sort of left lost in the halls as some other activity claims the host's attention.) We tried to give the man a chair, a cup of coffee, and to reassure him about Buffalo, though, to be sure, it was certainly far from the center of the universe (when strangers hear that, they often get a certain dazed, disoriented, and frightened look on their face, seeing the parachute they'd been told to leap out of suddenly fail to open in mid-air, that look of tumbling to earth). Finally the professor named his price, what he wanted from Buffalo was a mistress.

It was the first time I had seen Bruce Jackson lose his cool. His mouth fell open, and as if he suddenly remembered that professors are perhaps not supposed to sit perched on the tops of desks but on chairs alongside of them, he jumped down, turned off the video. I myself stared at the wall on which was affixed a poster of Jean-Paul Belmondo. Definitely this shy Humbert Humbert had been given the word about the "swinging English department at Buffalo," and was manfully trying to live up to what he thought was expected of him. The poor man seemed to be suffering from some sort of temporary cultural shock, and on and on he went, quite seriously explaining his needs (in Buffalo people spend a great deal of time discussing their emotional states of mind). I think what he was describing was actually a housekeeper, but anyway there was no doubt about it, he was standing his ground. Bruce looked at me, I looked at Bruce, Bruce said, "Oh, you can make uh . . . a social life here."

"A mistress. A *permanent* mistress."

"Well, you can't put it in the contract. . . ."

"I think I'd be lonely in Buffalo."

"Graduate students? Lady faculty? Townies?" Bruce gave up.

I decide, this one wants a mistress, like hell he wants a mistress. I leaf through my mind, figuring out what is the unmentionable an academic can't bring himself to say.

"Money?" I try.

The man looks relieved, he blushes slightly. "I'm glad to find someone, uh, so realistic. I need . . ." he looks up at me. "How much? That is, I don't mean to sound avaricious, but uh—"

I look at him. "Plenty."

The tone changes, briskly we are talking facts and figures. He names his. Bruce shrugs, "Ask for it," he says. We settle the money question, now down to the nitty-gritty, his favorite library of course is in some other city. "Possible," Bruce grunts. The man looks at us slowly, "Well I think I do have a better idea of where I stand." Abruptly he leaves. I stare out my window, watching the students crossing the campus. Of one thing you can be sure, conversation with academics may start with mistresses, or Klein's basement of ideas, or academic freedom, but in the end it generally boils down to time and money.

Nightmares and Solutions

Buffalo's basic problem is that it is a rapidly growing Goliath of an institution dealing with students who, despite the fancy statistics, arrive at the university as mixed-bag products of the bad American secondary schools from which they spring. Rather than concerning itself with this as a genuine educational problem—that is, how to give these students a general corpus of knowledge in which they are sadly lacking—the university has chosen to cover the basic mess with a quick and thick coat of fashionable instant gloss. Most of the professors have too much professional ego at stake to come to terms with type of students they should be educating; and since the faster route to establishing the prestige of a university is via the grad-



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uate school and the Ph.D., the undergraduates, who should be the most important part of the process, get the short end of the stick. They are taught by the graduate assistants. Meanwhile there is no adequate advisory system for the students, and no very structured program. The present facilities are intolerable, and the present crop of students, like a generation of guinea pigs, are quite unmistakably being sacrificed to some fantasy of Buffalo's future greatness. One expects a new university to have problems; what is disturbing about Buffalo—and many other state institutions—is the sense one gets of the fraudulent, of the abrogation of faculty responsibility to the student, which the student in turn reflects in a lack of responsibility toward his own work.

Many of the young faculty don't seem to be in the least aware that the idea of the "new" is old-fashioned American nativism, or that all their talk about "free expression" is in fact a pretty stale inheritance from the 1930s (progressive education *in extremis*), that it was tried and proved a dismal failure, and that true intellectual freedom is hardly identical with chaos.

I watched the students one day when a visiting European novelist soberly contradicted a faculty member who referred to his work as "experimental." He replied that talk of the experimental is always nonsense, that everything he wrote was real, and came out of his experiences with a nightmare world. He told the students that nothing existed except reality, one had no "choice" in the matter, and proceeded to give them a solemn lecture on twentieth-century history. I felt their response, their eagerness and thirst for some sort of genuine encounter with true knowledge, their own fatigue at the word game which made up most of their instruction. Most of all, I felt their ability to perceive the truth when it is being told them. This is something they rarely get from their own faculty, especially those members of it who appear to have spent their own young adult lives on the Ph.D. track. Certainly the degree craze of American universities is one of the most anti-intellectual inventions ever conceived of. Between the Ph.D. requirement and the problem of tenure, the university in America is being reduced to a Bell Telephone psychology.

What then about Martin Meyerson, president of this whole complex? As former acting chancellor of Berkeley he has been burned once. As an urban planner, his dream is for the open campus—the university related to the town—a hard feat to accomplish in a sullen city which intensely dislikes the university and whose newspapers often heckle it for the wrong reasons.

Perhaps the most sophisticated and intelligen man on the campus and perhaps its most valuabl asset—a shy man who does not come across wel in public and is much more at ease in private con versation—Meyerson is faced with almost insur mountable problems. He is quite aware of th problems he has inherited—a new faculty, whicl veers spastically in a thousand directions at once too many students, and these added to the wors kind of traditional, hidebound, rigid faculty in herited from the past regime. The combination i explosive. Then, too, there is Albany, one minut handing the university too much money for th wrong reasons, the next minute cutting the budget, also for the wrong reasons, creating more chao of another kind as programs started cannot b finished: treating the university, in the way o state legislatures, as an angry parent treats a child, now I will be nice to you, now I will punish you.

Toward the end of the second term I am beginning to get nightmares about the whole thing. In the middle of one of those graying Buffalo nights, I sit up in bed, dreaming of solutions. The only group I had seen actually make something *work* on the campus were the Maoists—at least there was bright-eyed organizational discipline in their teach-in. Everything went off on schedule. Certainly there was good in Buffalo—the sense at least of life going on in the place, if at times a bit mad, it was better than no life at all. I thought of the children playing with balloons in a psychedelic tent with strobe lights and music, while nearby the old heated Marxist-Leninist rhetoric of the 'thirties was blanketing the teach-in, and there was something oddly moving and wistful about this American university, this "Buffalo Is a Winter Carnival" ambience that one didn't want to see altogether disappear—and something quite moving in Martin Meyerson's dream of a free and open campus. Still, something had to be done to make the whole thing work, so that geniuses, poets, students, and faculty could all go about their business in peace. Now the Maoists, they definitely had discipline—down to the last man, they would make far better administrators than the ones we had now. Meyerson, for a sort of gentle sobriety, a mediator . . . and to give the place a touch of intellectual elegance. But, for someone to do a crash job on the chaos . . . McNamara. Two weeks with him clearing up the yellow submarine, Pentagon style, and everything would be shipshape. He could lead the Maoists, and together they could attack. Mao and Mac, Mac and Mao, I went to sleep happily.

Harper's Magazine, October 1968

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George Kennan and the Students

by Norman Podhoretz

Democracy and the Student Left, by George F. Kennan. Atlantic-Little, Brown, $5.95.

Last January, *The New York Times Magazine* published an article on student radicalism by George F. Kennan which called forth a response as voluminous as it was violent. Some two hundred letters, most of them critical of Mr. Kennan's critique of the student left, came pouring in from the students themselves and from their adult sympathizers. ". . . It was made quite clear," says Mr. Kennan, "that I had spoken casually about things which it was not to be forgiven to me for speaking about in this manner . . . and that I was to be held strictly to account." This "accounting," usefully prefaced by the original article and a generous sampling of the letters, is what he gives us in *Democracy and the Student Left.*

On the face of it, the reaction Mr. Kennan's article provoked is difficult to understand. To be sure, it was a stern polemic, eloquently delivered in a tone of lofty fastidiousness which did not, however, rule out a resort, where convenient, to the vulgarities of simple abuse. Student demonstrations, for example, Mr. Kennan described as "screaming tantrums and brawling in the streets," and of the hippie, "One has sometimes to say, and not without indignation: 'There goes a perverted and willful and stony-hearted youth.' . . ." On the other hand, the substantive points of his critique were familiar enough, one might have thought, to have elicited yawns as likely as yelps. Thus he attacked the student left for "the extraordinary degree of certainty by which it is inspired," for its "complete rejection of . . . the political system of this country," for lacking "proposals for the constructive adaptation of this political system to the needs of our age," and for putting its case not through "reasoned argument and discussion, or even peaceful demonstration accompanied by reasoned argument and discussion," but through "noise, violence, and lawlessness."

All these things had been said many times before. Why then should they have caused such a commotion on the left when George F. Kennan added his voice to the general chorus? Largely, I suspect, because there are qualities in that voice which are almost totally unfamiliar to the student left and which, in themselves and in a sense quite apart from the particular points Mr. Kennan made, compelled a freshly defensive response.

The New Left, in its roughly eight years of existence as a self-conscious movement, has grown accustomed to and can easily handle diatribes from the Far Right; if anything, in fact, disapproval from such self-evidently iniquitous quarters only serves to confirm a young radical in that certainty of his own rectitude to which Mr. Kennan accurately calls attention. But the young radicals have perhaps grown even more accustomed to attacks emanating from the liberal center and from other groups on the left who are separated from them partly by the famous generation gap, partly by a different reading of our common predicament, and ultimately by a different set of political values. In these arguments between the New Left and its liberal or democratic-socialist antagonists, the advantage is often on the side of the angry militants, not because they possess any forensic or ideological superiority, but because they are uncannily skillful in making liberals uneasy. "It is obvious," Mr. Kennan comments, "that students, like Marxists, acutely dislike the feeling of being outflanked to the left." So too and emphatically so, with liberals and democratic socialists. The consequence is that in their debates with the New Left they tend to waste much anxious energy in refuting the strident charge of hypocrisy that the young radicals delight in hurling at them. And finally the New Left, for all that it has a pathetic sense of itself as a beleaguered and harassed minority, has also grown accustomed to being lionized by the media and flattered by those of its elders who see in the current surge of radicalism among the young of the 1960s the most hopeful development in American politics since the end of World War II and who not only interpret its every action in the most favorable light but rarely hesitate to assign an inflationary significance to its most trivial gesture.

Mr. Kennan speaks in a voice unlike any of these. It is an old-fashioned voice: cultivated, gentlemanly, poised, self-assured. There is strength in it, there is serenity

Mr. Podhoretz is editor of "Commentary" and author of "Making It," an autobiography, and of "Doings and Undoings: The Fifties and After in American Writing."

Why do more and more people who travel say:



"San Francisco and Minneapolis are the two best cities in the United States."



Mississippi River between the cities of Minneapolis and St. Paul

Minneapolis Tribune Photo by Duane Braley

Is it the Aquatic Life?

The Minneapolis Tribune / THE MINNEAPOLIS STAR

210,000 Morn[illegible],670,000 Sunday

280,000 Evening

The enchante

This may seem an unlikely photograph. But Esso's Fawley refinery on England's south coast is an unlikely place.

Major Oliver Kite, a prominent British naturalist, said it was one of the most remarkable examples of wildlife conservation he had ever seen. And, shortly before his untimely death last June, he finished making a film about it.

In a single year, Major Kite identified eighty-eight species of bird and twelve species of butterfly within the refinery fence.

He watched kestrels dive, lapwings tumble and kingfishers eye their royal dinners. And, i May, "the nightingales sang throughout t day." Some refinery.

He also fly-fished.

He hooked a two-pound trout from t refinery's cooling lake. And, even at the jetti where tankers unload sixteen million tons of a year, he found nature just as ebullient. "Th is where flounders provide food for the reside



oil refinery.

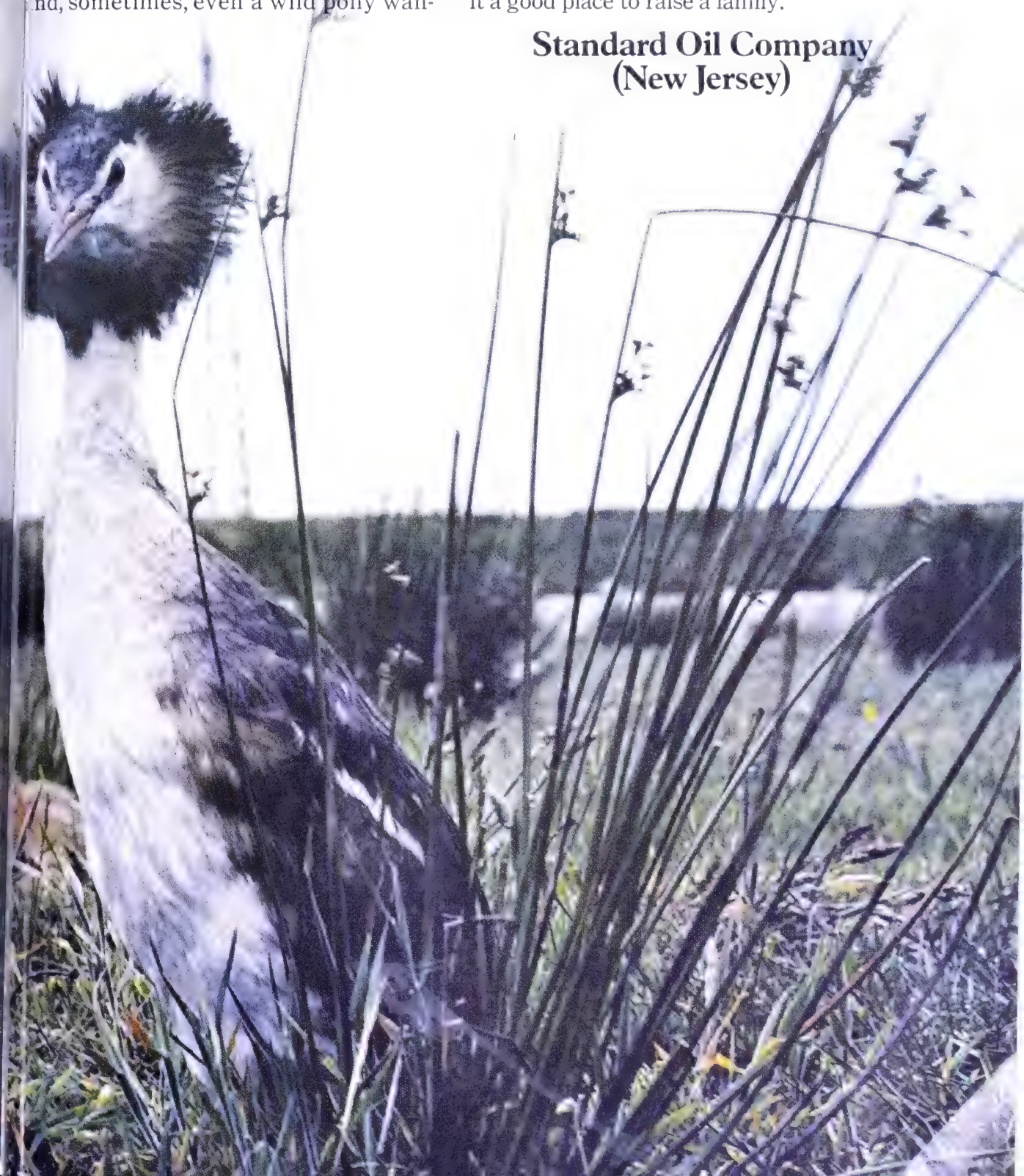
rants and charms of goldfinches feed on
ding thistleheads."
awley's foliage impressed him too. When
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d twenty-six thousand trees and shrubs
een it from the road. This tree belt now
es woodland runs for squirrels, moles and

nd, sometimes, even a wild pony wan-
ders in. Perhaps to admire the rhododendrons.

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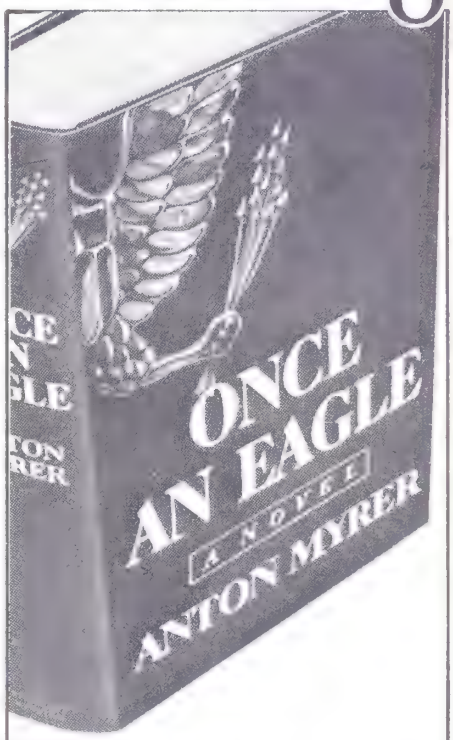
is solidity in it, there is
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coercion in the name of or-
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in such a voice was an ex-
for which very few young
could have been prepared by
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issing their feet in transports
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l spite. Mr. Kennan is not un-
even though he speaks of
ty of all of us to recognize
the possibility that we might
g but the virtual certainty
some occasions we are bound
Mr. Kennan feels no guilt, even though he speaks of the responsibility of people like himself for the problems over which the student left is so agitated. Mr. Kennan is not "understanding" of the radical young, even though he speaks of their "sincerity and idealism." If, in short, Mr. Kennan is not a right-winger, neither is he a liberal. Mr. Kennan is a conservative.

So rare an animal has the conservative become in America that one of Mr. Kennan's angriest young critics, having sniffed the strange traces of religious faith in his article, took this as a sufficient condemnation in itself. "Is Kennan trying to revive God again to solve our problems?" he demanded triumphantly. But the news of the death of God has apparently failed to reach Mr. Kennan. Not only is he guilty of the heresy of being a Christian; he is also guilty of planting the doctrine of Original Sin at the center of his political philosophy. "The decisive seat of evil in this world," he asserts, "is



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not in social and political institutions, but simply in the weakness and imperfection of the human soul itself." Accordingly he aligns himself with those who in their political philosophy place the emphasis on order rather than with those who place it on justice, even going so far as to declare that "The benefit of the doubt should lie . . . with the forces of order, not with the world-improvers." Accordingly too he stresses "the element of tragedy that unavoidably constitutes a central component of man's predicament . . . and the resulting limitations on the possibilities for social and political achievement." And with these general principles go the other main features of the conservative outlook: a conception of society as a slowly developing organism and a correlative respect for habit, custom, and tradition.

This, then, is the philosophical perspective from which Mr. Kennan looks out—or rather down—upon the student left in America. It is a perspective with many problems of its own, not all of which Mr. Kennan seems ready to confront. Nevertheless, it does enable him to expose more precisely and effectively than anyone has done before the weaknesses of the radical position in its currently fashionable formulations: the intellectual confusion running through some of its ideas about democracy and responsibility; its ignorance of the principles on which the American political system is based; the "strong streak of hysteria and exaggeration" that colors its view of many problems; the grotesque lack of balance in its interpretation of world affairs.

On the other side, the conservative perspective is not one calculated to reveal the virtues which inhere in the radical temper—moral energy, impatience with injustice, and a contempt for the rationalizations with which injustice is so often cloaked. Such qualities are given their due, if at all, only in lip service by most conservatives, including Mr. Kennan who clearly considers them more dangerous than valuable. "It was out of just such radical students," he warns, "frustrated in their efforts to help the Russian peasant, that Lenin forged his highly disciplined faction. It was in part from people of just this desperate and confused s[tate] mind that Hitler recruited h[is su]porters." Mr. Kennan, indeed, [is] able to take radicalism se[rio]*only* as a danger. For the r[est] treats it either as an erroneous [re]to be refuted or as a pathogic[al] symptom to be cured.

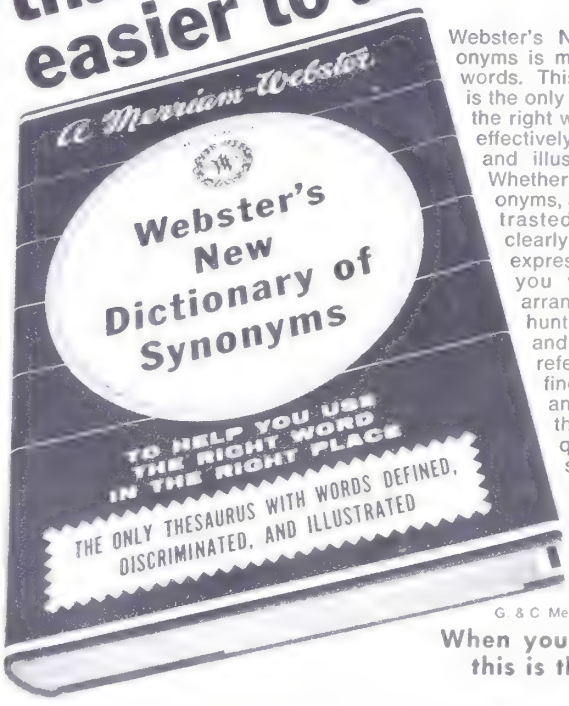
What he evidently refuses t[o] seriously is the possibility th[at] spread of radicalism amon[g] th[e] young of this generation is a [s]tom not of a pathological co[n]stic stemming from shallow n[a]ïve ideas, but of a *justified* loss of [con]dence in the ability of the Am[eri]ca political system to deal wit[h] th[e] crises in domestic and interna[tio]n affairs by which it is beset. 'or menting, for example, on the plaint frequently made by h[is] correspondents to the effect th[at] th[e] normal electoral process is .ad quate to the resolution of thes[e] tw[o] crises, Mr. Kennan says: "[It] characteristic of all these pl[ea]s frustration that the causes in[vo]e tion, on which the electoral s[ys]te fails to give satisfaction, are s[et] absolutes" whose worthiness i[s a]sumed to be obvious to any [rig]h minded person."

In the abstract such an at[ti]u may deserve the disdain with [wh]ic Mr. Kennan dismisses it. Yet th[e] ment we get specific and bring [Vie]nam and the Negro into th[e] argument, the question must [ar]ously arise as to whether these [ca]not indeed be causes whose w[or]th ness can quite properly be "ass[um]e to be obvious to any right-m[in]de person." It is true that the p[ar]e the radicals see in these are "wholly without shading." But equally true, as Mr. Kennan [hi]self acknowledges (and he ha[s] course, long been critical of o[ur] volvement in Vietnam), that th[e] United States government has many things in international a[ff] during the past eight years [wh]ich have lent greater and greater pl[au]bility to the left-wing readin[g] American foreign policy as [a] nally imperialist. Similarly wit[h] Negro. Certainly the problem is [so] plex, and certainly there are l[im]i to what the government can d[o]—surely the point at issue is wh[at] any real effort is being made to [re]those limits. Are the radicals w[ill]

ing that it is not being made
at the urgency of the situation
great to permit safely of
r delay? I find Mr. Kennan
evasive on these questions;
l of answering them, he per-
imself to stoop to psychologi-
planations of why his critics
mpelled to raise them.

so find him evasive in the an-
ıe gives to the question he him-
ıises as to why this particular
ıtion of American students has
l so susceptible to the lure of
l ideas. Vietnam, the draft,
injustice, the condition of the
'sities, he tells us, are all only
avating factors"; if they were
ed, the radical student would
h for others to take their
' For the roots of student un-
nd disaffection lie, Mr. Kennan
, in "the sickly secularism of
society" and "the appalling
wness of the religious, philo-
, and political concepts that
le it." Here Mr. Kennan oddly
hands with the radicals, who
e no less fervently that our so-
is sick at the core, though of a
different set of illnesses, and
lso see liberalism as the main
e of the infection. But Mr. Ken-
as no better answer than they
e question of how so sick a
y could possibly be cured, or
night be qualified to undertake
anification." Perhaps what we
if we are to understand the
ge of student radicalism in the
better than most of us have
r been able to do, is a less
ing and less moralistic inter-
tion of the predicament to
ı it is a response—an interpre-
ı that is not so inclined to blame
on philosophical errors, as Mr.
an finally does, but that is
ly disinclined to join with the
als in blaming it all on the
inations of a wicked power elite.
e meantime, those of us who are
ssly bound, perhaps more than
Kennan himself, by that onerous
of which he so beautifully
s—the duty "to recognize not
the possibility that we might be
g but the virtual certainty that
me occasions we are bound to
will have to live with our puzzle-
over the meaning of a decade
is surely as perplexing as any
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Beyond its historical importance, this book has special relevance today because the Civil Liberties Union made mandatory in May 1968 new political tests for its officers and staff of the same general nature that led to the expulsion of Miss Flynn.

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Katherine Gauss Jackson

BOOKS IN BRIEF

Fiction

The Aristocrat, by Conrad Richter. Like so many of Mr. Richter's novels, this one is set in Pennsylvania—in the mining town of Unionville, to be exact. The heroine, Miss Alexandria Morley, is an octogenarian spinster lady, the last member of the town's first family, living still in its great house, never forgetting her old-fashioned sense of noblesse oblige or losing her serene composure. This story of her struggle against an encroaching modern world in the last years of her life is told by the fifteen-year-old son of the handyman, general factotum for Miss Alexandria, who sleeps in a room in her house because now, in her early eighties, she wants a man in the house at night. I'm not sure this interposed narrator quite works. In any case something makes for a slight sense of artificiality which I have never felt in any other of Mr. Richter's novels. But it is not enough to spoil one's enjoyment of this character-sketch-novel about an extraordinarily firm but resilient old lady who though completely deaf always knows exactly what's going on and underlines everything with her own tart and irreverent comments. She buries all her relatives but has no one to bury her; she gets herself elected to the town council and cleans up the town dump; she fights a battle with the big coal company and wins; she is bored by most of her relatives but invites them conscientiously for regular visits. She never, that is, forgets the family code or obligations. And at the end of the book there is an "addenda"—in her own words—of comments on her mother, her father, on maids, on relatives, on friends, and on herself, which show vividly how she came to be the old lady that she is when the book begins. A strange form for a novel, but it seems to work. Knopf, $4.50

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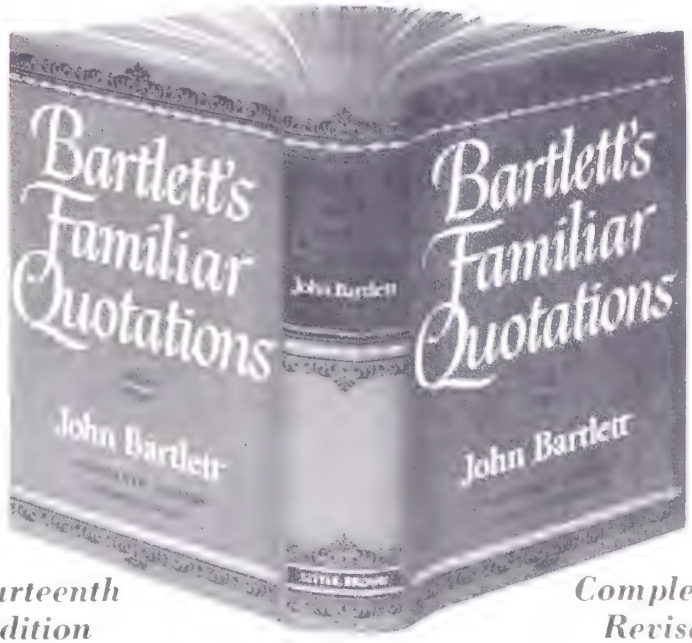
HOUGHTON MIFFLIN C

BOOKS IN BRIEF

ıg Noon and Night, by James Cozzens.

ave been young and now am his book begins. And as the or was born at the turn of the y in a college community, went of the good New England prep , and to Harvard, and is, at the of writing, the distinguished of a large business-consulting here is much in this story of successful Ivy League busi- an who is now in his sixties. vivid portrait of an American . . Anyone who has read *Guard nor* or *By Love Possessed* or any of Mr. Cozzens' novels ve come to expect richness and iacy as a part of them, but s because I am so much of the and places and mores he dis- , this one seems to have an nore particular immediacy. It in the middle-class academic siness community in the first years of the twentieth cen- nd Mr. Cozzens, without any ing, makes it clear that life ever be like that again. But at me time he makes one conscious y moving ways of how constant nst all changing backgrounds— e differences between youth and . . The story is told in the form emoir—as Henry Worthington, of Henry Worthington Associ- at sixty-plus, looks back over fe. The detail of the fabled ections, the thousand threads e fabric, mesmerized and de- d me for many pages, but about ime the narrator reached the of his professor-grandfather's long career I felt that instead ing rewarded I was being held know that the old boy has had ounterpart on many campuses, e tired me and I was glad to back to the comedy of the amor- xperiments of our young Hank, arriage, the problems of his ter. The only way the memoir ick seems to me to fall down at as a businessman Henry hington keeps denying any lit- pretensions—but since he, or one, is obviously writing a novel can't resist being absorbed in ssions of literary technique, one casionally conscious of false . Is a novelist or the fictitious y Worthington really behind panoramic tale? The story is

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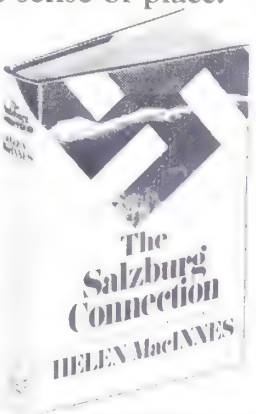
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' remain exactly the same. As
arnett, novelist, critic, father
children, and definitely hetero-
explains in his introduction,
eves that Mr. White's unhap-
his inability to make a suc-
any close human relationship
ie to his self-confessed sadism
need to have love proved by
g the person loved. There are
of an intellectual sadism, in-
n this record of an intellectual
ship—and the friendship came
o foundering—when Mr. White
onestly" compelled to say ex-
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lant vitality makes itself vividly
His childhood, his interest, as
th, in too many things to con-
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servant (which taught him to
), and finally his coming into
wn as author and as person are
flected in his own writings and
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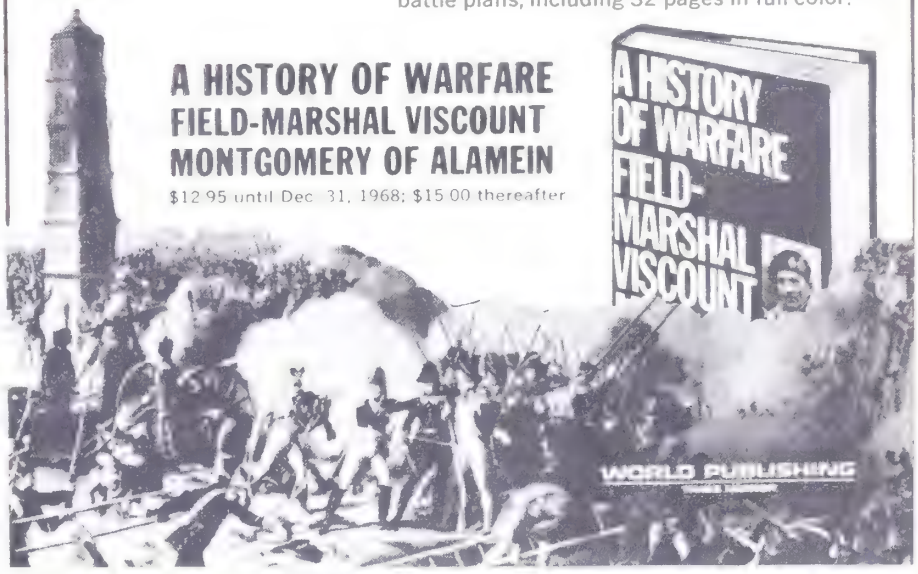
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BOOKS IN BRIEF

Cary; the controlled fictitious me oir by Mr. Cozzens; and the Ga tt-White biographical correspon ce disciplined so satisfyingly by its wn letter form, turning to Mr. Conn y's memoirs is like a leap into anec tal chaos. Obviously Mr. Connelly ha had an interesting life and has kn w many of the most interesting p ple of his times, particularly in the lit- erary and theatrical worlds. H s often extremely amusing about t se worlds and the people in them in cluding himself, but one comes a ay from the book—or stops anywher in the middle—feeling that it's very ice superficial storytelling, the wor o an excellent anecdotalist, but one a no sense of knowing the people—ll shall we say, in depth? The b k ground, the internal knitting a would give it coherence and body st aren't there. It lacks connective is sue. . . . He even dares to retell a in the countless-times-told story of he beginnings of the Algonquin Ro nd Table as if no one had read it bef e. He tells us, straight-faced, that Mus- solini was famous for making he Italian trains run on time; there a sentimental paragraph about m t- ing the original of A. A. Mil 's Christopher Robin; and on the s b- ject of the playwrights of the 'tw n- ties he speaks this way: "Sev al talented American playwrights m le themselves well known in the 'tw n- ties. O'Neill will presumably be e longest remembered. From Phila l- phia came the facile and very w y George Kelly, whose niece Grace is not unknown." Etc.

But when he talks of his theatr l collaborations with George Kaufm n and especially of his production f *Green Pastures* he is on his o n ground, and as the narrative ga s unashamed involvement on Mr. C - nelly's part, the reader, too, becon s involved.

Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $5 5

For those who are looking f more contemporary, less literary ography, two stories about t Beatles have just been publish Julius Fast's *The Beatles*, subtit *The Real Story*, is published by P nam's, $5.95. Hunter Davies' *T Beatles*, subtitled *The Authoriz Biography*, is published by McGra Hill, at $6.95. Both books have s teen pages of photographs.

e **forming Arts** *by Gerald Weales*

E NEW PLAYWRIGHTS: OLLISION COURSE

ear (September 1967), *En-* printed still another of those a ("Intellectuals and Just) which it and *Partisan Re-*) love—collections of mini- which give an inaccurate on of the talents of the par- s and, at the same time, fail ely at any cumulative effect. zamuely, lecturer in politics niversity of Reading, despite ips because of his intellectual itical hang-ups, managed to ew words that are obliquely to this review: "Today the ssive' intellectual appears to solved himself from having ie his case, from collecting ts, mastering the evidence, hing his opponent point by . . it is quite sufficient to cry .!'—and a great emotional swell of instant images and associations will effectively out any timid voices asking of."

ion Course, recently at the dway Actors Playhouse, was a brother to the symposium illustration, in another sphere, nuely's complaint. "An Omni- Plays," as the subtitle said, *n Course* consisted of eleven lays by twelve authors, per- —quite well—by a company of players—three women, four nder the direction of Edward . As the editor of *New Thea- America* and as director for w Theatre for Now at the Paper Forum in Los Angeles *Collision Course* began as *ene*), Parone was presumably osition to bring together the n-Establishment dramatic tal- r an evening that could show matically, where we are now. of these playwrights—Jean-Claude van Itallie, Israel Horovitz, Lanford Wilson, Rosalyn Drexler—have already moved, with varying degrees of success, from off-off-Broadway to off-Broadway; one—Terrence McNally—has had an interesting Broadway failure (*And Things That Go Bump in the Night*) and a musical book which he has disowned (*Here's Where I Belong*); two—historian Martin Duberman and cartoonist Jules Feiffer—have come into the theater, trailing reputations from other disciplines; the rest—Leonard Melfi, Harvey Perr, Robert Patrick, Sharon Thie, Jack Larson—were known primarily for their work off-off-Broadway and in the more adventurous companies around the country.

One of the happiest developments in the American theater in the last ten years is the emergence of the short play as a viable form. No longer bound by the old 8:40 to 11:00 limitations, nor servicing the audience that dictated that parcel of time, playwrights are free to work at any length they want without the nagging suspicion that an unorthodox length may make production impossible. Not that there is any innate aesthetic virtue in the short form; it can be as facile and foolish (think of Robert Anderson's *You Know I Can't Hear You When the Water's Running*), as sentimental, as pretentious, even—in its way—as garrulous as the full-length play. It is simply that it makes greater sense for the material rather than custom to dictate the playing time.

In the case of *Collision Course*, most of the plays were very short, not much longer than revue sketches, which brings me back to the symposium with which I opened this review. Reading a symposium like the one in *Encounter* is at once a comfortable and a disappointing experience. The pieces are so short that one has no time really to be bored by them—there's always another opinion in the wings—but the total effect is kaleidoscopic, a jumble in which the soundest ideas and the sharpest turns of phrase are lost in a generalized mélange. *Collision Course* was probably not put together on the *Martin and Rowan Laugh-In* formula—if a joke does not work it does not matter because the show has already moved on to a second, a third, a fourth—but the effect was much the same. Item by item, I was not impatient with *Collision Course*, but I came away nagged by a sense of insufficiency and found that with one exception all the plays had run together in my mind.

The reason is implicit in both the present and the earlier title. *The Scene* suggested that there is a verifiable tone to contemporary life, and *Collision Course* defines that tone as disastrous. America, in 1968, according to this evening of plays (an omnibus named despair), can be characterized in terms of conformism, failed communication, lack of love, guilt, fear of the bomb, suspicion, hate, incipient violence, indifference. Although there are inventive dramatic metaphors in these eleven plays, most of the dramatists—like Tibor Szamuely's progressives—work on the apparent assumption that a simple reference—to the bomb, to TV

Mr. Weales teaches at the University of Pennsylvania and is the author of "A Play and Its Parts" and other books. His next one, "The Jumping-off Place," to be published next spring, will touch on some of the people mentioned here.

—will release in the audience a preset pattern of emotions and attitudes and that this communal self-indulgence is the result of legitimate dramatic manipulation.

The best example in *Collision Course* of this kind of play is *Thoughts on the Instant of Greeting a Friend on the Street* by Jean-Claude van Itallie and Sharon Thie. In it, a man and a woman pass one another. He turns back to say hello and repeats his phrase of greeting over and over as a background to her monologue about an affair or a marriage that has come to an end; then she answers, her repeated response becoming in its turn the background for his nervous ruminations about impending doom in a bomb-menaced world.

There is truth of a sort in the piece. People do have a way of letting their preoccupations keep them from responding to the simplest invitation to affection or friendship. Yet, the effect of the play is totally false. The girl's monologue is what was once called ladies'-magazine writing and the man's speech is a maudlin example of the kind of emotional signal I have been talking about. What van Itallie and Miss Thie have presented is a single visual image (the frozen moment, the characters half-turned toward one another) as their dramatic vehicle, but riding in it are nothing more than skeletal notes on a complicated situation. An artist like Ingmar Bergman—to take an example for whom I have no great fondness—could have used either monologue as the starting point for a complicated film that was at once a presentation and an analysis; think, for instance, of *Winter Light* as an extension of the bomb-worrier. The interesting thing about any comparison between *Thoughts* and *Winter Light* is not that it is unfair (because of the difference in medium and length), but that it is irrelevant. Van Itallie and Miss Thie, both of whom have worked with Joseph Chaikin's Open Theatre, apparently share that organization's indifference to intellectual and psychological drama; as Chaikin said in an interview in the *Tulane Drama Review* (Winter 1964), "We aren't afraid of ideas and means that are naïve and primitive." This was already clear in van Itallie's highly successful *America Hurrah*, in which the opening play, *Interview*, was composed completely of banal indication lines; the second, *TV*, depended on the most ordinary kind of parody; and the third, *Motel*, was impressive because its use of the gigantic doll figures oversl the purposely flat catalogue monologue that accompanied

If *Thoughts* is an almost example of the stereotype communication play, there w ers in *Collision Course* that it for honors. Lanford Wils has published two collection plays and who is better know author of schmaltzy multi-c works (*Balm in Gilead*) and of off-off-Broadway's most ful plays, the portrait of a queen, *The Madness of Lady* contributes *Wandering*, "a t the published version labels i two of the three performer abrupt switches to become t changing accuser (a wife, a a friend), disapproving of t tral character's refusal to c Rosalyn Drexler (author of lentlessly cunning *Home Mov* fered *Skywriting*, in which a quarreling over the possessio symbolic picture postcard, re stereotypical empty marriag rone staged it so that t players face front, directing the audience the lines and g which, presumably, would be a partner with whom real co cation is impossible. Harvey whose *Upstairs, Downstairs* Jewish-family play that tried vert *tsouris* into existential a provides a parable about calling, *Jew!*, in which the character at once deplores a tills hate while in the back two armed men shout insults another from stage (and pol Right and Left. Robert Pa *Camera Obscura* is little more clever device—a couple talkin some kind of television-pho which a ten-second delay is nec before an answer can be giv illustrate the way people are rated by our mechanical wor Jules Feiffer's *The Unexpu Memoirs of Bernard Mergen* played completely in blackou hero learns to enjoy sex by de that it *is* dirty; *Memoirs* ma to be at once an emptiness-of play and a comic comment o type, and, thus, pushes the into perspective. Other standar riations on the non-communi play in *Collision Course* are:



"I can still remember when you used to die laughing at Elvis Presley!"

ERFORMING ARTS

ntasy (Leonard Melfi's *Stars ripes*); the play of menace ice McNally's *Tour* and Mar- erman's *Metaphors*); and the old-fashioned anecdotal play n explanation tacked on for rners (Jack Larson's *Chuck*). sisting that most of *Collision* represented not experimenta- d excitement but the new con- , I do not want to suggest lacks incidental virtues. Feif- es and some of Miss Drexler's nny; Patrick's device is tarily attractive; McNally's s are sharply drawn, if con- al, cartoons; Duberman's in- conveys an interesting sense nchored evil.

, of course, there is that h play, the one with style and nough to stand out from the The management apparently ized that Israel Horovitz's *Rats* best of the lot because, like a ille headliner, it brings down al curtain. A rodent variation *Master Builder*, it concerns nfrontation between two rats— , the aging tough who fought y to the top, and Bobbie, the punk from Greenwich who to ingratiate himself with and to challenge the big-timer. , having grown soft (or sensi- lives in affectionate closeness a black baby. To protect the he kills Bobbie, and just as ns this doubtful victory, the truggles to his feet and, point- his self-elected savior, cries, my! Daddy! Rats!" Both rats aby were played by grown men was at first a little disconcert- ut—largely because Tom Rosqui o convincing a rat, his arms ng like forepaws—this initial was quickly crossed. The play ny in the introductory meeting e two rats and is effectively tic when the showdown comes. d that, it uses its unlikely ma- to make a strong and rather oint about one of the prevail- titudes in the Negro commun- about protective paternalism outside. Horovitz, whose *The n Wants the Bronx* was one of ost effective off-Broadway of- gs of the 1967-68 season, was ost commanding voice in *Col- Course*. Perhaps we really have nto something in his work. [ ]

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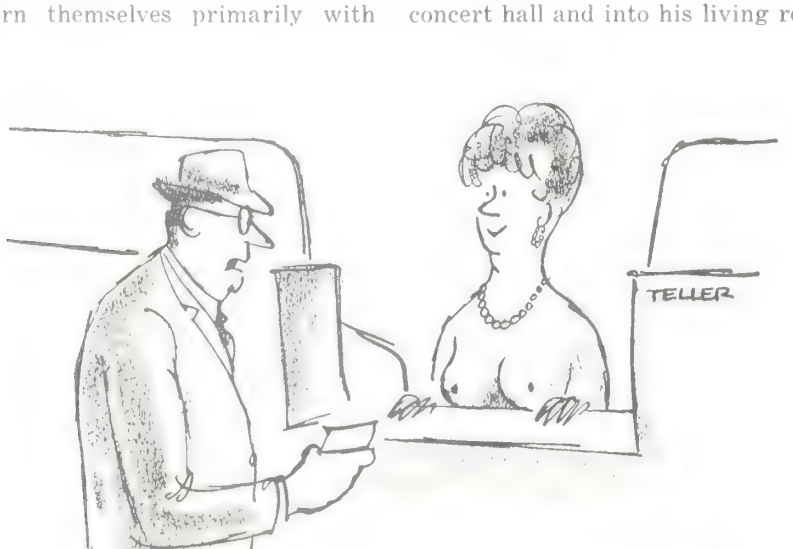
THE SCANDAL OF REPERTORY

Caution: Current lazy symphonic programming is driving the music lover out of the concert hall and into his living room.

Everybody knows the last three Tchaikovsky symphonies. But the man did, after all, compose six symphonies (seven, if the reconstructed E flat Symphony is admitted into the canon), and it is seldom that the early ones are heard in concert. The first three symphonies have recently been issued, and they serve to remind the music lover that today's programming of major orchestras is a downright scandal. Why don't we ever get to hear these attractive works, and dozens of others that one might mention?

We don't get them because too many orchestras are governed by box-office considerations. We don't get them because conductors today, by and large, are intellectually lazy and physically overworked. In action today are a handful of great veterans, George Szell and the like, who concern themselves primarily with the bread-and-butter works of the past, with a few obligatory modern compositions thrown in to keep the franchise. Or we have conductors who go along, running from orchestra to orchestra, with only the rudiments of a repertory. Or we have young conductors on the way up, content to repeat the same things over and over again. The active repertory seems to be congealing into a few works performed ad nauseum, supplemented by what seems to be the latest fashion (in the last decade it has been Mahler and Bruckner). Conductors have to take charge of a full season, like to guest-conduct, and spend their spare time making records. Naturally they have little time to learn new repertory. The whole thing is a disgrace.

At least on records there is a chance to become acquainted with the repertory. It is one of today's technological ironies that symphonic programming as currently practiced in the United States is driving the intelligent music lover out of the concert hall and into his living room.



"Good Lord, Miss Mayberry! I had no idea the banking business was getting so competitive."

No full study has been made o phenomenon, but it is clear people are sinking more and money into their hi-fi equipmen record collections than ever be money that previously helped port a local orchestra or co series. Those who are mainta that the symphony orchestra is have a point. But the death o orchestra, or of live music in eral, can perhaps be attributed to the institution itself, which if given the chance, be as vita meaningful as it ever was, but t attitude of the Establishment. osity, exploration, vitality—all throttled in the economic-aest setup. Thank God for records.

End of lecture. Several years Lorin Maazel was the conducto a big album of all six Tchaiko symphonies. Now we have a Rus view of the first three, with Yev Svetlanov conducting the U. S. Symphony Orchestra (Angel 40 59, three individual discs, one phony per disc). Svetlanov proaches the music in altogeth different manner from Ma Where the latter is literal, contro precise, the former is romantic, orful, inclined to give the orche freer rein. Both approaches are their way, valid. But Svetlanov' closer to the nineteenth centu and, after all, the symphonies nineteenth-century works.

No. 1 *(Winter Dreams)* was c posed in 1866 and rewritten in 1 It is the most nationalistic of Tchaikovsky symphonies, and the clumsiest. Tchaikovsky was trying to follow classic models, he had not yet bent them to his v At that the music has a good of individuality, and the mat Tchaikovsky comes through—in unmistakable idiomatic orchest sound, in the ballet-like feeling third movement even has a wa like middle section), in the shape the melodies.

No. 2 *(Little Russian)* dates fr 1872 (revised, 1879), and is a laxed, wonderfully melodic work w an especially delightful last mo ment. No. 3 *(Polish)* gets its na from the last of its five movemen a polonaise. The score was compos in 1875. It is still immature, wh considered against the last th

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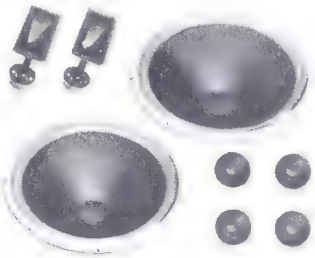
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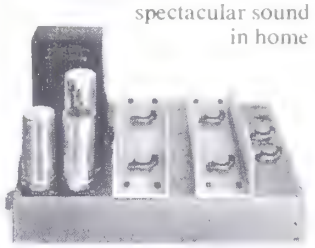
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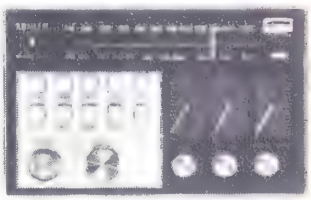


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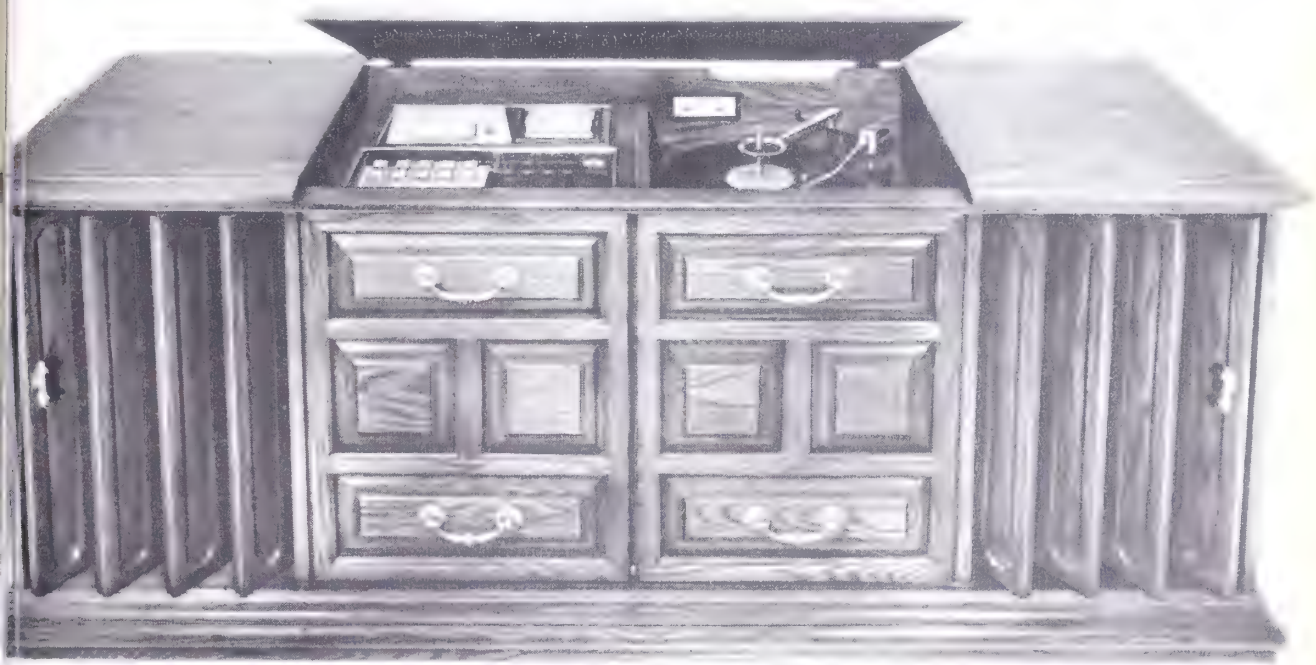




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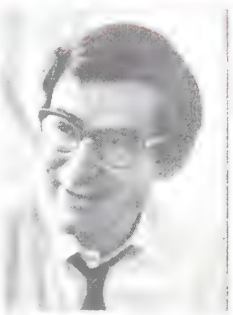
POLITICS AS IT REALLY IS

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The nation's most exciting—and controversial—writer reports on the comportment and performance of the Democratic and Republican parties at their quadrennial shebangs. This brilliant, instructive essay marks Mailer's first appearance in *Harper's* since *The Steps of the Pentagon* roused such a passionate response last spring.

DAVID HALBERSTAM: ON LOWENSTEIN



Damned by the New Left as a "self-seeker," an "opportunist," and even a "CIA agent" and by the Right as an "unwashed liberal," Allard K. Lowenstein led the movement this spring to dump LBJ. As a dissident Democrat, he has become the spokesman for a new political mind in the country and a fresh force on the national scene.



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MUSIC IN THE ROUND

symphonies, but the immaturity h is the immaturity of genius Th second movement is enchant characteristic dance feeling an the entire work, and the sym is a joy. There is no reason wh it should not be a repertory pie

Or look at other segments repertory—the twentieth ce say. It may turn out that the phonies of Ralph Vaughan Wi will be among the really signi contributions to the literatur composed nine. Of that numbe 4 is occasionally heard, and turns up once in a great while when a British conductor mak American rounds do we hear a the others. Thus Sir John Barb the last time around in New presented the fine **London phony**, and recently he record with the Hallé Orchestra 36478). It is a powerful, large work animated by British mod Vaughan Williams and the spi folk song were never far apart. Sir Adrian Boult, conducting th New Philharmonic Orchestra 36469) can be heard in the **phony No. 6,** filled out on this with **The Lark Ascending,** evocative setting of the Mer poem. The Sixth Symphony is one with the remarkable pianis last movement. Never once do rise above a whisper. American diences should be exposed to Vaughan Williams symphonies the haunting, folk-like No. 5, t post-Romantic sweep of the *Sea* phony, to the introspections of (which Leopold Stokowski i duced to the United States, condu once, and then forgot about).

Vaughan Williams, however, is of fashion, and it will remain f later generation to rediscover as our own generation has been discovering Elgar. Vaughan liams was never in the vangu never espoused fashionable mo causes, never fooled around dodecaphonism. He worked out own language a strong, disso one and he was not to be defl by any temporary craze. His m is authentically big. He did com a great deal of material that will easily stand export. But his s phonies are the real thing, and t belong in the repertory.

USIC IN THE ROUND

ing to a different kind of music, are two discs of light material hould be mentioned before they assed over in the shuffle. One irt Weill's **Dreigroschenoper,** everybody knows as the *Three- Opera*. It has not lacked re- igs, but there is one version is unforgettable. Some years . Charles Adler conducted the s and orchestra of the Vienna Opera in a performance that ifferent from all others in that l outstanding singers. For once nusic was sung, rather than hed (no matter how expertly) cast whose orientation was to g rather than singing. Helge aenge, Alfred Jerger, Rosette y, and Anny Felbermayer were g the singers assembled by r. The disc caused a bit of com- on in its day and finally, after g gone through its life, was ntinued. Now it has been re- d, "electronically channeled for o" (Vanguard 273 SD). Purists t to rechanneling monophonic , and they should. The entire ise is dishonest. But in this in- e the performance is the thing counts. If you like the *Three- y Opera* and who doesn't?—this e one to get.

ie other fun disc is also a re- e, and contains Gottschalk's **A t in the Tropics** and **Tarantelle Piano and Orchestra**, with Mor- Gould's slick and dated **Latin- erican Symphonette** on the re- e of the disc (Vanguard 275 . Gottschalk wrote these pieces nd 1860. The Tarantelle is an able tintype, and one of those ly things that make a listener kle with pleasure. But the two- ement *Night in the Tropics* sym- ny is a good deal more. The first ement is a well-planned piece of antic nature painting, with es of Berlioz, among others. It really important work. And the movement, a peppy Latin- erican dance, is amazing. In its histication—especially rhythmic histication—it could have been tten today. Nobody alive in 1859 ept Gottschalk wrote music for phony orchestra like this, and it s prophetic, far in advance of its ie. Far more modern, as a matter fact, than the Gould score com- ed nearly a century later. [ ]



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Harper's PUZZLE

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(Solution to Harper's Puzzle No appear in the November issue. I lution to last month's Puzzle consult Table of Contents.)

Acrostickler® No. 3

by Henry Allen

(1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
(2) When an answer consists of two or more words, numbers in parentheses following the clue indicate each word's length.
(3) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
(4) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.

A
24 16 52 152 6 74 34 42 162 62
Capital; early American having the Acrostician's title.

B
60 140 82 44 164 48 46 26 124
196 92 In the manner of natural forces.

C
120 94 40 112 184 7 "And hope, once crushed, less quick to _____ anew." Arnold, "Thyrsis."

D
20 182 78 100 68 142 72 218 36 148
"Captain is a good _____ name, so I take it." Farquhar, "The Beaux' Strategem."

E
38 18 121 168 174 105 158 176 98 4 219
"Semper Fidelis" is its motto. Perhaps it was the Acrostician's right arm (6,5).

F
12 108 110 214 172 144 126 220 118 A careless omission.

G
28 188 224 208 54 86 170 194 114 156
"Daughter of Jove, _____ power, Thou tamer of the human breast." Gray, "Hymn to Adversity."

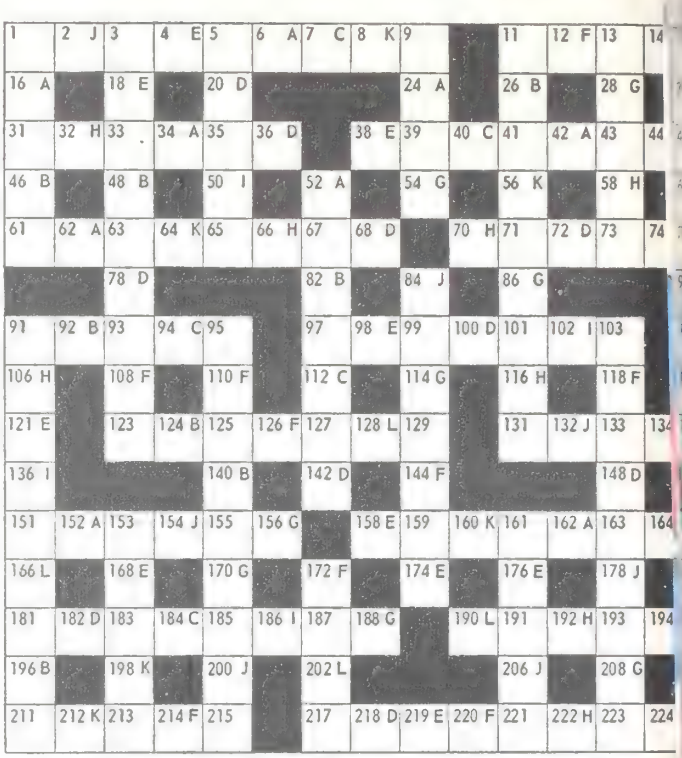
H
14 58 32 222 192 106 70 66 116 "My _____ far within Weeps incessantly for my sin." Blake, "My Spectre around Me Night and Day."

I
50 136 102 90 186 "I would let the clever ones learn _____ as an honour." Churchill, "My Early Life."

J
2 206 84 180 154 178 132 200
Peripatetic.

K
8 56 134 30 212 160 198 210 64 Japanese.

L
166 202 128 190 Hungarian name for the Danube.



ACROSS

1. You may find a camp sign to carry out the plans of the Acrostician.
11. Senior clergyman takes American poet with an afterthought.
31. The H.Q. of the Acrostician moved as in "go."
38. To suspend progress; to stencil tide's partner.
61. It goes around a letter but keeps love under the hammer.
70. Is before fifty, and that means the last two thirds surrounded by water.
91. Soulless creature of the air may be like a graceful female.
97. Ties itself to one vast car.
123. It's characterized by refined taste and gets tan with glee.
131. Inappropriate and unsuitable paint.
151. The lion's cubs need aid in two directions.
158. Crone about to nod is one who makes allowances.
181. Once, darn it, is enough for shooting supplies.
190. Semi-precious stones worth a thousand bucks at sea.
211. Distinguished portrayer of crime or role he set in cinema.
217. Smile about the hand, but manage badly.

DOWN

1. The system in India tha back a century.
3. The throttle? Viva le (4,5).
5. An island system that i to the good.
9. The cygnet's parent wo ugly duckling.
11. Native of the sub-cont who has a pain(ful) task.
13. The page of printer's co which a new sheet be Italian feminine first.
15. The fastest is deepest, t
52. Railroad train that is e ordinary.
84. Does this strong defer position make it a snob?
91. A toy stuffed with cha cheap plaything (5,4).
95. A metal piece to prevent let it be a help, but not
103. Became dull through inacti so get a stand now.
153. A duck and one deer.
161. I am god, but reversed curtailed, according to be
165. Let's take Charlotte to Ballet!
172. It's found on 103 down and in mists cumulated.

Politics '68

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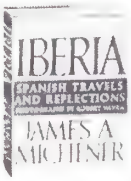
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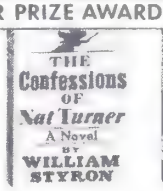
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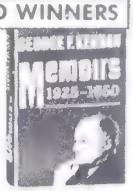
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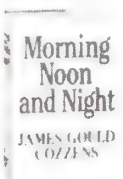
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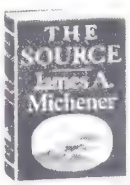
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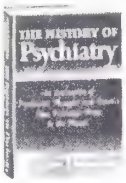
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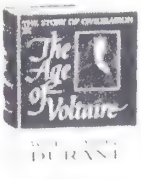
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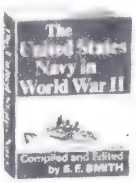
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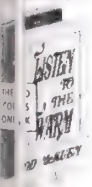
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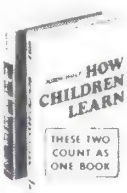
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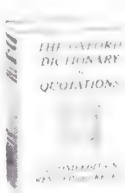
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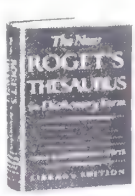
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Letters

University Business

After some twelve years experience in the interlocking areas of higher education and business described by James Ridgeway in your September issue ["Universities as Big Business"], I have a very different view of the system, and of the integrity of my colleagues, than the negative view conveyed by Mr. Ridgeway. But he and I differ on simple facts also. For example, the George Barry who supposedly "quit his job as professor" at Stanford to start a company served, in fact, as an "acting instructor" here for one quarter nine years ago, while a graduate student. He acted as a supplementary adviser for engineering students, received a total compensation for this of $100 and, to the best of our records, did no teaching ever.

Despite our heavy involvement in electronics research, the policy of our department is explicit and in sharp contradiction to Mr. Ridgeway's assertions: in this department *every* professor at *every* rank teaches a regular course *every* quarter. The only courses taught by graduate students are small sub-sections of regular courses, taught by students who want teaching experience, and enrolled in by students who *volunteer* to do so.

Obviously, this country's heavily public-supported educational, research, and business activities should be subject to close public scrutiny and criticism; but the hostile and misinformed stereotypes that are currently prevalent concerning universities do not serve this purpose.

A. E. SIEGMAN
Prof. of Electrical Engineering
Stanford University
Stanford, Cal.

Mr. Ridgeway comments:

I erred in conferring the title of Professor on Mr. Barry. However, until 1967 he was employed as a Senior Research Associate in the Stanford University Electronics Laboratory at a salary of $20,000 a year. His activities were the subject of an article in the *Wall Street Journal* of March 13, 1967, titled "More Professors Put Campus Lab Theories to Work in Own Firms."—J. R.

I thoroughly enjoyed Mr. Ridgeway's article. Unfortunately it contains a minor factual error. . . . The Yale Corporation member and banker is J. Richardson Dilworth. The former Mayor and current school board president of Philadelphia is Richardson Dilworth. They are second cousins. . . .

STEPHEN B. BEDRICK
Brookline, Mass.

If Mr. Ridgeway's forthcoming book is properly represented in his article we can all be reassured. . . . When an investigator must struggle so hard and hypothecate possible circumstances where wrongdoing might conceivably occur . . . ; when he must hark back to the situation at the University of Michigan where Eugene Powers, one of the University's most generous donors, was so unfairly smeared that even the student paper was ultimately embarrassed about the affair; when he must rely again and again on innuendo and hyperbole in the absence of cool fact, things must not be as bad as one might have feared.

CURTIS K. STADTFELD
Eastern Michigan U.
Ypsilanti, Michigan

Philadelphia Story

It's too bad that in the course of comparing New Orleans with other cities ["New Orleans Mon Amour," September] Walker Percy has to indulge in the ancient and discredited sport of Philadelphia-baiting. It is all the more distressing since his dislike stems from nothing more substantial than getting lost while trying to avoid the city and not getting directions from anyone.

If Mr. Percy had stayed a little longer he might have found that besides Benjamin Franklin and Connie Mack (both transplanted New Englanders) Philadelphia was and is the home of Dr. Benjamin Rush, Thomas Eakins, Marian Anderson, Joseph Clark, Wilt Chamberlain, and Joey Bishop, among others. Had he ventured a few blocks beyond Independence Hall, he would have seen fine examples of both urban renewal and restoration of historic areas. . . . Maybe the best thing that could happen to Mr. Percy would be to win the proverbial second prize of two weeks in Philadelphia.

HARRY CYL DER
Philadelphi Pa

WASP Medi na

Recently I rejected your offer re- new my subscription. . . . I was gry at the insistence placed on sex in one issue and told you I was done with Harper's. Which I am not. I hav finished reading aloud to my wi the story of the Air-evac. ser an ["Walking Wounded," by John ar Gerald, August]. This is the st want to see put in front o the WASPs, the affluent, the satisfie So take my check and forge- myl spleen.

PAUL E. Jac
Caldwell.

Frontier Ha

Larry McMurtry ["Take My S From the Wall," September] ha contributed a stimulating arti t that literature of our national tho which sees the conflict between di minished rural, frontier ethic, a a emerging urban style of life. E i the "religion" of the cowboy a de picted by Mr. McMurtry really ucl different from that of other men h also lived close to the earth? I am no certain that the author's comm nt would be less true of the sailor on his ship or the Biblical nomad a his sheep. The cowboy had his h se but isn't the author saying that us have lost a great deal in our ur septic, artificial, mechanical u an culture? There may have been io lence in the life of the cowboy, bu an it the same scurrilous savagery o un educated, sophisticated soci Whatever else can be said of the w boy (as hero or myth), he was fo ec to learn how to live and how to d am not sure we presently know m ch about either and that may be the w boy's greatest appeal. . . .

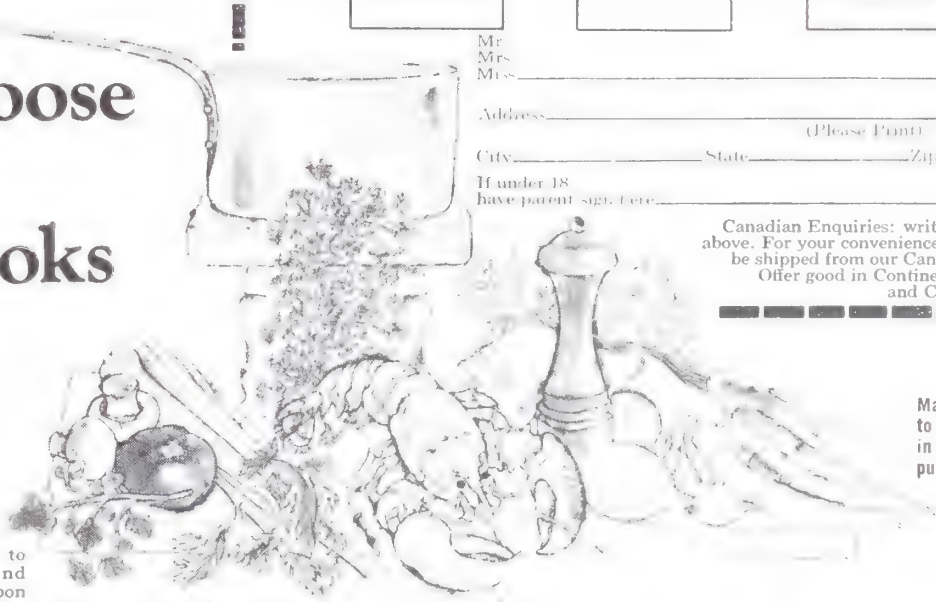
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Shal

Chris Welles seems to feel ha there is a plot by the oil indust to prevent the development of h fuels from shale ["Oil Shale: Hi Scandal or Inflated Myth?" Aug . . . He has chosen to imply tha h

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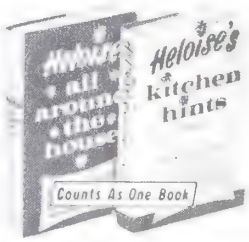
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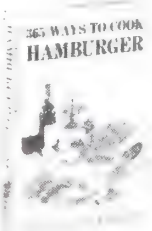
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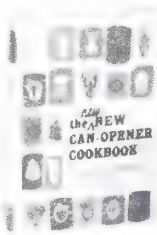
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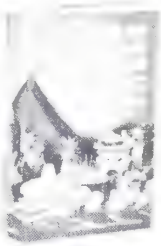
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LETTERS

purchase by Gulf of $120 worth of convertible deben the Union Oil Company of Ca was used as a means of per Union to abandon its resea oil shale.

Nothing could be further f truth. Gulf purchased the deb of the Union Oil Company ultimate aim of acquiring Un merging Union into the Gulf poration. This program wa doned at the request of the ment of Justice, and the deb were sold back to Union.

The fact is that Union was crude oil from Gulf under a lo contract prior to the purchas debentures and has continue crude oil from Gulf since the tures were sold back to Unio matter of common sense, it is onable to assume that Union buy crude from Gulf or anyon it could produce an equivale material at a comparable pri shale. Concerning its activit decisions, Union must speak self. . . .

The simple fact concerning development in this country we do not at the present time a commercial process which able us to produce oil from sh price competitive with crude from shale involves economic

---

SONG FROM ASOKA

(Martin, Malcolm, Medgar)

by Stanley Crouch

In this waterless land,
in this plain baked pale,
somber in a hot darkness,
ignorant to the Spirit,
tissues broken by bullets,
great men land on balconies,
or blasted backwards from
podiums in Harlem,
or staining their own drivewa
as their wives and children
hit the floor at the sound.
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for the street, of the citizens,
sometimes the sun drops:
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cal, and technological proble tremendous magnitude, but in view oil shale does represent the United States' largest reser energy and will undoubtedly b mercially developed when th nomic climate is right.

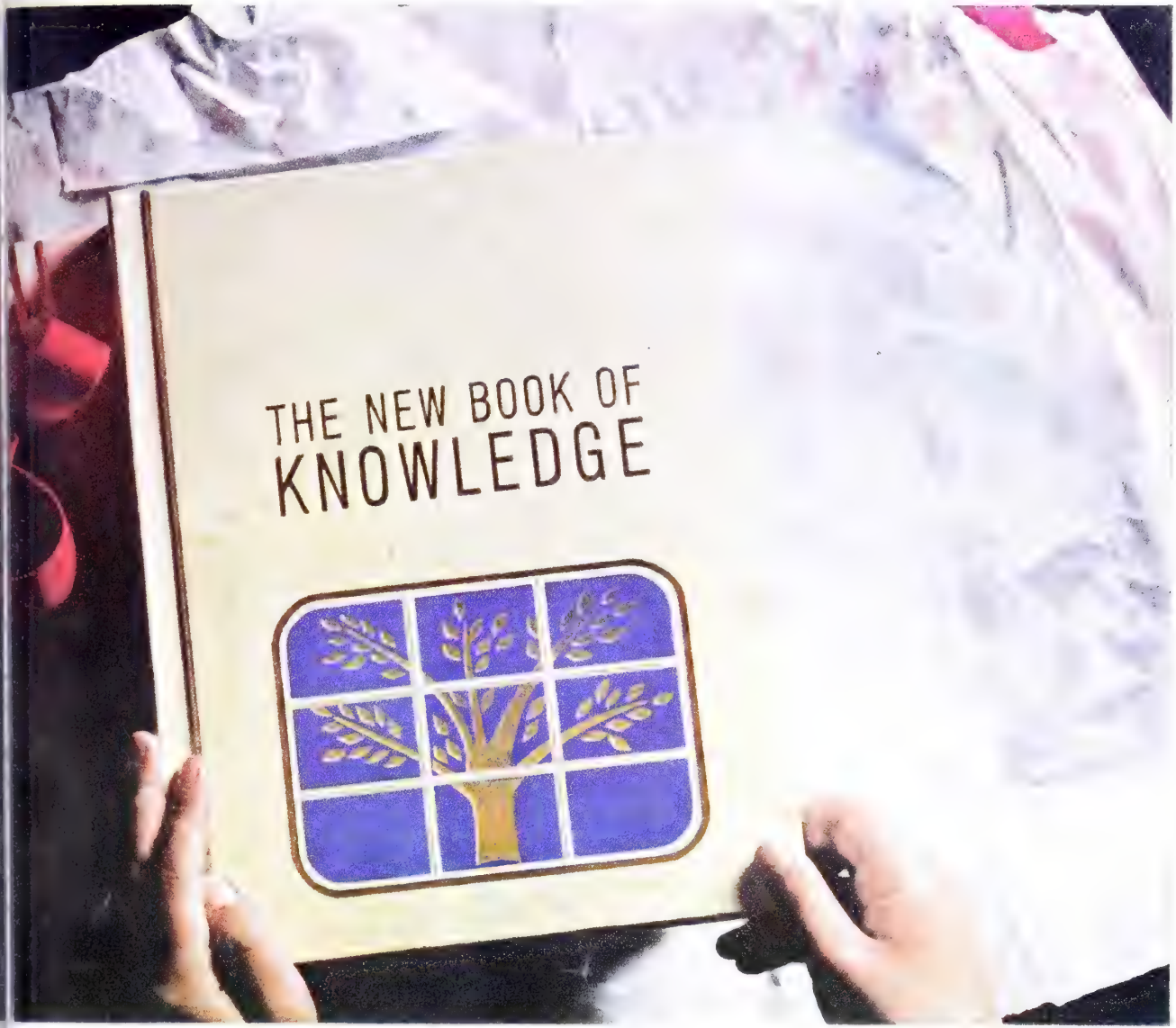
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E. D. BRO
Gulf Oil Corpo
Pittsburg

Mr. Welles comments:

Mr. Brockett's letter, and tha Mobil Oil printed in last m *Harper's*, both ignore the core charges against the oil indust all the untapped energy source oil shale has the potential for d undermining the carefully crude oil price structure whi key to the industry's almost u leled profitability. Gulf's conce my article is understandable. sessor of vast worldwide cr serves, it would have much to an inexpensive commercial pr produce oil from shale were dev the government were forced up its vast shale holdings to d ers, perhaps not associated wit terests, and cheap shale oil b a flood into the marketplace un ting conventional crude. Desp Brockett's alleged regret that not at the present time possess mercial process" the company feelings are shown by the fa it has spent only the tiniest sm research to come up with such ess. Last February, a company man admitted to me that "we spending any money on shale present time."

Mr. Brockett's chronology o relationship with Union does fer materially with mine. wrong, though, in weighi choices facing Union. It w ously much more enticing to which needs constant supplies side crude, to sign a long-te tract to buy crude from G engage in a costly shale deve program, especially when a tractive merger with Gulf la horizon.



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ne purists may scream. But Cleveland's uarterback calls plays with a computer.

nk Ryan says pre-game plotting with a General Electric e-sharing computer helps the Browns win ball games.

Third down, six yards to go. Frank Ryan called, "86 slot cross."
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a computer analyzed specific game situations. Then it fed back
the best play to call—"86 slot cross."
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e Easy Chair *by John Fischer*

LAZARUS TWINS IN PENNSYLVANIA:

Scranton and Wilkes-Barre Are Rising the Dead

ny first glimpse of Scranton illy 7:00 A.M. in October of rom the back platform of Stevenson's campaign train. wo hundred people had gath- the railway yard to hear him e first of a day-long series of stop speeches, and a sorry hey were. Out-of-work coal bleary and unshaven, a few hands, a scattering of tired- women shivering inside their ts. Stevenson spoke for about minutes, assuring them that re not forgotten, that if he ected President he would do ng to rescue Scranton and r dying towns of Appalachia. pplause sounded polite but nced.

e train pulled out, Stevenson to the pair of speech writers re assigned to the train for eek, to outline briefly the e wanted covered in the com- stle-stops of the day—seven- them, if I remember rightly. s we rolled past the smolder- e dumps at the edge of town, ght back for a moment to nises he had just made. "My e said, "what could anybody the poor devils stuck in a rd like Scranton?"

n't know. But it did occur to the sensible thing might be rybody just to walk away e place and start again in ss hopeless location. So far ld tell from the boarded-up nts and sagging tenements, n was stricken beyond re-

ame idea was occurring at at time to a good many of lents. They were leaving by sands, usually heading for phia, New York, Cleveland, or Chicago. Like its twin city, Wilkes-Barre, and scores of villages in their surrounding hills, Scranton had existed for only one reason: to dig anthracite coal. These towns sat on the richest deposit of hard coal anywhere, and up until World War I they had been chipping out nearly a hundred million tons a year. But by 1952 most Americans were learning that it was cheaper and easier to heat their homes with gas and fuel oil—so, one by one, the mines of Northeastern Pennsylvania were closing down. As a consequence, the area lost more than a fifth of its population within three decades, and at the time of my first visit there seemed no reason why the slide should ever stop.

A few weeks ago I went back for another look, because I had heard that, miraculously, the slide *had* stopped—that in fact Scranton and Wilkes-Barre are becoming boom-towns with growing populations and even a shortage of labor. They also had been commended to me as examples of what is happening as a result of a curious experiment in government—the Appalachian Regional Commission—which I wrote about here last month, and I wanted to see for myself how the experiment works.

When I drove down U. S. 6 into the Lackawanna Valley, it was hard to believe that anything had really changed. The landscape still looks spooky, like a TV science-fiction planet. Culm heaps—the mountainous dumps of slate and low-grade coal discarded from the mines—are still smoldering with internal hard-to-put-out fires. More smoke seeps out of fissures in the earth, marking underground fires in abandoned mines. Some of them, such as the one at Laurel Run, have been burning for fifty years. The surface above is literally scorched earth, and it is liable at unpredictable moments to cave into the inferno. Other mines there have been flooded by subterranean streams which are gradually eroding the supporting pillars. While I was there, the earth shuddered and sank a few inches under two blocks of a Scranton suburb. The chief of the state Department of Mines—who has the charming name of Dr. H. Beecher Charmbury—took a careful look, shook his head, and advised forty-one homeowners to move. Nothing can be done, he said, to save their homes.

For many buildings in the old mining towns, such a disappearance would seem more of a mercy than a tragedy. Most of them were put up around the turn of the century, and have been growing shabbier and more dilapidated ever since. A few neighborhoods do have a certain wistful grace: for example, the waterfront of Wilkes-Barre. Unlike most American river towns, it has kept a good stretch of its shore in parkland, and facing this park the coal barons in their day of glory built a row of magnificent Gingerbread Gothic mansions.* These have now been converted into classrooms for Wilkes College, which is thus saving a notable architectural relic.

*Typically they were inhabited by mine managers. The owners lived on Philadelphia's Rittenhouse Square or New York's Fifth Avenue; although some of them became noted philanthropists, not one so far as I can discover ever sent a penny back into the coal country where their money came from. (An exception is the Scranton family; it stayed in the town to which it gave its name, and has been generous both with its money and with hard work in civic causes.)

but only a few blocks away the shacks where the miners once lived, row after dreary row of them, are clearly beyond salvage.

Moribund as they looked to me on that cold morning in 1952, the coal towns even then had a spark of life which I did not perceive. A few community leaders had a quixotic notion that they could bring in new industries to take the place of coal, and they were stubbornly trying to raise money to finance such development. Much of it came in nickels and dimes, from shoe clerks and waitresses and truck drivers as well as businessmen. One campaign in Wilkes-Barre brought in $1,700,000 from 14,000 individual contributors; another in Scranton raised nearly as much in a bare three weeks.

Although the handicaps of the region were plain enough, it also had a few assets that were not so obvious. One was its location, midway between the great urban markets of the Atlantic Seaboard and the Middle West. A third of the nation's population lives within a radius of 250 miles (though they were, in the early 'fifties, hard, mountainous miles over poor roads). Another asset was cheap land, on the hills overlooking the Lackawanna and Susquehanna rivers, and an abundance of water—both potential lures to manufacturers. A third (which the local people don't like to talk about now) was an army of hungry women—the wives, widows, and daughters of unemployed coal miners. Because they were eager to do almost anything, for any wage, and because they were quick to learn needlework, they probably were decisive in attracting the first of the new factories: garment plants from New York.*

Clothing manufacture is still New York City's biggest industry, but it is moving away at the rate of 3 to 5 per cent a year—after cheap labor elsewhere [illegible] is the general misery of doing business in Manhattan—high rents, the difficulties of moving trucks through the congested garment district, constant strikes (subway workers today, teachers or garbage collectors tomorrow), the steadily growing crime rate. Besides, since garment makers have a relatively low investment in [illegible] they find it easy to move.

But to catch the more sophisticated industries—such as electronics, chemicals, and plastics, which would pay better and provide more jobs for men—the towns had to offer something else. The bait they selected was industrial parks. Both Scranton and Wilkes-Barre, working through their Chambers of Commerce, bought up large tracts of land on their outskirts, cleared away the brush and culm heaps, built access roads, and brought in water, sewer, and power lines. They could then go to, say, the Universal Widget Corporation and offer a package deal:

"If you will locate your next factory here, we will lease or sell all the land you need in one of our new industrial parks. We will put up a building to your specifications, with plenty of space for parking and loading your trucks. We also will finance every penny of the construction cost, at low interest. The city will lend 10 per cent of the money needed, the Pennsylvania Industrial Development Authority will put up 40 per cent, and our local banks will take care of the rest. You can then pay off the loans over a twenty-year period, without tying up a cent of your own capital."

To many business firms, this kind of proposition sounded irresistible. Wilkes-Barre alone acquired sixty new plants, thirteen of them operating in its Crestwood Park. Edgar Lashford, the hardheaded character who runs the program for the city's Chamber of Commerce, told me with considerable pride that not one of the thirteen is a garment factory. And, significantly, the town has never yet had to offer the outright subsidies or tax exemptions which have proved so costly to some other industry hunting areas.

Much the same strategy has been used throughout the seven counties which make up the Northeastern Pennsylvania district. As a consequence, the district apparently reached its economic turning point in 1960, when the unemployment rate—then 13 per cent—began to shrink for the first time. Since then 185 new plants have moved into Northeastern Pennsylvania, creating some twenty thousand new jobs and bringing the unemployment rate down below 4 per cent. Among them are a good many well-pai[illegible] technology industries, repres[illegible] such blue-chip concerns as [illegible] Alcoa, RCA, Allied Chemical, [illegible] Illinois, and Chrysler. (A [illegible] example is a publishing [illegible] work for, Harper & Row[illegible] cently completed a new w[illegible] and computer center, employ[illegible] hundred people, in the Keys[illegible] dustrial Park just outside Sc[illegible] The area no longer is losing [illegible] tion. Indeed, it probably wil[illegible] few thousand this year; and [illegible] ing to the new Master Plan [illegible] district—to be examined in [illegible] ment—its population may [illegible] as much as a third before [illegible] of the century.

But let's pause here to r[illegible] facts:

1. The turnaround came p[illegible] because of local efforts, eac[illegible] tugging on its own bootstra[illegible] enough, the capital advanced by [illegible] state's Industrial Developm[illegible] thority was a big help, and job[illegible] nothing would have happene[illegible] nation's economy had not ke[illegible] ing steadily during the last [illegible] But up until 1965 the fede[illegible] ernment had done little, in a[illegible] tematic way, to help lift [illegible] country out of its Slough [illegible] spond. The initial leadershi[illegible] not from politicians or bure[illegible] but from a few long-sight[illegible] nessmen. They are a differe[illegible] from the coal barons of the [illegible] tury—not because they are n[illegible] ily more virtuous, but becau[illegible] have to operate on a long[illegible] scale. The working theory [illegible] mine owners was: "Grab and [illegible] as soon as possible, and nev[illegible] the mess we leave behind." T[illegible] leaders—John S. Davidson, vi[illegible] ident of the Pennsylvania P[illegible] Light Company, is a notabl[illegible] ple—work in ventures whic[illegible] prosper unless the whole con[illegible] prospers, over a span of gene[illegible]

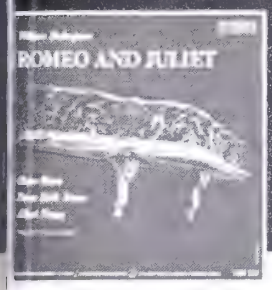
2. The local efforts have n[illegible] about as far as they can go [illegible] town has been competing [illegible]

Mr. Fischer spent much of [illegible] summer traveling through [illegible] chia collecting material for [illegible] tale and for a book about [illegible] current ascendancy in America [illegible] continent.

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But the Rambler is built for America. Which means it seats six regular sized Americans. Comfortably. The typical

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untry has that fights back.

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power and maneuverability you want
on American turnpikes.
It also has a turning circle
of only 36 feet—exactly
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ernment—a state-federal hybri- to carry out this plan. One of its rst acts was to divide the Appalac an region into sixty area-develop nt districts. One of these was N ch- eastern Pennsylvania—and the al- ready existing Development Co cil was designated to serve as the e e- ating arm of the Commission w in that area.

That really put the Counci in business. No longer was it ju a study group, financed with pri te contributions. It now had en federal money to beef up its sta of professional economists and plan rs. More important, it now had po r— the ability to influence future ci- sions on the investment of p lic money throughout the seven c n- ties. Overnight its office had be one place where dozens of fe al programs—for highways, educa n, housing, pollution control, d s, parks, and countless other pur es —could be tied together into a o- herent whole, and meshed into he related efforts of state and al governments.

An awesome responsibility. n- deed, a rather embarrassing e, for a body which had not en elected and was in no way dir ly responsible to the voters. Co e- quently, the Council felt it ha to do something, fast, to establish ts democratic legitimacy. Otherwis it could never hope to make its ci- sions stick; nor could it get coop a- tion from the existing town d county governments, each no ously jealous of its own petty em e.

To this end, the Council r r- ganized its board of directors, br g- ing onto it the chairmen of e y county commission and officials f m each important town, plus a clute of assorted notables—college preside s, labor leaders, Chamber of Comm ce executives, and the like. As a co e- quence, it is now roughly represe a- tive of the local power structure; d it leans heavily on that structure in making its plans and in seeing at they are carried out. Yet, to my - prise, the results have not been ne so stodgy and conservative as ic might expect.

One explanation may be Donald Moyer, the executive director o runs the day-to-day operations the Council. He is, of all thing a

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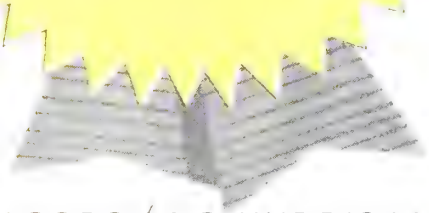
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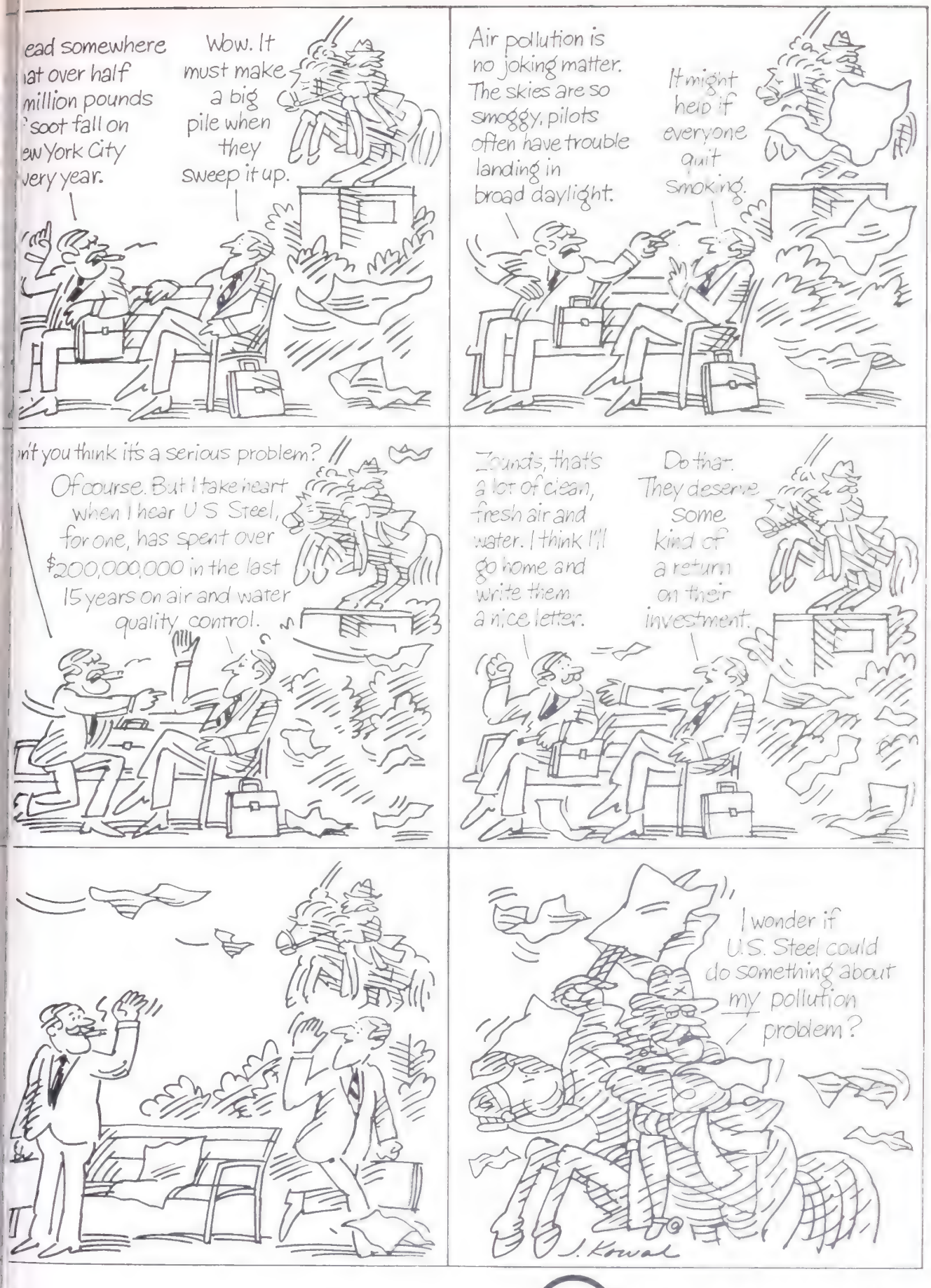
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former Lutheran minister, a still has something of the air of earnest, cherubic young curat is no handicap in that church country, which seems to be ove endowed with congregations, ran ing from Primitive Methodist Russian Orthodox. Moyer also seem to have just the right combinatio of talents for his job: politic sensitivity, tact, a firm grasp of ec nomic realities, administrativ abi ity, and a contagious enthusias His earlier experience include run ning settlement houses in Minneap lis and organizing a neighborhood council in one of Philadelphia's largely Negro suburbs. When began to find the sort of volu do-gooding a little frustratin took some graduate courses in com munity organization and planni Bryn Mawr and looked for closer to the real action. He is not apparently, getting all the accom reasonable man could ask for.

The Council's main accomplis ment has been the production of Overall Economic Development Pro gram for the district. It is a rem dable document, only slightly s all than the Manhattan telephone re tory, and loaded with maps and sta tistical tables. Yet it makes fasc nating reading, because it draws detailed picture of the future Northeastern Pennsylvania, to with explicit instructions for get there.

This master plan begins with brutally candid examination of t district's shortcomings and pro lems. (Poor schools, for exampl Hence a shortage of skilled bo and of candidates for middle-ma agement jobs.) It then lists th things that need to be done to m these ills, indicates who should them, and sets a schedule of pr ties: which jobs should be tackl what order, and where the mon will come from.

The earliest visible change will come with the completion of a hi highway network, opening up still fairly isolated mountain to and sharply cutting the travel ti to New York, Chicago, Pittsbu and New England. This work alr is well along, financed almost ent with state and federal money, in ing special funds from the Ap chian Regional Commission.



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THE EASY CHAIR

One predictable result wil be sharp increase in tourist bu ness Only a small part of North ster Pennsylvania has been rava d b coal mining. The rest is men rabl lovely country, well-foreste an dotted with more than a h dre lakes. All of these will soon b with in easy driving range for vaca ner from Megalopolis—and so will ne lake, thirty-seven miles long no being created by the Tock's Dam near Stroudsburg. It w come the center of the De wa Water Gap National Recre ion Area, designed to serve as a ola ground for more than ten millio vis tors a year. The surroundin lan will be kept in public ownersh fo planned and protected develo nen thus forestalling the chaotic g wt of Kozy Kabins, bait-stand an Hot Dog Eateries which has ine so many once-delightful lak New England.

But to keep the visitors ppy and coming back, Northe ter Pennsylvania will also have to lea up its polluted streams. Conseq ntl new sewage and water systen a listed as high-priority invest nt A special problem here is ate tainted with sulphuric acid hic seeps out of many of the aban me mines, killing fish and staining ver a poisonous brownish-yellow. Tha to do about it is still a puzzle. D in my inquiry there, the stat a nounced a plan for an experi nt distillation plant near Wilkes- ar which would catch some of th seepage and convert it into fiv mi lion gallons a day of ultra water, valuable for a number i dustries. At best, however, it wi take care of only a small pa the acid water now trickling int Susquehanna.

Companion projects are under va to put out the underground level the culm heaps, and rel the moldering slums. Actually he are not so much development a toration projects, aimed at rch ing the damage done by a centu headlong exploitation. They c regarded as deferred payment the Kleenex Era of American p talism, when it was permissibl corporations to use up and di an entire landscape. Neverth such undertakings are indispens not only for the tourists but fo th

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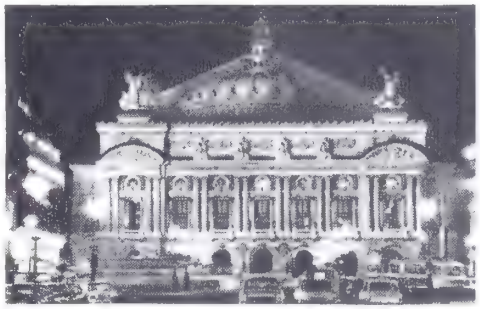


Paris has to offer. Like the Opéra. The Opéra-Comique. The Ballet. The Comédie-Française. Or you can choose the Lido and the Folies Bergère. If feeling the need to fatten your , we'll direct you to the place it—the race track at il. And if that doesn't work, the City of Light, floodlit, is free. Or just for the price of a glass of wine you can enjoy yourself Hemingway style: sitting in a sidewalk café, all day.

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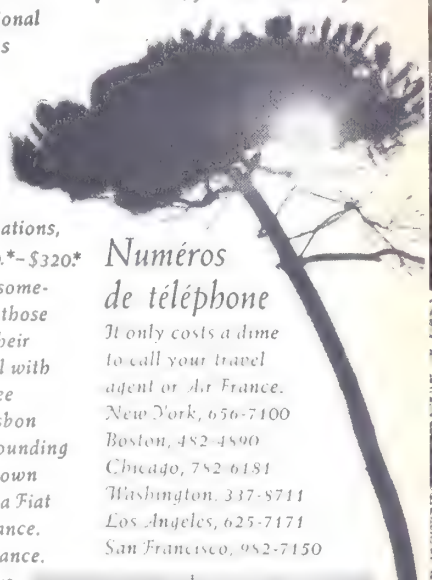
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yond all else, a congenial envir
—a place where their scientis
technologists and junior exe
will be content to settle dow
stay.

This means, of course, not j
agreeable countryside, but
amenities of city life: good
and medical services, theate
galleries, universities, even
chic shops. Some of these ex
embryo in Northeastern Pennsy
—for example, a handful of sm
promising colleges. Using su
isting assets, the plan calls for
build-up of its chief cities. To
plish this, investment will be
concentrated in four natural g
centers. The main one wi
the Scranton–Wilkes-Barre cor
others are Hazelton, Pottsvill
Stroudsburg, the node for the
geoning tourist traffic. Already
are beginning to refurbish the
caying neighborhoods, using
riety of urban-renewal, Model
and public-housing programs.*

Alas, this shirt-cuff summa
the plan is a gross simplific
Its ramifications—scheduling tw
three priorities for everything
flood control to libraries to voca
training—are too complex ev
indicate here. But a few thin
need to be said about its g
character:

1. The plan was not dreame
in Mover's office. It was draft

Northeastern Pennsylvania h
ghettos. What few Negroes there
less than 2 per cent of the populat
are pretty well scattered amon
other ethnic groups: Welsh, Irish,
ian, Polish, Slav, and Slovak descen
of the immigrants who came to w
the mines. At the time of the
Negro migration from the South, th
trict was in the trough of its depre
and offered little in the way of jo
even relief, to attract newcomers. E
its application to Washington for M
Cities money, Wilkes-Barre point
that, now it is on its way up, an i
of Negro residents can be expected
city pledged itself to plan in advan
treat them decently and to make
that they are not pushed into a g
environment. Whether the present
groups will, in fact, prove so welco
is of course another question.

Revealing the Rover 2000 Sports Sedan for 1969

(Only $4,198 complete)



ght with its panels down.

Rover 2000 for 1969 looks just the Rover 2000 for 1968. So, we ght it might be fitting to show it to in its birthday suit. A fresh view. o snap this photo, we had to divest ar of nineteen bolted-on steel aluminum skin panels. We say skin ad of *body* panels because that is tly what they are. Fenders, door ls, hood and trunk lids, roof ring and so forth, are simply a , metal sheath covering the real cture of the car.

ontrary to the usual practice (in h body and chassis are constructed rately and later joined together) Rover 2000 is built as a single rigid . The concept is much like that modern office building whose walls y none of the load, but serve ad merely to keep out wind and ther, to provide privacy and a onably decorative exterior.

p the car and leave the fender.

time some reckless stranger nples the fender of your Rover 0, the whole car doesn't have to go dry-dock for repairs. The mechanic simply unbolts the offended fender and off you go with a perfectly roadworthy if slightly out-of-uniform automobile.

The real virtue of showing the Rover 2000 defrocked, as it were, is that it makes crystal clear one of the main reasons why this car might someday save your life. Not just your life, but those of three passengers as well. That rigid steel girder construction does a bang-up job of protecting the car's occupants in the event of collision.

It is difficult to avoid the subject of safety in discussing any part of this automobile. Every aspect of its design has as its primary or secondary purpose either the prevention of accidents or else preserving life and limb should an accident prove unavoidable. Even the ash-trays are designed to be windproof in the hopes of keeping a stray cinder from flying into the driver's eye.



e Rover 2000 for 1966, 1967, 1968...

The Rover Road to Romance.

The Rover 2000 (which, by the way, comes in two incarnations—TC and Automatic) is a rather thinly disguised sports car. Its official designation as a Sports *Sedan* is due solely to the fact that it boasts two more doors and two more bucket seats than the average sportster. In every other respect—steering, suspension, braking, acceleration, roadworthiness, you name it—the Rover 2000 is calculated to gladden the heart of the enthusiast.

You can buy forgiveness.

The Rover suspension has been called the most "sophisticated" in the world. Radial ply tires and Girling disc brakes are standard equipment on all four wheels. Overall handling qualities are unsurpassed by almost any car at any price. The oddly appropriate technical term for this is forgiving—which means that when road or weather conditions are slightly less than perfect but you misjudge them and unwittingly drive as though they were, the car "forgives" you and handles properly anyway.

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It has been suggested that we missed a bet by making the Rover 2000 neither spectacularly beautiful nor spectacularly ugly. We've been told that people who regard automobiles as their principal mark of status in this world are apt to seek out more exotic-looking machines and even willingly endure the perpetual mechanical ailments such machines may be heir to. We chose to produce a car that is as unassuming, unselfconscious, and anonymous-looking as money and sound engineering could possibly make it. As a result, the Rover owner doesn't buy his car to impress others, but to satisfy himself. He hasn't the least bit of patience with exotic or even plain mechanical troubles—and that is okay with us. If it's okay with you, too, why not amble over to your Rover dealer and insist on a test drive? You'll find the dealer very amenable and the car itself is ditto.

the Rover 2000

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consultation with more than two hundred people, including the planning directors of all seven counties, elected officials, and all the significant interest groups in the district. It also was shaped to fit into the larger plans for economic development now being put together for the state and for the Appalachian Region. Consequently, it is a practical document—acceptable to the power structure, and (unlike some grandiose schemes of academic planners) financially feasible. Moreover, it is designed for ready updating from year to year.

2. It probably would never have been undertaken if it had not been required by the Appalachian Regional Commission and Economic Development Administration in Washington, as a prerequisite for getting federal money. But the upshot is a marked strengthening of the capabilities of local government.

3. The whole planning effort has been astonishingly free of ideological conflict. As recently as ten years ago, it would have been denounced by conservatives as arrant socialism, and by liberals as a sellout to big business. Yet such issues were hardly mentioned by any of the dozens of people I talked to this summer. The main reason, I think, is that the need for a joint effort by government and business had become plain to everybody. Businessmen knew they could not revive the district alone, and the unions and their liberal allies understood very well that most of the desperately needed jobs would have to come from private enterprise.

An example is the local branch of the Pennsylvania Economy League—an outfit founded a generation ago by Joe Pew and a few other reactionaries to fight Big Government and hold down taxes. Today its director for that part of the state, Ray Carmon, is a major supporter of the Development Council. Indeed, he was largely responsible for its present organization and for bringing in Moyer to run it; as a consultant, he still has a major hand in shaping its research programs. He told me, with a grin, that "if old Joe Pew could see what we are doing now, he would flip in his grave." The present business hierarchy has gone along, he suggested, because of the Council's "pragmatic, proble-sol ing approach" and because "w n v lay out all the facts, they pret w speak for themselves; even th mo conservative people can't help eei what needs to be done."

4. Here the whole struct e government is changing fast— it throughout all of Appalachi Th once-clear division between l ler state, and local governmen h disappeared. As Professor ort Grodzins recently remarked, ey longer look like a layer cake, l t a all mixed up together like a arb cake. Indeed, even the dist ct between public and private ent pri is beginning to blur. The D elo ment Council, for instance, ob ously is performing a major ub function. Not only does it p l t gether the investment plans f t maze of town and county gver ments; it also is a potentially ful coordinator for dozens of der programs. Still, more than hal of \$200,000 annual budget comes fro private contributions. And m y its activities—such as prom ion advertising and management en nars—are aimed directly towar hel ing local business.

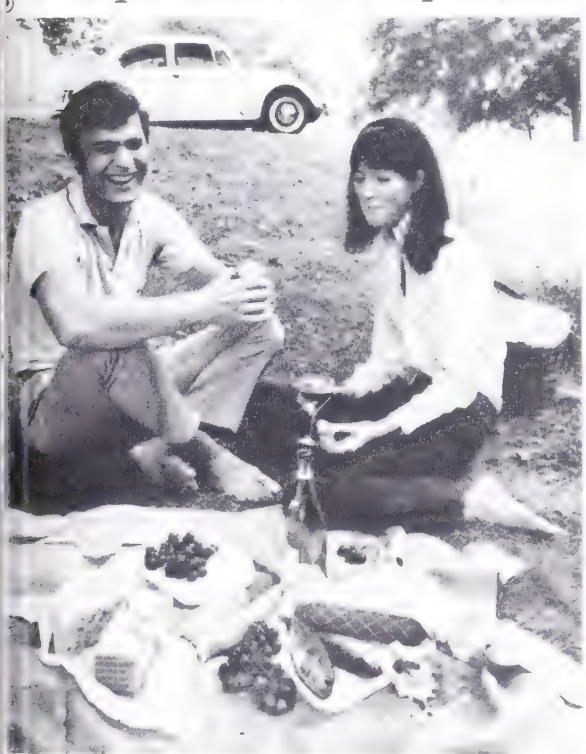
Is this Creeping Socialism? We the Master Plan certainly is no comprehensive, and technically no competent, than similar pl ni efforts that I have examin Socialist India and Communist ug slavia.

Or could it be a gradual tak ov of government by The Veste I terests? The New Left, and m y my radical friends of the Nev De period, undoubtedly will see it i th sinister light.

Personally I don't think either. Rather it is somethin e tirely new, which can't be des ib in terms of the traditional i gies—or for that matter, in r of the standard civics textboo is one of those social innov for which Americans seem to a certain genius: an adaptati the system, to meet new cond and demands. Maybe this so thing is our substitute for r ol tion. In any case, I suspect th is going to be widely imitated, infinite variations, in other pa the country during the next ge tion.



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Heidi wouldn't lie.

architecture or as a collection of works of art, but it is rare to discover any room from the 1870s which is not somebody's idea of what such a room ought to have been. Reconstructions have a tendency to be too good to be true, the furniture too elegant, the wallpapers too elaborate, the draperies too rich, the carpets too expensive, the bric-a-brac too rare—the best of all possible domestic worlds—too tasteful. (There is a prime example of this in the restoration of the Victorian house, Fountain Elms, which adjoins the museum in Utica—charming, but too charming.) The St. Johnsbury art gallery has the feel of authenticity because, except for having its face lifted from time to time and its paint freshened, it is as it has been all along. It is a single room in the shape of a cross with shallow arms; there is a balcony at one end and a vast painting of "Domes of the Yosemite" by Albert Bierstadt at the other. Pictures are hung one above another on the other walls, but none so high as not to be easily visible. Other paintings stand on gilded or polished-wood easels, and the room is adorned with white marble statues and portrait busts, some on dark marble pedestals and others on the tops of polished-oak bookcases which contain old tooled-leather art books.

The gallery is the back room in the Athenaeum, the rest of which is the local library and, at one time, auditorium. It is a characteristic heavy red-brick building of the 1870s on the outside but filled with cheerful daylight inside. There is no Victorian gloom here and never has been. The building dates from the era when a man single-handed could afford to give his city a library and an art gallery and provide for its support, days before private foundations (or public ones) when grand gestures of individual philanthropy had a kind of lordliness which today would appear to be merely tax write-offs and publicity seeking. The Athenaeum and art gallery were the gift of a bearded, high-domed, beetle-browed gentleman, Horace Fairbanks, who made a fortune in scales and became Governor of Vermont. His portrait in marble stands at one side of the Bierstadt. Like most collections of its day this one has a dozen or so copies of old masters, but it has also, in addition to the Bierstadt, excellent examples of some of our more talented nineteenth-century art makers—Asher B. Durand, Worthington Whittredge, Jasper F. Cropsey (who specialized in autumn landscapes), George L. Brown, the Hart brothers (James and William), and the sculptors Hiram Powers and C. P. Ives. The Bierstadt, painted in 1867, steals the show by sheer size and vi
"The artist came every
until his death in 1902 to
it," the catalogue says, "ofte
ing up places where the pa
flaked."

Almost a century separates
Johnsbury art gallery from
Everson Museum in Syracuse
time enough for a revival of
in the art that Governor Fa
liked but which has gone th
dark period of obscurity in
storerooms. It is my gue
the next few years will find
many of our middle masters
tinguish them from our old
like Copley and Stuart) on
walls that Mr. Pei has desig
Syracuse. Pei is as fascinat
the grandeur of scale as B.
was and, in a very different
as meticulous and caring ab
minutest details. The prese
ernor of New York is fascin
the art that is being made
contemporaries as the Gove
Vermont evidently was by
when the Everson Museum o
the high walls of one of its la
leries will hang a lavish ex
of paintings from Nelson A.
feller's splendid private colle

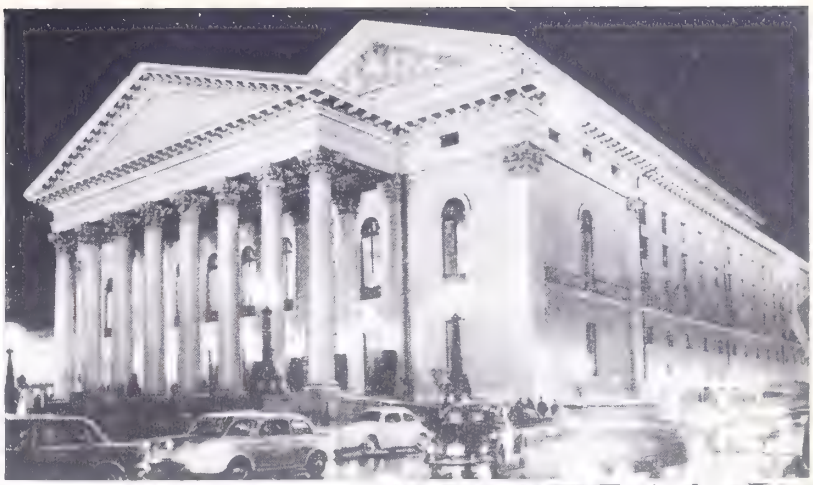
The analogy stops there.

I had been warned by Max
livan, the director of the
Museum, that I might have



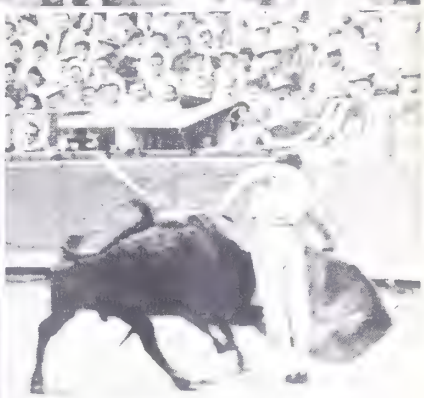
"When you say it's a jungle, what do you mean?"











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finding my way into the new building, for it has a number of entrances some of which were blocked by construction and none of which were yet attended by custodians. I arrived during the construction men's lunch hour, after driving 200 miles, and found Mr. Sullivan waiting for me.

"As you can see," he said pointing across the highway to a large vacant lot, "we are part of an urban-renewal project."

The area facing the museum had the devastated look that is characteristic of so many cities in the process of pulling up their socks. In the case of Syracuse the master plan was made by Victor Gruen, architect, city planner, and pioneer in these matters. Syracuse was one of the first cities of its size (about 300,000 in the city proper and another 350,000 in its immediate environs) to plunge into solving its central-city problems. There is evidence of this behind the new museum, a pleasant plaza with a large pool, beneath which, Mr. Sullivan said, there is a parking garage, a bonanza of no mean dimensions, especially on those occasions when the museum's new auditorium will be in use.

In profile, the museum, which is built of reinforced concrete, has the look of an abstract sculpture constructed out of a group of variously sized rectangular blocks. There are no windows to break the surfaces, no extrusions such as chimneys to break the outlines which, because the four main galleries of the building are cantilevered over the base on which the building sits, changes shape constantly as one walks past it. The façades have depth, in other words, as well as surface, and variety is made by deep shadows cast by overhanging blocks rather than by any surface fussiness. I do not do it justice. It is as good a piece of sculpture in itself as anything it is likely to house.

"I think you are the first visitor to the museum," Mr. Sullivan said, "who has actually come in by what is meant to be the main entrance. Usually it has been locked or blocked off."

The entrance is a glass door under the deep overhang of one of the cantilevered galleries, not a grand entrance in the old-fashioned concept of a great portal to a museum building. It opens, however, into a[n] space, the full height of the bu[il]
Light pours through glass [a]
the ceiling's edges, raking the [a]
nally furrowed pink granite [wa]
Above are balconies (which [ar]
sageways from gallery to ga[l]
flush with the walls and hedge
green plants. Out of this [co]
(which is called a sculpture [co]
but was empty of everythi[ng]
scaffolding when I saw it) w[i]
wide, almost spiral stone stair[s]
great dignity.

"This," said Mr. Sullivan [as]
walked up it, "is our most ex[tra]
gant piece of sculpture."

The main galleries are r[i]
by this staircase. They are [ve]
high-ceilinged boxes with un[l]
stretches of wall covered with [co]
ton material, somewhat the t[ex]
of raw silk and of no particula[r]
. . . that is, unbleached. The [a]
four such galleries varying [s]
what in size and dimension[s a]
presumably, they will be subd[i]
by free-standing partitions f[or]
commodation to varying kin[ds]
exhibitions.

"We haven't decided yet [w]
gallery we'll put the Governor [s]
tures in for the opening," Mr. Su
livan said. "He's been greatly [in]
ested in the museum, and he's [go]
have an absolutely free hand [in]
lecting things from his collecti[on]
the exhibition."

Mr. Sullivan did not know w[he]
the Governor would turn up [at]
opening; he hoped he would. [T]
will be three openings—one f[or]
people who raised the money to [bu]
the museum and for "dignita[ries]
one for the members of the art [co]
and the press, and one for the [pu]
When I was there in late A[u]
there was still a lot of housek[ee]
to be done, fixtures to be att[ac]
collections to be hung or put on [pe]
tals or in vitrines. I asked Mr. Su
livan if he'd be ready in time.

"We have to be," he said, "t[o u]
I breathe a sigh of relief every [in]
something we've ordered and
lutely have to have turns up
carpet for the auditorium, [an]
God, arrived this morning."

The auditorium, which seat[s]
is mostly below ground, and t[hu]
it is in effect a separate bu[il]
with its own entrance, it open[s in]
the lowest floor (below groun[d]

eum. Even with the seats not alled and the carpet not yet is an elegant room with en- from the side rather than the s ceiling is paneled in wood coustical purposes" Mr. Sul- aid), and its walls will be carpeted and partly concrete off into panels, somewhat in nner of a Mondrian painting. ating of the auditorium is ean style," which means no aisle, and which, if the New tate Theater in Lincoln Cen- ere the same system prevails, example, will be a nuisance. e had to apologize there as s fifteen times to get to a seat center of a row.) In the back auditorium there is a line of which look not unlike horse They are, however, a pleasant for breaking the monotony of ck wall and above them are handsome wooden screens h which spotlights will shine stage.

r we had completed a tour of lding, which has all the spaces ly considered necessary for tivities of a museum (from to kitchens to a shop for books and postcards and from members' lounges to oms to offices), Mr. Sullivan down and explained how all ree million dollars' worth of g (which will house a collec- lued for insurance purposes at an half a million) came about. ically," Mr. Sullivan said, s a story of a community proj- ey made up their minds they l a great art museum building ey worked their tails off to

did not have to start from . There has been since 1896 cuse Museum of Fine Arts occupied a building of the and which, presumably, had the community respectably if citingly. Then in the 1950s windfall. Helen S. Everson d left a bequest of a million "to build and maintain a m of art" in Syracuse, where d spent her life. In 1959 the es of the Everson Fund got er with the board of the Syra- Museum, pooled their assets nuseum's assets being its col- s and its real estate), and in-



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The Key To Hospitality

by
Julian P. Van Winkle, Jr.
President

Old Fitzgerald Distillery

Louisville, Kentucky
Established 1849



Oftimes a good host finds himself caught on the horns of what I call the hospitality dilemma.

For about the same cost to the family exchequer he can serve *more* drinks—of inexpensive whiskey. Or *fewer* drinks—of the finest whiskey obtainable. So the question naturally arises: which is the key to hospitality, *quantity* or *quality?*

I'm reminded of the quandary of the Kentucky gambler brought to court for using loaded dice. Thinking to offer the gambler a bit of his own medicine, the judge declared: "I'll roll these dice right now. If a seven or eleven comes up, you get 60 days in jail. If not, you go free. Will you bet?"

Considering the odds, the gambler judiciously replied: "Your Honor, I suggest that we *both* give up gambling."

Hospitality is legendary in my part of the country. But to our Kentucky way of thinking, you honor your guest more by an adequate serving of the *best* the house affords than by an overflowing abundance of the *least.*

At our family distillery the OLD FITZGERALD cork may be drawn at will, yet seldom is. We feel that immoderate sharing of our product with friends and visitors would be the mark, not of a generous host, but of a thoughtless one.

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corporated as the Everson Museum of Art of Syracuse and Onondaga County.

"I came here from Portland, Oregon, late in 1960," Mr. Sullivan said, "to make a study of the museum's needs and the architectural possibilities. For the first six months I did nothing but talk with architects, look at their work, hang around their drafting rooms. We made a list of fifteen possible firms, narrowed it down to five. Each of the final five came and talked to the board here. They unanimously selected Pei with Pietro Belluschi, the Dean of Architecture at MIT, as consultant."

I asked him if either Philip Johnson or Marcel Breuer had been on his list.

"No," he said, "Johnson had just done the Utica museum and Breuer was working on the Whitney in New York. Pei had never done a museum before and was eager to do one."

The drive to raise the building funds sounded to me much like all other drives that are enthusiastically and energetically engineered through mailings, doorbell ringings, benefits, and other usual methods of parting the citizen from his money for good causes. There had been a special effort to increase the museum's membership with the result that about 2,500 local residents have been tied to the museum's apron strings to their mutual benefit. Businesses have become patrons of the arts and so has a local foundation, the Rosamond Gifford Charitable Corporation (AT&T money) which came forth with $300,000 for the building and $50,000 to buy works of art. In the past this foundation has devoted its benevolence primarily to mental health, putting students through college, and meeting other "social needs." Art is new to it, Mr. Sullivan told me. Art, for better or for worse, is coming to be recognized as a "social need," and the Everson Museum has been one of the principal beneficiaries of the New York State Council on the Arts which distributes a limited largess (help with publications, special lecture series, exhibitions, films, and other cultural spermatozoa) to germinate interest in artistically underprivileged territories.

"We are recognized as being increasingly important to the community," Mr. Sullivan said. "In 1 got only $2,500 from the coun year we get $67,500."

The basic collections of t seum are modest—oriental dec arts, a couple of hundred A paintings, a growing numbe amples of the graphic arts, substantial collection of co rary ceramics. It also owns ber of handsome pieces of sculpture including a Henry which will be installed outdoo the main entrance. The muse lies heavily on traveling exh which it can rent from such tions as the American Federa Arts. Such national reputatio museum has, Mr. Sullivan ex comes primarily from its bien hibition of ceramics for wh ters all over the country com be included. It is consider ceramics show by ceramists.

About 70,000 people used t to the old museum each yea haven't the foggiest idea ho will come to the new museu Sullivan said. "All upstate m used to close in the summer, highway system has change We'll be a tourist attracti the auditorium will be s right up to the hilt. We're i with the chorale and with t phony. We're not going to sponsors of musical events, t be, but we have the choice especially for chamber music he added as though he had innumerable times, "The size auditorium is the result of a study of community needs."

If the demand outruns th of its facilities, the Everson M may not be unique but it w shining example of how to p cultural odds. Every small-ci seum hopes to win the daily d double the attendance this y the same day last year—but been the discouraging experi too many communities tha gone to great expense and He effort to build cultural cente to find that there are not th ences to keep them busy. Ev problem, I expect, will not be entice the public to the b which will inevitably be a one, but how to entice art t which is worthy of Mr. P markable and beautiful contai

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MIAMI BEACH AND CHICAGO





They snipped the ribbon in 1915, they popped the cork, Miami Beach was born. A modest burg they called a city, nine-tenths jungle. An island. It ran along a coastal barrier the other side of Biscayne Bay from young Miami in 1868 when Henry Lum, a California 'forty-niner, first glimpsed the island from a schooner, you may be certain it was jungle, cocoanut palms on the sand, mangrove swamp and palmetto thicket ten feet off the beach. But by 1915, they were working the vein. John S. Collins, a New Jersey nurseryman (after whom Collins Avenue is kindly named) brought in bean fields and avocado groves; a gent named Fisher, Carl G., a Hoosier,—he invented Prestolite, a millionaire—bought up acres from Collins, brought in a work-load of machinery, men, even two elephants, and jungle was cleared, swamps were filled, small residential islands were made out of baybottom mud, dredged, then relocated, somewhat larger natural islands adjacent to the barrier island found themselves improved, streets were paved, sidewalks put in with other amenities—by 1968, one hundred years after Lum first glommed the beach, large areas of the original coastal strip were covered over altogether with macadam, white condominium, white luxury hotel and white stucco flea-bag. Over hundreds, then thousands of acres, white sidewalks, streets and white buildings covered the earth where the jungle had been. Is it so dissimilar from covering your poor pubic hair with adhesive tape for fifty years? The vegetal memories of that excised jungle haunted Miami Beach in a steam-pot of miasmas. Ghosts of expunged flora, the never-born groaning in vegetative chancery beneath the asphalt came up with a tropical curse, an equatorial leaden wet sweat of air which rose from the earth itself, rose right up through the baked asphalt and into the heated air which entered the lungs like a hand slipping into a rubber glove.

The temperature was not that insane. It hung around 87 day after day, at night it went down to 82, back to the same 87 in the A.M.—the claims of the News Bureau for Miami Beach promised that in 1967 temperature exceeded 90 only four times. (Which the Island of Manhattan could never begin to say.) But of course Miami Beach did not have to go that high, for its humidity was up to 87 as well—it was, on any and every day of the Republican Convention of 1968, one of the hottest cities in the world. The reporter was no expert on tropical heats—he had had, he would admit, the island of Luzon for a summer in World War II; and basic training in the pine woods of Fort Bragg, North Carolina, in August; he had put in a week at Las Vegas during July—temperatures to 110; he had crossed the Mojave Desert once by day; he was familiar with the New York subway in the rush hour on the hottest day of the year. These were awesome immersions—one did not have to hit the Congo to know what it was like a hothouse in hell—but that 87° in Miami Beach da after day held up in competition against other su phuric encounters. Traveling for five miles up th broken-down, forever in-a-state-of-alteration an repair of Collins Avenue, crawling through 5 P.M Miami Beach traffic in the pure miserable fortune catching an old taxi without air conditioning, dress in shirt and tie and jacket—formal and implicitly d manded uniform of political journalists—the sens tion of breathing, then living, was not unlike bein obliged to make love to a 300-pound woman who h decided to get on top. Got it? You could not domina a thing. That uprooted jungle had to be screamin beneath.

Of course it could have been the air conditionin natural climate transmogrified by technological c mate. They say that in Miami Beach the air con tioning is pushed to that icy point where women m wear fur coats over their diamonds in the tropi For ten miles, from the Diplomat to the Di Lid above Hallandale Beach Boulevard down to Linco Mall, all the white refrigerators stood, piles of wh refrigerator six and eight and twelve stories hig twenty stories high, shaped like sugar cubes and ic cube trays on edge, like mosques and palaces, shap like matched white luggage and portable radi stereos, plastic compacts and plastic rings, Moori castles shaped like waffle irons, shaped like the bat plates on white plastic electric heaters, and cylinde like Waring blenders, buildings looking like gia op art and pop art paintings, and sweet weddi cakes, cottons of kitsch and piles of dirty cott stucco, yes, for ten miles the hotels for the delegat stood on the beach side of Collins Avenue: the Ed Roc and the Fontainebleau (Press Headquarters the Di Lido and the De Lano, the Ivanhoe, Deauvil Sherry Frontenac and the Monte Carlo, the Cadill Caribbean and the Balmoral, the Lucerne, Hilt Plaza, Doral Beach, the Sorrento, Marco Polo, Cas blanca, and Atlantis, the Hilyard Manor, Sans Sou Algiers, Carillon, Seville, the Gaylord, the Sho Club, the Nautilus, Montmartre, and the Prom nade, the Bal Harbour on North Bay Causeway, a the Twelve Caesars, the Regency and the Ame cana, the Diplomat, Versailles, Coronado, Sovereig the Waldman (dig!), the Beau Rivage, the Cro Hotel, even Holiday Inn, all oases for technologic man. Deep air conditioning down to 68 , ice-palac to chill the fevered brain—when the air conditioni worked. And their furnishings were monumenta materialistic. Not all of them: the cheaper downto hotels like the Di Lido and the Nautilus were ba and mean with vinyl coverings on the sofas and t glare of plastic off the rugs and tables and til inexpensive hotel colors of pale brown and buff a dingy cream, sodden gray, but the diadems like t

ntainebleau and the Eden Roc, the Doral Beach, Hilton Plaza (Headquarters for Nixon), the auville (Hq for Reagan) or the Americana–Rock-ller and the New York State delegation's own ound–were lavish with interlockings, curves, ults and runs of furnishings as interwined as pents in the roots of a mangrove tree. All the ers of the very worst taste twisted down to the ta of each lobby in each grand Miami Beach hotel are was the central room which did not look like lobby of a movie palace, imitation of late-Renais-ce imitations of Greek and Roman statues, imi-ions of baroque and rococo and brothel Victorian l Art Nouveau and Bauhaus with gold grapes and nucopias welded to the modern bronze tubing of chair, golden moldings which ran like ivy from m to room, chandeliers complex as the armature dynamos, and curvilinear steps in the shape of oebas and palettes, cocktail lounge bars in deep e of maroon with spun-sugar white tubes of plas-decor to twist around the ceiling. There was ry color of iridescence, rainbows of vulgarity, eoles of gorgeous taste, opium den of a middle-ss dollar, materialistic as meat, sweat, and the ar. It is said that people born under Taurus and pricorn are the most materialistic of us all. Take mple of the residents in the census of Miami B.–s Taurus predominate more than one-twelfth of share? It must, or astrology is done, for the publicans, Grand Old Party with a philosophy her than a program, had chosen what must cer-ly be the materialistic capital of the world for ir convention. Las Vegas might offer competition, Las Vegas was materialism in the service of tricity–fortunes could be lost in the spark of the . Miami was materialism baking in the sun, then ping back to air-conditioned caverns where ice ld nestle in the fur. It was the first of a hundred iosities–that in a year when the Republic ered on the edge of revolution, nihilism, and lines police on file to the horizon, visions of future tnams in our own cities upon us, the party of servatism and principle, of corporate wealth and sonal frugality, the party of cleanliness, hygiene, balanced budget, should have set itself down on ltan's strip.

hat was the first of a hundred curiosities, but e were mysteries as well. The reporter had ed through the convention quietly, as anony-sly as possible, wan, depressed, troubled. Some-g profoundly unclassifiable was going on among Republicans and he did not know if it was con-ably good or a concealment of something bad–ch was the first time a major social phenomenon a convention had confused him so. He had covered rs. The Democratic Convention in 1960 in Los eles which nominated John F. Kennedy, and the ublican in San Francisco in 1964 which installed ry Goldwater, had encouraged some of his very writing. He had felt a gift for comprehending e conventions. But the Republican assembly in Miami Beach in 1968 was a different affair–one could not tell if nothing much was going on, or to the contrary, nothing much was going on near the surface but everything was shifting down below. So dialogue with other journalists merely depressed him–the complaints were unanimous that this was the dullest convention anyone could remember. Complaints took his mind away from the slow brooding infusion he desired in the enigmas of conservatism and/or Republicanism, and any hope of perspective on the problem beyond. The country was in a throe, a species of eschatological heave. The novelist John Updike was not necessarily one of his favorite authors, but after the assassination of Robert F. Kennedy, it was Updike who had made the remark that God might have withdrawn His blessing from America. It was a thought which could not be forgotten for it gave insight to the perspectives of the Devil and his political pincers: Left-wing demons, white and Black, working to inflame the conservative heart of America, while Right-wing devils exacerbated Blacks and drove the mind of the New Left and liberal middle class into prides of hopeless position. And the country roaring like a bull in its wounds, coughing like a sick lung in the smog, turning over in sleep at the sound of motorcycles, shivering at its need for new phalanxes of order. Where were the new phalanxes one could trust? The reporter had seen the faces of too many police to balm his dreams with the sleep they promised. Even the drinks tasted bad in Miami in the fever and the chill.

2.

His first afternoon in Miami Beach was spent by the reporter in Convention Hall. He stepped up on the speaker's podium to see how it might feel, nosed into the jerrybuilt back room back of the podium where speakers would wait, and Press be excluded, once the convention was begun. A room unmatched for dreariness. Dull green daybeds and sofas, a non-descript powder-blue rug, open studding and therefore open wall-board color, brown and tan leatherette chairs, a dreary cloth throw on a table. Every quiet color clashed with every other quiet color–it was the sort of room which could have served for the bridge players in an old folks' summer camp in some flat and inland state. In this room, while preparing to orate, would wait some of the more ambitious men in America, and some of the more famous; looking at their manuscripts might be John Wayne, Barry Goldwater, John Lindsay, Thomas E. Dewey, Ronald Reagan, Governor Rockefeller, George Romney, Richard Nixon himself–not to mention Billy Graham –they would pass through the splendors of this profoundly American anteroom. Examination completed, the reporter abruptly decided he would actually go out to the airport to greet the arrival of a baby elephant which was arriving on a Delta cargo plane as a gift to Richard Nixon from the people of Anaheim, California. That seemed an appropriate way to open coverage of the convention.

3.

Unless one knows him well, or has done a sizable work of preparation, it is next to useless to interview a politician. He has a mind which is accustomed to political questions. By the time he decides to run for President, he may have answered a million. Or at least this is true if he has been in politics for twenty years and has replied to an average of one hundred-fifty such queries a day, no uncharacteristic amount. To surprise a skillful politician with a question is then approximately equal in difficulty to hitting a professional boxer with a barroom hook. One cannot therefore tell a great deal from interviews with a candidate. His teeth are bound to be white, his manner mild and pleasant, his presence attractive, and his ability to slide off the question and return with an answer is as implicit in the work of his jaws as the ability to bite a piece of meat. Interviewing a candidate is about as intimate as catching him on television. Therefore it is sometimes easier to pick up the truth of his campaign by studying the outriggers of his activity. Therefore the reporter went to cover the elephant.

It was, as expected, a modest story in a quiet corner of International Airport in Miami. Not more than ten reporters and a dozen photographers showed up. And a band, and a quorum of Nixonettes wearing blue dresses and white straw hats with a legend "NIXON'S THE ONE." A publicity puff was handed around which informed the Press that the beast was named Ana (for Anaheim, California) and was 52" high, 2½ years old, weighed 1,266 lbs. and had been given to Nixon by the happy citizens of the town Ana!

Ana came in on a Lockheed 100, a hippo of a four-motor plane with four-bladed propellers. The cargo door was in the rear, and as the musicians, Don Goldie and his Dixieland Band, white musicians from the Hilton-Miami—accordion, tuba, trombone, snares, clarinet, banjo, and trumpet—began to play, and the six Nixonettes began to strut (they looked to be high school juniors) and the plane to unload, so the black cloud on the horizon moved over, and began its drop, black tropical rain so intense even photographers had to take shelter, and a dozen, then another dozen of musicians, Nixonettes, cameramen, photographers, and animal handlers piled into a small 6 x 8 Hertz trailer later to be used for the elephant. In the steam of the interior, the day took on surreal and elegant proportions—two dozen amateurs and professionals on call for one baby elephant (said to be arriving in her tutu) were equal across the board to the logic of one political convention; by the time the rain stopped five minutes later and the elephant crate was unloaded, hoisted on a fork lift off the carrier, brought near the trailer and opened, everyone gave a cheer to Ana who came out nervously from her crate, but with a definite sense of style. She took a quick look at the still photographers surrounding her, and the larger movie cameras to which certain humans were obviously connected, stepped on the still-wet steaming runway, threw a droll red-eye at her handler, dropped a small turd X the spot of her liberation from the crate (and a marker in case she wanted later to retrace h steps) then did a good Republican handstand, tru curved as graciously as a pinkie off a teacup. which the media corps responded with approv Nixonettes squealing, Don Goldie Band playi Dixieland, still cameras clicking, movie came ticking within the gears of their clockwork. Da County police grinning as they stood to one s (four men—all armed). Then Ana from Anahe walked on her hind legs. To much approval. S curtsied, bowed, turned in a circle, obviously plea with herself, then stretched out her trunk in t general area of everybody's midsection. "Hey, chu watch your peanuts," a man called out.

It went on for a period, the Nixonettes havi their pictures taken, one girl who was not a hi school junior but most likely a professional mo taking care to see she was in the picture often, a all the girls kept trying to put a straw Nixon h on Ana, but the hat kept falling off. After ten m utes, the handlers tried to coax Ana into the He trailer, but she was not about to, not yet, so th walked her around a hangar, brought her back, th slipped her 1200-lb. bulk into the box with a bit of e phant handler's legerdemain. The arrival was ov

It had been pleasant; in truth, more pleasant th the reporter had expected. It had not been tense, even with the four armed cops. The air had be better than one might have thought. So it wa warning to one's perspective and proportion: Nixon forces and the Nixon people were going be in command of small subtleties he had not ant pated. It was his first clue to the notion that the was a new Nixon. He could have read a dozen artic which said the same thing and paid no mind, the men who wrote them were experts and so we wrong in their predictions as often as they we right. Experts he would disregard—so far as he w able but Ana had been happy doing her handsta that was an unexpected fact he would have to abs into the first freshets of his brooding. Of course reporter had once decided (using similar metho that Barry Goldwater could win the 1964 electi This, at least, was the method at its extreme. S a happy elephant spoke of luck for Nixon, or at least, agreeable management down the line.

4.

Rockefeller came in at Opa Locka Airport n day, and again it rained. The skies over Miami we at their best when rain was near, for cumulus clo piled high on themselves, making towers, pyram turrets, and heavenly Miami Beach hotels two m up in the air while dark horizontal tides of onc ing tropical storm washed through the sky, cros the sun, gave gildings of gold and black to the tow of cumulus.

The schedule for arrival was Rockefeller on Sa

r, Reagan later that evening, and Nixon on Mon-
r. They were all of course coming in on charter
hts, and the Rockefeller plane, an American Air-
es 727 jet which had carried the candidate 65,000
es into forty-five states during the campaign,
s landing, for security reasons, at the Coast Guard
port, Opa Locka, out to the west of Miami, almost
red-neck country, the town of Opa Locka still a-
her sad sweet real estate failure of Southern
rida for it had been built to recapitulate a piece
North Africa. Residential streets with names like
Baba Avenue, Sesame Street, Sharazad Boule-
d, Arabia Avenue, Sultan Avenue, Caliph Street,
l Salim Street wound around the center of Opa
ka in complicated ovals and ellipses all planned
rty-plus or forty years ago by a real estate
ius, now a town all but deserted in the afternoon
. with the storm coming on, just occasional pal-
toes and the crumbling white stucco center where
mall old hotel and bar stood like the molderings
a Foreign Legion fort, holding the crossroads
ore the Coast Guard pushed onto the airport.

Perhaps a hundred or a hundred-fifty newsmen,
cameras, and still photographers, were out at
main hangar with the Press bus, way out in the
et empty reaches of the all but deserted airdrome.
overhead, light planes and helicopters patrolled
near sky, and four or five police cars were
ked in uneasy relation to the crowd. The reporter
to show no identification to enter the gate, and
ded none now; a potential assassin, tipped to
kefeller's entrance at Opa Locka, could have
ked a piece to within a yard of him—of course,
rward, he could never have escaped. If he man-
d to shoot past the twenty-odd cops in the direct
nity, the helicopters would have followed his car
the way to Miami, maybe nailed him on Arthur
frey Causeway from the sky. Like pieces of flesh
gmented from the explosion of a grenade, echoes
he horror of Kennedy's assassination were thus
ywhere: helicopters riding overhead like roller
sters, state troopers with magnums on their hip
crash helmets, squad cars, motorcycles, yet no
security, just powers of retaliation. It forced
to cherish major politicians—no matter how
rless, they all had hints of charisma now that
were obviously more vulnerable to sudden death
n bullfighters, and so they were surrounded with
ggestion of the awe peasants reserve for the
of the bishop—some rushed to touch them, others
ed ready to drop to their knees. Thus, at least,
Rockefeller and the Press. He was surrounded
st immediately after he came down the landing
p, and never left alone, surrounded by Press and
eramen five deep, the photographers by long
tice holding their cameras and even their movie
eras up over their heads, aiming down by skillful
s, so that from a distance one could always tell
tly where the candidate was situated, for a semi-
e of cameras crooned in from above like bulbs
eaweed breaking surface at high tide, or were
they more like praying mantises on the heads of tall grass?—a bazaar of metaphor was obviously offered.

Rocky had come off the plane with his entourage and his wife. She was surprisingly attractive, with a marvelous high color which made her vastly better-looking than her photographs, and Rocky looked like much less than his photographs, gray beyond gray in the flesh, gray as New York City pavements, gray as an old con—the sun could not have touched him in a month or else all the fighting blood of the heart was somewhere deep inside the brain, working through the anxiety-ridden calculations with which he must have come to Miami, for Nixon with his six-hundred-plus votes now almost secure was a handful or a score or at best not fifty votes from the first ballot nomination. Anxiety had to be stirred by every omen: the weather, the first unfamiliar face to greet you off the plane, the sudden flight of a bird, the warmth of the policeman's salutation, or the enthusiasm of the Press corps.

But if it were for that, he was elected already. Rockefeller was obviously the near-unanimous choice of the Press, and above all, the television—a mating of high chemical potentials existed between the media and the man as if they had been each conceived for the other. Except for his complexion, Rocky had an all but perfect face for President, virile, friendly, rough-hewn, of the common man, yet uncommon—Spencer Tracy's younger brother gone into politics. He had only one flaw—an odd and unpleasant mouth, a catfish mouth, wide, unnaturally wide with very thin lips. In the center of the mouth there seemed almost another mouth which did the speaking, somewhat thicker lips which pursed, opened, deliberated—all the while the slit-thin corners of the mouth seemed off on their own, not really moving with the center. So he gave the impression of a man to whom expert instruction had disclosed what he might be expected to say—therefore only the middle of the mouth would be on call.

The rain which had begun to come down and then providentially stopped, was coming on again. So he was able to slip out of the tight ring of interviewers locked about him after answering fifty more of the million political questions he would reply to in his life, and now the press bus and the private cars were off in a race across Miami to the 72nd Street public beach in Miami Beach, maybe ten miles away where a big rally was scheduled. The helicopters rode lead and flank cowhand overhead, the cavalcade sped from Opa Locka; not thirty minutes later, band playing, cymbals smashing, Rocky walked a half-block through a crowd on 72nd Street and Collins Avenue accepting the mob, walking through them to partial deliriums of excitement, a crazy mob for politicking, dressed in bathing suits, bikinis, bathrobes, surfers' trunks, paper dresses, terry cloth shirts, they jammed the pavement in bare feet, sandals, clod-hoppers, bathers screaming, calling out, falling in line around the free Pepsi-Cola wagon,

good-natured but never super-excited—the rally was on the edge of the beach after all, and a leaden milky-green sea was pounding an erratic, nervous foam of surf onto the water's-edge of the beach not fifty yards away.

As Rocky moved forward in his brown-gray business suit, murmurs went up everywhere—"There goes the next President of the United States." But the crowd was somehow not huge enough to amplify this sentiment—they looked more like tourists than Republicans—all those votes he would get some day if ever he would capture the nomination. And as he moved forward through the crowd, shaking hands, saying "Hiya, hiya," big grin on his face at the shouts of, "We want Rocky," so also at that instant a tall skinny Negro maybe thirty years old leaped in front to shake hands and with the other hand looking for a souvenir, he flipped Rocky's purple handkerchief out of his breast pocket. But Rockefeller showed true Republican blood. A look of consternation for one stricken gap of an instant—*was this an attempt?*—until seeing the handkerchief in the man's hand, the situation was recovered: Rocky strode forward, pulled the handkerchief back, gave an admonishing look, as if to say, "Come on, fellow!" and immediately had some cardboard sunglasses pilfered from the same breast pocket by a heated happy hysterical lady tourist with whom he could not wrestle. Kerchief recovered, sunglasses offered up in tribute, he made the speaker's stand—the flat bed of a truck—and the meeting began. The *New York Times* was to report 3,000 people there, perhaps it was half; they cheered everything he said, those who could hear him. The acoustics varied from punko to atrocious, and the reporter circling the crowd heard one plain buxom girl with long brown hair—hippie hints of trinket and dungarees, girl formed out of the very mold of Rockefeller supporters—turn nonetheless sadly to her friend and say, "I can't hear a thing—bye bye." Next step, a sixty-year-old blonde in a bikini with half of a good figure left (breast and buttocks) the flesh around her navel unhappily equal to the flesh around her neck, wearing orange plastic bracelets, gold charm necklace, rings, rhinestone sunglasses, wedgies, painted toes, red hot momma kisser lips, a transistor radio giving rock, and she—whatever she was hearing—out to yell, "Rocky, we want Rocky," beating out the rhythm on one of her two consorts, the one younger than herself; the older, a husband? had a cigar, a paunch, and that benign cool which speaks of holding property in Flatbush in Brooklyn, and putting up with a live-wire wife.

But indeed it must have been reminiscent to Rocky of campaigning on beaches in Brooklyn and Queens, not Coney Island so much as Brighton or Manhattan Beach or Jacob Riis Park: the crowd had the same propinquity, same raucous cheery wise hard middle-class New York smarts—take the measure of everything and still give your cheer because you are there, Murray. Even the smells were the same—orgiastic onions in red hot dog and knish grease, dirty yello sand—Rocky had to recognize it all, for when h introduced Claude Kirk, "the young alive Governo of Florida" (sole vote for him in the Florida delega tion) a smattering of applause came up, a spatterin of comment, and one or two spit-spraying lip blats- it was obvious the crowd didn't know Kirk from Mafia dance-contest winner. So Rocky shifted gear "It's a thrill for us from New York to be here, i- Florida," he said, "and half of you must be her from New York." The laugh told him he was righ A delicate gloom began to come in equal to the firs tendrils of mist over a full moon; God would kno what his advisers had been telling him about th possible power of this open street rally on the 72n Street beach—with luck and a mass turnout massiv enough to break all records in category, he could b on his way—a people's candidate must ride a tid wave. This was not even a bona fide breaker. Ha of his audience was from New York. Well, he wa no weak campaigner. He kept it going, hitting th hard spots. "The Republican Party must becom again a national party, the voice of the poor an the oppressed." Great cheers for the size of th crowd. "The Republican Party cannot afford par chialism any longer." Smaller cheer, slight confu sion in his audience. "Parochialism" had vagu connotations of Roman Catholic schools. Rocky ha a good voice, man-to-man voice, Tracy, Bogart, hin of Gable. When the very rich desert their patricia holdings on the larynx (invariably because they hav gone into politics) and would come over as regul grips, mill-hands and populists, they lean dependab into the imitation of movie stars they have love One could psych a big bet that Spencer Tracy wa Rocky's own Number One and would be on the tick as Vice President if the election were held in heave It was an honest voice, sincere, masculine, vibran reedy, slightly hoarse, full of honest range-rid mask, with injections from the honest throatine of New York. It was a near-perfect voice for campaigner; it was just a question of whether it wa entirely his own or had gravitated to its functio much as the center of his mouth had concentrate itself away from the corners of his lips.

"And while we're on it," said Rocky, powers transition not notably his true preserve, "Senat McCarthy deserves a vote of commendation for ge ting the eighteen-year-olds back into politics again (was this the Rockefeller who had once tried shove fallout shelters into every suburban bac yard?) "and when I'm President, I want to pass bill letting the eighteen-year-olds vote." Big chee for this. The kids were out—everybody was enjoyi Rocky—and those with him on the flatbed truck, Kir Rocky's brother, and several former Republican N tional Committee Chairmen, came in on the noi machine. In the background, Miami Mummers wea ing pink and orange and yellow and white and sk blue satin outfits with net wings and white feathe Miami Beach angels playing triangles and glocke

piels piped up tinklings and cracklings of sweet ound. Oompah went the oompah drum. "I offer," aid Rocky, "a choice. It is . . . victory in November . . victory for four years." He held up both hands n V for Victory signs.

"Eight years," shouted someone from the crowd.

"I won't quibble," said Rocky with a grin. But hen, defeat licking at the center of this projected uge turnout which was finally not half huge enough, ie added drily, "The gentleman who just spoke must e from New York."

The rally ended, and a black sky mapped out the un for ten minutes, hid the cumulus. Rain came n tropical force, water trying to work through hat asphalt, reach the jungle beneath. Everyone cattered, those who were dressed not quite in time. The rain hit with a squall. And the luminaries on the latbed truck went off with Rocky—Leonard Hall, Bill Miller, and Meade Alcorn. It may be worthwhile o take a look at them.

5.

The former Republican National Chairmen who were committed to Rockefeller and had been out at Opa Locka were on display earlier in a press conference in the French Room of the Fontainebleau.

A yellow drape hung behind a long table covered in kelly green. On the walls were wall paintings of pink ribbons and pink trumpets in heraldic hearts ten feet high; dirty blue drapes contested dingy wallpaper. A small piece of plaster was off the ceiling in a corner. It was not a room equal to the talent present.

Meade Alcorn first, his presentation hard, driving, full of Wasp authority—his voice had a ring. "I like to articulate it in terms of the greater electibility of Governor Rockefeller"—he had answered in response to a question whether he thought Richard Nixon, if nominated, might lose the election. By all agreement one of the few superb professionals in the Republican party, Alcorn had a friendly freckled face and sandy hair, black horn-rims, a jaw which could probably crack a lobster claw in one bite, his voice drilled its authority. He was the kind of man who could look you in the eye while turning down your bid for a mortgage. "We don't name the ballot where Rockefeller is going to take it. Could be the fourth, the fifth. Wendell Willkie took it on the sixth. We expect a convention not unlike the one in 1940." He hadn't been National Committee Chairman for nothing; whatever political stand he might be obliged to support came out with the crackling conviction of personal truth.

Then Senator Hugh Scott of Pennsylvania was on. Scott had modest but impeccable aplomb as he explained that since only 12 per cent of the delegates had been in San Francisco in 1964, he did not expect bitterness from old Goldwater followers to hurt Rockefeller's chances now. A fine character actor had been lost when Hugh Scott went to politics—he could have played the spectrum from butler to count.

Leonard Hall, heavy, imperturbable, was there with figures—he counted 535 for Nixon, 350 for Rockefeller. He was a man noted for relative accuracy, but was probably structuring his figures today. He gave the impression of an extraordinarily intelligent man, in appearance not unlike Jack E. Leonard doing a straight turn, as if all of Jack E. Leonard's hyper-acute intelligence had gone into the formidable bastions of Squaresville. "My goodness," said Hall at one point, "Rockefeller means the difference for thirty or forty Republican Congressmen between getting elected . . . and being in trouble." He was not about to say Nixon would certainly make them go down. "These Congressmen are human beings. They want to win." But picture Jack E. Leonard talking like that. Some part of conviction was lacking. When Hall said "My goodness" he looked too much like the director of the most impressive funeral establishment in the nation, the kind of man who certainly couldn't think much of you if, my goodness, you wouldn't spring ten thousand smackeroonies for a casket.

There had also been Bill Miller, the man who had run for Vice President on Barry Goldwater's ticket in '64. Now he was supporting Rockefeller. When asked if he and Goldwater were still friends, he said, "I've promised to go along with Governor Rockefeller, and he has said that if he is not nominated, he will support the convention's choice. Goldwater has said he will work for anybody the convention nominates. So sooner or later, Barry and I will be together again." Miller has the big head, big nose, and little hunched shoulders which are reminiscent of an ex-jockey. He had become popular with the Press during the last Presidential campaign. Becoming convinced somewhere en route that Barry's cause was hopeless, he had spent his time on the Vice Presidential campaign plane drinking bourbon and playing cards; when the plane came to a stop, he would get out, give his airport speech to the airport rally—usually a small crowd at a small airport—get back in the plane again, his card hand still warm, and pick up the play. Now he was wending his way through trick questions, emphasizing his long continuing relations with Rockefeller, whom he had supported for election four times while Rockefeller indeed had supported him seven times, so no curiosity that he was back of Rocky now. Miller talked in a barking voice full of snap. Where it had once been disagreeable in a formal speech, it was not unattractive here. Maybe all that bourbon and bridge had mellowed him since '64—he no longer looked like the nastiest yap in town.

To the contrary, he now had all the political oils. He was for Rockefeller because Rockefeller solved problems through action. "You name a problem, and in New York we've got it." So he went on to cite the Governor's fine record in highways and air pollution and conservation. It was hard to know just what he was talking about. Every year the traffic in New York was worse, and the air less possible to

breathe, the Hudson River more polluted. It gave a hint of the extra-terrestrial dimension where Rockefeller and his advisers must live. Plans, large projects, huge campaigns, government fundings, mass participation in government, successful prosecution of air pollution, comprehensive surveys of traffic control, people's candidate, public opinion polls—the feather of doubt would whisper that Rockefeller was better suited for the Democrats than the Republicans. There were nuts and bolts and small tools necessary for unscrewing a Republican delegate from a first attachment to a second, and Rockefeller might have nothing smaller to employ than a bulldozer. But on to the Nixon camp.

6.

The Orpheum Room in the Hilton Plaza where Herb Klein, Director of Press Relations for Nixon, held his conferences, looked like a public room for small gatherings which had been converted to a surgical theater. The approach was along a red corridor with red carpet, red ceiling, red velvet flock on the walls, and mirrors in gold frames, but the Orpheum Room had gold flock on a cream base in ivy figured wallpaper with heavy gold molding on the ceiling, and a gold and tan figured rug. Two huge glass chandeliers with about 800 prisms in each completed allegiance to the eighteenth century. The twentieth century was a foot away from the chandeliers in the form of a big square aluminum baffle plate flush in the ceiling for air conditioning. The chairs for Press were the ubiquitous brown leatherette sprinkled with gold dust.

The podium was a structure covered with formica processed to look like walnut grain. Behind it hung a shrine-like photograph of Richard Nixon, exhibiting the kind of colors one saw on Jack Kennedy photographs after his assassination; also on pictures of Manolete, Franklin Delano Roosevelt, Abraham Lincoln.

Klein was a slim neat man with a high forehead, a pleasant demeanor—men in public relations are not noted for disagreeable dispositions—and a smile which would have delivered the simile of a cat licking cream if no previous investor of the simile had yet existed. He was claiming 700 votes for Nixon on the first ballot. Since Leonard Hall had insisted not two hours before that his most careful estimates put Nixon at 535, it was obvious—both men revealing no shiver of incertitude—that one of them was a liar.

Since Nixon would not be arriving until Monday, he had little news to offer before introducing Governor John Volpe of Massachusetts, a Republican of Italian extraction who had come into prosperous political life by way of the construction business. Volpe was a self-made man, and looked not unlike a small version of Rockefeller. He was no great orator as he read his prepared speech which declared him all-out for Nixon, indeed he seemed to hire no great speech writers either. "Americans see in Mr. Nixon a leader who can unite this country in an effort that will preserve and enhance our position in the world while simultaneously providing the needed inspiration and new thoughts required in the next four years." Sock it to 'em, Volpe! His strength was in other places. In concrete. All the while, standing behind him, Herb Klein smiled his happy tabby-cat smile. They made a good pair standing side by side. When he smiled, Herb Klein's narrow eyes became slits. Just after Volpe smiled, his narrow mouth became a slit. It was a modest conference without much news and nothing was disturbed. Afterward came a fashion show: outfits were shown for the Nixon dancers, and the Nixonaires—airline stewardesses based in Miami who were willing or eager to work for Nixon in their spare time. A bevy of good-looking chicks with sharp noses and tight mouths modelled the stuff. They were carefully balanced between blondes—Women for Nixon—wearing sleeveless blue A-line cotton dresses, and several brunettes—Nixonaires—in orange leatherette vests, white miniskirts, and black and white leatherette jockey caps.

By the next day, when Nixon's daughters arrived, it was obvious that such notion of balance—blondes to share stage with brunettes—had been calculated for many an aspect of his campaign. There were, for instance, two complete bands in the lobby of the Hilton Plaza to celebrate the arrival of his daughters, and one band was white, the other Black. Yet if not for the mezzanine which was inlaid, it will be recollected, with red velvet flock for the walls and red fleur-de-lis for the rugs, the Hilton Plaza could have been converted to a hospital. Even with entertainment, the lobby was relatively bare and colorless. Compared to the Fontainebleau and the Americana it was ascetic. Hints of some future American empire and some future American sterility were in the seed of the architect's conception.

It was filled now of course with the two bands and the Nixon Dancers and Nixonaires and TV cameras and crowds and Nixon workers and a man dressed like Uncle Sam on ten-foot stilts who bore a curious but undeniable resemblance to Senator Eugene McCarthy. The Nixon daughters had come in to pleasant cheers, cries of pleasure from those who could see them in the crowd, the beating of the two bands, and they had passed through the crowd and into the lobby, both lovely looking girls. The older (who looked younger) was Tricia, gentle, bemused, a misty look to her face, but incontestably a beauty with very blonde hair. She had an extraordinary complexion—one would be forced to describe it with the terminology of the Victorian novel, alabaster and ivory could vie for prominence with peaches and cream. The other daughter, Julia, brown-haired, apple-cheeked, snub-nosed, was healthy, genial, a perfect soubrette for a family comedy on television. She was as American as Corporate Bakeries apple pie. And now engaged to David Eisenhower, grandson of Old Ike. It was an engagement which had caused much bitter chortling and a predictable tightening of the collective mouth when word came to liberal cir-

les. There seemed at the time no limit to Richard Nixon's iniquity. But in fact daughter Julia was a nice-looking girl, and Ike's grandson who looked to be not yet twenty had a pleasant face, more than a hint of innocence in it, not only small-town but near to yokel, redeemed by the friendliest of simple smiles. An ambitious high school dramatics teacher might have picked him to play Billy Budd.

The arrival of the girls and covert scrutiny of them by the reporter had produced one incontestable back-slapping turn-of-the-century guffaw: a man who could produce daughters like that could not be all bad. The remote possibility of some reappraisal of Richard Nixon was now forced to enter the works. It was, of course, remote, but the reporter was determined to be fair to all, and the notion was incontestably there. Nothing in his prior view of Nixon had ever prepared him to conceive of a man with two lovely girls. (Since the reporter had four fine daughters of his own, he was not inclined to look on such matters as accident.) And indeed later that night, the voice (agreeably well-brought-up but not remarkable) of one of Nixon's daughters was heard for a fragment of dialogue on radio. No, she was saying, their father had never spanked them. It was indicated that Mother had been the disciplinarian. "But then," the girl's voice went on, simple clarity, even honest devotion in the tone, "we never wanted to displease him. We wanted to be good." The reporter had not heard a girl make a remark like that about her father since his own mother had spoken in such fashion thirty-odd years ago.

Of course the remote contingency of reappraising Nixon had been kept comfortably remote by the nature of the entertainment provided in the lobby of the Hilton Plaza after the daughters had made their entrance and well-regulated escape to some private suite upstairs. The Nixon Dancers were now entertaining the crowd. Thirty-six adolescent girls all seemingly between five feet, four inches and five feet, six inches came out to dance various sorts of cheerleader-type dances. Impossible to define the steps more neatly, it was some sort of cross between television entertainment at half-time and working on a farm team for the Rockettes. Later the girls made an exit in file, in profile, and a clear count was there to be made in noses. Six of the thirty-six had aquiline curves, six were straight-nosed, and the other twenty-four had turned-up buttons at the tip.

Now heard was the white band. There were sixteen of them, about as good, and about as simple, as a good high school marching band. The Black band was something else, Eureka Brass Band by name, right out of Beale Street sixty years ago, ten Negroes in black pants, white shirts and white yachting caps with black visors did a Dixieland strut up and around the floor, led by their master, a tall disdainful wizardly old warlock, a big Black in a big black tuxedo, black felt Homburg on his head, medals and green sashes and Nixon buttons all over him. He was no ad for anybody but the most arcane Black Power, he was an old prince of a witch doctor—insult him at your peril—but the other ten musicians with their trumpets and snares and assorted brass would prove no pull for Nixon on TV with any Black votes watching, for they were old and meek, naught but elderly Black Southern musicians, a veritable Ganges of Uncle Toms. They had disappeared with Tom Swift and Little Lord Fauntleroy.

7.

That evening at the Fontainebleau, on the night before the convention was to begin, the Republicans had their Grand Gala, no Press admitted, and the reporter by a piece of luck was nearly the first to get in. The affair was well-policed, in fact strict in its security, for some of the most important Republican notables would be there, but strolling through the large crowd in the lobby the reporter discovered himself by accident in the immediate wake of Governor Reagan's passage along a channel of security officers through the mob to the doors of the Gala. It was assumed by the people who gave way to the Governor that the reporter must be one of the plainclothesmen assigned to His Excellency's rear, and with a frown here, judicious tightening of his mouth there, look of concern for the Governor's welfare squeezed onto his map, offering a security officer's look superior to the absence of any ticket, he went right in through the ticket-takers, having found time in that passage to observe Governor Reagan and his Lady, who were formally dressed to the hilt of the occasion, now smiling, now shaking hands, eager, tense, bird-like, genial, not quite habituated to eminence, seeking to make brisk but not rude progress through the crowd, and obviously uneasy in the crowd (like most political figures) since a night in June in Los Angeles. It was an expected observation, but Mr. and Mrs. Reagan looked very much like an actor and actress playing Governor and Wife. Still Reagan held himself sort of uneasily about the middle, as if his solar plexus were fragile, and a clout would leave him like a fish on the floor.

Once inside the ballroom, however, the reporter discovered that the Governor had been among the first guests to enter. His own position was therefore not comfortable. Since there were no other guests among whom to mix (nothing but two hundred and forty empty tables with settings for two thousand people, all still to come in, and no cover to conceal him but small potted trees with oranges attached by green wire, since Security might be furious to the point of cop-mania catching him thus early, there was no choice but to take up a stand twenty feet from the door, his legs at parade rest, his arms clasped behind, while he scrutinized the entrance of everybody who came in. Any security officer studying him might therefore be forced to conclude that he belonged to *other* Security. Suffice it, he was not approached in his position near the entrance, and for the next thirty minutes looked at some thousand Republicans coming through the gate, the other

thousand entering out of view by an adjacent door.

It was not a crowd totally representative of the power of the Republican Party. Some poor delegates may have been there as guests, and a few other delegates might have chosen to give their annual contribution of $1,000 for husband and wife here ($500 a plate) rather than to some other evening of fund raising for the party, indeed an air of sobriety and quiet dress was on many of the Republicans who entered. There were women who looked like librarians and school teachers, there were middle-aged men who looked like they might be out for their one night of the year. The Eastern Establishment was of course present in degree, and powers from the South, West, Mid-West, but it was not a gang one could hold up in comparative glitter to an opening at the Met. No, rather, it was modesty which hung over these well-bred subscribers to the Gala.

Still, exceptions noted, they were obviously in large part composed of a thousand of the wealthiest Republicans in the land, the corporate and social power of America was here in legions of interconnection he could not even begin to trace. Of necessity, a measure of his own ignorance came over him, for among those thousand, except for candidates, politicians and faces in the news, there were not ten people he recognized. Yet here they were, the economic power of America (so far as economic power was still private, not public) the family power (so far as position in society was still a passion to average and ambitious Americans) the military power (to the extent that important sword-rattlers and/or patriots were among the company, as well as cadres of corporations not unmarried to the Pentagon) yes, even the spiritual power of America (just so far as Puritanism, Calvinism, conservatism and golf still gave the Wasp an American faith more intense than the faith of cosmopolitans, one-worlders, trade-unionists, Black militants, New Leftists, acidheads, tribunes of the gay, families of Mafia, political machinists, fixers, swingers, Democratic lobbyists, members of the Grange, and government workers, not to include the *Weltanschauung* of every partisan in every minority group). No, so far as there was an American faith, a belief, a mystique that America was more than the sum of its constituencies, its trillions of dollars and billions of acres, its constellation of factories, empyrean of communications, mountain transcendant of finance, and heroic of sport, transports of medicine, hygiene, and church, so long as belief persisted that America, finally more than all this, was the world's ultimate reserve of rectitude, final garden of the Lord, so far as this mystique could survive in every American family of Christian substance, so then were the people entering this Gala willy-nilly the leaders of this faith, never articulated by any of them except in the most absurd and taste-curdling jargons of patriotism mixed with religion, but the faith existed in those crossroads between the psyche and the heart where love, hate, the cognition of grace, the all but lost sense of the root, and adoration of America congregate for some.

Their own value was in this faith, the workings of their seed from one generation into the next, their link to the sense of what might be life-force was in the faith. Yes, primitive life was there, and ancestral life, health concealed in their own flesh from towns occupied and once well-settled, from farms which prospered, and frontiers they had—through ancestors—dared to pass. They believed in America as they believed in God—they could not really ever expect that America might collapse and God yet survive, no, they had even gone so far as to think that America was the savior of the world, food and medicine by one hand, sword in the other, highest of high faith in a nation which would bow the knee before no problem since God's own strength was in the die. It was a faith which had flared so high in San Francisco in 1964 that staid old Republicans had come near to frothing while they danced in the aisle, there to nominate Barry, there to nominate Barry. But their hero had gone down to a catastrophe of defeat, blind in politics, impolite in tactics, a sorehead, a fool, a disaster. And if his policies had prevailed to some degree, to the degree of escalating the war in Vietnam, so had that policy depressed some part of America's optimism to the bottom of the decade, for the country had learned an almost unendurable lesson—its history in Asia was next to done, and there was not any real desire to hold armies on that land; worse, the country had begun to wear away inside, and the specter of Vietnam in every American city would haunt the suburb, the terror of a dollar cut loose from every standard of economic anchor was in the news, and some of the best of the youth were mad demented dogs with teeth in the flesh of the deepest Republican faith.

They were a chastened collocation these days. The high fire of hard Republican faith was more modest now, the vision of America had diminished. The claims on Empire had met limits. But it was nonetheless uncommon, yes bizarre, for the reporter to stand like an agent of their security as these leaders of the last American faith came through to the Gala, for, repeat: they were in the main not impressive, no, not by the hard eye of New York. Most of them were ill-proportioned in some part of their physique. Half must have been, of course, men and women over fifty and their bodies reflected the pull of their character. The dowager's hump was common, and many a man had a flaccid paunch, but the collective tension was rather in the shoulders, in the girdling of the shoulders against anticipated lashings on the back, in the thrust forward of the neck, in the maintenance of the muscles of the mouth forever locked in readiness to bite the tough meat of resistance, in a posture forward from the hip since the small of the back was dependably stiff, loins and mind cut away from each other by some abyss between navel and hip.

More than half of the men wore eyeglasses, young

with old—the reporter made his count, close as a professional basketball game, and gave up by the time his score was up to Glasses 87, No Glasses 83. You could not picture a Gala Republican who was not clean-shaven by eight A.M. Coming to power, they could only conceive of trying to clean up every situation in sight. And so many of the women seemed victims of the higher hygiene. Even a large part of the young seemed to have faces whose cheeks had been injected with Novocain.

Yet he felt himself unaccountably filled with a mild sorrow. He did not detest these people, he did not feel so superior as to pity them, it was rather he felt a sad sorrowful respect. In their immaculate cleanliness, in the somewhat antiseptic odors of their astringent toilet water and perfume, in the abnegation of their walks, in the heavy sturdy moves so many demonstrated of bodies in life's harness, there was the muted tragedy of the Wasp—they were not on earth to enjoy or even perhaps to love so very much, they were here to serve, and serve they had in public functions and public charities (while recipients of their charity might vomit in rage and laugh in scorn), served on opera committees, and served in long hours of duty at the piano, served as the sentinel in concert halls and the pews on the aisle in church, at the desk in schools, had served for culture, served for finance, served for salvation, served for America—and so much of America did not wish them to serve any longer, and so many of them doubted themselves, doubted that the force of their faith could illumine their path in these new modern horror-head times. On and on, they came through the door, the clean, the well-bred, the extraordinarily prosperous, and for the most astonishing part, the almost entirely proper. Yes, in San Francisco in '64 they had been able to be insane for a little while, but now they were subdued, now they were modest, now they were looking for a leader to bring America back to them, their lost America, Jesus-land.

"Nelson Rockefeller is out of his mind if he thinks he can take the nomination away from Richard Nixon," the reporter said suddenly to himself. It was the first certitude the convention had given.

8.

Still, Rockefeller was trying. He had been mounting a massive offensive for weeks. In speeches which came most often as prepared announcements for television and in full-page advertisements in newspapers all over the country, he had been saturating America with Rockefeller philosophy, paying for it with Rockefeller money, the rhetoric in the style of that Madison Avenue Eminent, Emmet Hughes.

On Vietnam: The country must never again "find itself with a commitment looking for a justification. . . . The war has been conducted without a coherent strategy or program for peace." Of course he had been until recently a hawk with the hawks—like Nixon, he was now a dove of a hawk, a dove of a hawk like all the Republicans but Reagan.

The ads had come with text in 20-point type, 30-point type, larger. "We must assure to all Americans two basic rights: the right to learn and the right to work." (The right to learn would come in mega-universities with lectures pulled in on television and study halls with plastic bucket seats—the right to work? or was it the right to take pride in one's work?)

On Cities: ". . . . the confidence that we can rebuild our great cities—making slums of old despair into centers of new hope. . . ."

Or: "I see . . . the welfare concept . . . as a floor below which nobody will be allowed to fall, but with no ceiling to prevent anyone from rising as high as he wants to rise."

It was the best of potency-rhetoric for the thriving liberal center of America where most of the action was, building contracts, federal money for superhighways, youth programs for the slums, *wars* against poverty, bigotry, violence, and hate. (But how did one go to war with hate? "On your knees, mother-fucker!" said the saint.)

Yes, Rockefeller had only to win the nomination and it might take an act of God to keep him from the Presidency. He was the dream candidate for all Democratic voters—they could repudiate Johnson and Humphrey and still have the New Deal, the Fair Deal, Stevenson, Eleanor Roosevelt, Kennedy, Bobby Kennedy, Gene McCarthy, and Folk Rock with Rocky. He would get three-quarters of the Democrats' votes. Of course he would get only one-fourth of the Republicans' votes (the rest would go to Humphrey or Wallace or stay at home) but he would be in, he could unite the country right down that liberal center which had given birth to a Great Society, a war in Vietnam, and a permanent state of police alert in the cities in the summer.

He was like a general who had mounted the most massive offensive of a massive war but had neglected to observe that the enemy was not on his route, and the line of march led into a swamp. Rockefeller took out ads, pushed television, worked with hip musicians and groovy bands (Cannonball Adderley, Lionel Hampton) got out the young at every rally (the adolescents too young to vote) hobnobbed with governors and senators, made the phone calls, hit the high pressure valve (Bill Miller and Meade Alcorn and Leonard Hall and Thruston Morton called in old debts from old friends) hit the hustings in his plane, "Hiya fellow,"—did everything but enter the campaign at the right time, fight it out in the primaries, or design his attack for the mollification of Republican fears. He did everything but exercise choice in serving up the best political greens and liver juice for the rehabilitation of Republican pride. In secret he may have detested the Average Republican—it was no secret that same Republican hated him: they had never forgiven each other for his divorce and his remarriage. A man married for thirty-two years should have known all marital misery by then—to smash such a scene spoke to the average Republican

of massive instability, no fear of God, an obvious hankering for the orgiastic fats of the liberal center, and no saving secret gifts of hypocrisy—this latter being indispensable, reasons the conservative mind, to prudence and protection in government.

Besides, the sort of passion for a late-entering candidate which can lead a delegate to make a last-minute switch in his choice must have roots in hysteria, and thereby be near to that incandescent condition of the soul when love and/or physical attraction is felt for three or four people at once. Hysteria is not in high demand among Republicans. Their lives have been geared to keep *ménage-à-trois* at a minimum. If love is then sometimes also at a minimum, well, that's all right. Misers can feel vertiginous titillation if they are worked upon for years to give up their coin, their kiss, their delegate's vote. And Nixon had worked on them for many months and just some of those years, you bet! The miser giving up his gift once is the happiest of men—being asked to switch his choice again is the invitation to hysteria—it can only end by sending him to the nut house, the poorhouse, or a school for the whirling dervish.

What Rockefeller needed was delegate votes, not millions of Americans sending good thoughts. There were dreams of repeating Wendell Willkie's sixth ballot in 1940, but those were scandalous military dreams, for Republicans then hated Roosevelt to such distraction they would have nominated any man who had a chance against him, whereas in 1968 their loyalty was to the philosophy of the party—to Republicanism!

Rocky had spent and would spend, it was said, ten million bucks to get the nomination. (One journalist remarked that he would have done better to buy delegates: at $25,000 a delegate, he could have had four hundred.) On Sunday afternoon, there was an opportunity to see how the money was spent. Some rich men are famous for penury—it was Rocky's own grandfather after all who used to pass out the thin dime. But generosity to a rich man is like hysteria to a miser: once entertain it, and there's no way to stop the bitch is in the house. Having engaged the habit of spending, where was Rocky to quit? After the television came the rallies and the chartered planes; now in Miami, the rented river boats on Island Creek for delegates who wanted an afternoon's buffet on an inland waterway yacht; or the parties. Rocky threw open the Americana for a Sunday reception and supper for the New York delegation. On Monday from 5:00 to 7:00 P.M., after Nixon's arrival, he gave a giant reception for all delegates, alternates and Republican leadership. The party jammed the Continental Room and the Grand Ballroom of the Americana, and the numbers could not be counted. 5,000 could have come through, 6,000, the *Times* estimated 8,000 guests and a cost of $50,000. Half of Miami Beach may have passed through for the free meal and the drinks. On the tables (eight bars, sixteen buffet tables) thousands of glasses were ready with ice cubes; so, too were ready shrimp and cocktail sauce, potted meat balls turkeys, hams, goulash, aspic, éclairs, pigs in blan kets, chicken liver, *pâté de volailles*, vats of caviar (black), ladyfingers, jelly rings, celebration cakes— where were the crepes suzette? What wonders of the American gut. On the bandstand in each room, a band; in the Continental Room, dark as a night club (indeed a night club on any other night) Lionel Hampton was vibrating a beat right into the rich middle octave of a young Black singer giving up *soul* for Rocky. "We want Rocky," went the chant. *Sock . . . sock . . .* went the beat, driving, lightly hypnotic, something reminiscent in the tempo of shots on the rim of the snare when the drummer backs the stripper's bumps. But Rocky wasn't coming out now he was somewhere else, so members of his family his older children and wives of his older children and sister and Helen Hayes and Billy Daniels were out on the stage with Hampton and the happy young Black singer snapping his fingers and the happy Black girl singer full of soul and zap and breasts!

Everybody was eating, drinking—young Rockefeller family up there on happiness beat, arms locked prancing, natives of Miami Beach on the floor cheering it up, America ready to truck its happiness right out on One World Highway One.

And here and there a delegate, or a delegate's family from Ohio or Colorado or Illinois, delegate's badge on the lapel, mixed look of curiosity, wonder, and pleasure in the eye: "If the man wants to throw his money around like that, well, we're not here to stop him!" And the pleasure in the eye is reserved for the thought of telling the home folks about the swinishness, sottishness, and *waste* expenditure of the occasion. "They were spilling half the drinks they were in such a hurry to serve them up."

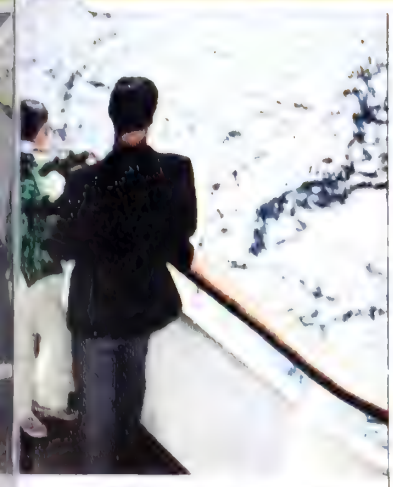
And in the corridor between the Caribbean Room and the Ballroom a jam of guests. The line would not move. Trapped in the rush hour again. In the first world war, Marshal Haig used to send a million men over the top in a frontal attack. One hundred yards would be gained, one hundred thousand casualties would be the price. It was possible Nelson Rockefeller was the Marshal Haig of presidential hopefuls. Rich men should not surround themselves with other rich men if they want to win a war.

9.

Nixon had come in earlier that day. A modestly large crowd, perhaps six hundred at the entrance to the Miami Hilton, two bands playing "Nixon's the One," and the Nixonettes and the Nixonaires, good clean blonde and brown-haired Christian faces, same two Negresses, a cluster of 2,000 balloons going up in the air, flings of color, thin dots of color, and Nixon himself finally in partial view at the center of the semicircle of cameras held overhead. Just a glimpse: he has a sunburn—his forehead is bright pink. Then he has made it into the hotel, pushed from behind, hands in hand-shakes from the front, hair recognizable—it is curlier than most and combed in roller-

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aster waves, not unreminiscent of the head of hair Gore Vidal. (But where was Nixon's Breckenge?)

The crowd had been enthusiastic without real rly-burly or hint of pandemonium. More in a state respectful enthusiasm, and the hot patriotic culity to get near the man who is probably going to the next American President. The office, not the n, is moving them. And Nixon passes through m with the odd stick-like motions which are so ich a characteristic of his presence. He is like an or with good voice and hordes of potential, but the pair of his dramatic coach (again it is High hool). "Dick, you just got to learn how to move." ere is something almost touching in the way he s it, as if sensitive flesh winces at the way he must ose his lack of heart for being warm and really ming in crowds, and yet he is all heart to perform task, as if the total unstinting exercise of the will st finally deliver every last grace, yes, he is like nissionary handing out Bibles among the Urdu. rist, they are filthy fellows, but deserving of the *ch*. No, it is not so much that he is a bad actor (for xon in a street crowd is *radiant* with emotion to ch across the prison pen of his own artificial moves l deadly reputation and show that he is sincere) it ather that he grew up in the worst set of schools actors in the world—white gloves and church er, debating team, Young Republicanism, captive Ike's forensic style—as an actor, Nixon thinks his k is to signify. So if he wants to show someone t he likes them, he must smile; if he wishes to w disapproval of Communism, he frowns; Amermust be strong, out goes his chest. Prisoner of old bit or unwitting of a new kind of move, he has come remotely near any modern moves, he would be ready to see that the young love McCarthy bese he plays forever against his line. "If I'm nomied, I can't see how I'd possibly fail to win," says Carthy in a gloomy modest mild little voice, then eyes twinkle at the myriad of consequences to ow: raps in the newspaper about his arrogance, sheer delicious zaniness of any man making any m about his candidacy—yes, many people love Carthy because his wan wit is telling them, "We iddle ultimates: spitballs and eternals."

Nixon has never learned this. He is in for the ight sell. No wonder he foundered on "America t stand pat."

ut the reporter is obsessed with him. He has never tten anything nice about Nixon. Over the years las saved some of his sharpest comments for him, as disliked him intimately ever since his Checkers ech in 1952—the kind of man who was ready to igh sentimentality in such a bog was the kind of who would press any button to manipulate the ses—and there was large fear in those days of ons which might ignite atomic wars. Nixon's sence on television had inspired emotions close to sea. There had been a gap between the man who e and the man who lived behind the speaker which offered every clue of schizophrenia in the American public if they failed to recognize the void within the presentation. Worse. There was unity only in the way the complacency of the voice matched the complacency of the ideas. It was as if Richard Nixon were proving that a man who had never spent an instant inquiring whether family, state, church, and flag were ever wrong could go on in secure steps, denuded of risk, from office to office until he was President.

In 1962 the reporter had given a small celebration for the collapse of Nixon after his defeat in the election for Governor of California. To the Press: "Well, gentlemen," the defeated man had said, "you won't have Nixon to kick any more." It had seemed the absolute end of a career. Self-pity in public was as irreversible as suicide. In 1964, Nixon had stood about in the wings while Barry was nominated. Now, in 1968, he was on the edge of becoming the nominee. It was obvious something was wrong with the reporter's picture. In his previous conception of Richard Nixon's character there had been no room for a comeback. Either the man had changed or one had failed to recognize some part of his character from the beginning. So there was interest, even impatience to hear him speak.

He was not having a press conference, however, on the day of his arrival. That would wait until the next morning at 8:15. Then, he would face the Press.

10.

The room filled slowly. By the time Nixon began, it was apparent that 500 seats had been an excessive estimate. Perhaps half of them were filled, certainly no more than two-thirds. It was nonetheless a large press conference. Nixon came in wearing a quiet blue-gray suit, white shirt, black and blue close-figured tie, black shoes, and no handkerchief for the breast pocket. He stepped up on the dais diffidently, not certain whether applause would be coming or not. There was none. He stood there, looked quietly and warily at the audience, and then said that he was ready for questions.

This would be his sole press conference before the nomination. He was of course famous for his lack of sparkling good relation with the Press, he had in fact kept his publicity to a functional minimum these past few months. The work of collecting delegates had been done over the last four years, particularly over the last two. Their allegiance had been confirmed the last six months in his primary victories. He had no longer anything much to gain from good interviews, not at least until his nomination was secured; he had everything to lose from a bad interview. A delegate who was slipping could slide further because of an ill-chosen remark.

To the extent that the Press was not Republican, and certainly more than half, privately, were not, he would have few friends and more than a few determined enemies. Even among the Republicans he could expect a better share of the Press to go to Rockefeller.

Even worse, for the mood of this conference, he did not, in comparison with other political candidates, have many reporters who were his personal friends. He was not reputed to smoke or drink so he did not have drinking buddies as Johnson once had, and Goldwater, and Bill Miller, and Humphrey; no brothel legends attached to him, and no outsize admiration to accompany them; no, the Press was a necessary tool to him, a tool he had been obliged to employ for more than twenty years but he could not pretend to be comfortable in his use of the tool, and the tool (since it was composed of men) resented its employment.

Probably Nixon had agreed to this conference only to avoid the excess of bad feeling which no meeting with the Press would be likely to cause. Still, this was an operation where his best hope was to minimize the loss. So he had taken the wise step of scheduling the conference at 8:15 in the morning, a time when his worst enemies, presumably the heavy drinkers, free lovers, and free spenders on the Reagan Right and Far Left of the press corps, would probably be asleep in bed or here asleep on their feet.

Nonetheless his posture on the stage, hands to his side or clasped before him, gave him the attentive guarded look of an old ball player—like Rabbit Maranville, let us say, or even an old con up before Parole Board. There was something in his carefully shaven face—the dark jowls already showing the first overtones of thin gloomy blue at this early hour—some worry which gave promise of never leaving him, some hint of inner debate about his value before eternity which spoke of precisely the sort of improvement that comes upon a man when he shifts in appearance from looking like an undertaker's assistant to looking like an old con seriously determined to go respectable. The Old Nixon, which is to say the young Nixon, used to look, on clasping his hands in front of him, like a church usher (of the variety who would twist a boy's ear after removing him from church). The older Nixon before the Press now—the *new* Nixon—had finally acquired some of the dignity of the old athlete and the old con—he had taken punishment, that was on his face now, he knew the detailed schedule of pain in a real loss, there was an attentiveness in his eyes which gave offer of some knowledge of the abyss, even the kind of gentleness which exdrunkards attain after years in AA. As he answered questions, fielding them with the sure modest moves of an old shortstop who hits few homers but supports the team on his fielding (what sorrow in the faces of such middle-aged shortstops!) so now his modesty was not without real dignity. Where in Eisenhower days his attempts at modesty had been as offensive as a rich boy's arrogance, for he had been so transparently contemptuous of the ability of his audience to *witness* him, now the modesty was the product of a man who, at worst, had grown from a bad actor to a surprisingly good actor, or from an unpleasant self-made man—outrageously rewarded with luck—to a man who had risen and fallen and been able to rise again, and so conceivably had learned somethi about patience and the compassion of others.

When the reporter was younger, he might ha said, "Nixon did not rise again; they raised him; if new Nixon did not exist, they would have had to i vent him." But the reporter was older now—presu ably he knew more about the limits of the ruling cla for inventing what they needed; he had learned h little talent or patience they had. Yes, at a certa point they might have decided, some of them at a rate, to dress Richard Nixon for the part agai but no one but Nixon had been able to get himse up from the political deathbed to which his failure California had consigned him. He was here, the answering questions in a voice which was probab closer to his own than it had ever been.

And some of the answers were not so bad. Mu was Old Nixon, extraordinarily adroit at workir both sides of a question so that both halves of h audience might be afterward convinced he was o of them. ("While homosexuality is a perversi punishable by law, and an intolerable offense to law-abiding community, it is life-giving to many those who are in need of it," he might have said ever he had addressed a combined meeting of t Policemen's Benevolent Association and the Ma tachine Society.) So he worked into the problem Vietnam by starting at A and also by starting at which he called a "two-pronged approach." He w for a negotiated settlement, he was for maintainin military strength because that would be the only wa to "reach negotiated settlement of the war on a honorable basis." Later he was to talk of negotiatio with "the next superpower, Communist China." H spoke patiently, with clarity, gently, not badly b for an unfortunate half-smile pasted to his face. T question would come, and he would back-hand it wit his glove or trap it; like all politicians he had a co sidered answer for every question, but he gave stru ture to his answers, even a certain relish for the dialectical complexity. Where once he had pretende to think in sentimentalities and slogans, now he he the question up, worked over it, deployed it, amplifie it, corrected its tendency, offered an aside (usuall an attempt to be humorous) revealed its contradi tion, and then declared a statement. With it all, sensitivity almost palpable to the reservations of th Press about his character, his motive, and his goo intention. He still had no natural touch with them his half-smile while he listened was unhappy, for i had nowhere to go but into a full smile and his ful smile was as false as false teeth, a pure exercise o will. You could all but see the signal pass from hi brain to his jaw. "SMILE," said the signal, and s he flashed teeth in a painful kind of joyous grimac which spoke of some shrinkage in the liver, or th gut, which he would have to repair afterward b other medicine than good-fellowship. (By winnin the Presidency, perhaps.) He had always had th ability to violate his own nature absolutely if tha happened to be necessary to his will—there had nev

anyone in American life so resolutely phony as rd Nixon, nor anyone so transcendentally suc- by such means—small wonder half the elector- d regarded him for years as equal to a disease. e was less phony now, *that was the miracle*, he oved from a position of total ambition and total tion from his own person (at the time of ers, the dog speech) to a place now where he alfway conciliated with his own self. As he , he kept going in and out of focus, true one it, phony the next, then quietly correcting the step.

stion from the Press: *You emphasized the e in the country and abroad. Has this led you nge your thinking in any shape or form spe- ly?*

swer: *It certainly has.* (But he was too eager. Nixon was always ready to please with good ht American boyhood enthusiasm. So he tacked his voice throttled down.) *As the facts change, telligent man* (firm but self-deprecatory, he is ling the Press with himself) *does change his aches to the problems.* (Now sharp awareness e next Press attitude.) *It does not mean that an opportunist.* (Now modestly, reasonably.) *ans only that he is a pragmatist, a realist, ap- y principles to the new situations.* (Now he will y some of the resources of his answer.) *For ple . . . in preparing the acceptance speech e to give next Thursday, I was reading over cceptance speech in 1960, and I thought then s, frankly, quite a good speech. But I realize rrelevant much of what I said in 1960 in foreign s was to the problems of today.* (The admission tartling. The Old Nixon was never wrong. Now, ploited the shift in a move to his political left, New Nixon.) *Then the Communist world was olithic world. Today it is a split world, schizo- ic, with . . . great diversity . . . in Eastern Eu-* (a wholesome admission for anyone who had ed in John Foster Dulles' world.) *. . . after an f confrontation . . . we now enter an era of ne- tions with Soviet Union.*

ile he was never in trouble with the questions, ing surer and surer of himself as he went on, nsion still persisted between his actual presence nan not altogether alien to the abyss of a real em, and the political practitioner of his youth, snake-oil salesman who was never back of any ie sold, but always off to the side where he might ve its effect on the sucker. The New Nixon d and searched for the common touch he had been able to slip into the old folks with the ease incubus on a spinster. Now he tried to use slang, notes around it with a touching, almost pathetic, der of Nice-Nellyism, the inhibition of the good church upbringing of his youth insisting on iting itself, as if he were saying with a YMCA snicker, "After we break into slang, there's s the danger of the party getting *rough*." It that fatal prissiness which must have driven him years ago into all the militaristic muscle-bending witch-hunting foam-rubber virilities of the young Senator and the young Vice President. So, now he talked self-consciously of how the members of his staff, counting delegates, were "playing what we call 'the strong game.'" SMILE said his brain. FLASH went the teeth. But his voice seemed to give away that, whatever they called it, they probably didn't call it "the strong game," or if they did, *he* didn't. So he framed little phrases. Like "a leg-up." Or "my intuition, my 'gut feelings,' so to speak." Deferential air followed by SMILE—FLASH. Was it possible that one of the secrets of Old Nixon was that his psyche had been trapped in rock-formations, nay, geological strata of Sunday school inhibitions? Was it even possible that he was a good man, not a bad man, a good man who had been trapped by an early milieu whose habits had left him with such innocence about three-quarters of the world's experience that he had become an absolute monster of opportunism about the quarter he comprehended all too well? Listening to Nixon now, studying his new modesty, it was impossible to tell whether he was a serious man on the path of returning to his own true seriousness, out to unite the nation again as he promised with every remark: "Reconciliation of the races is a primary objective of the United States," or whether the young devil had reconstituted himself into a more consummate devil, Old Scratch as a modern Abe Lincoln of modesty.

Question from the Press: *A little less than six years ago, after your defeat for the Governorship of California, you announced at the ensuing press conference that that was going to be your last news conference. Could you recall for us this morning two or three of the most important points in your own thinking which made you reverse that statement and now reach for political office on the highest level?*

Answer: *Had there not been the division of the Republican Party in 1964 and had there not been the vacuum of leadership that was created by that division and by that defeat, I would not be here today. . . . I believe that my travels around the country and the world in this period of contemplation and this period of withdrawal from the political scene* (some dark light of happiness now in his eye, as if withdrawal and contemplation had given him the first deep pleasures, or perhaps the first real religious pleasures of his life) *in which I have had a chance to observe not only the United States but the world, has led me to the conclusion that returning to the arena was something that I should do* (said almost as if he had heard a voice in some visitation of the night)—*not that I consider myself to be an indispensable man.* (Said agreeably in a relaxed tone as if he had thought indeed to the bottom of this and had found the relaxation of knowing he was not indispensable, an absurd vanity if one stares at Nixon from without, but he had been Vice President before he was forty, and so had had to see himself early, perhaps much too early, as a man of destiny.

Now, reservation underlined, he could continue.) *But something that I should do* (go for the Presidency) *because this is the time I think when the man and the moment in history come together.* (An extraordinary admission for a Republican, with their Protestant detestation of philosophical deeps or any personification of history. With one remark, Nixon had walked into the oceans of Marx, Spengler, Heidegger, and Tolstoy; and Dostoevski and Kierkegaard were in the wings. Yes, Richard Nixon's mind had entered the torture chambers of the modern consciousness!

I have always felt that a man cannot seek the Presidency and get it simply because he wants it. I think that he can seek the Presidency and obtain it only when the Presidency requires what he may have to offer (the Presidency was then a mystical seat, mystical as the choice of a woman's womb) *and I have had the feeling* (comfortably pleasant and modest again—no phony Nixon here) *and it may be a presumptuous feeling, that because of the vacuum of leadership in the Republican Party, because of the need for leadership particularly qualified in foreign affairs, because I have known not only the country, but the world as a result of my travels, that now time* (historical-time—the very beast of the mystic!) *requires that I re-enter the arena.* (Then he brought out some humor. It was not great humor, but for Nixon it was curious and not indelicate.) *And incidentally, I have been very willing to do so.* (Re-enter the arena.) *I am not being drafted. I want to make that very clear. I am very willing to do so. There has never been a draft in Miami in August anyway.* (Nice laughter from the Press—he has won them by a degree. Now he is on to finish the point.) *. . . I believe that if my judgment—and my intuition, my "gut feelings" so to speak, about America and American political tradition—is right, this is the year that I will win.*

The speech had come in the middle of the conference and he kept fielding questions afterward, never wholly at ease, never caught in trouble, mild, firm, reasonable, highly disciplined—it was possible he was one of the most disciplined men in America. After it was over, he walked down the aisle, and interviewers gathered around him, although not in great number. The reporter stood within two feet of Nixon at one point but had not really a question to ask which could be answered abruptly. "What, sir, would you say is the state of your familiarity with the works of Edmund Burke?" No, it was more to get a sense of the candidate's presence, and it was a modest presence, no more formidable before the immediate Press in its physical aura than a floorwalker in a department store, which is what Old Nixon had often been called, or worse—Assistant Mortician. It was probable that bodies did not appeal to him in inordinate measure, and a sense of the shyness of the man also appeared—shy after all these years!—but Nixon must have been habituated to loneliness after all those agonies in the circus skin of Tricky Dick. Had he really improved? The reporter caught himself hoping that Nixon had. If his physical presence inspired here no great joy nor even distrust, just the sense of a man still entrenched in toil and isolation, as if only the office of the Presidency could be equal (in the specific density of its importance) to the labyrinthine delivery of the natural man to himself. Then and only then might he know the strength of his own hand and his own moral desire. It might even be a measure of the not-entirely cold promise of America if a man as opportunistic as early Nixon could grow in reach and comprehension and stature to become a leader. For, if that were possible in these bad years, then all was still possible, and the country not stripped of its blessing. Few and marvelously complex improvement of a devil or angel-in-chrysalis, or both—good and evil now at war in the man, Nixon was at least, beneath the ruin to hermetic boredom of his old presence, the most interesting figure at the convention, or at least so the reporter had decided by the end of the press conference that Tuesday in the morning. Complicities upon this vision were to follow.

11.

The next press conference to be noted was in the French Room of the Fontainebleau for 11:00 A.M. The Reverend Ralph D. Abernathy, former assistant to the Reverend Martin Luther King, Jr., and leader of the Poor People's March after King had been assassinated, was scheduled to read a statement and answer questions. While the assembly was nowhere near so large as Nixon's, close to a hundred reporters must nonetheless have appeared, a considerable number of Negroes among them, and they proceeded to wait. Abernathy had not shown up. About fifteen minutes past the hour, another Negro came to the podium and said that the Reverend was on his way, and could be expected in a few minutes.

The gossip was livelier. "We had to look for him in five hotels," said a Black reporter to some other members of the Press, and there was a mental picture of the leader waking heavily, the woes of racial tension, unfulfilled commitment, skipped promises and the need for militant effort in the day ahead all staring down into whatever kind of peace had been reached the night before in the stretch before sleep.

Still it was unduly irritating to have to wait at a press conference, and as the minutes went by, the annoyance mounted, the reporter became aware after a while of a curious emotion in himself, one he had not ever felt it consciously before—it was a simple emotion and very unpleasant to him—he was getting tired of Negroes and their rights. It was a miserable recognition, and on many a count, for if he felt even a hint this way, then what immeasurable tides of rage must be loose in America itself? Perhaps it was the atmosphere of the Republican convention itself, this congregation of the clean, the brisk, the orderly, the efficient. A reporter who must attempt to do his job, he had perhaps commit

self too completely to the atmosphere as if bet- to comprehend the subterranean character of t he saw on the surface, but in any event having ed through such curious pilgrimage—able to at Richard Nixon with eyes free of hatred!— as almost as if he resented the presence of Aber- y now (or the missing Abernathy) as if the dis- fort of his Black absence made him suddenly emplate the rotting tooth and ulcerated gum of white patient. What an obsession was the Negro he average white American by now. Every time American turned in his thoughts to the sweetest ct of contemplation in his mind's small town er, nothing less than America the Beautiful her- —that angel of security at the end of every alley— *there* was the face of an accusing rioting Black it in the middle of the dream—smack in the cen- of the alley—and the obsession was hung on the k of how to divide the guilt, how much to the te man, how much to the dark? The guiltiest man e would work around the clock if he could only gn proportions to his guilt; but not to know if was partially innocent or very guilty had to es- ish an order of paralysis. Since obsessions dra- n our energy by endless repetitive contemplations uilt we can neither measure nor forget, political er of the most frightening sort was obviously ting for the first demagogue who would smash obsession and free the white man of his guilt. rents of energy would be loosed, yes, those same ents which Hitler had freed in the Germans n he exploded their ten-year obsession with ther they had lost the war through betrayal or ough material weakness. Through betrayal, Hit- had told them: Germans were actually strong and d. The consequences would never be counted.

Now if suburban America was not waiting for rgie Wallace, it might still be waiting for Super- llace. The thought persisted, the ugly thought sisted that despite all legitimate claims, all burn- claims, all searing claims, despite the funda- ntal claim that America's wealth, whiteness, and iene had been refined out of the most powerful ecules stolen from the sweat of the Black man, l the stew of the Black revolution had brought worst to surface with the best, and if the Black not police his own house, he would be destroyed some of the best of the white men with him, here—here was the sleeping festering hair of his rage now that Abernathy was scandalously late in s sweaty room, over-heated by the hot TV camera nts, the waiting bodies, yes, the secret sleeping r of this anti-Black fury in himself was that he longer knew what the Black wanted—was the ck man there to save mankind from the cancerous redations of his own white civilization, or was Black so steeped in his curse that he looked ward to the destruction of the bread itself? Or rst of all, and like an advance reconnaissance ut of the armies of the most quintessential bigotry, soldier from that alien army flung himself over the last entrenchment, stood up to die, and posed the question: "How do you know the Black man is not Ham, son of Evil? How do you really know?" and the soldier exploded a defense works in the reporter's brain, and bitterness toward Negroes flowed forth like the blood of the blown-up dead: over the last ten years if he had had fifty friendships with Negroes sufficiently true to engage a part of his heart, then was it ten or even five of those fifty which had turned out well? Aware of his own egocentricity, his ability to justify his own actions through many a strait gate, still it seemed to him that for the most part, putting color to the side—if indeed that were ever permissible—the fault, man to man, had been his less often, that he had looked through the catechism of every liberal excuse, had adopted the blame, been ready to give blessing and forgive, and had succeeded merely in deadening the generosity of his heart. Or was he stingier than he dreamed, more lacking in the true if exorbitant demand for compassion without measure, was the Black liberty to exploit the white man without measure, which he had claimed for the Black so often, "If I were a Negro, I'd exploit everything in sight," was this Black liberty he had so freely offered finally too offensive for him to support? He was weary to the bone of listening to Black cries of Black superiority in sex, Black superiority in beauty, Black superiority in war . . . the claims were all too often uttered by Negroes who were not very black themselves. And yet dread and the woe of some small end came over him at the thought itself—it was possible the reporter had influenced as many Black writers as any other white writer in America, and to turn now . . . But he was so heartily sick of listening to the tyranny of soul music, so bored with Negroes triumphantly late for appointments, so depressed with Black inhumanity to Black in Biafra, so weary of being sounded in the subway by Black eyes, so despairing of the smell of booze and pot and used-up hope in blood-shot eyes of Negroes bombed at noon, so envious finally of that liberty to abdicate from the long year-end decade-drowning yokes of work and responsibility that he must have become in some secret part of his flesh a closet Republican—how else account for his inner, "Yeah man, yeah, go!" when fat and flatulent old Republicans got up in Convention Hall to deliver platitudes on the need to return to individual human effort. Yes, he was furious at Abernathy for making him wait these crucial minutes while the secret stuff of his brain was disclosed to his mind.

Abernathy came in about forty minutes late, several other Negroes with him, his press secretary, Bernard Lee, wearing a tan suede collarless jacket, sullen and composed behind an evil-looking pair of dark sunglasses, possessor of hostility which seemed to say, "I got the right, man, to look at you from behind these shades, but you deserve no chance, man, to look at me."

Abernathy was of different stuff, deep, dreamy,

sly, bemused—one could not detect if he were profoundly melancholy, or abominably hung over. He spoke in a measured slow basso, slow almost beyond measure, operatic in its echoes, but everything he said sounded like *recitatif* for he seemed to read his statement with more attention for the music of the language than the significance of the words. "If the Republican Party can afford this lavish convention, and the Administration can spend billions of dollars in a disastrous war, and America can subsidize unproductive farms and prosperous industries, surely we can meet the modest demand of the Poor People's Campaign," he read, and the logic was powerful, the demands well nailed to the mast, but his voice lingered on "lavish" as if he were intrigued with the relation of sounds to palpable luxuries he had known and glimpsed, "disastrous" appealed to him for its sibilants as though he were watching some scythe of wind across a field, so "subsidize" was a run of the voice up and down three steps, and "unproductive" hung like the echo of a stalactite. He was a man from Mars absolutely fascinated with the resonance of earthly sound.

He had begun by apologizing to the Press for being late, and had said this in so deep and gracious a voice that pools of irritability were swabbed up immediately, but then he trod over this first good move immediately by saying, "Of course, I understand much of the convention is running behind schedule." The one indisputable virtue of the convention hitherto had been the promptitude of each event—how casual and complacent, how irresponsibly attracted to massacre! that he must issue the one accusation all courts would find unjustified.

But the reporter was soon caught up in trying to form an opinion of Abernathy. He was no equal, it was unhappily true to see, of Martin Luther King. The reporter had met that eminent just once: King in a living room had a sweet attentive gravity which endeared him to most, for he listened carefully, and was responsive when he spoke. He had the presence of a man who would deal with complexity by absorbing its mood, and so solve its contradiction by living with it, an abstract way of saying that he comprehended issues by the people who embodied them, and so gave off a sense of social comfort with his attendance in a room. Abernathy had no such comfort. A plump, badgered, perhaps bewildered man, full of obvious prides and scars and wounds, one could not tell if he were in part charlatan, mountebank, or merely elevated to monumental responsibility too early. But his presence gave small comfort because he was never in focus. One did not know if he were strong or weak, powerfully vibrant and containing himself, or drenched in basso profundos of gloom. "Poor people," he intoned, with his disembodied presentation, "no longer will be unseen, unheard, and unrepresented. We are here to dramatize the *plight* of poor people . . ."—his voice went off on a flight of reverberation along the hard "i" of plight. Later, he asked for "control by all people of their own local communities and their own personal destini" incontestable as a democratic demand, but no fire n the voice, no power to stir, more an intimation f gloom in the caverns of his enriched tone as if e must push upon a wagon which would never mo t his hill, so he went off again on "communities"—e hard "u" concealed certain new mysteries of e larynx—and relations to re*mun*eration. He ended v saying, "Part of our Mule Train will be here n Miami Beach in front of this hotel and Convent n Hall to dramatize *poverty*"—he stated the word a f it were the name of a small town—"in this beauti l city of luxury."

In the questioning, he was better. Asked if e considered Ronald Reagan a friend of the Bla Abernathy smiled slowly and said with ministe l bonhomie, "Well, he may have some friends. . Queried about the failure of the Poor People's Ma n on Washington, he offered a stern defense, spoke f how every campaign of the Southern Christian Le ership Conference had been described as a failu , an obvious cuff at those who had once descri d King's work as failure, and then for a moment e rose above the dull unhappy scandals of Resurrect n City, the mess, the breakdowns of sanitation, e hoodlumism, and the accusations by his own t t some had lived in hotels while they had been squ d in tents, and spoke of what had been gained, fu s pried loose from the government "to the tune of so e many millions," he said in his musical voice, named the figure, more than 200 million, and the fi t of the continuation of the Poor People's Campai , and the sense came again of the painful drudgery f the day to day, the mulish demands of the operati , the gloom of vast responsibility and tools and a s and lieutenants he could count on even less t himself, and the reporter, as though washed in bo s of his own bile, was contrite a degree and went f to have lunch when the conference was done, a li e weary of confronting the mystery of his own g d or ill motive.

Of course, having lunch, the reporter, to his p fessional shame, had not the wit to go looking i it, so here is a quotation from Thomas A. John n of the *New York Times* concerning the immedi e aftermath of Abernathy's appearance:

> When the news conference ended about 12:30 P. 65 members of the Poor People's Campaign, dresse straw hats and blue work shirts, entered the lobby f the Fontainebleau Hotel.
>
> With raised fists, they greeted Mr. Abernathy w shouts of "Soul Power! Soul Power!"
>
> Convention delegates, few of whom are Negr crowded around. In the background, two white g s dressed in red and blue tights, paraded through hall singing "When Ronnie Reagan comes march in," to the tune of "When the saints come march in."
>
> The Negro demonstrators would not be interrup however.
>
> Thirteen year old James Metcalf of Marks, Mi wearing an army jungle fatigue jacket that ca down to his knees led the group in a chant.

"I may be black," he shouted
"But I am somebody," the demonstrators responded.
"I may be poor."
"But I am somebody."
"I may be hungry."
"But I am somebody."

It was a confrontation the reporter should not ave missed. Were the Reagan girls livid or triumphnt? Were the Negro demonstrators dignified or rauous or self-satisfied? It was a good story but the *'imes* was not ready to encourage its reporters n the thought that there is no history without uance.

2.

After lunch, in a belated attempt to catch up with he Governor of California and the direction of his ampaign, the reporter had gone up to one of the op floors of the Deauville where Mrs. Reagan was cheduled to have a conference at 2:30 p.m., indeed he listing in the National Committee News had tated that the Press was requested to be present by :15, but embarrassment prevailed in the high headquarters of the Deauville, for Mrs. Reagan was not here and could not be found: the word given out was that she had not been informed. The inevitable deduction was that no one in his headquarters had read the Schedule for the day, and the Press was disassembled with apologies by an attractive cornfed blonde young lady possessing a piggie of a turned-up nose and the delicate beginning of a double chin. Her slimmess of figure suggested all disciplines of diet. The young lady had been sufficiently attractive for the Press to forgive much, but a few of the more European journalists were forced to wonder if the most proficient of performances had been presented here by representatives of the man who cried out, "What is obviously needed is not *more* government, but better government. . . ."

At any rate it was time to catch up with Nixon again. It was not that Nixon's activities attracted the reporter's hoarded passion, it was more that there was little else which puzzled him. If he had been more of a reporter (or less of one) he would have known that the Reagan forces were pushing an all-out attack to pry, convert, cozen, and steal Southern delegates from Nixon, and that the Nixon forces were responding with a counter-offensive which would yet implicate their choice of Vice President, but the reporter worked like a General who was far from the front—if he could not hear the sound of cannon, he assumed the battle was never high. Nothing could have convinced him on this particular intolerably humid afternoon that Nixon's forces were in difficulty, and perhaps he was right, perhaps the lack of any echo of such strife in the lobbies of the Deauville or the Hilton was true sign of the issue, and the long shadows of history would repeat that the verdict was never in doubt.

The reporter was off at any rate to witness the reception for delegates in the same American Scene of the Hilton where Nixon had had his press conference early that morning, and if one was interested in the science of comparative political receptions, the beginning of all such study was here. As many as eight thousand people had ganged through the aisles and banquet rooms and exits of the Americana when Rockefeller had had his party, and that, it may be remembered, was a bash where the glamour was thrown at a man with the cole slaw, and the bottom of every glass the bartender handled was wet, the caviar on the buffet table crawled along the cloth and plopped to the floor. Here in the comparative stateliness of the Hilton—only God could save this mark!—not twenty-two hours later, the Nixon forces were showing how a reception for Republican delegates should be run. If a thousand men and women were waiting outside, jammed in the lobby and the approaches to the stairs, and if the resultant theater-line, six and eight people thick, inched up the stairs at a discouraging slow rate, there was consolation at the top for they were let through a narrow door, two by two, and there advanced behind a cord which ran around a third of the circular curve of the room to move forward at last onto a small dais where Mr. and Mrs. Nixon were receiving, there to be greeted individually by each of them with particular attention, and on from that eminence to the center of the room where a bar was ready to give a drink and food to be picked up from a buffet table, turkey, ham, a conventional buffet, a string orchestra.

Perhaps two thousand people went through in the hours from three to six, probably it was less, for Nixon spent five or ten or fifteen seconds with each delegate or couple who passed by. Perhaps the invitations had been restricted to those delegates who would vote for him or leaned toward his candidacy. No matter how, there were not too many to handle, just the largest number consonant with the problem which was: how to convert a mass of delegates and wives and children back to that sense of importance with which they had left their home town.

Nixon knew how to do it. Here was Nixon at his very best. He had not spent those eight years in harness, highest flunky in the land, aide-de-camp to a five-star General, now President, who had been given such service in his NATO days that no new servant could ever please him, yes, Nixon had not put in his apprenticeship as spiritual butler to the Number One representative of the High Beloved here on earth, without learning how to handle a Republican line of delegates by ones and twos.

This was no line like the wealthy Republicans at the Gala, this was more a pilgrimage of minor delegates, sometimes not even known so well in their own small city, a parade of wives and children and men who owned hardware stores or were druggists, or first teller in the bank, proprietor of a haberdashery or principal of a small town high school, local lawyer,

retired doctor, a widow on tidy income, her minister and fellow-delegate, minor executives from minor corporations, men who owned their farms, an occasional rotund state party hack with a rubbery look, editor of a small-town paper, professor from Baptist teachers' college, high school librarian, young political aspirant, young salesman—the stable and the established, the middle-aged and the old, a sprinkling of the young, the small towns and the quiet respectable cities of the Midwest and the Far West and the border states were out to pay their homage to their own true candidate, the representative of their conservative orderly heart, and it was obvious they adored him in a quiet way too deep for applause, it was obvious the Nixons had their following after all in these middle-class neatly-dressed people moving forward in circumscribed steps, constrained, not cognizant of their bodies, decent respectables who also had spent their life in service and now wanted to have a moment near the man who had all of their vote, and so could arouse their happiness, for the happiness of the Wasp was in his moment of veneration, and they had veneration for Nixon, heir of Old Ike—center of happy memory and better days—they venerated Nixon for his service to Eisenhower, and his comeback now—it was his comeback which had made him a hero in their eyes, for America is the land which worships the Great Comeback, and so he was Tricky Dick to them no more, but the finest gentleman in the land; they were proud to say hello.

The Nixons talked to each one in turn. The candidate was first on the receiving line and then his wife, each taking the arm or shaking the hand of the delegate before them and saying a few words, sometimes peering at the name on the delegate's badge, more often recognizing the face from some all-but-forgotten banquet or fund-raiser in Platte, or Akron, or Evansville, Chillicothe, or Iowa City; in Columbia, South Carolina, and Columbia, Mo.; in Boulder or Fort Collins; in Fayetteville, Arkansas, Fayetteville, North Carolina; in Harrisburg and Keene and Spokane and Fort Lauderdale and Raleigh and Butte —yes, Nixon had travelled the creeping vine of small-town Republicanism, he had won delegates over these last two years by ones and twos, votes pulled in by the expenditure of a half hour here, an hour there, in conversations which must have wandered so far as the burial specifications of Aunt Matty in her will, and the story of the family stock, he had worked among the despised nuts and bolts of the delegates' hearts, and it showed up here in the skill and the pleasure with which he greeted each separate delegate, the separate moves of his hands upon them, for some he touched by the elbow, others patted on the back, some he waved on to his wife with a personal word, never repeating the sequence, fresh for each new delegate. He still did not move with any happiness in his body, the gestures still came in such injunctions from the head as: "Grab this old boy by the elbow," but he was obviously happy here, it was one of the things in the world which he could do best, he could be gracious with his own people, an Pat Nixon backed him up, concentrating on th wives and children, also skillful, the tense forbiddin face of her youth (where rectitude, ambition, an lack of charity had been etched like the grimac of an addict into every line of the ferocious clenche bite of her jaw) had eased now somewhat; she wa almost attractive, as if the rigid muscle of th American woman's mind at its worst had relaxed- she looked near to mellow: as a husband and wif they had taken the long road back together, some where in the abyss she must have forgiven him fo "America can't stand pat."

And the reporter had an insight that perhaps i was possible the Nixons had grown up last of all Young ambitious couple, electrified by sudden emi nence, and for eight years slave to eminence, fals in every move—for how could any young couple s extravagantly advanced ever feel true to themselve (or even perhaps cognizant that there might be a psychic condition one could term *the true*) how was one ever to acquire such a knowledge when one's life was served as a creature of policies, a servant of great men and empty men, a victim of the very power one's ambition had provided. Nixon had entered American life as half a man, but his position had been so high, the power of the half man had been so enormous that he could never begin to recognize until he fell, that he was incomplete. Nor Mrs. Nixon.

As the string orchestra near them played away— five violins (four male musicians and a lady) plus one guitar, one accordion, one bass—as this elderly band continued to pick out the kind of sweet popular string music which is usually background for movie scenes in inexpensive Brighton hotels where elderly retired India colonels brood through dinner, as the afternoon and the orchestra continued and the slow procession of the delegates, so a sense came at last to the reporter of how Nixon must see his mission. There was a modesty among these delegates today, they were the center of the nation, but they were chastened in their pride—these same doctors and small-town lawyers, or men not so unlike them, had had their manic dreams of restoring order to America with the injunction and the lash just four years ago. Then the nation had lived in their mind like the sure strong son of their loins, and they had been ready to take the fight anywhere, to Vietnam, to China, into the Black ghettoes, they had been all for showing the world and some minorities in America where the real grapes of wrath were stored. But the last four years had exploded a few of their secret policies, and they were bewildered now. No matter what excuse was given that there might have been better ways to wage the war, the Wasp had built his nest with statistics, and the figures on the Vietnam war were badly wrong. How could the nation fail to win when its strength was as five to one, unless God had decided that America was not just?—righteousness had taken a cruel crack on the bridge of its marble brow. Much else was wrong, the youth, the

egro, the dollar, the air pollution and river pollu-on, the pornography, the streets—the Wasps were ow a chastened crew. It was probable the Presidency ould soon be theirs again, but the nation was pro-oundly divided, nightmares loomed—for the first me in their existence, the Wasps were modest bout power. They were not certain they would know hat to do with it.

What a vision must exist then now in Nixon, what dream to save the land. Yes, the reporter would ffer him this charity—the man had become sincere. ll evidence spoke for that. How could there be, after ll, a greater passion in a man like Nixon, so uni-ersally half-despised, than to show the center of istory itself that he was not without greatness. What a dream for such a man! To cleanse the gan-renous wounds of a great power, to restore sanity to he psychopathic fevers of the day, to deny the ex-essive demand, and nourish the real need, to bring balance to the war of claims, weed the garden of radition, and show a fine nose for what was splendid n the new, serve as the great educator who might ntroduce each warring half of the nation to the ther, and bring back the faith of other nations to great nation in adventurous harmony with itself—es, the dream could be magnificent enough for any world leader; if the reporter did not think that Nixon, poor Nixon, was very likely to flesh such a dream, still he did not know that the attempt should e denied. It was possible, even likely, even neces-ary, that the Wasp must enter the center of our his-ory again. They had been a damned minority for oo long, a huge indigestible boulder in the volumi-ous ruminating government gut of every cow-like Democratic administration, an insane Republican minority with vast powers of negation and control, minority who ran the economy, and half the fi-ances of the world, and all too much of the internal affairs of four or five continents, and the Pentagon, nd the technology of the land, and most of the secret olice, and nearly every policeman in every small own, and yet finally they did not run the land, they id not comprehend it, the country was loose from hem, ahead of them, the life style of the country kept enying their effort, the lives of the best Americans ept accelerating out of their reach. They were the ost powerful force in America, and yet they were a sychic island. If they did not find a bridge, they ould only grow more insane each year, like a rich obleman in an empty castle chasing elves and ogres with his stick. They had every power but the one they eeded—which was to attach their philosophy to his-ory: the druggist and the president of the steel cor-oration must finally learn if they were both pushing n the same wheel. Denied the center of political power, the corporation and the small town had re-mained ideologically married for decades; only by wielding the power could they discover which con-cepts in conservative philosophy were viable, and what parts were mad. One could predict: their bud-geting would prove insane, their righteousness would prove insane, their love for order and clear-thinking would be twisted through many a wry neck, the intellectual foundations of their anti-Communism would split into its separate parts. And the small-town faith in small free enterprise would run smash into the corporate juggernauts of technology land; their love of polite culture would collide with the mad aesthetics of the new America; their livid passion for military superiority would smash its nose on the impossibility of having such superiority without more government spending; their love of nature would have to take up arms against the despoiling foe, themselves, their own greed, their own big busi-ness. Yes, perhaps the Wasp had to come to power in order that he grow up, in order that he take the old primitive root of his life-giving philosophy—which required every man to go through battles, if the world would live, and every woman to bear a child—yes, take that root off the high attic shelf of some Prudie Parsley of a witch-ancestor, and plant it in the smashed glass and burned brick of the twentieth century's junkyard: see from that what might grow in the arbors of modern anomaly. Of course, Repub-licans might yet prove frightening, and were much, if not three-quarters, to blame for every ill in sight, they did not deserve the Presidency, never, and yet if democracy was the free and fair play of human forces then perhaps the Wasp must now hold the game in his direction for a time. The Left was not ready, the Left was years away from a vision suffi-ciently complex to give life to the land, the Left had not yet learned to talk across the rugged individual-ism of the more rugged in America, the Left was still too full of kicks and pot and the freakings of sodium amytol and orgy, the howls of electronics and LSD. The Left could also find room to grow up. If the Left had to live through a species of political exile for four or eight or twelve good years, it might even be right. They might be forced to study what was alive in the conservative dream. For certain the world could not be saved by technology or govern-ment or genetics, and much of the Left had that still to learn.

So the reporter stood in the center of the Ameri-can Scene—how the little dramas of America, like birds, seemed to find themselves always in the right nest—and realized he was going through no more than the rearrangement of some intellectual luggage (which indeed every good citizen might be supposed to perform) during those worthy operations of the democratic soul when getting ready to vote.

13.

The force of his proposition, however, was there to taunt him early the following day, so early as two in the morning. He had begun to drink that evening for the first time in several days, he did not like to drink too much when he was working, but the Wed-nesday session, nominating day, would not begin until five in the afternoon tomorrow, and it would be a long night, seven or nine or ten hours long, and

at the end, Nixon all nominated, he did not believe that would be cause sufficient for him to celebrate—besides, it might be too late. Besides, he wanted to drink. Equal to the high contrast a stain can give to a microscope slide, was the clarity his dear booze sometimes offered a revery, and he had the luck to finish downing his drinks at Joe the Bartender's in the Hilton Plaza, a large and this night rollicking cellar bar where the Nixon people came to celebrate. The kids were out, the Young Republicans and the YAF (the Youth for American Freedom), a table or two of Southern delegates, even a table of Rockefeller Republicans he knew, so it was not the political make-up of the audience so much as the mood, a mood he could have found as easily in a dozen bars he knew in New York on almost any night, and a thousand there must have been in America, a thousand at least, maybe ten thousand. It was at first no more than a loud raucousness of the kind one could hear in many a bar with college drinkers, or skiers, or surfers, intricate interlocked songs with nonsense syllables and barnyard howls—Old Macdonald is perhaps the first of these songs—but the songs were more sophisticated, variations with fraternity house riffs, and jouncing repetitions, which could twist you off the beat. The band had three singers, girls in electric blue and electric green and electric pink dresses, not miniskirts so much as little girl dresses, girls a cross between cheerleaders, swingers, and Nixonettes—that hard healthy look in the blank and handsome face which spoke of action each night and low tolerance for being bored—they sang with a cornucopia of old-fashioned cutes, hands on hips, dipping at the knees, old-fashioned break into two bars of tap dance, more they could not fake, arms around each other's waist in four bars of can-can, they did solos, made faces, stuck their hips akimbo, and a virtuoso on the trombone played loud gut-bucket backings, cluckings and cryings, trombone imitating unrest in the barnyard, neighings and bleatings in the air-conditioned cool, the trombonist big and fat with a huge black sack of a shirt on which was the legend TUBA 24, and there was a tuba player as well, also virtuoso, top hat in tricolor, Uncle Sam with back coat, black pants. Two banjos in black shirts, red and blue striped pants, were there to whang away, one of the girls played a drum, a red drum, there was a rooty-toot to the barnyard, and rebel yells from the crowd all next to broken eggs and splats, some stew of loutishness, red-eyed beer drinkers pig-faced in the dark, and the hump on the back of their neck begins to grow fat, beef on beef, pig on pig, primeval stirrings, secret glee, fun and games are mounting and vomit washed in blood, it was oom-pah, oom-pah and upsy daise, weight lifters dancing, merry and raw, beer hall, beer hall, bleat of a cow, snort of a pig, oomps went the tuba and yes, the boar of old Europe was not dead, the shade had come to America, America it was.

There was slyness in the air, and patience, confidence of the win—a mood was building which could rise to a wave: if there was nihilism on the Left, there were dreams of extermination on the Right. Technology land had pushed cancer into every pore, so now the cure for cancer was dismemberment of order, all gouging of justice. There would be talk of new order before too long.

Nixon might have his dream to unify the land, but he would yet have to stare, face to face, into the power of his own Right Wing, soon to rise on the wave of these beer-hall bleats, the worst of the Wasp, all bull in his muscles, all murder in his neck—would Nixon have the stance to meet them? Or would he fall captive to the madmen in the pits of his own party, those madmen absent from Miami, those madmen concealed this week? The convention had been peaceful, too peaceful by far.

At large on the ocean, would people yet pray for Nixon and wish him strength as once they had wished strength to old Hindenburg and Dollfuss and Schuschnigg and Von Papen? Oom-pah went the tuba, starts! went the horn. Blood and shit might soon be flying like the red and brown of a *verboten* flag. It had had black in it as well. For death perhaps. Areas of white for purity. They would talk yet of purity. They always did. And shave the shorn. God give strength to Richard Nixon, and a nose for the real news. Oompah went the tuba, *farts* went the horn.

14.

On Wednesday night Alabama ceded to California, and Reagan was first to be put in nomination. Ivy Baker Priest made the speech, Ivy Baker Priest Stevens was her name now, a handsome woman who had been Treasurer of the United States in Eisenhower's cabinet, and then an assistant to Reagan. She had a dual personality. She was a wretched speaker with the parched nasal mean stingy acid driving tones of a typical Republican lady speaker: "A man who will confront the radicals on our campuses and the looters on our streets and say, 'The laws will be obeyed.' " It was a relief when her nasalities began to drive up the hill and one knew the mention of Reagan's name was near. "A man to match our mountains and our plains, a man steeped in the glorious traditions of the past, a man with a vision of the unlimited possibilities of a new era. Yes, Destiny has found the man." A minute later she was done, and a fairly large demonstration went to work. It was to prove milder and less impressive than the Rockefeller and Nixon break-outs, but it was at least notable for a sight of the opposite side of the lady's personality. She now looked confident, enthusiastic, round, sexy, warm, and gloriously vital, the best blond housemother you could ever see, waving the fraternity boys around the bend as they sang "Dixie" and "California, Here I Come," clapping her hands in absolute delight at signs like "I'm gone on Ron," as if that were absolutely the most attractive thing she'd ever seen, then jazzed it like a cheerleader beating her palms and smiling, smiling at the sight of each new but familiar crew-cut face who had gotten

) to whoop and toot it through the aisles for Ronnie. nere were five cages of balloons overhead, and eagan got one of them, the balloons came down in fast cascade—each one blessed with a drop of water ithin so as to tend to plummet rather than tend to oat—and they came down almost as fast as foam bber pillows and were detonated with lighted garettes and stomping feet thus immediately that string of firecrackers could have gone off.

When that was done, a monumental sense of te- um overtook the night. Hickel of Alaska and Win- rop Rockefeller of Arkansas were put in as favorite ns, the latter with two seconding speeches and an ght-minute demonstration—he was conceivably giv- g nothing to his brother—Romney used all of forty inutes, Nelson Rockefeller's band boosting his dem- stration as Romney troops were later to boost ckefeller's. Senator Carlson of Kansas was named favorite son, then Hiram Fong of Hawaii. It was ter nine before Governor Shafer of Pennsylvania ood up to put Nelson Rockefeller on the lists. More an two and a half hours had elapsed between the d of Reagan's presentation and the beginning of ocky's. Reporters had left the convention hall, and ere huddled backstage in places like the Railroad unge where free sandwiches and beer were avail- le, and everybody was concerned with the most tractive proposition of the night—that if they were l to go to their hotels, check out, and catch a plane, ey could be at their homes before nominations were ne and balloting had begun. They could watch it television, which was the real gloom of the occa- on. The convention had demonstrated that no re- rter could keep up any longer with the event unless ecking in periodically with the tube; the politi- ans, themselves, rushed forward to TV men, and ouldered note-pads aside. During this lull, there- re, one bitter reporter, a big heavy Southern boy ith horn-rimmed glasses, delivered the remark of e evening. Sipping beer and glumly munching his ndwich (which held an inch of paper-dry turkey) said, "Yessir, the only thing which could liven this convention is if Ike was to croak tonight." the respect journalists had been obliged to pay er the years could be tolerated now only by the nsing knives of the club.

Shafer put Rockefeller in ". . . because he is in ne. The people, young and old, rich and poor, Black d white, have responded to him. He has never lost election. . . . Ladies and gentlemen, we should minate Nelson Rockefeller because he is the Re- blican who can most surely win. . . ." It was an ept speech—Rocky's name was mentioned seven mes before the signal was given to the delegates, d tension was dissipated. It didn't matter. Every- e knew that Rockefeller would have an enormous monstration and that it would not matter. The day hen demonstrations could turn a convention were ne. The demonstrators knew they would be chided newspaper editorials the following day, and there- re were sheepish in the very middle of their stomp- ing and their jigging. Soon they would hold conventions in TV studios.

Then came Spiro Agnew for Nixon. If he had not been selected for Vice President next day, his speech would have gone unnoticed and unremarked—"It is my privilege to place in nomination for the office of President of the United States the one man whom history has so clearly thrust forward, the one whom all America will recognize as a man whose time has come, the man for 1968, the Honorable. . . ."

Nixon's demonstration was about equal to Rockefeller's. Hordes of noise, two cages of balloons, machine-gun drum-fire as they went out—no lift in the audience, no real lift. Nothing this night could begin to recall that sense of barbarians about a campfire and the ecstasy of going to war which Barry Goldwater had aroused in '64.

Still the demonstrations gave another image of the three candidacies: Reagan's men had straight hair cropped short, soldiers and state troopers for Ronnie; so far as Republicans were swingers, so swingers marched with Rocky; and for Nixon—the mood on the floor was like the revel in the main office of a corporation when the Christmas Party is high.

More nominations. Harold Stassen for the seventh time. Senator Case of New Jersey, Governor Rhodes of Ohio, Senator Thurmond who immediately withdrew for Nixon. At 1:07 A.M., eight hours and seven minutes after the convention had opened for nomination, it was closed, and over the floor rested the knowledge that nothing had happened tonight. It had been Nixon on the first ballot from the beginning, and it was Nixon at the end. By the time Alabama, the first state, voted, 14 for Nixon, 12 for Reagan, the next to last doubt was dispelled, for the *New York Times* on Sunday had estimated only 9 solid for Nixon. When Florida came in with 32 out of 34, and Georgia with 21 where only 14 had seemed likely a few days before, there was no need to worry the issue. Wisconsin with 30 votes for Nixon carried it over—the total was 692. The rest had gone: Rockefeller 277, Reagan 182, Rhodes 55, Romney 50, Case 22, Carlson, 20, W. Rockefeller 18, Fong 14, Stassen 2, Lindsay 1.

Filing out of the hall, there was the opportunity to see Nixon on television. Where in 1960 he had said, "All I am I owe to my mother and father, my family and my church . . ." he was considerably more of the professional strategist tonight as he spoke of his efforts to win the nomination while unifying the party. "You see," he said to the cameras, "the beauty of our contest this year was that we won the nomination in a way designed to win the election. We didn't make the mistake of breaking up the California delegation or breaking up the Ohio delegation or raiding the Michigan delegation. And in the State of New York also we respected the Rockefeller position, being the candidate for New York. And I think this will pay off in November. We're going to have a united party. Sure we've had a real fight . . . but we have won it in a way that we're going into the final campaign united." He was lucid, he was convincing, he said he

felt perfectly "free" to choose his Vice President. "I won the nomination without having to pay any price, making any deal with any candidate or any individuals representing a candidate. . . . I [will] meet with delegates from all over the country . . . Southern delegates, the Northern delegates, the Midwestern delegates and the Western delegates. But I will make the decision based on my best judgment as to the man that can work best with me, and that will, I think perhaps, if he ever has to do that, serve as President of the United States."

In the old days, he had got his name as Tricky Dick because he gave one impression and acted upon another—later when his language was examined, one could not call him a liar. So he had literally not made any deal with any candidate, but he was stretching the subtle rubber of his own credibility when he claimed he would not have to pay any price. The rest of the night at the Miami Hilton would belong to the South.

15.

But let us leave the convention with a look at Reagan. He had come forward immediately after the first ballot was in, and made a move that the nomination be unanimous. Reagan was smiling when he came up for his plea, he looked curiously more happy than he had looked at any point in the convention, as if he were remembering Barry Goldwater's renunciation of the nomination in 1960, and the profitable results which had ensued, or perhaps he was just pleased because the actor in his soul had issued orders that this was the role to play. For years in the movies he had played the good guy and been proud of it. If he didn't get the girl, it was because he was too good a guy to be overwhelmingly attractive. That was all right. He would grit his teeth and get the girl next time out. Since this was conceivably the inner sex drama of half of respectable America, he was wildly popular with Republicans. For a party which prided itself on its common sense, they were curiously, even outrageously, sentimental.

Now as Reagan made his plea for unity, he spoke with a mildness, a lack of charisma, even a simplicity, which was reminiscent of a good middle-aged stock actor's simplicity—well, you know, fellows, the man I'm playing is an intellectual, and of course I have the kind of mind which even gets confused by a finesse in bridge.

They cheered him wildly, and he looked happy, as if something had gone his way. There was much occasion to recollect him on Thursday when Agnew for Vice President was announced; as the story of this selection developed, the reporter was to think of a view of Reagan he had had on Tuesday afternoon after the reception Nixon had given for the delegates in the American Scene.

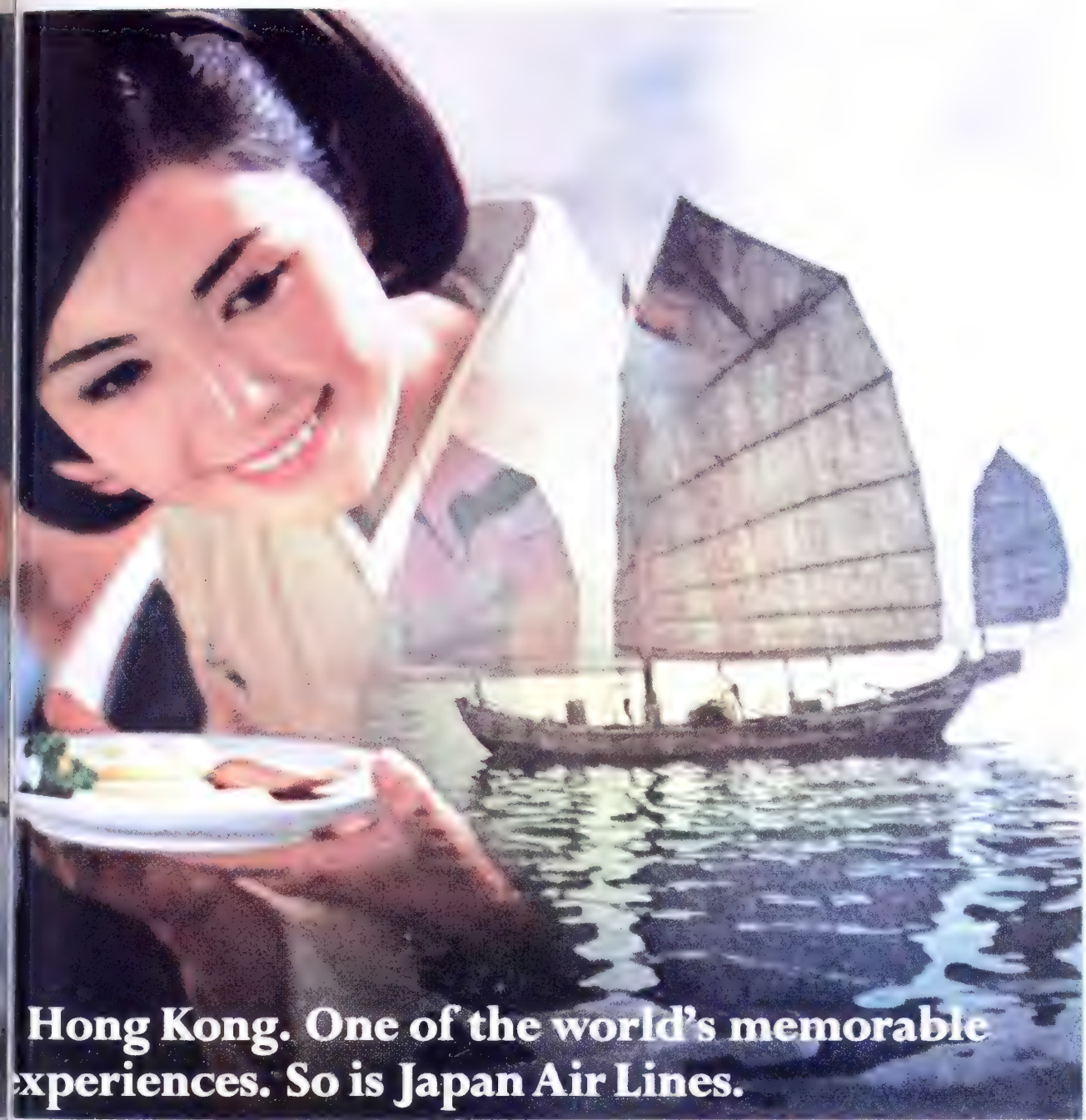
On Tuesday the reporter had found Reagan at the Di Lido in downtown Miami Beach where the Alabama and Louisiana delegations were housed. In with Louisiana in a caucus, the Governor came out later to give a quick press conference, pleading ignora of his situation. Listening to him, it was hard to lieve he was fifty-seven, two years older than Nix for he had a boy's face, no gray in his head—he v reputed to dye his hair, and his make-up (about wh one could hear many a whisper) was too excellent applied, to be detected.

Still, unlike Nixon, Reagan was altogether at e with the Press. They had been good to him, th would be good again—he had the confidence of elected governor of a big state, precisely what Nix had always lacked; besides, Reagan had long ago corporated the confidence of an actor who knows is popular with interviewers. In fact, he had a pul manner which was so natural that his discrepanc appeared only slightly surrealistic: at the age fifty-seven, he had the presence of a man of thir the deferential enthusiasm, the bright but depe ably unoriginal mind, of a sales manager promot for his ability over men older than himself. He a had the neatness, and slim economy of move, of a m not massive enough to be President, in the way might hesitate, let us say, ever to consider a gent man like Mr. Johnny Carson of television—whate his fine intelligence—as Chief Executive of a Hea weight Empire. It was that way with Reagan. He w somehow too light, a lightweight six feet one inch t —whatever could he do but stick-and-move? Well, could try to make Generals happy in order to sh how heavy he really might be, which gave no he to consideration of his politics. Besides, dark ing shades of the surreal, he had a second personal which was younger than the first, very young, b ish, maybe thirteen or fourteen, freckles, cowli I-tripped-on-my-sneaker-lace aw shucks variety confusion. For back on Tuesday afternoon they h been firing questions at him on the order of how w he was doing at prying delegates loose from Nix and he could only say over and over, "I don't know just don't know. I've been moving around so quick talking to so many delegations in caucus that haven't had time to read a paper."

"Well, what do the delegations say, Governor?"

"Well, I don't know. They listen to me very ple antly and politely, and then I leave and they discu what I've said. But I can't tell you if we're gainin I think we are, but I don't know, I don't know. honestly don't know, gentlemen," and he broke o into a grin, "I just don't know," exactly like a thirte year old, as if indeed gentlemen he *really* didn't kno and the Press and the delegates listening laugh with him as if there were no harm in Ronald Reaga not unless the lightning struck.

But in fact the storm was going on all day Tuesda delegate-stealing flickering back and forth over the camps, a nomination on the first ballot no long secure for Richard Nixon, no longer altogeth secure, because Reagan's announcement on Saturd of his switch from being a favorite son of Californ to an open candidate had meant that a great push w on to pull Southern delegates loose from Nixon



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numbers sufficient to stop him on first ballot, then get more delegates loose on second ballot to forestall Nixon's strength among the favorite sons. It was a strategy which reasoned as follows: if Nixon could be stopped on the first two ballots, there was little which could keep the overwhelming majority of delegate votes in Alabama, Arizona, California, Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Louisiana, Mississippi, Montana, Nebraska, North Carolina, Oklahoma, South Carolina, South Dakota, Tennessee, Texas and Virginia away from support of Reagan and a possible total of close to 500. Potentially it was a powerful argument, doubly powerful because Reagan was the favorite of the South, and the reporter talking to a leader of the Louisiana caucus heard him say in courtly tones to a delegate, "It breaks my heart that we can't get behind a fine man like Governor Reagan, but Mr. Nixon is deserving of our choice, and he must receive it." Which was a splendid way to talk of a deal.

There were forces out in full panoply to hold Reagan down. Senator Strom Thurmond of South Carolina who ran for President on the Dixiecrat ticket in 1948, now defected from the Democrats and become a Republican was the first committed to Nixon. The wise money would emphasize he had nowhere to go if Nixon did not make it, because he could not return to the Democrats, was too old to go to the third party, and had to be without his new party if Rockefeller won. Thurmond's point of reasoning with Southern delegates was that Nixon was the best conservative they could get and still win, and he had obtained assurances from Nixon that no Vice-Presidential candidate intolerable to the South would be selected. All that long afternoon while Nixon shook hands with delegates and radiated serenity, the nomination was conceivably in doubt and hung for a few hours on the efforts of Thurmond and Goldwater and Tower and O'Donnell of Texas, and a number of other Southern state chairmen and was probably won on the quiet argument that if the South did not hold firm for Nixon, he might still win with Ohio and Michigan on the second ballot. Then the South would have nothing at all, indeed the South would have driven Nixon to the left.

That the South did hold for Nixon is why perhaps Reagan may have sounded confused. He must have been receiving the double affection of delegates that day who liked him and yet would not be ready to give him their vote, therefore loved him twice. Yet in tangible return, he could not count the gains. Reports conflicted on his team—he indeed knew they would—he did not know, he *really* did not know.

Nor did the reporter. Tuesday afternoon, watching Nixon with the delegations he had no sense the nomination was in difficulty, or no more sense than the knowledge absorbed from quick conversation with a Louisiana delegate that Lindsay would not be nominated for Vice President since Nixon had promised as much. It came as no pleasure, but no surprise. The Great Unifier would obviously begin by unifying the South. He could move to the Blacks only when they had been chastened by the absence of any remaining relation to power, which is to say, only after his election. It was a strategy which could work, or fail. If it failed, civil war and a police state were near. But finally he had no choice. The iron demand when one would unify a schism is to strengthen the nearside first, since one can always offer less to the far side yet hold them—unless they are indeed ready to revolt—with the consolation they are not being entirely forgotten. Nixon could no more desert the South than would Rockefeller, if he had won, have been able to turn his back on Harlem. The reporter was beginning to recognize for the first time that profound theses to the side, there might be cloud-banks of depression in the way of getting up on election day to cast a vote.

16.

For these reasons, the reporter had decided by Thursday morning that Nixon could only nominate a moderate from the South or a conservative from the North. No other arrangement would mollify the South. So he left for home with the confidence that Senator Howard Baker of Tennessee would be the nominee and was only mildly surprised when it went to Agnew. But that night covering the convention before his television set in his own home, he realized he had missed the most exciting night of the convention, at least on the floor, and was able to console himself only with the sad knowledge that he could cover it better on television than if he had been there. Of course he was to find out later that it was an evening which would end in the blackest depression, for many were convinced that Nixon had made a powerful error in picking a man as unknown as Agnew.

No one seemed pleased but Nixon. It occurred to the reporter on reflection that Nixon had not made the worst of moves for himself. The Vice-Presidential nominee was on the surface a man without large appeal and had been the first to say, "I am quite aware that Spiro Agnew is not a household name." Still he was reasonable on television, a big man, soft-spoken and alert. He would not be embattled—a necessity to Nixon—he would be loyal, exorbitantly loyal as Nixon had once been exorbitantly loyal to Eisenhower, for there was no choice. So Agnew would give Nixon nourishment, and spare the cankers of considering that the Vice President was more popular than himself. If Nixon was growing, he was not yet so large as Father Christmas himself. Best of all, he would have no ideological balance to maintain, he could work on his own, scrambling broken-field from Right to Left and back again, no ideologue running with him to halt and complain.

The liberal press was quick to declare that Nixon had lost the election with that one move, and indeed he could not hide the fact that Thurmond and other Southerners had eliminated Lindsay, Percy and Hatfield. Yet Nixon had fulfilled his Southern debts with a minimum of—from his point of view—damage to himself, and Nixon would never have to sleep with the

particular terror that some conceivable Left-wing maniac, finding the Vice President more tolerable than himself would hunt for a silver bullet . . . Nixon, on television, seemed cheerful with his choice. Of course, others were not.

Seen from the Americana on television, Rockefeller looked like he had had a few life-giving drinks in the middle of the afternoon. Sounding more than ever congruent to Spencer Tracy in the middle of new-found wounds, Rockefeller said huskily, "I have no comment on Mr. Agnew. I'm going for a swim. I need some sun, and I'm going for a swim."

"They say," said the interviewer, "that Mr. Nixon saw a hundred leading Republicans before making his choice."

"I guess," said Rocky, "that makes me, fella, the hundred and first."

But Nixon would seek to ride it out. As he came to Convention Hall for his acceptance speech, he was high with success and happy, cautious with reporters about Agnew, but benign about the attempt of the rebel moderates to run Romney in protest. Romney had gone down 186 votes to 1,128, the bitterness of being passed over for a man so inconsequential as Agnew all visible in the red of his face, the gray-green glow of his eyes, but Nixon had made a point of calling up Romney on his entrance so that he approached the podium with the Governor of Michigan on his arm. "It was good to have a floor fight," he told the reporters, "a healthy thing for the party, it helped to clear the air. We'll be more united afterward." Nixon was obviously tense with waiting to begin his speech, he was obviously going to make every effort to deliver the greatest speech of his life.

His ovation on introduction was large but in no way frantic, it was the formal massing of a large sound which the convention would give to its nominee, but for him up on the podium, it had to sound very good because it lasted for minutes, time for him to call up his wife and children, and Spiro Agnew and his wife and two of his girls (the third girl was a child, and his son was in Vietnam) there was time for Nixon to stand there alone and wave his hands on high and grin like a winner, time for him to canter over to the side of the speaker's platform and receive a kiss from the starchy old lady who had read the roll call of the states in the balloting last night and tonight, time for him to grin and grin again, time for him to reveal the austere moves of his decorum and the little mincing gestures distantly reminiscent of a certain dictator long gone. The enigma of the night in Joe the Bartender's returned—was Nixon a man who would prove strong enough, or was one to fear his weaknesses would make him prove too strong?

He began at last by waving the audience to silence, begging them for silence with smiles and laughter. Then he began the speech he had worked on for weeks, his major effort, written in large part it could be assumed by himself, for the flavor of the man, old and new, old tricks and new dreams, stale sentiment and hints of bright new thought were all in it, he was to touch every base and he played a game which had twenty bases. He began by talking of sixteen years ago when he stood "before this convention to accept your nomination as the running mate of one of the greatest Americans of our time or anytime—Dwight D. Eisenhower. . . ." Tonight, Ike was critically ill in Walter Reed Hospital. "There is nothing that would lift him more than for us to win in November. And I say, let us win this one for Ike."

He had probably expected a roar which would shiver the Secret Service men on the catwalks high above the hall, but the cheer was empty. Ike had been used and re-used and used again, Ike was the retread on the bandwagon, and echoes sour as the smell of a broken mood came in at the thought of Pat O'Brien saying, "Let's win this one for the Gipper," yes, Old Nixon had popped up first, copping his plea. Unhappy as old Scratch was New Nixon with Old Nixon, for the line surprisingly had not been delivered well. Where Old Nixon would have dropped the fly right on the yawping hollering mouths of a cheering multitude of Republicans conditioned like fish, New Nixon blew the cast, some unconscious embarrassment jerking the line. He had gotten smarter than his habits.

The speech went on. He talked of sending the power of government back from Washington to the states and the cities, he congratulated Rockefeller and Reagan and Romney for their hard fight, and knew they would fight even harder for the win in November. "A party that can unite itself will unite America," he said, and it was possible the remark was not without its truth, but he was still squeezed into the hard sell; one could all but hear the mother of that remark. "A family which prays together, stays together."

If he had been wooing old Republicans up to now with sure-fire vulcanized one-line zingers, he could hardly be unaware that millions of Independents, some of them young, were also watching. Therefore, he shifted over to the electorate at large. "As we look at America we see cities enveloped in smoke and flame. We hear sirens in the night. We see Americans dying on distant battlefields abroad. We see Americans hating each other, fighting each other, killing each other at home. . . . Did we come all this way for this? . . . die in Normandy and Korea and Valley Forge for this? Listen to the answers. . . ." And his voice had converted to the high dramatic-operatic of a radio actor's voice circa 1939 in a Norman Corwin play; we hear: ". . . the quiet voice in the tumult and the shouting . . . voice of the great majority of Americans, the forgotten Americans—the non-shouters; the non-demonstrators. They are not racists or sick; they're not guilty of the crime that plagues the land; they are Black, they are white"—and he pushed on with the forgotten Americans who worked in factories, ran businesses, served in government, were soldiers who died. "They give drive to the spirit of America . . . lift to the American dream . . . steel to the backbone of America . . . good people . . . decent people . . . work and save . . ." [and watch their televi-

sion sets] "pay their taxes and they care ... they know this country will not be a good place for any of us to live in unless it's a good place for all of us to live in."

He proceeded to attack the leaders who had wasted the substance and the pride of America, mismanaged the wars, and the economy and the city ". . . the time has come for . . . complete reappraisal of America's policies in every section of the world." That was incontestable. "I pledge to you tonight . . . to bring an honorable end to the war in Vietnam."

Now, whether he would underline it so, or not, Nixon was calling for an end to Henry Luce's American Century. "There are 200 million Americans and there are two billion people that live in the free world, and I say the time has come for other nations . . . to bear their fair share." Cheers. The old parched throats of Republican isolationism gave an atrophied cheer. "To the leaders of the Communist world, we say . . . the time has come for an era of negotiations" –now protecting his flank–"we shall always negotiate from strength and never from weakness." More cheers. Perfunctory cheers. But later: "We extend the hand of friendship to all people. To the Russian people. To the Chinese people . . . the goal of an open world, open sky, open cities, open hearts, open minds." Yes, he would move to the Right on civil rights and he would move to the Left of the Democrats on foreign affairs, but he was careful to invoke the heats of the patriotic heart: "My friends, we live in an age of revolution in America and in the world . . . let us turn to a revolution . . . that will never grow old, the world's greatest continuing revolution, the American Revolution." And he went on to call for progress, and reminded everyone that progress depended on order. He was of course in these matters shameless, he had no final passion for the uncorruptible integrity of an idea; no, ideas were rather like keys to him on which he might play a teletype to program the American mind. And yet the American mind was scandalously bad–the best educational system in the world had produced the most pervasive conditioning of mind in the history of culture just as the greatest medical civilization in history might yet produce the worst plagues. It opened the thought that if the Lord Himself wished to save America, who else could he possibly use for instrument by now but Richard Nixon? Of course if the Devil wished to push America over the edge–well, for that, Humphrey would serve as well.

Another key on the teletype: "The first civil right of every American is to be free from domestic violence." A feint to the Right, a feint to the Left. "To those who say law and order is the code word for racism, here is a reply: Our goal is justice–justice for every American. . . . America is a great nation today not because of what government did for people, but because of what people did for themselves over 190 years in this country . . . what we need are not more millions on welfare rolls but more millions on payrolls. . . . The greatest engine of progress ever developed in the history of man–American private enterprise." Or did he mean American corporate enterprise. It had been locked in common-law marriage with government for thirty-five years.

But Nixon was off on the power of positive thinking, "Black Americans [want to have] an equal chance to own their own homes, to own their own businesses, to be managers and executives as well as workers, to have a piece"–and he looked like a YMCA secretary: here came the little quotes–"a piece of the 'action' in the exciting ventures of private enterprise." But of course he was not necessarily all wrong. Private enterprise, *small* private enterprise, was an entrance to existential life for the mediocre and the courageous.

He went into the peroration. The year 2000 was coming. A great period of celebration and joy at being alive in America was ahead. "I see a day" he began to say, as Martin Luther King had once said "I have a dream." Every orator's art which had lately worked would become Nixon's craft. So he said "I see a day" nine times. He saw a day when the President would be respected and "a day when every child in this land, regardless of his background has a chance for the best education . . . chance to go just as high as his talents will take him." Nixon, the Socialist! "I see a day when life in rural America attracts people to the country rather than driving them away . . ." Then came a day he could see of breakthroughs on problems of slums and pollution and traffic, he could see a day when the value of the dollar would be preserved, a day of freedom from fear in America and in the world . . . this was the cause he asked them all to vote for. His speech was almost done, but he took it around the track again. "Tonight I see the face of a child . . . Mexican, Italian, Polish . . . none of that matters . . . he's an American child." But stripped of opportunity. What pain in that face when the child awakes to poverty, neglect and despair. The ghost of J.M. Barrie stirred in Nixon's voice, stirred in the wings and on the catwalks and in the television sets. "Let's all save Peter Pan," whispered the ghost. Then Nixon saw another child tonight, "He hears a train go by. At night he dreams of faraway places where he'd like to go . . . he is helped on his journey through life . . . a father who had to go to work before he finished the sixth grade . . . a gentle Quaker mother with a passionate concern for peace . . . a great teacher . . . a remarkable football coach . . . courageous wife . . . loyal children . . . in his chosen profession of politics, first there were scores, then hundreds, then thousands, and finally millions who worked for his success. And tonight he stands before you, nominated for President of the United States. You can see why I believe so deeply in the American dream . . . help me make that dream come true for millions to whom it's an impossible dream today."

Yes, Nixon was still the spirit of television. Mass communication was still his disease–he thought he could use it to communicate with masses. "Today I leave you. I go to assume a greater task than devolved

on General Washington. The Great God which helped him must help me. Without that great assistance I will surely fail. With it, I cannot fail." Somberly Nixon said, "Abraham Lincoln lost his life, but he did not fail. The next President of the United States will face challenges which in some ways will be greater than those of Washington or Lincoln . . . not only the problem of restoring peace abroad, but of restoring peace at home . . . with God's help and your help, we shall surely succeed. . . . My fellow Americans, the dark long night for America is about to end. . . . The time has come for us to leave the valley of despair and climb the mountain. . . ." (And now one could hear Martin Luther King crying out in his last passionate church utterance, "I have gone to the top of the mountain—I have seen the top.") Nixon was certainly without shame and certainly without fear; what demons to invoke!—"To the top of the mountain so that we may see the glory of the dawn of a new day for America, a new dawn for peace and freedom to the world." And he was done, and who would measure the good and bad, the strength and weakness, sincerity and hypocrisy of what he had said, and the cage of balloons emptied—a union had charged 33 cents to blow up each single balloon and the cheers and applause came, and the band, and Nixon and his family looked happy, and Agnew and his family looked bewildered and happy, and the cheers came down, not large, not small, cheers for Richard Nixon's greatest effort in oratory, and a better speech could not have been written by any computer in existence, not even Hal the super-computer in *2001*, and out in Miami, six miles from Convention Hall, in the area from 54th to 79th Streets, and Seventh Avenue to Twenty-Seventh Avenue, the Negroes were rioting, and three had been killed and five in critical condition as Miami policemen exchanged gunfire with snipers: "firefights like in Vietnam," said a police lieutenant and five hundred armed National Guard were occupying one hundred square blocks, and one hundred and fifty Blacks had been arrested since Wednesday night when it had all begun, Governor Kirk had gone with the Reverend Abernathy who said, "I will lead you by the hand," to plead with the rioters. Tonight the Governor said, "Whatever force is needed," in answer to how the uprising would be quelled. It was the first major riot in the history of Miami.

The reporter was 1,500 miles away by then and could hardly have covered it, but indeed he did not know if he saw the need. There would be more of the same in Chicago. Maybe Chicago would help him to see which horse might be most deserving of backing into the greatest office on earth. It occurred to him that the intelligent American voter was now in the situation of the poor Southern Black forced these last fifty years to choose his ballot between the bad racist and the racist who might conceivably be not all bad. Humphrey versus Nixon.

But this was poor species of wit by which to look into the glazed eye of the problem—for in truth he was left by the television set with the knowledge that for the first time he had not been able to come away with an intimation of what was in a politician's heart, indeed did not know if he was ready to like Nixon, or detested him for his resolutely non-poetic binary system, his computer's brain, did not know if the candidate were real as a man, or whole as a machine, lonely in his sad eminence or megalomaniacal, humble enough to feel the real wounds of the country or sufficiently narcissistic to dream the tyrant's dream—the reporter did not know if the candidate was some last wry hope of unity or the square root of minus one, a rudder to steer the ship of state or an empty captain above a directionless void, there to loose the fearful nauseas of the century. He had no idea at all if God was in the land or the Devil played the tune. And if Miami had masked its answers, then in what state of mind could one now proceed to Chicago? He felt like an observer deprived of the privilege to witness or hold a chair.

THE SIEGE OF CHICAGO

CHICAGO, AUGUST 26-29

Chicago is the great American city. New York is one of the capitals of the world and Los Angeles is a constellation of plastic, San Francisco is a lady, Boston has become Urban Renewal, Philadelphia and Baltimore and Washington blink like dull diamonds in the smog of Eastern Megalopolis, and New Orleans is unremarkable past the French Quarter. Detroit is a one-trade town, Pittsburgh has lost its golden triangle, St. Louis has become the golden arch of the corporation, and nights in Kansas City close early. The oil depletion allowance makes Houston and Dallas naught but checkerboards for this sort of game. But Chicago is a great American city. Perhaps it is the last of the great American cities.

The reporter was sentimental about the town. Since he had grown up in Brooklyn, it took him no time to recognize, whenever he was in Chicago again, that the urbanites here were like the good people of Brooklyn—they were simple, strong, warm-spirited, sly, rough, compassionate, jostling, tricky and extraordinarily good-natured because they had sex in their pockets, muscles on their back, hot eats around

he corner, neighborhoods which dripped with the sauce of local legend, and real city architecture, brownstones with different windows on every floor, vistas for miles of red-brick and two-family wood-frame houses with balconies and porches, runty stunted trees rich as farmland in their promise of tenderness the first city evenings of spring, streets where kids played stick-ball and roller-hockey, lots of smoke and iron twilight. The clangor of the late nineteenth century, the very hope of greed, was in these streets. London one hundred years ago could not have looked much better.

Brooklyn, however, beautiful Brooklyn, grew beneath the skyscrapers of Manhattan, so it never became a great city, merely an asphalt herbarium for talent destined to cross the river. Chicago did not have Manhattan to preempt top branches, so it grew up from the savory of its neighborhoods to some of the best high-rise architecture in the world, and because its people were Poles and Ukrainians and Czechs as well as Irish and the rest, the city had Byzantine corners worthy of Prague or Moscow, odd portured attractive drawbridges over the Chicago River, huge Gothic spires like the skyscraper which eld the Chicago *Tribune*, curves and abutments and alconies in cylindrical structures thirty stories high wisting in and out of the curves of the river, and ne balustrades in its parks. Chicago had a North ide on Lake Shore Drive where the most elegant partment buildings in the world could be found—ütton Place in New York betrayed the cost analyst n the eye of the architect next to these palaces of lass and charcoal colored steel. In superb back reets behind the towers on the lake were brown-ones which spoke of ironies, cupidities and intri-ate ambition in the fists of the robber barons who ommissioned them—substantiality, hard work, heavy rinking, carnal meats of pleasure, and a Midwest-n sense of how to arrive at upper-class decorum ere also in the American grandeur of these few reets. If there was a fine American aristocracy of eportment, it was probably in the clean tough keen-red ladies of Chicago one saw on the streets off Lake hore Drive on the near North Side of Chicago.

Not here for a travelogue—no need then to detail ie Loop, in death like the center of every other merican city, but what a dying! Old department ores, old burlesque houses, avenues, dirty avenues, e El with its nineteenth-century dialogue of iron reeching against iron against a turn, and caverns shadow on the pavement beneath the grand hotels ith their massive lobbies, baroque ceilings, re-lendent as Roman bordellos, names like Sheraton-lackstone, Palmer House, red fields of carpet, a lden cage for elevator, the unheard crash of giant ills stamping new shapes on large and obdurate aterials is always pounding in one's inner ear—reiser had not written about Chicago for nothing.

To the West of the Lake were factories and Ciceros, afia-lands and immigrant lands; to the North, the burbs, the Evanstons; to the South were Negro ghettos of the South Side—belts of Black men amplifying each the resonance of the other's cause—the Black belt had the Blackstone Rangers, the largest gang of juvenile delinquents on earth, 2,000 by some count—one could be certain the gang had leaders as large in potential as Hannibal or Attila the Hun—how else account for the strength and wit of a stud who would try to rise so high in the Blackstone Rangers.

Further South and West were enclaves for the University of Chicago, more factories, more neighborhoods for Poles, some measure of more good hotels on the lake, and endless neighborhoods—white neighborhoods which went for miles of ubiquitous dingy wood houses with back yards, neighborhoods to hint of Eastern Europe, Ireland, Tennessee, a gathering of all the clans of the Midwest, the Indians and Scotch-Irish, Swedes, some Germans, Italians, Hungarians, Rumanians, Finns, Slovaks, Slovenes—it was only the French who did not travel. In the Midwest, land spread out; not five miles from the Loop were areas as empty, deserted, enormous and mournful by night as the outer freight yards of Omaha. Some industrial desert or marsh would lie low on the horizon, an area squalling by day, deserted by night, except for the hulking Midwestern names of the boxcars and the low sheds, the warehouse buildings, the wire fences which went along the side of unpaved roads for thousands of yards.

The stockyards were like this, the famous stockyards of Chicago were at night as empty as the railroad sidings of the moon. Long before the Democratic Convention of 1968 came to the Chicago Amphitheatre in the heart of the stockyards, the area was even then deserted at night, empty as the mudholes on a battlefield after a war has passed. West of the Amphitheatre, railroad sidings seemed to continue on for miles, accompanied by those same massive low sheds larger than armories, with pens for tens of thousands of frantic beasts, cattle, sheep, and pigs, animals in an orgy of gorging and dropping and waiting and smelling blood. In the slaughterhouses, during the day, a carnage worthy of the Disasters of War took place each morning and afternoon. Endless files of animals were led through pens to be stunned on the head by hammers, and then hind legs trussed, be hoisted up on hooks to hang head down, and ride along head down on an overhead trolley which brought them to Negroes or whites, usually huge, the whites most often Polish or Hunkies (hence the etymology of Honkie—a Chicago word) the Negroes up from the South, huge men built for the shock of the work, slash of a knife on the neck of the beast and gouts of blood to bathe their torso (stripped of necessity to the waist) and blood to splash their legs. The animals passed a psychic current back along the overhead trolley—each cut throat released its scream of death into the throat not yet cut and just behind, and that penultimate throat would push the voltage up, drive the current back and further back into the screams of every animal upside down and hanging from that clanking overhead

trolley, bare electric bulbs screaming into the animal eye and brain, gurglings and awesome hollows of sound coming back from the open plumbing ahead of the cut jugular as if death were indeed a rapids along some underground river, and the fear and absolute anguish of beasts dying upside down further ahead passed back along the line, back all the way to the corrals and the pens, back even to the siding with the animals still in boxcars, back, who knew—so high might be the psychic voltage of the beast—back to the farm where first they were pushed into the truck which would take them into the train. What an awful odor the fear of absolute and unavoidable death gave to the stool and stuffing and pure vomitous shit of the beasts waiting in the pens in the stockyard, what a sweat of hell-leather, and yet the odor, no, the titanic stench, which rose from the yards was not so simple as the collective diarrhetics of an hysterical army of beasts, no, for after the throats were cut and the blood ran in rich gutters, red light on the sweating back of the red throat-cutters, the dying and some just-dead animals clanked along the overhead, arterial blood spurting like the nip-ups of a little boy urinating in public, the red-hot carcass quickly encountered another Black or Hunkie with a long knife on a long stick who would cut the belly from chest to groin and a stew and a stink of two hundred pounds of stomach, lungs, intestines, mucosities, spleen, exploded cowflop and pigshit, blood, silver lining, liver, mother-of-pearl tissue, and general gag-all would flop and slither over the floor, the man with the knife getting a good blood-splatting as he dug and twisted with his blade to liberate the roots of the organ, intestine and impedimenta still integrated into the meat and bone of the excavated existence he was working on.

Well, the smell of the entrails and that agonized blood electrified by all the outer neons of ultimate fear got right into the grit of the stockyard stench. Let us pass over into the carving and the slicing, the boiling and scraping, annealing and curing of the flesh in sugars and honeys and smoke, the cooking of the cow carcass, stamp of the inspector, singeing of the hair, boiling of hooves, grinding of gristle, the wax-papering and the packaging, the foiling and the canning, the burning of the residue, and the last slobber of the last unusable guts as it went into the stockyard furnace, and up as stockyard smoke, burnt blood and burnt bone and burnt hair to add their properties of specific stench to fresh blood, fresh entrails, fresh fecalities already all over the air. It is the smell of the stockyards, all of it taken together, a smell so bad one must go down to visit the killing of the animals or never eat meat again. Watching the animals be slaughtered, one knows the human case—no matter how close to angel we may come, the butcher is equally there. So be it. Chicago makes for hard minds. On any given night, the smell may go anywhere—down to Gary to fight with the smog and the coke, out to Cicero to quiet the gangs with their dreams of gung ho and mop-up. North to Evanston to remind the polite that *inter faeces et urinam* are we born, and East on out to Lake Michigan where the super felicities in the stench of such earth-bound miseries and corruptions might cheer the fish with the clean spermy deep waters of their fate.

Yes, Chicago was a town where nobody could ever forget how the money was made. It was picked up from floors still slippery with blood, and if one did not protest and take a vow of vegetables, one knew at least that life was hard, life was in the flesh and in the massacre of the flesh—one breathed the last agonies of beasts. So something of the entrails and the secrets of the gut got into the faces of native Chicagoans. A great city, a strong city with faces tough as leather hide and pavement, it was also a city where the faces took on the broad beastiness of ears which were dull enough to ignore the bleatings of the doomed, noses battered enough to smell no more the stench of every unhappy end, mouths—fat mouths or slit mouths—ready to taste the gravies which were the reward of every massacre, and eyes, simple pig eyes, which could look the pig truth in the face. In any other city, they would have found technologies to silence the beasts with needles, quarter them with machines, lull them with Muzak, and have stainless steel for floors, aluminum beds to take over the old overhead trolley—animals would be given a shot of vitamin-enrichment before they took the last ride. But in Chicago, they did it straight, they cut the animals right out of their hearts—which is why it was the last of the great American cities, and people had great faces, carnal as blood, greedy, direct, too impatient for hypocrisy, in love with honest plunder. They were big and human and their brother in heaven was the slaughtered pig—they did not ignore him. If the yowls and moans of his extinction was the broth of their strength, still they had honest guts to smell him to the end—they did not flush the city with Odorono or Pinex or No-Scent, they swilled the beer and assigned the hits and gave America its last chance at straight-out drama. Only a great city provides honest spectacle, for that is the salvation of the schizophrenic soul. Chicago may have beasts on the street, it may have a giant of fortitude for Mayor who grew into a beast—a man with the very face of Chicago—but it is an honest town, it does not look to incubate psychotics along an air-conditioned corridor with a vinyl floor.

2.

If the face of Chicago might be reduced to a broad fleshy nose with nostrils open wide to stench, stink, power, a pretty day, a well-stacked broad, and the beauties of a dirty buck, the faces in the crowd of some 5,000 Eugene McCarthy supporters out at Midway Airport to greet the Senator's arrival on Sunday, August 25th, could have found their archetype in any one of a number of fairly tall slim young men in seersucker suits with horn-rimmed glasses, pale complexions, thin noses, and thin—this was the center of the common denominator—thin nostrils. People

who are greedy have extraordinary capacities for waste disposal—they must, they take in too much. Whereas, the parsimonious end up geared to take in too little—viz, Chicago nostrils versus McCarthy nostrils. Of course, the parsimony of the McCarthyites was of a special sort—they had hardly been mean with funds in supporting their candidate, nor small in the boldness of their attempt, and no one could claim that the loyalty of their effort had been equalled in many a year—certainly not since Adlai Stevenson, perhaps not since Henry Wallace. No, like all crusaders, their stinginess could be found in a ferocious lack of tolerance or liaison to their left or right—the search for Grail seems invariably to proceed in a straight line. It was no accident that an extraordinary number of McCarthyites seemed to drive Volkswagens (or was it that an extraordinary number of Volkswagens bore the white and blue psychedelic power?—if psychedelic it could truly be called, since the blue was too wan and the white too milky for the real sports of psychedelia land). Support of Eugene McCarthy was, of course, a movement whose strength was in the suburbs and the academy—two bastions of that faith which would state that a man must be allowed to lead a modest and reasonable life without interference by large forces. If corruption in politics, opportunism, and undue ambition excited their contempt, and injustice in race relations their disapproval (because injustice was inflammatory to reason) the war in Vietnam encouraged their most honorable suppressed fury for it spoke of a large and outrageous outside force which would sweep their lives away. In the suburbs and the academy, parents and children came together in detestation of that war.

The moral powers of the vegetarian, the pacifist, and the nationalist have been so refined away from the source of much power—infantile violence—that their moral powers exhibit a leanness, a keenness, and total ferocity which can only hint at worlds given to: precisely those sensuous worlds of corruption, promiscuity, fingers in the take, political alliances forged by the fires of booze, and that sense of property which is the fundament of all political relations. Talk of that later—for now, at the airport, enough to observe that the crowd of 5,000 at Midway waiting for Gene McCarthy were remarkably homogeneous. Young for the most part, too young to vote, a disproportionate number of babies in mother's arms—sly hint of middle-class Left mentality here at work! The middle-class Left would never learn that workingmen in greasy dungarees make a point of voting against the mother who carries the babe—the righteous face of any such mother reminds them of schoolteachers they used to hate!) Yes, the rally taking place in a special reserved area of the parking lot at Midway gave glimpses of faces remarkably homogeneous for a political rally. One could pass from heavy-set young men with a full chop of beard and fifty-pound pack on their back to young adolescent coteresses, pale as Ophelia, prim as Florence Nightingale, from college boys in sweaters with hints of Hippie allegiance, to Madison Avenue types in sideburns, straw hats, and a species of pill-taking panache; through decent, mildly fanatic ranks of middle-class professionals—suggestion of vitiated blood in their complexion—to that part of theater and show biz which dependably would take up cause with the cleaner cadres of the Left. One of their ranks, a pretty brunette in a red dress, was leading a set of foot-tapping songs while the crowd waited for the Senator's plane, the style of the lyrics out on that soft shoulder between liberalism and wit, and so reminiscent of the sort of songs Adolph Green and Betty Comden had been composing and Tom Lehrer singing for years. "The special fascination of . . . we think he's just sensational . . . *Gene!!!*" two notes sounding on "Gee-yene," so humorous in its vein, for the lyrics implied one was team with a limited gang of humans who derived from Noel Coward, Ogden Nash, and juke hill-billy—"Gee-yene! Gee-yene!"

Song went on: "The GOP will cry in its beer, for here is a man who will change the scene. Gee-yene! Gee-yene!" Depression came over the reporter. Try as he would, he could not make himself happy with McCarthy supporters. Their common denominator seemed to be found in some blank area of the soul, a species of disinfected idealism which gave one the impression when among them of living in a lobotomized ward of Upper Utopia. George Wallace, pay heed!

Of course, the reporter had been partisan to Bobby Kennedy, excited by precisely his admixture of idealism plus willingness to traffic with demons, ogres, and overlords of corruption. This had characterized the political style of the Kennedys more than once. The Kennedys had seemed magical because they were a little better than they should have been, and so gave promise of making America a little better than it ought to be. The reporter respected McCarthy, he respected him enormously for trying the vengeance of Lyndon Johnson, his heart had been given a bit of life by the success of the New Hampshire primary campaign. If there had then been little to make him glad in the abrupt and unhappy timing of Bobby Kennedy's immediate entrance into the race for nomination, he had, nonetheless, remained Kennedy's man—he saw the battle between the two as tragic; he had hardly enjoyed the Kennedy-McCarthy debate on television before the California primary; he had not taken pleasure in rooting for Kennedy and being thereby forced to condemn McCarthy's deadness of manner, blankness of affect, and suggestion of weakness in each deep pouch beneath each eye. The pouches spoke of clichés—eyes sitting in sagging brassieres of flesh, such stuff. He knew that McCarthy partisans would find equal fault somewhere in Kennedy.

A few nights after this debate, the reporter was awakened from a particularly oppressive nightmare by the ringing of a bell. He heard the voice of an old drinking friend he had not seen in two years.

"Cox," he shouted into the phone, "are you out of your skull? What do you mean calling at three A.M.?"

"Look," said the friend, "get the television on. I think you ought to see it. Bobby Kennedy has just been shot."

"No," he bellowed. "No! No! No!" his voice railing with an ugliness and pain reminiscent to his ear of the wild grunts of a wounded pig. (Where he had heard that cry he did not at the moment remember.) He felt as if he were being despoiled of a vital part of himself, and in the middle of this horror noted that he screamed like a pig, not a lion, nor a bear. The reporter had gone for years on the premise that one must balance every moment between the angel in oneself and the swine—the sound of his own voice shocked him therefore profoundly. The balance was not what he thought it to be. He watched television for the next hours in a state which drifted rudderless between two horrors. Then, knowing no good answer could come for days, if at all, on the possible recovery of Bobby Kennedy, he went back to bed and lay in a sweat of complicity, as if his own lack of moral *witness* (to the subtle heroism of Bobby Kennedy's attempt to run for President) could be found in the dance of evasions his taste for a merry life and a married one had become, as if this precise lack had contributed (in the vast architectonics of the cathedral of history) to one less piton of mooring for Senator Kennedy in his lonely ascent of those vaulted walls, as if finally the efforts of brave men depended in part on the protection of other men who saw themselves as at least provisionally brave, or sometimes brave, or at the least—if not brave—balanced at least on a stability between selflessness and appetite and therefore—by practical purposes—decent. But he was close to having become too much of appetite—he had spent the afternoon preceding this night of assassination in enjoying a dalliance—let us leave it at that—a not uncharacteristic way to have spent his time, and lying next to his wife now, TV news pictures of the assassination rocketing all over the bruised stone of his skull, he hated his wife for having ever allowed such a condition to come to be, hated her subtle complicity in driving him out, and then apart, and knew from the other side of his love that he must confess this afternoon now, as if that would be a warrant of magic to aid Senator Kennedy on the long voyage through the depth of the exploded excavations in his brain, and did not have the simple courage to confess, stopped in his mental steps as if confronting a bully in an alley and altogether unable to go on—the bully in the alley no less than his wife's illimitable funds of untempered redneck wrath. So he did what all men who are overweight must do—he prayed the Lord to take the price on his own poor mortal self (since he had flesh in surfeit to offer) he begged that God spare Senator Kennedy's life, and he would give up something, give up what?—give up some of the magic he could bring to bear on some one or another of the women, yes, give that up if the life would be saved, and fell back into the horror of trying to rest with the sense that his offer might have been given too late and by the wrong vein—confession to his wife was what the moral pressure had first demanded—and so fell asleep with some gnawing sense of the Devil there to snatch his offering after the angel had moved on in disgust.

Kennedy dead, he was doubly in gloom, passionate gloom for the loss of that fine valuable light—like everyone else he loved Bobby Kennedy by five times more in death than life—a few lives have the value to illumine themselves in their death. But he was also dull in dejection at what he might have given away that other night. For he believed a universe in which at stricken moments one could speak quietly to whichever manifest of God or Devil was near had to be as reasonable a philosophical proposition as any assumption that such dialogues were deluded. So it was possible he had given something away, and for nothing: the massive irreversible damage to the Senator's brain had occurred before the spring of his own generosity had even been wet. Indeed! Who knew what in reality might have been granted if he had worked for the first impulse and dared offer confession on a connubial bed. A good could have come to another man and by another route.

He never knew for certain if something had been given up—he was working too hard in too many ways to notice subtle change. (Although it seemed to him that a piece of magic had probably been relinquished.) Who cared but the reporter? He was, in general, depressed; then he met Senator McCarthy at a cocktail party in Cambridge not a week after the assassination. McCarthy was in depression as well.

3.

At this party, McCarthy looked weary beyond belief, his skin a used-up yellow, his tall body serving for no more than to keep his head up above the crowd at the cocktail party. Like feeder fish, smaller people were nibbling on his reluctant hulk with questions' idiotic questions, petulant inquiries he had heard a thousand times. "Why?" asked a young woman, college instructor, horn-rimmed glasses, "Why don't we get out of Vietnam?" her voice near hysterical ringing with the harsh electronics of cancer gulch and McCarthy looked near to flinching with the question and the liverish demand on him to answer. "Well," he said in his determinedly mild and quiet voice, last drop of humor never voided—for if on occasion he might be surrounded by dolts, volts, and empty circuits, then nothing to do but send remarks up to the angel of laughter. "Well," said Senator McCarthy, "there seem to be a few obstacles in the way."

But his pale green eyes had that look somewhere between humor and misery which the Creation might offer when faced with the bulldozers of boredom.

Years ago, in 1960, the reporter had had two glimpses of Eugene McCarthy. At the Democratic convention in Los Angeles which nominated John F. Kennedy, McCarthy had made a speech for another

ndidate. It was the best nominating speech the porter had ever heard. He had written about it ith the metaphor of a bullfight:

"... he held the crowd like a matador ... gathering their emotion, discharging it, creating new emotion on the wave of the last, driving his passes tighter and tighter as he readied for the kill. 'Do not reject this man who made us all proud to be called Democrats, do not leave this prophet without honor in his own party.' McCarthy went on, his muleta furled for the naturales. *'There was only one man who said let's talk sense to the American people. He said, the promise of America is the promise of greatness. This was his call to greatness ... Do not forget this man ... Ladies and gentlemen, I present to you not the favorite son of one state, but the favorite son of the fifty states, the favorite son of every country he has visited, the favorite son of every country which has not seen him but is secretly thrilled by his name.' Bedlam. The kill. 'Ladies and gentlemen, I present to you Adlai Stevenson of Illinois.' Ears and tail. Hooves and bull. A roar went up like the roar one heard the day Bobby Thomson hit his home run at the Polo Grounds and the Giants won the pennant from the Dodgers in the third playoff game of the 1951 season. The demonstration cascaded onto the floor, the gallery came to its feet, the sports arena sounded like the inside of a marching drum."*

Perhaps three months later, just after his piece that convention had appeared, and election time as near, he had met Senator McCarthy at another cktail party on Central Park West to raise money r the campaign of Mark Lane, then running for ate Assemblyman in New York. The reporter had ade a speech himself that day. Having decided, on e excitements of the Kennedy candidacy and other citements (much marijuana for one) to run for ayor of New York the following year, he gave his aiden address at that party, a curious, certainly a ique political speech, private, personal, tortured metaphor, sublimely indifferent to issues, platrm, or any recognizable paraphernalia of the polital process, and delivered in much too rapid a voice the assembled bewilderment of his audience, a llective (and by the end very numb) stiff clavicle Jewish Central Park West matrons. The featured eaker, Senator McCarthy, was to follow, and climbg up on the makeshift dais as he stepped down, the nator gave him a big genial wide-as-the-openins Midwestern grin.

"Better learn how to breathe, boy," he whispered t of the corner of his mouth, and proceeded to tertain the audience for the next few minutes with mixture of urbanity, professional elegance, and litical savvy. That was eight years ago.

But now, near to eight years later, the hour was ferent, the audience at this cocktail party in Camidge with their interminable questions and advice, eir over-familiarity yet excessive reverence, their sire to touch McCarthy, prod him, *galvanize* him, emed to do no more than drive him deeper into the sulations of his fatigue, his very disenchantment o his pores seemed to speak—with the democratic ocess. He was not a mixer. Or if he had ever been nixer, as he must have been years ago, he had had too much of it since, certainly too much since primaries in New Hampshire, Wisconsin, Indiana, Oregon, and California—he had become, or he had always been, too private a man for the damnable political mechanics of mixing, fixing, shaking the hands, answering the same questions which had already answered themselves by being asked. And now the threat of assassination over all, that too, that his death might come like the turn of a card, and could a man be ready? the gloomy, empty tomb-like reverberations of the last shot shaking rough waves doubtless through his own dreams, for his eyes, sensitive, friendly, and remote as the yellow eyes of an upper primate in a cage, spoke out of the weary, sagging face, up above the sagging pouches, seeming to say, "Yes, try to rescue me—but as you see, it's not quite possible." And the reporter, looking to perform the errand of rescue, went in to talk about the speech of 1960 in Los Angeles, and how it was the second best political speech he had ever heard.

"Oh," said McCarthy, "tell me, what was the best?"

And another questioner jostled the circle about McCarthy to ask another question, the Secret Service man in the gray suit at McCarthy's elbow stiffening at the impact. But McCarthy held the questioner at a distance by saying, "No, I'd like to listen for awhile." It had obviously become his pleasure to listen to others. So the reporter told a story about Vito Marcantonio making a speech in Yankee Stadium in 1948, and the Senator listened carefully, almost sadly, as if remembering other hours of oratory.

On the way out the door, in the press of guests and local party workers up to shake his hand before he was gone, a tall bearded fellow, massive chin, broad brow for broad horn-rimmed glasses, spoke out in a resonant voice marred only by the complacency of certain nasal intrigues. "Senator, I'm a graduate student in English, and I like your politics very much, but I must tell you, I think your poetry stinks."

McCarthy took it like a fighter being slapped by the referee across the forearms. "You see what it is, running for President," said the laughter in his eyes. If he worshipped at a shrine, it was near the saint of good humor.

"Give my regards to Robert Lowell," said the reporter. "Say to him that I read 'The Drunken Fisherman' just the other day."

McCarthy looked like the victim in the snow when the St. Bernard comes up with the rum. His eyes came alight at the name of the poem ... "I will catch Christ with a greased worm," might have been the line he remembered. He gave a little wave, was out the door.

Yet the reporter was depressed after the meeting. McCarthy did not look nor feel like a President, not that tall tired man with his bright subtle eyes which could sharpen the razor's edge of a nuance, no, he seemed more like the dean of the finest English department in the land. There wasn't that sense of a

man with vast ambition and sufficient character to make it luminous, so there was not that charisma which leaves no argument about the nature of the attempt.

4.

If that meeting had been in the beginning of June, there were differences now by the end of August. McCarthy, at Midway Airport to greet his followers, looked big in his Presidential candidate's suit this sunny afternoon, no longer tired, happy apparently with the crowd and the air of his reception. He went down the aisle of friends and reporters who had managed to get ahead of the restraining rope for the crowd and shook hands, gave a confident wink or good twinkle there, "Whatever are you doing *here*, Norman?" he said with a grin, quick as a jab, and made his way up to the platform where a clump of microphones on spikes garnished the podium. But the microphones were dead. Which set McCarthy to laughing. Meanwhile posters waved out in the crowd: AMERICA'S PRIMARY HOPE; LUCIDITY, NOT LUNACY; MAKE MINE McCARTHY. He scanned the home-made posters, as if his sense of such language, after a decade and more, had become sufficiently encyclopedic to treasure every rare departure, and he laughed from time to time as he saw something he liked.

Finally, he called out to the crowd, "*They* cut the power line. *We're* trying to fix it." Great college moans at the depth of the opposition—wise laughter at the good cheer of the situation. "Let's sing," said Gene McCarthy; a shout from the crowd. His standard was theirs: good wit could always support small horror. So they sang, This land is your land, this land is my land, and McCarthy moved along to another mike, much shifting of position in his entourage to be near him, then gave up and came back to the first mike. Things were now fixed. He introduced Senator Yarborough from Texas who would in turn introduce him. Yarborough looked like a florid genial iron-ribbed barrel of a British Conservative M.P., and spoke with a modest Texas accent; he told the audience that McCarthy had won "this campaign in the hearts of the American people." While he spoke, McCarthy sat next to his wife Abigail, a warm-colored woman with a pleasant face full of the arch curves of a most critical lady of the gentry. Something in her expression spoke of uncharitable wit, but she was elegant—one could see her as First Lady. Indeed! One could almost see him now as President. He had size, he had humor. He looked strong. When he got up to speak, he was in easy form. Having laughed at a poster which said, "Welcome to Fort Daley," he began by paying his respects to the Mayor of Chicago who is "watching over all of us."

"Big Brother," shouted a powerhouse in the crowd.

McCarthy talked for six or seven minutes. The audience was looking for a bust-out-of-the-corrals speech but the Senator was not giving it. He talked mildly, with his throwaway wit, his almost diffiden assertion—"We can build a new society and a ne world," said he at one point in the mildest tones o his mild register, and then added as if to take th curse off such intellectual presumption, "We're no asking for too much—just a modest use of intelli gence."

"Too much," murmured a news-service man ad miringly.

A good yell came up. Even a modest use of intelli gence would forbid Vietnam.

McCarthy drew one more big cheer by declarin he was not interested in being Vice President. "I'n not here to compromise what we've all worked for,' he said to cheers, and shortly after, to the crowd's disappointment, was done. The band played—Warre King's Brass Impact, four trombones, two guitars drums, six trumpets, one tenor sax, two Negroes no very black among the musicians.

Yes, he had compromised nothing, not even th musicians. If he was at heart a conservative, an no great man for the Blacks, then damned if he woul encourage harmoniums and avalanches of soul music No, he had done it his way up to now, cutting ou everyone from his councils who was interested i politicking at the old trough, no, his campaign ha begun by being educational, and educational had he left it—he had not compromised an inch, nor played the demagogue for a moment, and it had given him strength, not strength enough perhaps to win, cer tainly not enough to win, but rectitude had laid the keel, and in that air of a campaign run at last fo intelligent men, and give no alms to whores, he left.

It was no great meeting, but excitement was there, some thin weal of hope that victory, impossible to spring aloft, might still find wings. Take a good look, for it is the last of such pleasant occasions. Later that day, Hubert Humphrey came into O'Hare, but there was no crowd to receive him, just a few of the Humphrey workers. Hubert Humphrey had two kinds of workers. Some, with crew cut or straight combed hair, could have gone with Ronald Reagan. Others were out of that restaurant where Mafia shakes hands with the union. Let no one say that Hubert was unfriendly to the real people. But there is more to see of all these men.

5.

"Here, my friends, on the prairies of Illinois and the Middle West, we can see a long way in all directions . . . here there are no barriers, no defenses to ideas and to aspirations. We want none. We want no shackles on the mind or the spirit, no rigid patterns of thought and no iron conformity. We want only the faith and the convictions of triumph and free and fair contest."

(From an address by Adlai Stevenson, Governor of Illinois, to the Democratic Convention in Chicago in 1952.)

It may be time to attempt a summary of the forces at work upon the convention of 1968.

A similar consideration of the Republican convention never seemed necessary. The preliminaries to

mi Beach were simple: Nixon, by dint of an orical vacuum whose presence he was the first liscern, and by the profit of much hard work, y occupied the Republican center—the rest of the ory resides in Rockefeller's attempts to clarify own position to himself. Was he to respond only draft of Republicans desperate not to lose to nson, then to Kennedy, or was he to enter pri-ies, and divide the party? Since he was perfectly able of winning the election with a divided Re-lican Party, because his presence as a nominee ld divide the Democratic Party even further, the stion was academic. But Rockefeller's history can be written, for it is to be found in the timing of advisers and the advice of his intimates, and are not ready, one would assume, to hang them-es yet.

Where it is not to remain hidden, the Republican ory was relatively simple and may be passed r. It is the Democratic which insists on present-itself, for no convention ever had such events prelude.

n March 31, on a night when the latest Gallup l showed LBJ to be in favor with only 36% he American public (while only 23% approved handling of the war) Johnson announced on ional television that he would not seek nor cept the nomination of my party as your Presi-nt." On April 2, there was talk that Humphrey ld run—McCarthy had taken the Wisconsin pri-y with 57% of the vote to Johnson's 35% (and vas estimated that if Johnson had not resigned, vote would have been more like 64% to 28%).

n April 4, Martin Luther King, Jr. was assassi-ed by a white man, and violence, fire and looting ke out in Memphis, Harlem, Brooklyn, Washing-, D.C., Chicago, Detroit, Boston and Newark over next week. Mayor Daley gave his famous "shoot kill" instruction to the Chicago police, and Na-nal Guard and U.S. troops were sent to some of se cities.

On April 23 Columbia students barricaded the e of a Dean. By another day the campus was rupted, then closed, and was never to be comfort-y open again for the rest of the semester. On y 10, as if indicative of a spontaneous world-wide vement, the students of the Sorbonne battled the is police on barricades and in the streets. On the e day, Maryland was quietly pledging its dele-es to Humphrey.

On June 3, Andy Warhol was shot. On June 4, er winning the California primary 45% to 42% McCarthy, and 12% for Humphrey, RFK was t in the head and died next day. The cannibal-c war of the McCarthy and Kennedy peace forces s at an end. McCarthy had been all but finished in liana, Nebraska, Iowa, and South Dakota; Ken-y had been badly mauled by his defeat in Oregon. anwhile Humphrey had been picking up delegates states like Missouri, which did not have primaries, l the delegates in states which did, like Pennsyl-vania, after it had given 90% of its vote to McCarthy.

So went the month. Cleveland with its first Negro Mayor still had a riot. Spock, Goodman, Ferber and Coffin were sentenced to two years in jail. Kentucky with 46 delegates gave 41 to HHH, and the McCarthy supporters walked out. There were stories every other day of Humphrey's desire to have Teddy Kennedy for Vice President, and much comment in columns on the eagerness of the Democrats to move the convention from Chicago. Chicago had a telephone strike and the likelihood of a taxi strike and a bus strike. Chicago was to be unwilling host to a Yippie (Youth International Party) convention the week the Democrats would be there. Chicago had the massive bull temper of Mayor Daley for the Democratic Party to contend with—much work went on behind the scenes to move the convention to Miami where the telephone and television lines were in, and Daley would be out. But Daley was not about to let the convention leave his city. Daley promised he would enforce the peace and allow no outrageous demonstrations, Daley hinted that his wrath—if the convention were moved—might burn away whole corners of certain people's support. Since Hubert Humphrey was the one who could most qualify for certain people, he was in no hurry to offend the Mayor. Lyndon Johnson, when beseeched by interested parties to encourage Daley to agree to the move, was rumored to have said, "Miami Beach is not an American city."

The TV networks applied massive pressure to shift the convention. In Chicago, because of the strictures of the strike, their cameras would be limited to the hotels and to the Amphitheatre—they would not be able to take their portable generators out to the street and run lines to their color cameras. That would not be permitted. They were restricted to movie cameras, which would make them half a day late in reporting action or interviews in the streets (half a day late for television is equal to being a week late). How they must have focussed their pressure on Daley and Johnson. It is to the Mayor's curious credit that he was strong enough to withstand them. It should have been proof interior that Daley was no other-directed twentieth-century politician. Any such man would have known the powers of retaliation which resided in the mass media. One did not make an enemy of a television network for nothing; they could repay injury with no more than a chronic slur in the announcer's voice every time your deadly name was mentioned over the next twelve months, or next twelve years. Daley, however, was not a national politician, but a clansman—he could get 73% of the vote in any constituency made up of people whose ancestors were at home with rude instruments in Polish forests, Ukrainian marshes, Irish bogs—they knew how to defend the home: so did he. No interlopers for any network of Jew-Wasp media men were going to dominate the streets of his parochial city, nor none of their crypto-accomplices with long hair, sexual liberty, drug license and un-

bridled mouths. It was as if the primitive powers of the Mayor's lungs, long accustomed to breathing all variety of blessings and curses (from the wind of ancestors, constituents, and screaming beasts in the stockyards where he had once labored for a decade and more) could take everything into his chest, mighty barrel of a chest in Richard J. Daley, 200 pounds, 5 feet 8 inches tall. These blessings and curses, once prominently and in public breathed in, could be processed, pulverized, and washed into the choleric blood, defiance in the very pap and hemoglobin of it—"I'll swallow up their spit and shove it through," the Mayor could always bellow to his electorate. So Daley was ready to take on the electronic wrath of the semi-conductors of the world, his voter-nourished blood full of beef and curses against the transistorized communicatory cabals of the media. And back of him—no evidence will ever be produced to prove such a thought—must have been Lyndon Johnson, great wounded secret shaman of the Democratic Party. If Teddy Roosevelt had once wrecked William Howard Taft and the Republican Party by running as a Bull Moose, so Lyndon Johnson was now a warlock of a Bull Moose, conceiving through all the months of June, July, and August how he would proceed to create a cursed convention, a platform, a candidate, and a party which would be his own as much as the nightmarish vision of a phantom ship is the soul of a fever; he would seek to rend his party, crack it in two—that party to which his own allegiance in near to forty years could hardly be questioned—because that party had been willing to let him go. In revenge he would create a candidate who need never run, for his campaign would be completed by the nomination. Conceive what he would have thought of a candidate who could attract more votes than himself.

6.

"Politics is property," said Murray Kempton, delegate from New York, over the epiphanies of a drink, and never was a new science comprehended better by a young delegate. Lyndon Johnson was first preceptor of the key that politics-is-property so you never give something away for nothing. Convention politics is therefore not the art of the possible so much as the art of what is possible when you are dealing with property holders. A delegate's vote is his holding—he will give it up without return no more than a man will sign over his house entire to a worthy cause.

Such property relations are to be witnessed for every political sinecure in the land—judgeships, jobs, contracts, promises—it comes down to chairs in offices, and words negotiable like bonds.

Politics at national level can still be comprehended by politics-as-property provided one remembers that moral integrity (or the public impression of such) in a high politician is also property, since it brings power and/or emoluments to him. Indeed a very high politician—which is to say a statesman or leader—has no political substance unless he is the servant o ideological institutions or interests and the availab moral passions of the electorate. A politician pic and chooses among moral properties. If he is quic witted, unscrupulous, and does not mind a life o constant anxiety, he will hasten—there is a great cor petition for things valuable in politics—to pick u properties wherever he can, even if they are riv holdings. To the extent a politician is his own ma attached to his own search for his own spiritual trut —which is to say willing to end in any unpalatable p sition to which the character of his truth could lea him—then he is ill-equipped for the game of politic Politics is property. You pick up as much as you ca pay the minimum for the holding, extract the max mum, and combine where you may—small genius like Humphrey saw, for example, that devout trad unionism and devout anti-Communism might on have faced each other across no-man's-land but rigl after the second world war were ready to enric each other into the tenfold of national respectabilit

There is no need to underline Lyndon Johnson ability to comprehend these matters. Johnson unde stood that so far as a man was a political anim (and therefore not searching for some private trut which might be independent of politics) he was the if deprived of his properties, close to being a dea man. There is only one political job in America whic has no real property attached to it, except for th fantastical property of promotion by tragedy, an that, of course, is the Vice Presidency. It is the on high office to which all the secondary characteristi of political property may adhere—comprehensiv public awareness of the name, attention in the pre to one's speeches, honorary emoluments in the Se ate, intimacy (of varying degree) with the Presiden junkets abroad. If you are very active as Vice Pre ident, everyone in America knows your name. Bu that is your only property. It is not the same thin as real power—more like being a movie star. Take in proportion to the size of the office, the Vice Pre ident has less real holding than the ward-heeler i his anteroom chair. The Vice President can promis many things, but can be certain of delivering o nothing. So he can never be certain of getting an thing back. It is not a job for a politician but philosopher.

It is the thesis of this argument that Lyndo Johnson, having recognized that he could not wi the election in 1968 (and could win the nominatio for a candidate of his choice only by exploding hi own party into two or more fragments) nonethele set out to make the party vindicate him. The las property of political property is ego, ego intact, eg burnished by institutional and reverential flam Not all men wish statues of themselves on their tom but it is hard to think of LBJ with a plain stone "Here lies a simple fellow with many victories an one catastrophic mistake"—Lyndon would carry hi emoluments into the debating chambers of Hell. H had had to live after all through March and Apr

l May with the possibility of Bobby Kennedy
ining the nomination, winning the election, the
ghter of the Kennedys playing echoes off the walls
his own bad dreams; Lyndon had learned during
propertyless period of his own Vice-Presidential
's how rapid could be the slide of your holdings,
v soluble the proud salts of your ego. How quickly
ght come his deterioration if a Kennedy were
in in office—his own bleak death in such a case
ght have spoken to him already. Men whose lives
built on ego can die of any painful disease but
—they cannot endure the dissolution of their own
, for then nothing is left with which to face emo-
n, nothing but the urge to grovel at the enemy's
t. It is the primitive price one pays for holding
o property which possesses no moral value. How
ch Johnson must have been ready to offer in
rch and April and May in order that Bobby Ken-
ly be stopped. Perhaps even his own vindication
ght have been sacrificed.

After the Senator's assassination, however, nomi-
ion for Humphrey was empty for Johnson. If
mphrey wished to win the election, his interest
s to separate himself from the President. Since
s was counter to Johnson's interest, the torture of
bert Humphrey began.

Mark it: politics is the hard dealing of hard men
r properties; their strength is in dealing and
ir virility. Back of each negotiator is the magic
his collected properties—the real contention of the
otiation is: whose properties possess the more
ent magic? A good politician then can deal with
ry kind of property-holder but a fanatic, because
fanatic is disembodied from his property. He con-
ves of his property—his noble ideal!—as existing
t as well without him. His magic partakes of the
real. That is why Lyndon Johnson could never
l with Ho Chi Minh, and why he could manipu-
e Hubert Humphrey with absolute confidence.
mphrey had had to live for four years with no
ic property, and nobody knew better than the
sident what that could do to an animal as
nched in politics as Hubert. Humphrey could
er make his move. Deprived for four years of his
t as Senator, deprived of constituency, and the
ver to trade votes, the small intricate nourishing
rrow of being able to measure the profit or loss
concrete favors traded for concrete favors, the ex-
nge of political affections based on solid property-
ing, property-acquiring negotiations, forced to
r influence he now might or might not possess,
mphrey never knew where to locate himself in
otiations spoken or unspoken with Lyndon John-
. So his feet kept slipping. Against the crusades
law and order building on the Right, his hope was
uild a crusade on the Left, not to divide the Left.
t to do that, he would have had to dare the enmity
Lyndon Johnson, have had to dare the real chance
t he might lose the nomination, and that was the
chance he could not take for that would be the
lowest death of them all. He would be lost in re-
tirement, his idle flesh would witness with horror the decomposition of his ego. A politician in such trouble can give away the last of his soul in order not to be forced to witness how much he has given away already.

Hubert Humphrey was the small genius of American politics—his horror was that he was wed to Lyndon Johnson, the domestic genius of us all. Humphrey could not find sufficient pride in his liver to ask for divorce. His liver turned to dread. He came to Chicago with nobody to greet him at the airport except a handful of the faithful—the Vice President's own poor property—those men whose salary he paid, and they were not many. Later, a group of a few hundred met him at the Sherman House, the boys and the Humphrey girls were out. In 1964 some of the Goldwater girls had looked like hookers on horses, now in '68, some of the women for Humphrey looked like hookers. The Mafia loved Humphrey; they always loved a political leader who kept a well-oiled pair of peanuts in his pants, and there was big money behind Humphrey, $800,000 had been raised for him in one night in New York; he would be the perfect President—for a time—for every speculator who liked a government contract to anchor his line while he got off that touchdown pass. So Humphrey money was there in Chicago for convention frolics, and a special night club or cabaret in the Hilton called the Hubaret where you needed a scorecard to separate the trade-union leaders from the Maf, and the women—let us not insult women. Suffice it that the beehives were out, and every girl named Marie had a coif like Marie Antoinette. Every Negro on the take was there as well —some of the slickest, roundest, Blackest swingers ever to have contact with everyone from Mayor Daley to the Blackstone Rangers. There was action at the Hubaret, and cheer for every late night drinker. If Hubie got in, the after-hour joints would prosper; the politics of joy would never demand that all the bars be dead by four—who could argue with that?

Negroes in general had never been charmed with McCarthy. If he was the epitome of Whitey at his best, that meant Whitey at ten removes, dry wit, stiff back, two-and-a-half centuries of Augustan culture and their distillate—the ironic manners of the tightest country gentry; the Blacks did not want Whitey at his best and boniest in a year when they were out to find every justification (they were not hard to find) to hate the Honkie. But if the Black militant and the Black workingman would find no comfort or attraction in McCarthy, think then of how the Black mixer-dixer was going to look on Clean Gene. He wasn't about to make a pilgrimage up to some Catholic rectory in the Minnesota North Woods where they passed one bean through the hot water for bean soup, no, he wanted some fat-back in his hands. You couldn't take the kind of hard and sanctified little goat turds McCarthy was passing out for political marbles back to the Black homefolk

when they were looking for you to spread the gravy around. So Hubie Humphrey came into Chicago with nine-tenths of the organized Democratic Party—Black support, labor support, Mafia support, Southern delegates support, and you could find it all at the Hubaret if you were looking, as well as a wet wash of delegates with buttons for Humphrey, the big bold HHH with its unwitting—though who knew these days what was unwitting?—reference to barbed-wire fences, concentration camps, gas chambers. The letter H went marching to the horizon.

There were 1,400-1,500 delegates secured for Hubert Humphrey on the day he came to town—such was the hard estimate of the hardest heads on his staff, Larry O'Brien, Norman Sherman, Bill Connell; the figure was low, they were not counting on the favorite sons of the South, nor on the small reserve of uncommitted delegates. Still there were rumors up of gale warnings, and much anxiety—Mayor Daley had led the Illinois delegation into caucus on Sunday, and led them out again without committing a single one of the state's 118 votes to a single delegate and there were stories Daley wanted Teddy Kennedy. John Connally of Texas, furious that the unit rule was about to be abolished in this convention, gave threats on Sunday of nominating Lyndon Johnson.

Either the convention was sewed up for Humphrey or the convention was soft. No one really knew. Usually it was enough to come to conventions with less than a first ballot victory, even two hundred votes less, and you were certain of winning. The panic among delegates to get on the winning side at the last minute is always a stampede. It is as though your land will double in value. Humphrey came in with one hundred to two hundred votes more than he needed, yet he was not without his own panic; he took care to announce on "Meet the Press" before taking the plane to Chicago that he supported President Johnson's Vietnam policies because they were "basically sound." For two months he had been vacillating, giving hints one day that he was not far from the doves, rushing back the next to be close in tone to the Administration. It would be said, of course, that it was part of his political skill to keep the McCarthyites uncertain of his position; once convinced that he would take a line close to Lyndon Johnson on the war in Vietnam, they might look—McCarthy included—to induce Teddy Kennedy to run. So Humphrey played at being a dove as a way of holding the youngest Kennedy in Hyannis. But what was he to gain besides the approval of Lyndon Johnson? A liaison with McCarthy could even give him a chance for victory in November. Yet Humphrey engaged in massive safe play after massive safe play, paying court to the South, paying court to LBJ, to Daley, to Meany, to Connally; even then, he came to Chicago with his nomination insecure. He had 1,500 votes, but if something went wrong he did not know if he could count on a single one of them—they could all wash away in the night. Humphrey was staying at the Conrad Hilton, but his first act after landing a O'Hare was to proceed to the Sherman House to vis the Illinois delegation. Daley was working to induc Teddy Kennedy to run—once Teddy Kennedy ran an lost, he might have to accept a draft as Vice Pres ident. At the same time, once running, he migh show huge strength—Daley would then be able t claim he stole the nomination from Humphrey an got it over to Kennedy. Daley could not lose. All th while he was encouraging Kennedy to run, Humphre was promising Daley more and more treasures obliged—since he had no political property of his ow just yet—to mortgage future property. He was as signing future and double substance to Daley, to th unions, to the South, to business interests. His hold ing operations, his safe plays to guarantee th nomination once the nomination was already secure became exorbitantly expensive. A joke made th rounds of the convention:

"What was Hubert able to keep?"

"Well, he was able to keep Muriel."

His dangers were absurdly small. McCarthy, thre times unpopular with the delegates, for being right for being proud that he was right, and for dealing only in moral property, had no chance whatsoever Moreover, he was disliked intensely by the Kennedy ites. If Bobby Kennedy and Gene McCarthy had been in the Sinn Fein together they would hav carried their guns in holsters under opposite shoul ders—they embodied the ultimate war of the Irish McCarthy was reputed to carry volumes of Augus tine and Aquinas in his suitcase; it is possible Bobby Kennedy thought one of the penalties of being Irish is that you could get lost in the *Summa Theologica*

But Hubert Humphrey carried no gun and no tome. Finally he was a hawk not a dove for the mos visceral of reasons—his viscera were not firm enough to face the collective wrath of that military-indus trial establishment he knew so well in Washington that rifleman's schizophrenia one could see in the eyes of the clerks at the Pentagon, yes, his fear went beyond political common sense and a real chance to win, it went even beyond slavery to LBJ (because LBJ finally had also been afraid of the Pentagon) it came down to the simple fear that he was not ready to tell the generals that they were wrong. Peace they might yet accept, but not the recognition that they were somewhat insane—as quickly tell dragons to shift their nest.

7.

It was a curious convention, all but settled before it began, except for the bile-bubbling fear of the nominee that he would lose; it was locked, yet extraordinarily unsettled, even if totally dominated by Lyndon Johnson. He had his men everywhere—Hale Boggs, Majority Whip of the House on the Platform Committee; Carl Albert, Majority Leader of the House as Chairman of the convention; John B. Connally, Governor of Texas, and Mayor Daley, Governor of Chicago, in front of the rostrum with their

as and Illinois delegations, the rostrum indeed yered about with Humphrey delegations that if took a swing in semicircle through the states est to the podium, Minnesota, Utah, Kentucky, nessee, Texas, Rhode Island, the Virgin Islands, ois, Pennsylvania, West Virginia, Hawaii, Con- icut, New Jersey, Delaware and Florida, the final rns for Johnson's candidate were 730 votes out possible 834, and in none of those states did he less than two-thirds of the delegates. To the of the Amphitheatre, in a semicircle through seats farthest removed from the podium, Ver- t, Puerto Rico, New York, California, Colorado, ginia, Wisconsin, Arkansas, Oregon, Missouri, sissippi, and New Hampshire, the vote for aphrey was only 297 out of 720.

could be asked to what end go such picayune parations, and the answer in politics is property. ood seat at a convention, strong, central and n front, is as important as a good seat at a show. ticians do not have egos which sleep far from r property; since they are all a hint psychopathic eir sense of the present being vastly more in- e than their sense of the past) a poor seat de- sses their view of themselves. This might have effect of no more than one percent on the stout- rted, but Lyndon Johnson, like the Mafia, worked oint spread and picked up nickels and dimes in y percentage.

he man who made the arrangements was John swell, Treasurer of the Democratic National Con- tion, an unknown until installed by the President; h a Johnson man, he even gave the Humphrey ple a difficult time on small matters, which was cisely the way to remind a man like the Vice sident that he was yet politically landless. None- ess, Humphrey contingents had front seats—they ld boo the speaker or cheer him, threaten his de- ry with the imminence of their presence, not gnificant when one had to look at Illinois goons aphing in concert with Daley. Some of them had s like drills; others, noses like plows; jaws like utated knees; they combed their hair straight h a part to the side in imitation of the Mayor from up close had a red skin with many veins hair which looked like dirty gray silk combed straight—at his worst, Daley looked in fact like astly robust old peasant woman with a dirty gray wig. (At his best, he looked respectable enough e coach of the Chicago Bears.) At any rate, no all matter to have the Illinois delegation under r nose at the podium, all those hecklers, fixers, kies, and musclemen scanning the audience as if freeze certain obstreperous faces, make them didates for a contract and a hit. The guys with s like drills always acted this way, it was their chase on stagecraft, but the difference in this vention were the riots outside, and the roughing the delegates in the hall, the generator trucks on perimeter of the stockyards ready to send voltage vn the line of barbed wire, the police and Canine Corps in the marshes west of the Amphitheatre. Politics is property. Rush forward with your standard. Push and push. When you get near the podium, there is nothing to see but Daley and Connally. Take a look at Connally, Governor of Texas, once sat across from John F. Kennedy in the Presidential limousine passing the Elm Street Book Depository. Connally is a handsome man, mean, mean right to the gum, he has wavy silver hair, is cocky as a dude, sports a sharp nose, a thin-lipped Texas grin, a confident grin—it spoke of teeth which knew how far they could bite into every bone, pie, nipple or tit. Connally belonged to the Texas pure-property school of politics: there were the Ins and the Outs, and the Outs had one philosophy. Get where the Ins are. The Ins had one philosophy. Keep the Outs out. That was politics. Your seat was very important.

It was also important because the microphones for the delegates were varied in their volume. The Illinois, Texas, Michigan, Ohio, and other Humphrey microphones were very clear. The New York, Wisconsin, and California microphones were weak in volume. In an emergency, in any attempt to gain the attention of the Chair, how much more difficult to yell from the rear, how much more futile to wave the standard. In any total emergency when all the mikes were dead—one hand on one switch could accomplish that—who would ever be heard in the rear if the front was demanding the floor? Yes, it was Lyndon's convention, and he controlled it with Criswell and Daley and the Andy Frain ushers, controlled it with plastic passes to enter the Amphitheatre—so specially magnetized, it was advertised in advance, that you had not only to insert them in a box when you went in, but were obliged to insert them again when you went out so that they might be demagnetized. What fury and ushers' fists fell on a delegate from New Hampshire who used a credit card to go in and out, and was detected the second time when he had a reporter to accompany him. But checks by every member of the Press who held a card in the Diners' Club revealed that they were precisely, micrometrically equal in size to the admission passes—what a preparation had obviously been made to load the galleries or floor if the need came. What an absence of real security! And in the interim, how difficult to get to the floor. Television, press, radio and periodicals were drastically restricted in the number of their passes. Whenever the convention came alive, it was next to impossible to reach the floor, so the amount of damage which could be done by keen press coverage was limited. It was not a practical objective, so much as the air of oppression of the convention itself. LBJ hated the Press by now, hated them for the freedom they took to criticize his heart, his good intentions, and his purchase on the truth. He hated them for showing the scar of his gall bladder operation on every front page, hated them for revealing the emptiness of his war in Vietnam, must have blamed them secretly for losing the war—it was no mystery that the Pentagon

detested the Press by now, they were some curious fourth dimension in the solid three dimensions of old-fashioned politics-is-property, they opened the door to mockery of high office, gave eminence to Hippies, broadcast criticism of the war, and purveyed some indefinable nihilism. They sped the wrong things up. So Lyndon closed the convention down for them so far as he could; Daley was his arm.

Yet for all the power of his command on that convention floor, Johnson never appeared in person to speak, was rarely mentioned, and the convention sat without a photograph of him anywhere in sight. In Atlantic City in '64 there had been two photos four stories high from floor to upmost balcony. Whereas Lyndon's presence at this convention was felt more as a brain the size of a dirigible floating above the delegates in the smoke-filled air.

Yet for all that he controlled it, the convention was the wildest Democratic convention in decades, perhaps in more than forty years, and the bitterest, the most violent, the most disorderly, most painful, and in certain ways the most uncontrolled—so it was like his Administration: utterly controlled down to the last echo of his voice, and beyond was absolute chaos. At one end was Carl Albert, Chairman, taking his cue on what to do next by nods, fingers, and other signs from Daley's henchmen, transparent in their signification—"Let the boss speak" or "Shut that guy up"—to thirty million TV viewers. At the other end was the chaos of Michigan Avenue when the police fulfilled their Yippie christening and flailed at the forage like wild pigs. With it all was the comedy, sad, dim and sorrowful as a tender laugh, when Senator Daniel K. Inouye of Hawaii, a Johnson man, the keynoter, spent ten pages of his thirteen-page speech in describing the ills of the country. He was not supposed to do that. The keynote speech extols the glories of the party and the iniquities of the opposition. The keynote speech is pure and automatic dividend from collective holdings. It is like passing Go in Monopoly, $200 bucks, but the country was in straits so poor that even with a Johnson man on the podium, the keynoter was obliged to dwell on America's crisis and deliver a troubled and most literate speech.

There was the unit rule fight which had Connally sufficiently furious to be ready to nominate Johnson. There were the credentials fights which reached such a peak of fury at two-thirty of Tuesday morning with the first Monday night session not yet done, that the Chair was booed for many minutes. Tuesday evening when the Georgia delegation by voice acclamation was seated in a great hurry to establish a split, half to Maddox, half to Julian Bond, broader comedy was played. "I had my seat taken away from me," complained a thin boyish white delegate from Georgia, "without their even asking me, notifying me, or the Chair even deigning or condescending to have a vote. That was the way they took my seat away from me. Very high-handed, I call it," said the Georgia delegate in a whining voice like a car singing through the gears. "That was my seat, and I never had no right to it. I feel kind of funny not having my seat." Yes, politics went right b through the multiplicities of its negotiation barter to the primal seat in the family ring aro the kitchen table and if Older Brother or Sis taken your seat, then cause for complaint. But w Mom is gone, or any authority to whom you appeal, well, politics has ceased to exist, South politics at any rate.

"Yes sir," said the delegate from Georgia, "going back home to think for awhile, and the might just decide to work for Mr. Wallace."

"Then, sir," said the interviewer, "you do not p to work for the Democratic nominee?"

"How can I, sir? They took my seat."

8.

Tuesday morning, the California delegation in the Grand Ballroom of the LaSalle to hear impromptu debate between Senator McCart Hubert Humphrey, and Senator McGovern. Th had been another debate planned for television tween Humphrey and McCarthy, but it had ne taken place. When McGovern and Lester Madd announced their candidacies, they insisted at same time on joining the debate. In the confusi Humphrey had withdrawn.

Now he was back, however. The onus of refusi to debate McCarthy would no longer be his—besid it was too late to gain or lose more than a few vo by this kind of activity, and indeed, McGovern w was to do very well this particular morning, pr ably did not gain a total of twenty extra delega from his efforts. Politics is property, and to fall love with a man's voice sufficiently to vote for h next day is not to get much return for your holdi —besides, the votes McGovern stole were in the ma from McCarthy, who was not going to give mu return either.

The Grand Ballroom of the LaSalle was on t nineteenth floor, and a noble room, perhaps fifty fe wide, three times as long, with an arched ceili thirty feet high. Nearly a thousand delegates, gues and newspapermen were to crowd into its space, hunger for confrontation feeding not only the crow of students and Yippies in the streets below, b the delegates and the Press themselves, as if th frustration of listening to Johnson and Humphre defend the war for more than four years had begu unconscious dialogues in many a man and woma not accustomed to muttering to themselves on th street—indeed with proper warning twenty thousan tickets could have been sold in a day for this meetin of the three men.

Yet, it proved curiously anti-climactic. If the at mosphere of the Ballroom was tense, theatrical, eve *historical*, no great debate ensued. The technologie of television and convention politics were often curi ous, they seemed calculated to work to the deterrenc of dramatic possibility, and nowhere was this mor

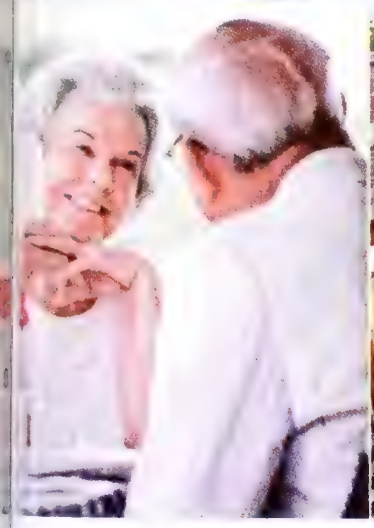
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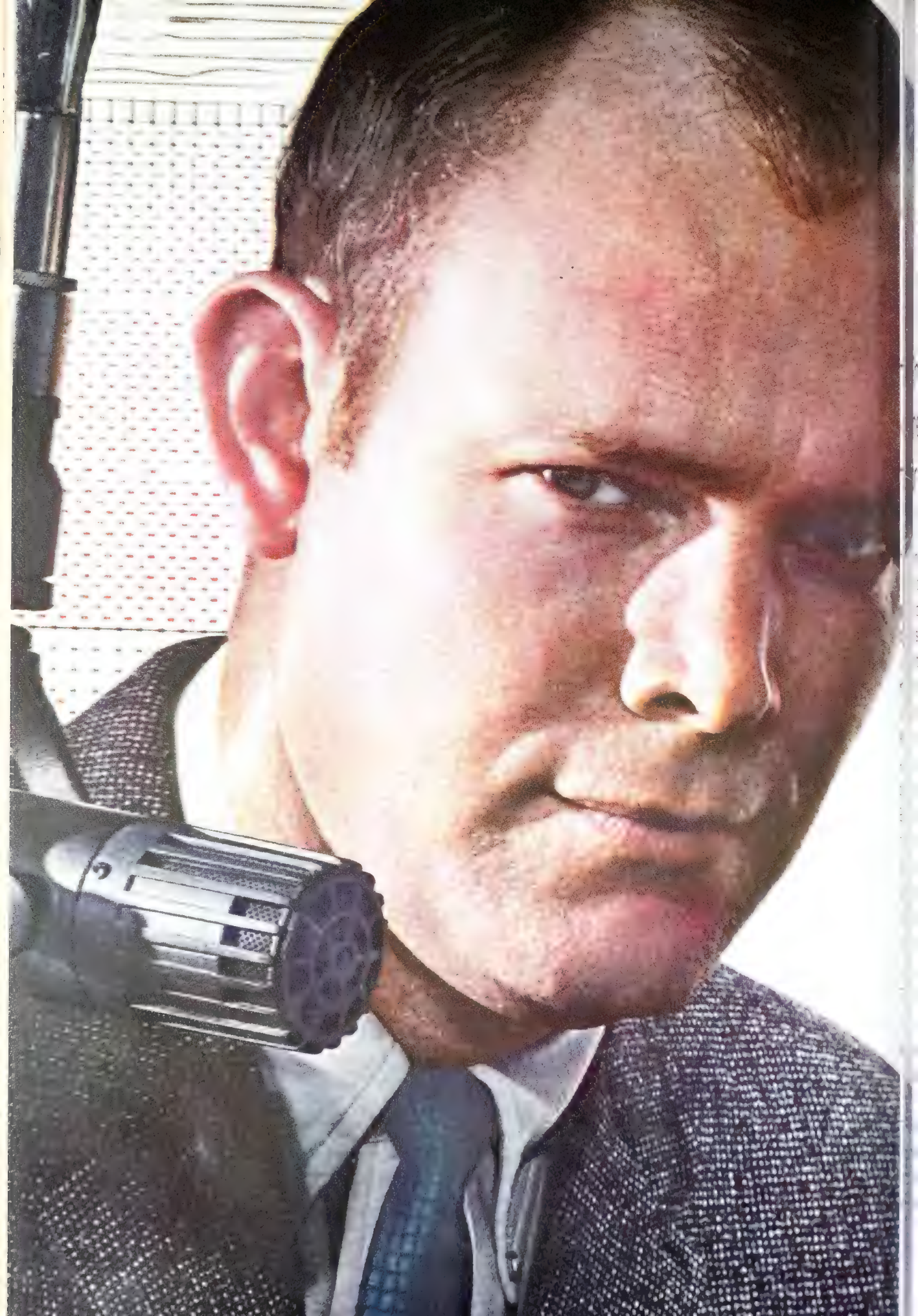
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THE EQUITABLE

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This speech scientist wants to use the sound of the human voice to help protect confidential information.

Using computers to store, retrieve and process a staggering number of facts promises to help attack some of the nation's most critical problems—such as mass education, health care and the slums," says IBM's Dr. Rex Dixon. "Some of this information will be confidential. My job is to help find how to keep it that way."

While such security is only one aspect of the larger problem of individual privacy, it is an important one. Computer manufacturers obviously cannot dictate what is stored in a computer or who has access to it. But they can and are devising more ways to protect confidential information.

Speech scientist Dixon thinks the distinctive acoustical patterns of different human voices could form the basis for one such safeguard. "A voice-recognition device, built into a computer, could be a new way to keep out intruders. Anybody requesting confidential information would have to talk into a microphone, connected to the computer. An unauthorized voice, not recognized by the device, would stand little chance of gaining access to the information."

This approach is still experimental. But, hopefully, voice recognition will join some of the other computer safeguards—ranging from special locks to digital codes—already in use, designed to keep confidential information confidential.

IBM

Since its beginning less than twenty years ago, the data processing industry has been constantly developing new methods of handling information. In continuing these innovations, people like Rex Dixon are helping those who must tackle the public problems of the day.

FROM SPAIN WITH LOVE

To those people whose first sip of imported brandy wasn't quite the romantic interlude they expected.



Remember how it was the first time you raised a brandy glass to your ever-waiting and over-eager lips?

Remember how you sniffed at it, your nose twitching with excitement?

And then finally you tasted it.

"?"

Unfortunately, like so many other people in life, you were unprepared for your first experience. You thought that a bottle of imported brandy—with a flame and a large V.S.O.P. on the label—just had to have the exotic flavor you were expecting.

What you didn't know was that many of these imported brandies have one big thing in common: stronger taste. Which is fine if you like a stronger taste. (A lot of brandy drinkers do.) But for a gin and tonic, scotch and water person like yourself it turned out to be an experience you never forgot.

Sadly for us however, a lot of people, like yourself, have concluded that all imported brandies must taste the same.

And sadly for us, they've never had a chance at the sweet, gentle taste of Fundador: the brandy from Spain. The brandy made the solera way—which is the way all Spanish sherry is made. (Hence the mild, delicate flavor. Hence the smooth, vibrant aroma. Hence the full romance of brandy.)

So if your first sip of imported brandy was less than you expected—don't let it get you down. Just look for the bottle that bears the Spanish label—and let your second sip make up for the first.

Fundador: from the world famous house of Pedro Domecq.

80 Proof. Imported from Spain by [illegible]

vident than in the format arrived at (perhaps hammered out by Humphreyites, for it benefited no one lse) since it left each man to make a ten-minute pening statement, then threw the meeting open to uestions from the delegates. Each candidate who as asked a question could reply for three minutes, is opponents could comment for two minutes. At he end a short summation was in order for each. It as a decorous format, designed precisely to inhibit he likelihood of a continuing confrontation between he principals, since any quarrel which started could ardly continue beyond the time allotted to each uestion. Politics is property, and Humphrey's proprty here was twenty years of service in the Senate nd the Administration—he wasn't about to limit ebate to a slug-fest on Vietnam, no, he would sit n his seat and let the format cover other subjects s well, legislative service, the Supreme Court, willngness to support Democratic candidates; they got o talk about Vietnam for a few minutes. That was ater, however. The beginnings were not altogether ongenial. Scheduled to begin at 10:00 A.M., McGovern came in at 10:05, McCarthy at 10:13. Humphrey, following the logic of championship ights which keeps the contender waiting in the ring, id not appear in any hurry. At 10:26, McCarthy eft the platform and moved slowly toward the door, haking hands with friends and talking. He looked bout ready to leave.

But a winner cannot have bad timing. Humphrey ame into the room at 10:30, and the debate, half n hour late, was on. McCarthy was the first to speak, nd something of the testiness of defeat had gotten nto his presentation. He spoke in his cool, offhand tyle, now famous for its lack of emphasis, lack of ower, lack of dramatic concentration, as if the first esire of all men must be not the Presidency, but he necessity to avoid any forcing of one's own person as if the first desire of the Devil might be to make ou the instrument of your own will). He had inisted over all these months of campaigning that he nust remain himself, and never rise to meet any ccasion, never put force into his presentation beause external events seemed to demand that a show f force or oratorical power would here be most use'ul. No, McCarthy was proceeding on the logic of he saint, which is not to say that he necessarily aw himself as a saint (although there must have een moments!) but that his psychology was kin: God would judge the importance of the event, not nan, and God would give the tongue to speak, if ongue was the organ to be manifested. He would be ood when the Lord chose him to be good, powerful vhen the Lord needed power, dominating when that vas God's decision. To attempt to carry the day by he energy of his own means would be vanity, an xercise for the devil in oneself, perhaps an offering o the Devil. Everything in McCarthy's manner, his uiet voice, his resolute refusal to etch his wit with ny hint of emphasis, his offhand delivery which would insist that remarks about the future of the world were best delivered in the tone you might employ for buying a bottle of aspirin, gave hint of his profound conservatism. He was probably, left to his own inclinations, the most serious conservative to run for nomination since Robert Taft—yes, everything in McCarthy's manner spoke out in profound detestation of the Romantic impulse. Man was not his own project, not his own creation to be flung across the void in the hope that a thread of gray matter he might be carrying would end as a bridge right over the abyss, no, man was probably damned and where not damned, a damn fool, and so must always distrust the boldest and most adventurous of his own impulses. That McCarthy was also a Romantic could hardly be denied—only a Romantic would have dared the incalculable wrath aroused in Lyndon Johnson by the disruption of his volcanic properties, but McCarthy reaching out with his left hand for the taboo would restrain himself by the right. It was one thing to run, another to betray one's principles by running. The central requirement was to remember that all the filth and all the mess of all the world had come from men extending themselves further than their means, marshalling emotions they did not quite feel, pushing the stuff of the heart into theatrical patterns which sought to manipulate others—*there* was the very TNT of spiritual damnation. So McCarthy was damned if he would move a phony finger for any occasion.

The occasion today in the Grand Ballroom called for an heroic historic set of speeches which would demolish Humphrey, smelt him down to the suet at the center of his seat, but there were no false moves for the Senator. The fire to kill, the fire to condemn, the fury to wield the saint's own sword was nowhere in him today. Defeat hung over his cause. Teddy Kennedy would not be nominated, nor any favorite sons from the South. The months of campaigning were all but over. The Romantic in his own heart, which must have hoped against all gray irons of restraint in his intelligence that somehow, somewhere, the politics of the party would prove not property but spirit, was as dead as the taste of death today—he spoke with the quiet controlled bitterness of a man whose greatest vice was bitterness. If there was a grave flaw in McCarthy, it came out of some penury of his own spirit: too bitter even to express his bitterness, it leaked out of the edges of his wit, turned as punishment upon his own people in the determined bland tone of his presentation in a dramatic hour, and leaking, seemed to get into the very yellow of his skin, his single most unattractive feature.

He was not furious so much at losing as at the lack of recognition given by his party for the isolation and stamina of his performance; he was furious at the indifference, even antipathy, of the bulk of the Kennedy cadres; he was hurt probably more than he could admit ever to himself at the entrance of Senator George McGovern, now running on a set of issues almost identical to his own, but softer, more

compromising. He had to be icy with wrath at McGovern's comments in the Nebraska caucus yesterday. McGovern had said of McCarthy that he "has taken the view that a passive and inactive Presidency is in order, and that disturbs me. Solving our domestic problems will be much more difficult and that will require an active and compassionate President."

So McCarthy now in his opening remarks to the California delegation spent but a word on Vietnam, even emphasizing that he did not wish to restate his case, and then—no man a match for the glide and slash of McCarthy's wit, the shark in the man could best show here—he said in speaking of criticism of him, ". . . Most recently the suggestion that I would be a passive President. Well, I think a little passivity in that office is all right, a kind of balance, I think. I have never quite known what active compassion is. Actually, compassion, in my mind, is to suffer with someone, not in advance of him." He paused. "Or not in public necessarily." He paused again. Here came the teeth. The voice never altered. "But I have been, whether I have been passive or not, the most active candidate in the party this year."

He had been a baseball pitcher once for a minor league team—he had learned presumably to throw two or three kinds of pitch off the same delivery; some of his pitches could take a man's head off. He went on to talk of New Hampshire in the cold and snow, Wisconsin in the ice, "raising issues all the way"—there was ice enough in his soul now—"They say I was impersonal. I want you to know I am the only candidate who said he would get rid of J. Edgar Hoover and that is a person."

McGovern was next. McGovern was friendly. McGovern was the friendliest man in Chicago. He was a reasonably tall, neatly built man, with an honest Midwestern face, a sobriety of manner, a sincerity of presentation, a youthfulness of intent, no matter his age, which was reminiscent of Henry Fonda. Now, he was making his amends to McCarthy. "I will say to my friend and colleague, Gene McCarthy, that I appreciate what he has done in moving out first in this Presidential race to help turn the course of American policy in Southeast Asia." But he was friends with everyone, "and I don't have a short memory. I remember Vice President Humphrey as one who for twenty years has carried the standard of civil and human justice in our own country." McGovern gave his sweet smile. "What I am trying to say here this morning is that I am no fan of Richard Nixon." He was to win the audience over both hours in just such a way. Now he ended his opening remarks by suggesting that we "tame the savageness of man and make gentle the life of the world." A Christian sweetness came off him like a psychic aroma—he was a fine and pleasant candidate but for that sweetness. It was excessive. Not artificial, but excessive, as the smell of honeysuckle can be excessive.

He had spoken one-and-a-half times as long as McCarthy. Humphrey spoke three times as long, trudging through an imprecision of language, a formal slovenliness of syntax which enabled him to shunt phrases back and forth like a switchman who locates a freight car by moving everything in the yard.

"I happen to believe that one of the unique qualities of the Democratic Party is its leadership over the years—recognizing its fallibility, recognizing its inadequacies, because it is a human instrument—is the capacity of this country to come to this party and its leadership, to come to grips with change, and to be responsive to the future." Where Lyndon Johnson spoke and wrote in phrases which could be hyphenated like Mayor Daley's temporary fences on the way to the Amphitheatre, making you keep your eye off the weeds in the vacant lot, and on the dual highway ahead, so Hubert Humphrey's phrases were like building plots in sub-developments, each little phrase was a sub-property—the only trouble was that the plots were all in different towns, little clichés from separate speeches made on unrelated topics in distinctly different years were now plumped down next to each other in the rag-bag map of his mind. He went on for many minutes planting shrubs in each separate little plot, saying sweet things about his opponents, talking of the difficulties of the twentieth century, and the honor of his own record, the unflagging fight he had made, the need for unity. His voice had a piping cheerfulness which seemed to come from the very act of exercising the faculty of speech; once the current of air started to move out from his lungs, he was as vibrant as a set of organ pipes—the thing for him to do was keep striking notes off those pipes, it did not matter which precise music came out. So he went on and on, and by the time he was done, close to half the debate was gone.

Finally the question of Vietnam came up. A delegate got the floor—doubtless he had it arranged with Jesse Unruh in advance, why not?

Delegate: "Mr. Vice President, specifically, in what ways, if at all, do you disagree with President Johnson's position with reference to Vietnam?"

Humphrey took his time going to the podium. It was a question he had obviously been ready to expect, and yet he seemed agitated. It is one thing to know that some day we will die, it is another to wake in the middle of the night and hear your heart. Humphrey tried to be grand in his reply; but the organ pipes had a mote—he was a crack squeaky. "Would you mind," he asked, "if I just stated my position on Vietnam?"

"No," the crowd shouted. "No! No!"

"Because," he went on in his little determined voice, "the President of the United States is not a candidate and I did not come here to repudiate the President of the United States. I want that made quite clear."

They shouted no, there were hints of boos, cries of muted disgust. A professional round of applause from his supporters in the audience came to back

him up, a sort of peremptory we-run-the-meeting-and-we-salute-the-flag was in the sound. Actually, his supporters did not run this meeting. It was the California delegation, led by Jesse Unruh, pledged once to Bobby Kennedy, now more or less split between McCarthy and McGovern, which held the power here, but there was enough authority in the heavy medicine-ball palms of the Humphrey hand-beaters to remind the crowd of other meetings the hand-beaters had run, and meetings they would yet run again. The sound of the Machine was in the percussion-effects of their skin.

So Humphrey was delivered of any need to delineate separation of Lyndon Johnson's position on Vietnam from his own. And proceeded to give his characteristic little talk—the one which had been losing him the love of the liberal Left for the last three years. They had, of course, never had much taste, or they would never have admired him so much in the first place, but then they had never had an opportunity before to recognize in intimate continuing detail that Hubert Humphrey simply could not attach the language of his rhetoric to any reality; on the contrary, he was perfectly capable of using the same word, "Freedom" let us say, to describe a ward fix in Minneapolis and a gathering of Quakers. So he still spoke of our presence in Vietnam as "there to prevent the success of an aggression." It would do no good to tell him that one million American and South Vietnamese troops were fighting the aggression of 200,000 or 250,000 Vietcong and North Vietnamese. If he said there was aggression, then aggression became his reality—the figures had nothing to do with it. So "Democracy in South Vietnam" was established because the use of the word by Lyndon Johnson and himself had established it. The radiance of the sensation of democracy came from the word itself, "Democracy!" Halos in his eyes. "When you look over the world scene, those elections [in South Vietnam] stand up pretty well and the basis of the Government today is a broader-based Government." Earlier he had actually said, "We have not sought to impose a military solution. Regrettably, wars have their built-in escalation." One would have to be a great novelist to dare to put this last remark in the mouth of a character so valuable as Humphrey. "The roadblock to peace, my dear friends, is not in Washington, D.C. It is in Hanoi, and we ought to recognize it as such."

The medicine-balls gave him a good hand, and he was pleased with himself when he stepped down. He had given a warm sincere little speech which he obviously believed, or rather, had actually experienced. While he spoke, the sensation of truth quivered about him like a nimbus. He must have felt bathed in light. He had the same kind of truth that an actor has while playing Napoleon—with the lights in him, he *is* Napoleon. So with the lights on Hubert, democracy did exist in South Vietnam, and our inability to end the war was indeed Hanoi's fault (even though we had never declared war on North Vietnam and were still bombing half of everything which moved). Hubert Humphrey loved America. So the madness of America had become his own madness. He was a lover after all.

It was McCarthy's turn to speak. Everyone leaned forward. The confrontation was at hand. But McCarthy, receiving no inner voice, drinking some bitter cup of rejection or despair, a simple distaste for the whole human race backing up in him, contented himself with remarking in his most penurious tones, "The people know my position." Perhaps his silence was meant to convey some absolute contempt for Humphrey's remarks, or some absolute statement of his political belief that one must not move without an inner sanction no matter what the occasion; it was still an extraordinary abstention.

Dull anger passed through the audience—but, of course! This was exactly why McCarthy had not been able to win the candidacy. Indeed had he ever wanted to win it, or had he moved like some sinister stalking-horse over the paths of new possibility? Or was he just in a thoroughgoing Irish miff because McGovern was obviously everyone's pet? Once again, the gulf between the answer on one side of the question and the other was greater than the question itself. If Nixon had been an enigma, McCarthy was a larger one.

McGovern picked up all the chips. "Coming in as late as I did," he said in reference to his candidacy, "I can't afford to give up any free time." And he gave an angelic grin. The crowd roared. They were his. They were waiting for an answer to Humphrey.

If a casting director in Hollywood had to find a Boy Scout leader who could play Romantic lead in a ten-million-dollar movie, McGovern would be his find. There was nobody nicer or cleaner than George McGovern in the city of Chicago. And he made all the points in his sweet troubled vibrant honest good guy Good Christian missionary voice. "I think we Democrats bear a special burden before the American people in 1968 in that four years ago we sought their votes, we sought their confidence on a rallying cry of 'No wider war.'" The house broke down. Wild cheers. Hints of an impromptu demonstration. "It is all very well and good," said McGovern, riding the energy of this enthusiasm, "to talk about the recent election in Vietnam, but let's remember that one of the most honorable candidates in that election, Presidential candidate Chu, was recently sent to jail for five years at hard labor for the single crime of advocating what Senator McCarthy and George McGovern and others have advocated, and that is a 'negotiated end of this war.' Thank you very much."

They gave him a standing ovation. They were delighted. They loved him. He was not really a big enough man to think of him seriously as President, he had more than a hint of that same ubiquitous sweetness which had finally melted away Humphrey's connection between the simplest fact and his own

dear brain, but McGovern had years to go before he would sing *castrat'*. He would even—if he had entered earlier, but of course he had not, no accident he had not—have done modestly well in taking delegates from McCarthy, he offered everything McCarthy did not, including the pleasure of watching Hubert Humphrey smile like a roasted cherub at the standing ovation given the speaker who had just demolished his speech. What a passion was in the air to tell Humphrey of the fury of the doves.

They had been squeezed, squashed, gunned down, out-maneuvered, driven in rout from the summits of power at this convention, had seen their party escape from them and race to the abyss with the Fool for their unwanted candidate—so it was their one opportunity to shout into his face, and they took it. Fool!

When this ovation was done, the debate went on, anti-climactic but for a later speech by McCarthy, a speech in which he as much as said farewell to those who had hopes for him in this room, and in that land of suburbs and television sets where his crusade had first been cheered. Asked if he would throw his support "to another person who has similar views," he began quietly, proceeded quietly, but his metaphor on this occasion was equal to his bitterness, his pride, and his high sense of the standards. He brought the curtain down with that dignity which was his most unique political possession. ". . . many stood on the sidelines, as I said earlier, on the hilltops, dancing around the bonfires. Few came down into the valley where the action was. And I said then that if one challenged the President he had to be prepared to be President. It is like striking at the King—it is a dangerous thing." How dangerous only he could know. Only he could know how far a pressure could push a terror, and how many mutations might a nightmare produce, yes, he had had to face Lyndon Johnson at eight in the morning and three in the morning, in the fatigue of five o'clock on a hard-working afternoon and after midnight in the effulgence of a full moon—only he had had to face Lyndon Johnson with such thoughts after Bobby Kennedy was dead. Perhaps there was bitterness so justifiable a man's mouth could pucker at the invitation to speak. "I said early in New Hampshire, during the New Hampshire primary—I was asked whether I could support Senator Robert Kennedy if he should become the nominee and his views were the same as my views. I said I could. . . . I have been waiting for them to say the same thing about me." He turned, started to go away, then came back. "One other thing. I said that I could not support a Democratic candidate whose views did not come close to what mine are."

Now he was gone, now back in his seat, the hand of applause started slowly, continued, built in volume. It grew for a surprising time, never wild in its force nor released in its enthusiasm, but it went on. The force of respect was also source for a modest ovation.

9.

Later that day, early in the evening, McCarthy went into a meeting with Steve Smith, Teddy Kennedy's brother-in-law, and told him that he was willing to withdraw from the race if Kennedy would enter, and that he would instruct his delegates that they were free; further, he would suggest that they give their support to Kennedy.

Would there be anything he desired in return?

No, he was not asking for anything in victory or defeat. (McCarthy was obviously a fanatic—he was seeking to destroy politics-is-property.

Smith thanked him, told him he would relay his message to Teddy Kennedy, made some comment on the munificence of the offer, perhaps thinking to himself that it came a little late, and left.

Perhaps two hours after this, the reporter encountered McCarthy by chance in a Chicago restaurant on the North Side.

The Senator, sitting at a long table in the corner of the main dining room, a modest room (for the restaurant was situated in a brownstone) had his back comfortably to the wall, and was chatting over the coffee with his guests. The atmosphere was sufficiently relaxed for the reporter and his friend, another reporter who had been doing a story on McCarthy for *Look*, to come up past the Secret Service without great strain and greet the Senator. Neither of the reporters was to know anything about the meeting with Steve Smith until some days later, but it was likely McCarthy had come to some decision—at the least, he was more relaxed than at any time the reporter had seen him in Chicago. Perhaps it was the friends he was with, big Irishmen like himself for the most part, a couple of them present with their wives, or at least such was the reporter's impression, for he was introduced to more than a half-dozen people in the aftermath of meeting the Senator and some were big genial Irishmen with horn-rimmed glasses and some were lean Irishmen with craggy faces, and one was an Irishman from Limerick with a Dublin face, one-third poet, one-third warrior, one-third clerk. Perhaps it was the company, but the reporter had never seen McCarthy in such a mood. The benign personality of the public meetings, agreeable but never compelling, was gone—the personality which suggested that serious activity had something absurd about it—gone. The manner which declared, "I'm a nice guy, and look what I got into"—gone!

Speaking with the license a man has when his dinner is interrupted, McCarthy struck back to the conversation twelve weeks earlier in a living room in Cambridge, "Still waiting for me to repeat that 1960 speech?"

"Well, Senator," said the reporter—he was trying to become sufficiently presumptuous to say, "if you could make a speech like that on the war in Vietnam tonight when the peace plank is debated . . ."

But McCarthy cut him off. "That was then. We don't retain all our abilities necessarily. Once the

ability leaves you, how do you regain it?" It was impossible to tell if he was mocking the reporter or mocking himself. "I used to be angry then," he said across the table with an evil look of amusement, as if recording these remarks for posterity as well, his yellow eyes gleaming in the light, "but I can't seem to get angry again. It's a gift to get angry when you wish to get angry, Mailer."

"A grace I would say, sir."

If the table had been laughing at McCarthy's sallies, they chuckled now with his. The Senator's friends looked tough and were tough-minded, but they were obviously open to wit from any corner.

"Then you also want to ask yourself if you should get people angry," McCarthy went on in a voice of the hardest-tempered irony. "Once you get them angry, you've got to get them quieted down. That's not so easy. Lyndon, for instance, has never understood the problem. He thinks politicians are cattle, whereas in fact most politicians are pigs. Now, Norman, there's a little difference between cattle and pigs which most people don't know. Lyndon doesn't know it. You see, to get cattle started, you make just a little noise, and then when they begin to run, you have to make more noise, and then you keep driving them with more and more noise. But pigs are different. You have to start pigs running with a great deal of noise, in fact the best way to start them is by reciting Latin, very loudly, that'll get them running—then you have to quiet your voice bit by bit and they'll keep moving. Lyndon has never understood this."

These gnomic remarks now concluded, the reporter had no idea precisely what the Senator was talking about. He had been expanding a metaphor, and images of the stockyards, the convention, the war on the streets, the expression on the face of Humphrey delegates and McCarthy delegates, and some tidal wave of contempt at the filthy polluted plumbing of things was in the remark. In the laughter which followed, the reporter was silent.

"It's a funny thing about pigs," McCarthy went on. "They have an odd way of keeping warm in winter if they find themselves outside. You see, pigs don't know if they're cold, provided their nose is warm. So they stand around in a circle with their nose between the hind legs of the pig in front of them. Wouldn't you call that a curious relationship?"

"Oh, Senator, I would call that a Satanic relationship."

McCarthy joined in the laughter. Hard was his face, hard as the bones and scourged flesh of incorruptibility, hard as the cold stone floor of a monastery in the North Woods at five in the morning. The reporter leaned forward to talk into his ear.

"You see, sir," he said, "the tragedy of the whole business is that you should never have had to run for President. You would have been perfect for the Cabinet." A keen look back from McCarthy's eye gave the sanction to continue. "Yessir," said the reporter, "you'd have made a perfect chief for the F.B.I!" and they looked at each other and McCarthy smiled and said, "Of course, you're absolutely right."

The reporter looked across the table into one of the hardest, cleanest expressions he had ever seen, all the subtle hints of puffiness and doubt sometimes visible in the Senator's expression now gone, no, the face that looked back belonged to a tough man, tough as the harder alloys of steel, a merciless face and very just, the sort of black Irish face which could have belonged to one of the hanging judges in a true court of Heaven, or to the proper commissioner of a police force too honest ever to have existed.

The reporter left. But the memory of McCarthy at this table persisted. And the memory of his presence, harder than the hardest alloys of steel. But not unjust. What iron it must have taken to be annealed in Lyndon's volcanic breath. Yes, the reporter had met many candidates, but McCarthy was the first who felt like a President, or at least felt like a President in that hard hour after he had relinquished the very last of his hopes, and so was enjoying his dinner.

10.

We have been present until now at an account of the Democratic Convention of 1968. It has not, however, been a description of the event. The event was a convention which took place during a continuing five-day battle in the streets and parks of Chicago between some of the minions of the high established, and some of the nihilistic of the young. But if we had begun with a description of this superb battle, it might not have been automatic to transfer interest to the convention, since the greatest excitement in the Amphitheatre was often a reflection of the war without.

Yet, let us hesitate for one last patriot's cry before slogging to the front. It is from the speech of Governor Lester G. Maddox of Georgia which announced his candidacy for the Democratic nomination on August 17, 1968. Since we will not see the Governor but once again, and he is a fellow of pithy comment, let us describe him pithily: Governor Maddox has the face of a three-month-old infant who is mean and bald and wears eyeglasses.

From our Governor's speech:

> "I am proud to be an American. Aren't you?
> "I love my country and its flag and I regard defending them as a privilege as well as a duty. Don't you?
> ". . . when I sing God Bless America, I mean it with all of my heart.
> ". . . the problems which confront us are the direct result of our failure to insist that our leaders put first things first . . . the safety of law-abiding citizens ahead of the safety of law-defying citizens. . . ."

Politics is property; property relations are law-abiding. Even seizure of property can be accomplished legally. So the history of a convention must concern itself with law-abiding citizens; conversely, a study of law-defying citizens who protested the deliberations of this convention in the street ought

to find them propertyless, therefore not in politics. In fact, it does not. Not quite. There were two groups to the army of young people who assembled in Chicago; one could divide them conveniently as socialists and existentialists. The socialists, you can be certain, believed in every variety of social and revolutionary idea but membership in the Socialist Party, which of course, being young people, they detested; for the most part they were students of the New Left who belonged to SDS, the Resistance (a movement of confirmed draft resisters) and a dozen or more peace organizations. While their holdings were almost entirely in moral property, it would take a strong country mind to claim that socialists have no property relations in their own politics, since indeed there are ideologies among these sissies, Governor Maddox, which have passed down like a family trust through the generations, and the war for control of a radical committee will often revolve around the established seat of the Chairman.

Emphasis, however, on the New Left is directed away from power struggles; the old Marxist splinter groups reduced all too many old radical admirals to command of leaking rowboats, or, to maintain our corporate metaphor of property, squires in command of chicken coops. The New Left was interested for the most part in altering society (and being conceivably altered themselves—they were nothing if not Romantic) by the activity of working for a new kind of life out in the ghettos, the campuses, and the anti-war movement. If one would still refer to them generically as socialists, it is because the product of their labor was finally, one must fear, ideological: their experience would shape their ideas, and ideally these ideas would serve to clarify the experience of others and so bring them closer to the radical movement. While they detested almost to a man the repressive, obsessive and finally—they were modern minds—the anally compulsive oppressions of Russian Communism (as much as they detested the anally retentive ideologies of the corporation) there were many among them who were all for the Czechoslovakian Communists, for Che Guevara, for Castro, for Tito up to a point, for Rumania, and for the North Vietnamese. Some of them even made a point of carrying the flags of the NLF in meetings and marches. A number, devoted to the memory of Che, were elevated as well to militant ideals of revolution. A few had come to Chicago ready to fight the police. (We can be certain that their counterparts in Eastern Europe and the Soviet were being attacked and imprisoned by all the Russian bureaucrats who look like Spiro Agnew, Dick Nixon, and Hubert Humphrey.)

First organized for this action in Chicago back on March 23 in a YMCA camp in Lake Villa, Illinois, in a conference of about one hundred anti-war groups, the project had then seemed a direct action capable of attracting large numbers, for Johnson was still in office, and the war in Vietnam showed no sign of ending. Plans, more or less under the aegis of the National Mobilization to End the War in Vietnam (the same clearing house organization which had led the march on the Pentagon) were made for mass demonstrations to protest the nomination of Lyndon Johnson. Since the President was to announce a week later that he would not run again, and the start of the Paris peace talks soon followed, many of the members of the anti-war groups were distracted, and efforts for this huge mobilization under the leadership of David Dellinger, editor of *Liberation* and chief architect of the march on the Pentagon, Rennie Davis, who headed the Center for Radical Research, and Vernon Grizzard, a Boston draft-resistance leader, were lost in the move of many of the younger workers to the Kennedy and McCarthy campaigns. The dream of a broad front of radical groups to meet in Chicago seemed no longer practical. So more modest plans were consolidated between Rennie Davis and Tom Hayden, perhaps the outstanding young leader of the New Left now that Jerry Rubin was a Yippie and Mario Savio was relatively quiescent. Between Hayden, Davis and Dellinger, the Mobilization would function. Where aims were similar to the Yippies, led by Abbie Hoffman, Paul Krassner—editor of *The Realist*—and Jerry Rubin, there would even be cooperation. Rubin, a former associate of Dellinger on the march to the Pentagon, had been working since December 1967 with a vision of bringing one hundred thousand kids to Chicago to hold a Youth Festival which by a sheer mixture of music, witchcraft, and happy spontaneous disruption would so exacerbate the anxiety of the Establishment that Johnson would have to be nominated under armed guard and real Texas guns. Needless to say, plans of the Yippies had also suffered from Johnson's withdrawal.

Nonetheless, by mid-summer, the wings of the Mob and Yippie army were more or less ready. On one flank was the New Left, still generically socialist, believing in a politics of confrontation, intelligent programmatic warriors, Positivists in philosophy, educational in method, ideological in their focus—which is to say a man's personality was less significant than his ideas; on the other flank, Yippies, devoted to a politics of ecstasy (we will avoid comparisons with Hubert Humphrey's politics of joy) programmatic about drug-taking, Dionysiacs, propagandists by example, mystical in focus. (Rubin had once burned some money in a debate with a Trotskyist.) By the summer of 1968 each group had however so influenced the other on campus, via street activity and in demostrations, that their differences were no longer significant. Indeed under the impact of Rubin's ideas, the emphasis was much on a politics of confrontation which searched to dramatize the revolution as theater.

But let them speak for themselves. Here is a quotation from Tom Hayden of the New Left:

> ". . . The overdevelopment of bureaucracy and technology can lead to a breakdown. A clock can be wound too tight. The super-carrier Forrestal was destroyed by one of its own rockets. In Chicago this week the

military and security machinery . . . might devour its mother the Democratic Party. . . .

"Consider the dilemmas facing those administering the . . . apparatus. They are centralized, suited to confront (or negotiate with) a centralized opposition, but poorly prepared for spontaneous waves of action. . . . They cannot distinguish 'straight' radicals from newspapermen or observers from delegates. . . . They cannot distinguish rumors about demonstrations from the real thing. They cannot be certain whether bomb threats are serious no matter how much they have 'sanitized' the hotels and Amphitheatre. . . .

"We always knew that storming or physically disrupting the convention, or conducting guerrilla war in strange territory, was insane. The perspective has been to show the unrepresentative character of the political system by exposing its essentially repressive response to human need and protest. . . .

". . . Twenty-five thousand troops are being brought here not to stop 'disrupters'—no amount of security can stop an assassin or bomber—but because the rulers . . . are relying on coercion. . . . We are forced into a military style not because we are 'destructive' and 'nihilistic' but because our normal rights are insecure. . . ."

Here is a quotation from Ed Sanders, characteristic of the visionary aspects of Hippie prose:

"Gentlemen, joy, nooky, circle groups, laughing, dancing, sharing, grass, magic, meditation, music, theatre, and weirdo mutant-jissomed chromosome-damaged ape-chortles have always been my concern for Lincoln Park.

"Yours for the power of the lob-throb."

The more practical—by Abbie Hoffman in *The Realist:*

"A Constitutional Convention is being planned . . . visionary mind-benders who will for five long days and nights address themselves to the task of formulating the goals and means of the New Society.

"It will be a blend of technologists and poets, of artists and community organizers, of anyone who has a vision. We will try to develop a Community of Consciousness.

"There will be a huge rock-folk festival for free . . . theater groups from all over the country are pledged to come. They are an integral part of the activities. . . .

"Workshops in a variety of subjects such as draft resistance, drugs, commune development, guerrilla theater and underground media will be set up. . . .

"There will probably be a huge march across town to haunt the Democrats.

"People coming to Chicago should begin preparations for five days of energy-exchange. Do not come prepared to sit down and watch and be fed and cared for. . . . If you don't have a thing to do, stay home, you'll only get in the way.

"All of these plans are contingent on our getting a permit, and it is toward that goal that we have been working. A permit is a definite contradiction in philosophy since we do not recognize the authority of the old order, but tactically it is a necessity.

"We are negotiating, with the Chicago city government, a six-day treaty. All of the Chicago newspapers as well as various pressure groups have urged the city of Chicago to grant the permit. They recognize full well the huge social problem they face if we are forced to use the streets of Chicago for our action. . . . We have had several meetings, principally with David Stahl, Deputy Mayor of Chicago, and it remains but to iron out the terms of the treaty—suspension of curfew laws, regulations pertaining to sleeping on the beach, etc.—for us to have a bona fide permit on our hands.

"The possibility of violence will be greatly reduced. There is no guarantee that it will be entirely eliminated. This is the United States, 1968, remember. If you are afraid of violence you shouldn't have crossed the border.

"This matter of a permit is a cat-and-mouse game. The Chicago authorities do not wish to grant it too early, knowing this would increase the number of people that descend on the city. They can ill afford to wait too late, for that will inhibit planning on our part and create more chaos.

"It is not our wish to take on superior armed troops who outnumber us on unfamiliar enemy territory. It is not their wish to have a Democrat nominated amidst a major bloodbath. The treaty will work for both sides."

The Yippies like the Hippies were famous for their optimism. The permit was not granted by Stahl or Daley. In turn, an offer by Daley on August 21 to allow a march from 1 PM to 4 PM in a part of Chicago miles away from the convention was rejected by the Mobilization. Hayden said that marchers coming to Chicago "by the tens of thousands" preferred to be at the Amphitheatre. So the city got ready for a week of disorders its newspapers had advised it to avoid. One can only divine the expression on Daley's face when he read literature like the following—it comes from a throwaway in Lincoln Park, given out on Sunday afternoon August 25:

YIPPIE!

Lincoln Park

VOTE PIG IN 68

Free Motel
"come sleep with us"

REVOLUTION TOWARDS A FREE SOCIETY: YIPPIE!

By A. Yippie

1. An immediate end to the War in Vietnam. . . .
2. Immediate freedom for Huey Newton of the Black Panthers and all other black people. Adoption of the community control concept in our ghetto areas. . . .
3. The legalization of marihuana and all other psychedelic drugs. . . .
4. A prison system based on the concept of rehabilitation rather than punishment.
5. . . . abolition of all laws related to crimes without victims. That is, retention only of laws relating to crimes in which there is an unwilling injured party, i.e. murder, rape, assault.
6. The total disarmament of all the people beginning with the police. This includes not only guns, but such brutal devices as tear gas, MACE, electric prods, blackjacks, billy clubs, and the like.

7. The Abolition of Money. The abolition of pay housing, pay media, pay transportation, pay food, pay education, pay clothing, pay medical help, and pay toilets.

8. A society which works toward and actively promotes the concept of "full unemployment." A society in which people are free from the drudgery of work. Adoption of the concept "Let the Machines do it."

9. . . . elimination of pollution from our air and water.

10. . . . incentives for the decentralization of our crowded cities . . . encourage rural living.

11. . . . free birth control information . . . abortions when desired.

12. A restructured educational system which provides the student power to determine his course of study and allows for student participation in over all policy planning. . . .

13. Open and free use of media . . . cable television as a method of increasing the selection of channels available to the viewer.

14. An end to all censorship. We are sick of a society which has no hesitation about showing people committing violence and refuses to show a couple fucking.

15. We believe that people should fuck all the time, anytime, whomever they wish. This is not a program to demand but a simple recognition of the reality around us.

16. . . . a national referendum system conducted via television or a telephone voting system . . . a decentralization of power and authority with many varied tribal groups. Groups in which people exist in a state of basic trust and are free to choose their tribe.

17. A program that encourages and promotes the arts. However, we feel that if the Free Society we envision were to be fought for and achieved, all of us would actualize the creativity within us. In a very real sense we would have a society in which every man would be an artist.

. . Political Pigs, your days are numbered. We are the Second American Revolution. We shall win. Yippie!

But let us go to Lincoln Park on this Sunday afternoon.

11.

A moment:

The following is a remark by Dino Valente, an electric guitarist. It ran as the headline in an advertisement in the *East Village Other* for an album of his records.

> "You take this electrical power out of the wall and you send it through the guitar and you bend it and shape it and make it into something, like songs for people and that power is a wonderful thing."

Yes, the Yippies were the militant wing of the Hippie . Youth International Party, and the movement was built on juice, not alcoholic juice whic comes out of the mystery of fermentation—why, dea God, as fruits and grains begin to rot, does som distillate of this art of the earth now in decomposi tion have the power to inflame consciousness an give us purchase on visions of Heaven and Hell?—nc rather, we are speaking of the juice which come from another mystery, the passage of a metallic wir across a field of magnetism. That serves to birth th beast of all modern technology, electricity itself. Th Hippies founded their temple in that junction wher LSD crosses the throb of an electric guitar at ful volume in the ear, solar plexus, belly, and loins. A tribal unity had passed through the youth of Ameri ca (and half the nations of the world) a far-ou vision of orgiastic revels stripped of violence o even the differentiation of sex. In the oceanic stev of a non-violent, tribal ball on drugs, nipples, arms phalluses, mouths, wombs, armpits, short-hairs, navels, breasts and cheeks, incense of odor, flower an funk went humping into Breakthrough Freak-ou Road together, and children on acid saw Valhalla Nepenthe, and the Taj Mahal. Some went out forever some went screaming down the alleys of the mac where cockroaches drive like Volkswagens on th oilcloth of the moon, gluttons found vertigo in cen trifuges of consciousness, vomitoriums of ingestion others found love, some manifest of love in light, i shards of Nirvana, sparks of satori—they came bac to the world a twentieth-century tribe wearing cele bration bells and filthy garments. Used-up livers gav their complexion a sickly pale, and hair grew on thei faces like weeds. Yet they had seen some incontest able vision of the good—the universe was not absur to them; like pilgrims they looked at society with th eyes of children: society was absurd. Every emperor who went down the path was naked, and they hande flowers to policemen.

It could hardly last. The slum in which they chos to live—for they were refugees in the main from th suburbs of the middle class—fretted against them fretted against their filth, their easy casual cohabit ing, their selflessness (which is always the greatest insult to the ghetto, for selflessness is a luxury to the poor, it beckons to the spineless, the undifferentiated, the inept, the derelict, the drowning—a poor man is nothing without the fierce thorns of his ego). So the Hippies collided with the slums, and were beaten and robbed, fleeced and lashed and buried and imprisoned, and here and there murdered, and here and there successful, for there was scattered liaison with bikers and Panthers and Puerto Ricans on the East Coast and Mexicans on the West. There came a point when, like most tribes, they divided. Some of the weakest and some of the least attached went back to the suburbs or moved up into commerce or communications; others sought gentler homes where the sun was kind and the flowers plentiful; others hardened, and like all pilgrims with their own vision of a promised land, began to learn how to work for it, and finally, how to fight for it. So the Yippies came out

e Hippies, ex-Hippies, diggers, bikers, drop-outs
. college, hipsters up from the South. They made
mmunity of sorts, for their principles were
le—everybody, obviously, must be allowed to do
way around the next three words) his own thing,
ided he hurt no one doing it—they were yet to
that society is built on many people hurting
y people, it is just who does the hurting which
rever in dispute. They did not necessarily under-
d how much their simple presence hurt many
citizens in the secret velvet of the heart—the
ies and probably the Yippies did not quite rec-
ze the depth of that schizophrenia on which
ty is built. We call it hypocrisy, but it is schizo-
nia, a modest ranch-house life with Draconian
ary adventures; a land of equal opportunity
e a white culture sits upon a Black; a horizontal
nunity of Christian love and a vertical hierarchy
urches—the cross was well-designed! a land of
ly, a land of illicit heat; a politics of principle,
litics of property; nation of mental hygiene with
ies and TV reminiscent of a mental pigpen;
iots with a detestation of obscenity who pollute
rivers; citizens with a detestation of govern-
t control who cannot bear any situation not con-
ed. The list must be endless, the comic profits are
ly small—the society was able to stagger on like
0-lb. policeman walking uphill because living in
unappreciated and obese state it did not at least
to explode in schizophrenia—life went on. Boys
d go patiently to church at home and wait their
to burn villages in Vietnam. What the Yippies
not recognize is that their demand for all-ac-
ated entrance into twentieth-century Utopia
ere modern mass man would have all opportuni-
before him at once and could thus create and
oil with equal conscience—up against the wall
her-fucker, let me kiss your feet) whether a
on to be desired or abhorred, was nonetheless
l to straight madness for the Average Good
erican, since his liberated expression might not
an outpouring of love, but the burning of his
hbor's barn. Or, since we are in Chicago, smash-
good neighbor's skull with a brick from his own
yard. Yippies, even McCarthyites, represented
ing less by their presence than the destruction
very saving hypocrisy with consequent collision
oneself—it is not so easy to live every day of
r life holding up the wall of your own sanity.
ll wonder the neighborhood whites of Chicago,
many small-town whites in other places, loved
rgie Wallace—he came in like cavalry, a restorer
very last breech in the fort.

omber thoughts for a stroll through Lincoln
k on a Sunday afternoon in summer, but the
ic of the tourists and the curious was great; one
to leave the car six blocks away. Curiosity was
tained, however, in the family automobile: the
ghers did not come to the park. Young tourists
cruisers were there in number, tough kids,
ish and Irish (not all plainclothesmen) circulat-

ing around the edges of the crowd, and in the center of the southern part of Lincoln Park where the Yippies had chosen to assemble on an innocuous greensward undistinguished from similar meadows in many another park, a folk-rock group was playing. It was an orderly crowd. Somewhere between one and two thousand kids and young adults sat on the grass and listened, and another thousand or two thousand, just arrived, or too restless to sit, milled through an outer ring, or worked forward to get a better look. There was no stage—the entrance of a flatbed truck from which the entertainers could have played had not been permitted, so the musicians were half hidden, the public address system—could it work off batteries?—was not particularly clear. For one of the next acts it hardly mattered—a young white singer with a cherubic face, perhaps eighteen, maybe twenty-eight, his hair in one huge puff ball teased out six to nine inches from his head, was taking off on an interplanetary, then galactic, flight of song, halfway between the space music of Sun Ra and "The Flight of the Bumblebee," the singer's head shaking at the climb like the blur of a buzzing fly, his sound an electric caterwauling of power come out of the wall (or the line in the grass, or the wet plates in the batteries) and the singer not bending it, but whirling it, burning it, flashing it down some arc of consciousness, the sound screaming up to a climax of vibrations like one rocket blasting out of itself, the force of the noise a vertigo in the cauldrons of inner space—it was the roar of the beast in all nihilism, electric bass and drum driving behind out of their own nonstop to the end of mind. And the reporter, caught in the din—had the horns of the Huns ever had noise to compare?—knew this was some variety of true song for the Hippies and adolescents in the house, in this enclave of grass and open air (luxury apartments of Lake Shore Drive not five football fields away) crescendos of sound as harsh on his ear, ear of a generation which had danced to "Star Dust," as to drive him completely out of the sound, these painted dirty under-twenties were monsters, and yet, still clinging to recognition in the experience, he knew they were a generation which lived in the sound of destruction of all order as he had known it, and worlds of other decomposition as well; there was the sound of mountains crashing in this holocaust of the decibels, hearts bursting, literally bursting, as if this were the sound of death by explosion within, the drums of physiological climax when the mind was blown, and forces of the future, powerful, characterless, as insane and scalding as waves of lava, came flushing through the urn of all acquired culture and sent the brain like a foundered carcass smashing down a rapids, revolving through a whirl of demons, pool of uproar, discords vibrating, electric crescendo screaming as if at the electro-mechanical climax of the age, and these children like filthy Christians sitting quietly in the grass, applauding politely, whistles and cries of mild approval when the song was done, and the reporter as affected by the sound (as affected by the recogni-

tion of what nihilisms were calmly encountered in such musical storm) as if he had heard it in a room at midnight with painted bodies and kaleidoscopic sights, had a certainty which went through gangs and groups and rabble, tourists and consecrated saints, vestal virgins with finger bells, through the sight of Negroes calmly digging Honkie soul, sullen Negroes showing not impressed, but digging, cool on their fringe (reports to the South Side might later be made) through even the hint of menace in the bikers, some beaks alien to this music, come to scoff, now watching, half turned on by noise so near to the transcendencies of some of their own noise when the whine of the gears cohabited with the pot to hang them out there on the highway singing with steel and gasoline, yeah, steel and gasoline exactly equal to flesh plus hate, and blood plus hate; equations were pure while riding the balance of a machine, yes, even the tourists and the college boys who would not necessarily be back contributed nonetheless to the certainty of his mood. There was a mock charade going on, a continuation of that celebration of the Yippie Convention yet to come, when Pigasus, a literal pig, would be put in nomination. Vote Pig in '68, said the Yippie placards, and now up at the stage, music done, they announced another candidate to a ripple of mild gone laughter across the grass, Humphrey Dumpty was the name, and a Yippie clown marched through the crowd, a painted egg with legs, "the next President of the United States," and in suite came a march of the delegates through an impromptu aisle from the stage to the rear of the crowd. A clown dressed like a Colorado miner in a fun house came first; followed Miss America with hideous lipsticked plastic tits, stars of rouge on her cheeks; Mayor Daley's political machine—a clown with a big box horizontal to his torso, big infant's spoon at the trough on top of the box, and a green light which went on and off was next; then the featured delegate, the Green Beret, a clown with a toy machine gun, soot and red grease on his face, an Australian bush hat on his head. Some sort of wax vomit pop-art work crowned the crown. Yes, the certainty was doubled. Just as he had known for one instant at the Republican Gala in Miami Beach that Nelson Rockefeller had no chance of getting the nomination, so he knew now on this cool gray Sunday afternoon in August, chill in the air like the chill of the pale and the bird of fear beginning to nest in the throat, that trouble was coming, serious trouble. The air of Lincoln Park came into the nose with that tender concern which air seemed always ready to offer when danger announced its presence. The reporter took an unhappy look around. Were these odd unkempt children the sort of troops with whom one wished to enter battle?

12.

The justifications of the March on the Pentagon were not here. The reporter was a literary man—symbol had the power to push him into actions more heroic than himself. The fact that he had been marching to demonstrate against a building which was the living symbol of everything he most despised—the military-industrial complex of the land—had worked to fortify his steps. The symbol of the Pentagon had been a chalice to hold his fear; in such circumstances his fear had even flavored his courage with the sweetest emotions of battle.

But in Chicago, there was no symbol for him. Not the Amphitheatre in the stockyards, for he had a press pass to enter, and had entered indeed—it did not seem as much of a protest to march to a building he had entered already. Besides, the city would not allow a march: one was offered then the choice to be tear-gassed or abstain. Of course, there was the Conrad Hilton for a convenient symbol, but it was Democratic Party Headquarters and Press Headquarters, and he had a room in the Hilton, in fact it was the only Hilton Hotel he did not dislike, for it was old, not new, and had thousands of little rooms, or so it seemed, like the St. George in Brooklyn, plus a dirty rear twenty-five stories high with the sad legend, "World's Largest and Friendliest Hotel" painted in black and white on the weary color-dead elephant hide brick. There was Lincoln Park, and anyone who wished to protest the horrors of the continuing war in Vietnam, or the horrors of this Democratic convention which would choose the candidate least popular and least qualified by strength, dignity, or imagination to lead, could bed down in Lincoln Park. The city, we may remember, had refused to issue a permit to the Yippies. So they could not sleep in the park. They had been ordered to vacate it by eleven. Their leaders had even told them to vacate it.

Paul Krassner:

"Sleeping in Lincoln Park after 11 P.M. isn't as important as living our revolution there the rest of the day (the park opens at 6 A.M.)."

Jerry Rubin:

". . . Chicago is a police state, and we must protect ourselves. The cops want to turn our parks into graveyards. But we, not them, will decide when the battle begins."

In fact, as everyone knew, many were not going to vacate the park, they were going to force the police to drive them out; so one could protest with one's body, one could be tear-gassed—with what unspoken later damage to the eyes had never necessarily been decided—and one could take a crack on the head with a policeman's stick, or a going-over by plainclothesmen. The reporter had an aversion to this. Besides, he was afraid of his *own* violence. It was not that he was such a good fighter, but he was not altogether courteous either he had broken a man's jaw in a fight not so long before, and was not certain the echo of that was yet heard; it had left him nervous and edgy about fights. He was not afraid of his own violence because he necessarily thought it would be heinous to break a policeman's jaw, good law-abiding citizen that he was! It was more that he was a little concerned with what the policeman's friends and associates might do to him immediately afterward

ad taken a hint of a bad beating once or twice
s life; he was, conceivably, ready to take much
, but he could not pretend that he welcomed it.
he went that night—after the visit to the park
nday afternoon—to a party, and from there to
Hilton and a quick visit on impulse to Hum-
's private headquarters, where, late at night,
was nobody to receive him but six or eight
g Secret Servicemen or F.B.I. with bullet-faces,
cuts, and an absurd tension at the recognition
s name.

e mission to see Humphrey fruitless as he had
n it would be, he had merely wanted to look at
tyle of Humphrey's cops, he then went down a
loors and to bed, and did not know until the
ing that there had been a battle already in Lin-
Park, and the Yippies driven out long after the
M. curfew with tear gas, and what was more
tional some reporters and photographers show-
ress cards had been beaten with the rest.

nday night, the city was washed with the air of
. Out at the stockyards, some hours after the
ntion had begun, the streets were empty but
atrol cars and police barricades at every ap-
h. The stench of the yards was heavy tonight,
n a district nearby where the Mayor lived like
est of his neighbors in a small wooden frame
, the sense of Chicago as a city on the plains
small railroad cities in North Dakota and
aska) was clear in image, and in the wan street-
s, the hushed sidewalks, for almost no one was
n this area, the houses looked ubiquitously
n, the fear within almost palpable outside. The
ge burgher of Chicago, cursed with the mid-
unspiked culture of that flat American midcult
) lay like a wet rag on the American mind, was
ut those boulevards and mansions and monu-
s of the mind which a thoroughgoing culture can
to paranoia for enrichment; no, the Chicagoan
g this Monday night (as he was to hide Tuesday
, Wesnesday night, Thursday night) inside his
was waiting perhaps for an eruption of the
s or an avalanche of Yippies to storm the
ity of his family redoubts. So fear was in these
y streets, and the anger of the city at its own
an anger which gave promise not soon to be
ied by measures less than tyranny.

ven miles to the northeast, just so far as from
wich Village to the middle of Harlem, the air
n ready for combat was up in Lincoln Park. It
fter eleven, even close to midnight, and police
were everywhere, and platoons of policemen
few hundred feet, enough for a parade. In the
ow in the angle between North Clark Street and
le Drive, where the reporter had heard the mu-
e afternoon before, there were now a few hun-
people milling about. In the dark, there was no
o count, perhaps a few thousand in all of the
youths up for an event with every muted mix
notion, fear as clean as skiers before a steep
hill run, and vigorous crazy gaiety in the air
like college pranksters before a panty raid; with it, the night nonetheless not without horror, very much not without horror, as if a fearful auto accident had taken place but ten minutes before and people wandered about now in the dark with awareness that bodies wrapped in bloodstained blankets might be somewhere off a shoulder of the road. In the near distance, the blue light of a police car was revolving through the dark, the menacing blue light turning 360 degrees around and around again, and a white-silver light pierced the retina in alternation, lighting up the faces of boys not twenty-two, not twenty, some of them in Indian blankets or ponchos, others in white shirts and khaki pants, sleeves rolled up, some with jackets, some with bikers' helmets, others with football helmets, a fencing jacket or two, and the hint of a few with private weapons, spade cats drifting in and out, emitting that high smoke of action carried from night to night in the electrified cool of the blood.

Twenty or thirty of the kids were building a barricade. They brought in park benches and picnic tables, and ran it a distance of fifty feet, then a hundred feet. A barricade perhaps six feet high. It made no sense. It stood in the middle of a field and there were no knolls nor defiles at the flanks to keep the barricade from being turned—the police cars would merely drive around it, or tear-gas trucks would push through it.

It was then the reporter decided to leave. The park was cool, it was after midnight, and if the police had not come yet, they might not come for hours, or perhaps not at all—perhaps there were new orders to let the kids sleep here—he simply did not know. He only knew he did not wish to spend hours in this park. For what was one to do when the attack came? Would one leave when asked—small honor there—why wait to offer that modest obedience. And to stay—to what end?—to protest being ejected from the park, to take tear gas in the face, have one's head cracked? He could not make the essential connection between that and Vietnam. If the war were on already, if this piece of ground were essential to the support of other pieces of ground . . . but this ridiculous barricade, this symbolic contest with real bloody heads—he simply did not know what he thought. And he had a legitimate excuse for leaving. One of his best friends was with him, a professional boxer, once a champion. If the police ever touched him, the boxer would probably be unable to keep himself from taking out six or eight men. The police would then come near to killing the boxer in return. It was a real possibility. He had the responsibility to his friend to get him out of there, and did, even encountering Allen Ginsberg, William Burroughs, Jean Genet, Richard Seaver and Terry Southern on the way in. They had the determined miserable look of infantrymen trudging to the front; and Ginsberg, who had no taste for the violence ahead, and no conception whatsoever of looking for a way to avoid it, gave him a friendly salute, free of prejudice, and shuffled on forward to the

meadow while Genet, large as Mickey Rooney, angelic in appearance, glanced at him with that hauteur it takes French intellectuals at least two decades to acquire. Burroughs merely nodded. Nothing surprised him favorably or unfavorably.

There was, of course, now every pressure to return but he would not—there was the real (if most fortuitous) danger to exposing the boxer; there was his own decision. He was either being sensible, militarily sensible, revolutionary in the hard way of facing into twenty years of a future like this, and the need for patience till the real battles came; or he was yellow. And he did not know. Fear was in him, but he had acted boldly in the past with much more fear than this. He could not decide whether he was in danger of deteriorating, or becoming sufficiently tough to be able to take a backward step.

And enjoyed the party he went to after this, enjoyed himself until the morning when he discovered the attack by the police had been ferocious, and Ginsberg had been tear-gassed, his throat so injured he could hardly speak—and since the chanting of his Hindu hymns was a spiritual manna for Ginsberg, how the injury to his voice would hurt. And worse. Seventeen newsmen had been attacked by police, a photographer for the Washington *Post*, two reporters for the Chicago *American*, one for the Chicago *Daily News*, two photographers and a reporter for the Chicago *Sun-Times*, a reporter and a photographer for *Life*, cameramen for three television networks, and three reporters and a photographer for *Newsweek* magazine. But since the reporter was not there, let us quote from the Washington *Post* in a story by Nicholas von Hoffman:

> "The attack began with a police car smashing the barricade. The kids threw whatever they had had the foresight to arm themselves with, rocks and bottles mostly. Then there was a period of police action before the full charge.
>
> "Shrieks and screams all over the wooded encampment area while the experienced militants kept calling out, 'Walk! Walk! For Chrissakes don't run.' There is an adage among veteran kids that 'panicky people incite cops to riot.'
>
> "Rivulets of running people came out of the woods across the lawn area, the parking lots toward Clark Street. Next, the cops burst out of the woods in selective pursuit of news photographers. Pictures are unanswerable evidence in court. They'd taken off their badges, their name plates, even the unit patches on their shoulders to become a mob of identical, unidentifiable club swingers.
>
> ". . . There is the scene at Henrotin Hospital with editors coming in to claim their wounded. Roy Fischer of the Chicago Daily News, Hal Bruno of Newsweek. Television guys who took a special clobbering waiting in the anteroom describing what happened and looking angry-eyed at the cops hanging around with the air of guys putting in a routine night."

The counterrevolution had begun. It was as if the police had declared that the newspapers no longer represented the true feelings of the people. The true feelings of the people, said the policemen's clubs, were with the police.

13.

Next day was Johnson's birthday, which [illegible] President celebrated on the ranch. Three thous[illegible] youths went to the Chicago Coliseum, an old [illegible] crumbling convention hall to attend an anti-birth[illegible] party, sponsored by the Mobilization to End the W[illegible] in Vietnam, and the Holocaust No-Dance Band pla[illegible] at total volume; speeches were made; a song ca[illegible] "Master of Hate" was dedicated to LBJ. It went

> "Suicide is an evil thing
> But at times it is good
> If you've been where the master lives
> I think you surely should."

Phil Ochs sang: "It's always the old who lead u[illegible] war; it's always the young who fall," and the cr[illegible] rose, held their hands high in a V for Victory si[illegible], and chanted, "No, no, we won't go."

Burroughs and Genet spoke of the police as r[illegible] dogs, statements were read for Terry Southern [illegible] Allen Ginsberg, and Dick Gregory gave the [illegible] speech. "I've just heard that Premier Kosygin [illegible] sent a telegram to Mayor Daley asking him to s[illegible] 2,000 Chicago cops immediately."

The reporter was not present at the Coliseum. [illegible] had been covering the convention in the stockyar[illegible], expecting the debate to take place that night on [illegible] majority versus the minority plank on Vietnam, [illegible] the convention adjourned after midnight with [illegible] debate postponed for the next afternoon. Little [illegible] happened that night worth reporting. So he dr[illegible] up to Lincoln Park about one-thirty in the morni[illegible] and everything seemed calm. A few police were s[illegible] about, and one or two boys walked along holding [illegible] handkerchiefs to their mouths. The streets w[illegible] acrid with old tear gas. The reporter did not kn[illegible] that the worst battle of the week had taken pl[illegible] not an hour ago. Let us read a long account but [illegible] excellent one by Steve Lerner in the *Village Voi*[illegible]:

> ". . . Around midnight on Tuesday some four h[illegible]-dred clergy, concerned local citizens, and other [illegible]-spectable gentry joined the Yippies, members [illegible] Students for a Democratic Society, and the Natio[illegible] Mobilization Committee to fight for the privilege f[illegible] remaining in the park. Sporting armbands decora[illegible] with a black cross and chanting pacifist hymns, [illegible] men of God exhorted their radical congregation [illegible] lay down their bricks and join in a non-violent vi[illegible].
>
> "Having foreseen that they could only wage [illegible] symbolic war with 'little caesar Daley,' several ent[illegible] prising clergymen brought with them an enorm[illegible] wooden cross which they erected in the midst of [illegible] demonstrators under a street lamp. Three of th[illegible] assumed heroic poses around the cross, more re[illegible]-niscent of the Marines raising the flag over Iwo Ji[illegible] than any Christ-like tableau they may have had [illegible] mind.
>
> "During the half-hour interlude between the [illegible] rival of the clergy and the police attack, a fascin[illegible] ing debate over the relative merits of strict non-v[illegible] lence versus armed self-defense raged between [illegible] clergy and the militants. While the clergy was [illegible] minded that their members were 'over thirty, [illegible] opiate of the people, and totally irrelevant,' [illegible] younger generation was warned that 'by calling [illegible] police pigs and fighting with them you become

as they are.' Although the conflict was never
lved, everyone more or less decided to do his
thing. By then the demonstrators, some eight
lred strong, began to feel the phalanx of police
h encircled the park moving in; even the most
tant forgot his quibbles with 'the liberal-re-
us sellout' and began to huddle together around
cross.

When the police announced that the demonstrators
five minutes to move out before the park was
red, everyone went into his individual kind of
ic. One boy sitting near me unwrapped a cheese
lwich and began to stuff it into his face without
ering to chew. A girl standing at the periphery
he circle who had been alone all evening walked
o a helmeted boy with a mustache and ground
self into him. People all over the park were shyly
oducing themselves to each other as if they
n't want to die alone. 'My name is Mike Stevenson
n Detroit; what got you into this?' I heard some
asking behind me. Others became increasingly
olved in the details of survival: rubbing Vaseline
their face to keep the Mace from burning their
, buttoning their jackets, wetting their handker-
f and tying it over their nose and mouth. 'If it's
, remember, breathe through your mouth, don't
, don't pant, and for Christsake don't rub your
s,' someone thoughtfully announced over the
aker. A boy in the center of the circle got up,
oped over his seated friends, and made his way
ard the woods. 'Don't leave now,' several voices
ed in a panic. The boy explained that he was just
g to take a leak.

Sitting in a cluster near the main circle, Allen
sberg, Jean Genet, William Burroughs, and Terry
thern were taking in the scene. Ginsberg was in
element. As during all moments of tension dur-
the week, he was chanting OM in a hoarse whis-
, occasionally punctuating the ritual with a tinkle
m his finger cymbals. Burroughs, wearing a felt
, stared vacantly at the cross, his thin lips twitch
in a half smile. Genet, small, stocky, baldheaded,
h the mug of a saintly convict rubbed his nose on
sleeve of his leather jacket. I asked him if he was
aid. 'No, I know what this is,' he replied 'But
sn't knowing make you more afraid?' I asked. He
ok his head and started to speak when the sky
on us.

It happened all in an instant. The night which
been filled with darkness and whispers exploded
a fiery scream. Huge tear-gas canisters came
shing through the branches, snapping them, and
sting in the center of the gathering. From where
ay, groveling in the grass, I could see ministers
reating with the cross, carrying it like a fallen
nrade. Another volley shook me to my feet. Gas
s everywhere. People were running, screaming,
ring through the trees. Something hit the tree
t to me, I was on the ground again, someone was
ling me to my feet, two boys were lifting a big
nch off a girl who lay squirming hysterically. I
ldn't see. Someone grabbed onto me and asked
to lead them out of the park. We walked along,
nds outstretched, bumping into people and trees,
rs streaming from our eyes and mucus smeared
oss our faces. I flashed First World War dough-
s caught in no-man's-land during a mustard gas
ack. I felt sure I was going to die. I heard others
oking around me. And then everything cleared.

'Standing on the sidewalk at the edge of the park
ooked back at a dozen little fires which lit up the
ods, still fogged with gas. The police were advanc-
g in a picket line, swatting at the stragglers and
crumpled figures; huge trucks, usually used for cleaning the streets, swept toward us spraying more gas. Kids began ripping up the pavement and hurling snowball-size chunks at the truck windows. Then they flooded out into the streets, blocking traffic, fighting with plainclothesmen who awaited our exodus from the park, and bombarding hapless patrol cars which sped through the crowds.

"The ragged army split up into a series of mobs which roamed through the streets breaking windows, setting trash cans on fire, and demolishing at least a dozen patrol cars which happened to cruise down the wrong street at the wrong time. Smoke billowed from a house several blocks from me and the fire engines began arriving. A policeman ran from an angry brick-throwing mob, lost his cap, hesitated, and ran away without it. At the intersection of Clark and Division, four cop cars arrived simultaneously and policemen leapt out shooting in the air. From all four sides the demonstrators let them have it; most of the missiles were overthrown and hit their comrades or store windows on the other side of the street. Diving down into the subway, I found a large group of refugees who had escaped the same way. The tunnel looked like a busy bomb shelter; upstairs the shooting continued."

14.

They were young men who were not going to Vietnam. So they would show every lover of war in Vietnam that the reason they did not go was not for lack of the courage to fight; no, they would carry the fight over every street in Old Town and the Loop where the opportunity presented itself. If they had been gassed and beaten, their leaders arrested on fake charges (Hayden, picked up while sitting under a tree in daylight in Lincoln Park, naturally protested; the resulting charge was "resisting arrest") they were going to demonstrate that they would not give up, that they were the stuff out of which the very best soldiers were made. Sunday, they had been driven out of the park. Monday as well, now Tuesday. The centers where they slept in bed rolls on the floor near Lincoln Park had been broken into by the police, informers and provocateurs were everywhere; tonight tear-gas trucks had been used. They were still not ready to give up. Indeed their militancy may have increased. They took care of the worst of their injured and headed for the Loop, picking up fellow demonstrators as they went. Perhaps the tear gas was a kind of catharsis for some of them, a letting of tears, a purging of old middle-class weakness. Some were turning from college boys to revolutionaries. It seemed as if the more they were beaten and tear-gassed, the more they rallied back. Now, with the facility for underground communication which seemed so instinctive a tool in their generation's equipment, they were on their way to Grant Park, en masse, a thousand of them, two thousand of them, there were conceivably as many as five thousand boys and girls massed in Grant Park at three in the morning, listening to speakers, cheering, chanting, calling across Michigan Avenue to the huge brooding façade of the Hilton, a block wide, over twenty-five stories high, with huge wings

and deep courts (the better to multiply the number of windows with a view of the street and a view of Grant Park). The lights were on in hundreds of bedrooms in the Hilton, indeed people were sleeping and dreaming all over the hotel with the sound of young orators declaiming in the night below, voices rising twenty, twenty-five stories high, the voices clear in the spell of sound which hung over the Hilton. The Humphrey headquarters were here, and the McCarthy headquarters. Half the Press was quartered here, and Marvin Watson as well, Postmaster General and Presidential trouble-shooter, he had come to bring some of Johnson's messages to Humphrey. His suite had a view of the park. Indeed two-thirds of the principals at the convention must have had a view early this morning, two and three and four A.M. of this Tuesday night, no, this Wednesday morning, of Grant Park filled across the street with a revolutionary army of dissenters and demonstrators and college children and McCarthy workers and tourists ready to take a crack on the head, all night they could hear the demonstrators chanting, "Join us, join us," and the college bellow of utter contempt, "Dump the Hump! Dump the Hump!" all the fury of the beatings and the teargassings, all the bitter disappointments of that recently elapsed bright spring when the only critical problem was who would made make a better President, Kennedy or McCarthy (now all the dread of a future with Humphrey or Nixon). There was also the sense that police had now entered their lives, become an element pervasive as drugs and books and sex and music and family. So they shouted up to the windows of the Hilton, to the delegates and the campaign workers who were sleeping, or shuddering by the side of their bed, or cheering by their open window; they called up through the night on a stage as vast and towering as one of Wagner's visions and the screams of police cars joined them, pulling up, gliding away, blue lights revolving, lines of police hundreds long in their sky-blue shirts and sky-blue crash helmets, penning the demonstrators back of barriers across Michigan Avenue from the Hilton, and other lines of police and police fences on the Hilton's side of the street. The police had obviously been given orders not to attack the demonstrators here, not in front of the Hilton with half the Democratic Party watching them, not now at three in the morning—would anyone ever discover for certain what was to change their mind in sixteen hours?

Now, a great cheer went up. The police were being relieved by the National Guard. The Guard was being brought in! It was like a certificate of merit for the demonstrators to see the police march off and new hundreds of Guardsmen in khaki uniforms, helmets, and rifles take up post in place, army trucks coughing and barking in filing back and forth on Michigan Avenue, and on the side streets now surrounding the Hilton, evil-looking Jeeps with barbed-wire gratings in front of their bumpers drove forward in echelons, and parked behind the crowd. Portable barbed-wire fences were now riding Jeeps.

Earlier in the week, it had been relatively si le to get into the Hilton. Mobs of McCarthy wor rs and excited adolescents had jammed the stairs id the main entrance room of the lobby chantin all day, singing campaign songs, mocking e ry Humphrey worker they could recognize, holding a- tion for hours in the hope, or on the rumor, at McCarthy would be passing through, and the ch r- had the good nature and concerted rhythmic st m of a football rally. That had been Saturday and S - day and Monday, but the police finally had barric ed the kids out of the lobby, and now at night cov ed the entrances to the Hilton, and demanded p s- passes, and room keys, as warrants of entry. he Hilton heaved and staggered through a variet of attacks and breakdowns. Like an old fort, like ne old fort of the old Democratic Party, about to all forever beneath the ministrations of its high shar n, its excruciated warlock, derided by the young, ld in contempt by its own soldiers—the very deleg es who would be loyal to Humphrey in the nomina n and loyal to nothing in their heart—this spiritual rt of the Democratic Party was now housed in he literal fort of the Hilton staggering in place all boilers working, all motors vibrating, yet seem g to come apart from the pressures on the street t- side, as if the old Hilton had become artifact of he party and the nation.

Nothing worked well in the hotel, and much di t work at all. There was no laundry because of the is strike, and the house phones usually did not fu c- tion; the room phones were tapped so completely, id the devices so over-adjacent, that separate conve a- tions lapped upon one another in the same earpi e, or went jolting by in all directions like three ha d- balls at play at once in a four-wall handball co t. Sometimes the phone was dead, sometimes it emi ed hideous squawks, or squeals, or the harsh electr ic displeasure of a steady well-pulsed static. Someti es one got long distance by taking it through the op a- tor, sometimes one got an outside line only by ri g- ing the desk and demanding it, sometimes one c d get the hotel operator only by dialing the outs le line. All the while, a photograph of Mayor Daley he size of a postage stamp was pasted on the cradl of the phone. "Welcome to the 1968 National De - cratic Convention," it said. Often, one could not e n extract a whimper from the room phone. It d succumbed. Sometimes the phone stayed dead r hours. Success in a convention is reduced to suc s in communications, as the reporter was yet to lea ; communications in the headquarters of the larg t party in the nation most renowned for the te - nology of its communications was breaking ap under strikes, pressure, sabotage, security, secu y over-check, overdevelopment and insufficient test g of advanced technical devices: at the base of e pyramid, sheer human inefficiencies before the c - bined onslaught of pressure and street war.

e elevators worked abominably. On certain floors signal did not seem to ring. One could wait a hour for an elevator to stop on the way down. r a time everybody went up to the top in order e able to go down. Yet one could not use the s, for Secret Servicemen were guarding them. uld, at worst, demand an hour to go to one's and go down again. So it might have been r to live in a hotel across the Loop; but then were traffic jams and police lines and demon- ors every night, demonstrators marching along handkerchiefs to their noses.

is night with the demonstrators up and aroused rant Park, tear gas was blowing right into the . The police had tried to gas the kids out of the when they first arrived in numbers from Lin- Park, but the wind blew the wrong way, blew ears across the street into the air conditioning ne Hilton lobby, and delegates and Press and als walked about with smarting eyes, burning ats, and the presentiment that they were going tch a cold. The lobby stunk. Not from the tear but from stink bombs, or some advanced variety hem, for the source of the odor was either mys- us, or unremovable, or had gotten into the very ails of the air-conditioning since it got worse day to day and drenched the coffee shop and ars and the lobby with a stench not easily for- able. Standing near someone, the odor of vomit ys prevailed from the bombs—no, it was worse vomit, rather like a truly atrocious body odor h spoke of the potential for sour vomit in every of a bad piece of psychic work. So personal re- ns were curious. One met attractive men or en, shook hands with them, chatted for a , said good-bye. One's memory of the occasion how awful it had smelled. Delegates, powerful ical figures, old friends, and strangers all led awful.

nothing worked well in the hotel, and every- g stank, and crowds—those who could get in— d about, and police guarded the entrance, and ss the street as the reporter moved through the press of children sitting packed together on rass, cheering the speakers, chanting "Join us! us!" and "Dump the Hump" the smell of the bombs was still present, but different now, lly evil and vomitous but from a faded odor of e. The nation divided was going to war with ks; each side would inflict a stink upon the other. years of sabotage were ahead—a fearful perspec- they would be giving engineering students in loyalty before they were done; the F.B.I. d come to question whoever took a mail order se in radio. It was possible that one was at the of that watershed year from which the country t never function well again, and service in rican hotels would yet be reminiscent of service Mexican motels. Whatever! the children were with revolutionary fire on this fine Tuesday t, this early Wednesday morning, and the Na- tional Guard policing them was wide-awake as well. Incidents occurred. Flare-ups. A small Negro soldier started pushing a demonstrator with his rifle, push- ing him in sudden fury as at the wild kickoff of a wild street fight; the demonstrator—who looked to be a kindly divinity student—aghast at what he had set off; he had not comprehended the Negro wished no special conversation from him. And a National Guard officer came running up to pull the Negro back. (On the next night, there would be no Negroes in the line of National Guards.)

The kids were singing. There were two old stand- ards which were sung all the time. An hour could not go by without both songs. So they sang "We Shall Overcome" and they sang "This Land is Your Land," and a speaker cried up to the twenty-five stories of the Hilton, "We have the votes, you have the guns," a reference to the polls which had shown McCarthy to be more popular than Hubert Humphrey (yes, if only Rockefeller had run for the Democrats and Mc- Carthy for the Republicans this would have been an ideal contest between a spender and a conservative) and then another speaker, referring to the projected march on the Amphitheatre next day, shouted, "We're going to march without a permit—the Rus- sians demand a permit to have a meeting in Prague," and the crowd cheered this. They cheered with wild enthusiasm when one speaker, a delegate, had the inspiration to call out to the delegates and workers listening in the hundreds of rooms at the Hilton with a view of the park, "Turn on your lights, and blink them if you are with us. If you are with us, if you are sympathetic to us, blink your lights, blink your lights." And to the delight of the crowd, lights be- gan to blink in the Hilton, ten, then twenty, perhaps so many as fifty lights were blinking at once, and a whole bank of lights on the fifteenth floor and the twenty-third floor went off and on at once, off and on at once. The McCarthy headquarters on the fif- teenth and the twenty-third were blinking, and the crowd cheered. Now they had become an audience to watch the actors in the hotel. So two audiences regarded each other, like ships signalling across a gulf of water in the night, and delegates came down from the hotel; a mood of new beauty was in the air, there present through all the dirty bandaged kids, the sour vomit odor of the Mace, the sighing and whining of the army trucks moving in and out all the time, the adenoids, larynxes, wheezes and growls of the speakers, the blinking of lights in the Hilton, yes, there was the breath of this incredible crusade where fear was in every breath you took, and so breath was tender, it came into the lungs as a manifest of value, as a gift, and the chil- dren's faces were shining in the glow of the head- lights of the National Guard trucks and the search- lights of the police in front of the Hilton across Michigan Avenue. And the Hilton, sinking in its foundations, twinkled like a birthday cake. Horrors were coming tomorrow. No, it is today. It is Wednes- day already.

15.

If Wednesday was nominating day, it was also the afternoon when the debate on the Vietnam peace plank took place. Indeed, it was also the evening when the Massacre of Michigan Avenue occurred, an extraordinary event: a massacre, equal on balance to some of the old Indian raids, yet no one was killed. Of course, a great many people were hurt. And several hundred delegates started to march back from the stockyards, early Thursday morning after the nomination, carrying lit candles in protest. It was obviously one of the more active days in the history of any convention.

Worn out by his portentous Southern sense of things to come, Lester Maddox, the fourth candidate, Governor of Georgia, even resigned his candidacy Wednesday morning. We quote from Walter Rugaber of the New York Times:

> "His wife, Virginia, sat beside him weeping softly as Mr. Maddox ended his 11-day fling with a last news conference in the brightly lit Grand Ballroom of the Conrad Hilton Hotel.
>
> "He talked about ill-informed socialist and power-mad politicians. He assailed the Democrats as the party of 'looting, burning, killing and draft-card burning. What's more,' he said, 'I denounce them all.'"

Then he caught a plane back to Atlanta. Who would declare that the chanting in Grant Park through the long hours of Tuesday night and the semi-obscene shouts Dump the Hump!—had done nothing to accelerate his decision?

Originally, the debate on the Vietnam plank had been scheduled for Tuesday night, but the convention went on past midnight, so the hawks attempted to have it early in the morning. It was their hope to begin at 1 A.M. New York time, and thus obtain the pleasure of denying the doves a large television audience. But the doves raised a post-midnight demonstration on the floor which became progressively more obstreperous until Mayor Daley made the mistake of rising to remonstrate with the gallery, warning that they would be cleared out of their seats if they did not quiet down. "Let's act like ladies and gentlemen, and let people be heard," said Daley to the convention and to millions on television, looking for all the world like the best b.o. ever to come out of *Guys and Dolls*. But it was obvious the greater share of the noise came from behind Daley on the floor, from the rear where McCarthy and McGovern delegates from New York, California, South Dakota, Massachusetts, Wisconsin and Oregon were placed far from the podium. At any rate, the Administration forces lost their play. It was one thing for them to cut off a discussion—that was simply accomplished. One had only to give a signal, then make a quick motion which could as quickly be recognized by the Chairman who would whip in a lightning move for a voice-vote. "The ayes . . . the nays . . . The ayes have it," he would say, and rap his gavel, walk off the podium, close the session. But here, after midnight, the hawks were not trying to cut off a discussion, rather they wished to begin one; the doves h nothing to lose by a noisy non-stop protest. Mo for silence, whacks of the gavel by Carl Albert lo ing poisonous for being ignored, loud music of band to drown out the rear delegation. Noth worked. The television cameras were focussed on doves who were protesting the lateness of the h The hawks could insist on their move, but they wo look like the worst of the cattle gang on television. a signal was passed to Daley by an Administrat spokesman who drew his finger across his throat, unmistakable sign to cut off conversation for night. Daley, looking like he had just been stu with a catfish, stood up, got the floor, made a m to adjourn. Immediately recognized by Carl Alb The little Chairman was now sufficiently excite start to say Mayor Daley of the Great State of cago. He recovered quickly, however, quick enough rap his gavel, and declare that the Chair acce the motion, snapping it through with a slick ha as if it had been his idea all along! The debate postponed until Wednesday afternoon.

The debate, however, proved anti-climactic. Th had been hopes that McCarthy would speak, dreams he might make a great speech; but it rumored that the Senator, weighing the impond able protocol of these profoundly established con tion manners, had decided he would not enter del unless Lyndon Johnson came to the Amphitheatre his birthday party. Johnson, however, was not in hall; he was still in Texas where he would rem (on the advice of his best wise men since they c not guarantee the character of his reception in Amphitheatre, nor the nature of the stimulatio might give the streets). Therefore, McCarthy, specting the balance, was not present either.

The hawks had first proposed fifteen minutes the debate, than thirty. An hour was the maxim obtainable by the doves. On the greatest nati issue any convention had faced since the second w war, debate would provide an hour of speech for e side. Moreover, the sides would make alter speeches. Thus, no massive presentation of argum nor avalanche of emotion would ever result.

These restrictions having limited the outcome fore they began, Rep. Phillip Burton of Califor spoke first for the minority, then Senator Mus of Maine for the majority. Burton asked that "heed the voices of men and women of good will across the land call for peace," Muskie went thro the differences in the majority and minority pla and the similarities, and then concluded that majority protected our soldiers, whereas the mi ity was too quick to desire peace at any price.

The speakers came on. They seemed careful abstain from rich, extravagant, or passionate l guage. No one got up to say that one million on our side could not dominate a quarter mil men on the other, for that would have been unpa otic (which for a politician is sacrilege equal burning money or flooding property) no, the bes

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the majority roamed mean and keen over the legalities, the technicalities of commitment, the safety of American soldiers, the tempo for establishing representative government; they spoke in styles sometimes reminiscent of the eminent sanity of Dean Rusk; he was always a model of sanity on every detail but one: he had a delusion that the war was not bottomless in its lunacy. Of course, words like lunacy were not for the floor of the convention. Muskie; Sen. McGee of Wyoming; Governor Hearnes of Missouri; Mrs. Geri Joseph of Minnesota; David Pryor of Arkansas; Rep. Ed Edmondson of Oklahoma; Mayor Wilson Wyatt of Louisville; Rep. Zablocki of Wisconsin, and Rep. Hale Boggs of Louisiana, Chairman of the Platform Committee, spoke for the majority long enough to put in nitpicking points and intone against Communism. The whine in one American's nasal passages obviously stimulated something in the inner canal of other American ears when Communism was given its licks. The hawks then extolled the dove-like nature of the majority plank. The doves, however came back by way of Senator Morse to reply that the "majority report stripped of its semantics is nothing but a naked proposal to continue the failures of our policy in Vietnam." Also speaking for the doves: Paul O'Dwyer of New York; Ken O'Donnell of Massachusetts; John Gilligan of Ohio; Senator Gore of Tennessee; Ted Sorensen of New York, and Pierre Salinger of California.

For those who are curious let us give excerpts of a few speeches.

Senator Edmund Muskie: "The choice is this: A negotiated settlement with, or a negotiated settlement without safeguards to protect free elections. . . . A bombing halt with, or a bombing halt without consideration of the air protection for our troops against military risks arising north of the demilitarized zone. . . . Mr. Chairman, I urge the adoption of the majority plank." (Muskie was obviously a contented rooster.)

Theodore Sorensen: "We call for an end to the bombing now—they call for an end if and when and maybe.

"Second, we call for a mutual withdrawal of all U.S. and North Vietnamese troops now. . . . The majority plank says maybe, sometime, if all Vietcong hostilities can somehow cease first.

"Third, we call, as Ted Kennedy called, for letting the South Vietnamese decide for themselves the shape of their own future. They call for the United States to stay and conform the Vietnamese to our political and economic standards.

"Fourth, we call for a reduction of American troops now. . . . They call for a reduction in troops only when the South Vietnamese Army can take over. . . ."

Governor Warren Hearnes: ". . . many of the decisions that are being made here in this convention hall by we politicians have been dictated by the prospects of victory or defeat. Victory or defeat in November.

". . . For God's sake, if you adopt the minority report, you are going to jeopardize the lives of the servicemen in Vietnam."

Kenneth O'Donnell: ". . . we were forced to watch a Congress of the United States . . . cut the budget $6-billion in the last Congress, and they cut it out of all the programs affecting the lives of every single American, out of the programs of health, in education and the problems that face our children. . . . we will not have the money unless we are able in some fashion to disengage ourselves from the expenditures not only of our best treasure, the young men, but the fact that we are spending $30-billion a year in a foreign adventure in South Vietnam. It must end."

Representative Hale Boggs: "Can General Abrams supply an answer to me on this question, and I pose the question:

"Is there any possibility of your providing even an approximate estimate of the additional casualties we would take if we stopped the bombing of North Vietnam unilaterally and unconditionally?

"And the answer came back and here I read it to you—these are not my words, these are the words of General Abrams: 'If the bombing in North Vietnam now authorized were to be suspended unilaterally, the enemy in ten days to two weeks could develop a capability in the DMZ area in terms of scale, intensity, and duration of combat on the order of five times what he now has.'

"I cannot agree. I cannot agree to place our forces at the risk which the enemy's capability would then pose. That, my friends, concludes our debate." (Hale Boggs was the hawk's own tern.)

The Administration was taking no chances on birds. A confidential White House briefing had been thrown into the shot-load for this debate, and by the time the last speaker had his word, the military were concluding the debate, that same military which had been giving expert guesses for years on just how many troops and just how many bombs would be necessary to guarantee victory in exactly so many weeks or exactly so many months; the party was still buying just such expert advice. "Scale, intensity, and duration of combat on the order of five times." The Texas delegation up front cheered. Put a big man in a big uniform, let him recite big figures, and they would take the word of no priest or pope. In America the uniform always finished first, the production expert second, and Christ was welcome to come in third. So the vote came out as 1,567¾ to 1,041½—the majority plank was passed. Lyndon Johnson was vindicated by the same poor arguments which had originally implicated him. Politics was property, and the gravitational power of massive holdings was sufficient to pull you out of your own soup.

But the floor would not rest. The New York and California delegations began to sing "We Shall Overcome." Quickly, the Platform was passed; still the New York delegation sang. Now Wisconsin stood on its seats. The rear of the floor booed the front of the floor. A few hundred posters, STOP THE WAR, quickly printed a couple of hours earlier for this occasion, were held up. Defeated delegates yelled, "Stop the War," in the fierce frustration of knowing that the plank was Lyndon Johnson's and the party was still his. The convention recessed. Still the New York delegation sang, "We Shall Overcome," standing on their seats. The convention band across the way tried to drown them out. It played in ever-in-

creasing volume "We Got a Lot of Living to Do."

The managers of the convention turned the New York microphones down, and amplified the public address system for the band. So on the floor of the convention, the doves were drowned in hostile sound, but on the television sets, the reception was opposite, for the networks had put their own microphones under the voices of the delegates, and they sang in force across the continent. Thus a few thousand people on the floor and the gallery heard little of the doves—all the rest of America heard them well. Politics-is-property had come to the point of fission. He who controlled the floor no longer controlled the power of public opinion. Small wonder the old party hands hated the networks—it was agitating to have mastered the locks and keys in the house of politics and discover that there was a new door they could not quite shut. In disgust the hawk delegations left the floor. The doves continued to sing "We Shall Overcome." Now, the orchestra played "Happy Days Are Here Again."

The demonstrators chanted, "We want peace! We want peace!" "I'm Looking Over a Four-Leaf Clover," the orchestra offered, then rejected, then switched over to "If You Knew Suzy," then they gave up. The demonstrators began to sing the "Battle Hymn of the Republic." New York, California, Oregon, Wisconsin, South Dakota and other delegations marched around the empty floor. It was half an hour after the convention had recessed. Still they sang. It had been a long war to lose.

16.

Meanwhile, a mass meeting was taking place about the bandshell in Grant Park, perhaps a quarter of a mile east of Michigan Avenue and the Conrad Hilton The meeting was under the auspices of the Mobilization, and a crowd of ten or fifteen thousand appeared. The Mayor had granted a permit to assemble, but had refused to allow a march. Since the Mobilization had announced that it would attempt, no matter how, the march to the Amphitheatre that was the first purpose of their visit to Chicago, the police were out in force to surround the meeting.

An episode occurred during the speeches. Three demonstrators climbed a flag pole to cut down the American flag and put up a rebel flag. A squad of police charged to beat them up, but got into trouble themselves, for when they threw tear gas, the demonstrators lobbed the canisters back, and the police, choking on their own gas, had to fight their way clear through a barrage of rocks. Then came a much larger force of police charging the area, overturning benches, busting up members of the audience, then heading for Rennie Davis at the bullhorn. He was one of the coordinators of the Mobilization, his face was known, he had been fingered and fingered again by plainclothesmen. Now urging the crowd to sit down and be calm, he was attacked from behind by the police, his head laid open in a three-inch cut, and he was unconscious for a period. Furious at the attack, Tom Hayden, who had been in disguise these last two days to avoid any more arrests for himself, spoke to the crowd, said he was leaving to perform certain special tasks, and suggested that others break up into small groups and go out into the streets of the Loop "to do what they have to do." A few left with him; the majority remained. While it was a People's Army and therefore utterly unorganized by uniform or unity, it had a variety of special troops and regular troops; everything from a few qualified Kamikaze who were ready to charge police lines in a Japanese snake dance and dare on the consequence, some vicious beatings, to various kinds of small saboteurs, rock-throwers, gauntlet-runners—some of the speediest of the kids were adept at taunting cops while keeping barely out of range of their clubs—not altogether alien to running the bulls at Pamplona. Many of those who remained, however, were still nominally pacifists, protesters, Gandhians—they believe in non-violence, in the mystical interposition of their body to the attack, as if the violence of the enemy might be drained by the spiritual act of passive resistance over the years, over the thousands, tens of thousands, hundreds of thousands of beatings over the years. So Allen Ginsberg was speaking now to them.

The police looking through the plexiglass face shields they had flipped down from their helmets were then obliged to watch the poet with his bald head, soft eyes magnified by horn-rimmed eyeglasses, and massive dark beard, utter his words in a croaking speech. He had been gassed Monday night and Tuesday night, and had gone to the beach at dawn to read Hindu Tantras to some of the Yippies, the combination of the chants and the gassings had all but burned out his voice, his beautiful speaking voice, one of the most powerful and hypnotic instruments of the Western world was down to the scrapings of the throat now, raw as flesh after a curettage.

"The best strategy for you," said Ginsberg, "in cases of hysteria, overexcitement or fear, is still to chant 'OM' together. It helps to quell flutterings of butterflies in the belly. Join me now as I try to lead you."

The crowd chanted with Ginsberg. They were of a generation which would try every idea, every drug, every action—it was even possible a few of them had made out with freaky kicks on tear gas these last few days—so they would chant OM. There were Hindu fanatics in the crowd, children who loved India and scorned everything in the West; there were cynics who thought the best thing to be said for a country which allowed its excess population to die by the millions in famine-ridden fields was that it would not be ready soon to try to dominate the rest of the world. There were also militants who were ready to march. And the police there to prevent them, busy now in communication with other detachments of police, by way of radios whose aerials were attached to their helmets, thereby giving them the look of giant insects.

A confused hour began. Lincoln Park was irregu-
ar in shape with curving foot walks; but Grant Park
as indeed not so much a park as a set of belts of
reenery cut into files by major parallel avenues
etween Michigan Avenue and Lake Michigan half
mile away. Since there were also cross streets
utting the belts of green perpendicularly, a variety
f bridges and pedestrian overpasses gave egress to
he city. The park was in this sense an alternation
f lawn with superhighways. So the police were able
o pen the crowd. But not completely. There were too
nany bridges, too many choices, in effect, for the
olice to anticipate. To this confusion was added the
act that every confrontation of demonstrators with
olice, now buttressed by National Guard, attracted
undreds of newsmen, and hence began a set of
ttempted negotiations between spokesmen for the
emonstrators and troops, the demonstrators finally
ried to force a bridge and get back to the city. Re-
elled by tear gas, they went to other bridges, still
ther bridges, finally found a bridge lightly guarded,
roke through a passage and were loose in the city
t six-thirty in the evening. They milled about in the
oop for a few minutes, only to encounter the mules
nd three wagons of the Poor People's Campaign.
ity officials, afraid of provoking the Negroes on the
outh Side, had given a permit to the Reverend
.bernathy, and he was going to march the mules and
agons down Michigan Avenue and over to the con-
ention. An impromptu march of the demonstrators
ormed behind the wagons immediately on encoun-
ering them and ranks of marchers, sixty, eighty, a
undred in line across the width of Michigan Avenue
egan to move forward in the grey early twilight of
P.M.; Michigan Avenue was now suddenly jammed
ith people in the march, perhaps so many as four or
ve thousand people, including onlookers on the side-
alk who jumped in. The streets of the Loop were
lso reeking with tear gas—the wind had blown some
f the gas west over Michigan Avenue from the drops
n the bridges, some gas still was penetrated into
ne clothing of the marchers. In broken ranks, half
march, half a happy mob, eyes red from gas, faces
xcited by the tension of the afternoon, and the ex-
tement of the escape from Grant Park, now push-
ng down Michigan Avenue toward the Hilton Hotel
ith dreams of a march on to the Amphitheatre four
iles beyond, and in the full pleasure of being led
y the wagons of the Poor People's March, the dem-
nstrators shouted to everyone on the sidewalk,
Join us, join us, join us," and the sidewalk kept
isgorging more people ready to march.

But at Balbo Avenue, just before Michigan Avenue
eached the Hilton, the marchers were halted by the
olice. It was a long halt. Perhaps thirty minutes.
ime for people who had been walking on the side-
alk to join the march, proceed for a few steps, halt
ith the others, wait, get bored, and leave. It was
me for someone in command of the hundreds of
olice in the neighborhood to communicate with his
eadquarters, explain the problem, time for the di-
lemma to be relayed, alternatives examined, and orders conceivably sent back to attack and disperse the crowd. If so, a trap was first set. The mules were allowed to cross Balbo Avenue, then were separated by a line of police from the marchers, who now, several thousand compressed in this one place, filled the intersection of Michigan Avenue and Balbo. There, dammed by police on three sides, and cut off from the wagons of the Poor People's March, there, right beneath the windows of the Hilton which looked down on Grant Park and Michigan Avenue, the stationary march was abruptly attacked. The police attacked with tear gas, with Mace, and with clubs, they attacked like a chain saw cutting into wood, the teeth of the saw the edge of their clubs, they attacked like a scythe through grass, lines of twenty and thirty policemen striking out in an arc, their clubs beating, demonstrators fleeing. Seen from overhead, from the nineteenth floor, it was like a wind blowing dust, or the edge of waves riding foam on the shore.

The police cut through the crowd one way, then cut through them another. They chased people into the park, ran them down, beat them up; they cut through the intersection at Michigan and Balbo like a razor cutting a channel through a head of hair, and then drove columns of new police into the channel who in turn pushed out, clubs flailing, on each side, to cut new channels, and new ones again. As demonstrators ran, they reformed in new groups only to be chased by the police again. The action went on for ten minutes, fifteen minutes, with the absolute ferocity of a tropical storm, and watching it from a window on the nineteenth floor, there was something of the detachment of studying a storm at evening through a glass, the light was a lovely gray-blue, the police had uniforms of sky-blue, even the ferocity had an abstract elemental play of forces of nature at battle with other forces, as if sheets of tropical rain were driving across the street in patterns, in curving patterns which curved upon each other again. Police cars rolled up, prisoners were beaten, shoved into wagons, driven away. The rain of police, maddened by the uncoiling of their own storm, pushed against their own barricades of tourists pressed on the street against the Hilton Hotel, then pressed them so hard—but here is a quotation from J. Anthony Lukas in the *New York Times*:

> "Even elderly bystanders were caught in the police onslaught. At one point, the police turned on several dozen persons standing quietly behind police barriers in front of the Conrad Hilton Hotel watching the demonstrators across the street.
>
> "For no reason that could be immediately determined, the blue-helmeted policemen charged the barriers, crushing the spectators against the windows of the Haymarket Inn, a restaurant in the hotel. Finally the window gave way, sending screaming middle-aged women and children backward through the broken shards of glass.
>
> "The police then ran into the restaurant and beat some of the victims who had fallen through the windows and arrested them."

Now another quote from Steve Lerner in *The Village Voice*:

"When the charge came, there was a stampede toward the sidelines. People piled into each other, humped over each other's bodies like coupling dogs. To fall down in the crush was just as terrifying as facing the police. Suddenly I realized my feet weren't touching the ground as the crowd pushed up onto the sidewalk. I was grabbing at the army jacket of the boy in front of me; the girl behind me had a stranglehold on my neck and was screaming incoherently in my ear."

Now, a longer quotation from Jack Newfield in *The Village Voice*. (The accounts in *The Voice* of September 5 were superior to any others encountered.)

"At the southwest entrance to the Hilton, a skinny, long-haired kid of about seventeen skidded down on the sidewalk, and four overweight cops leaped on him, chopping strokes on his head. His hair flew from the force of the blows. A dozen small rivulets of blood began to cascade down the kid's temple and onto the sidewalk. He was not crying or screaming, but crawling in a stupor toward the gutter. When he saw a photographer take a picture, he made a V sign with his fingers.

"A doctor in a white uniform and Red Cross armband began to run toward the kid, but two other cops caught him from behind and knocked him down. One of them jammed his knee into the doctor's throat and began clubbing his rib cage. The doctor squirmed away, but the cops followed him, swinging hard, sometimes missing.

"A few feet away a phalanx of police charged into a group of women, reporters, and young McCarthy activists standing idly against the window of the Hilton Hotel's Haymarket Inn. The terrified people began to go down under the unexpected police charge when the plate glass window shattered, and the people tumbled backward through the glass. The police then climbed through the broken window and began to beat people, some of whom had been drinking quietly in the hotel bar.

"At the side entrance of the Hilton Hotel four cops were chasing one frightened kid of about seventeen. Suddenly, Fred Dutton, a former aide to Robert Kennedy, moved out from under the marquee and interposed his body between the kid and the police.

"'He's my guest in this hotel,' Dutton told the cops.

"The police started to club the kid.

"Dutton screamed for the first cop's name and badge number. The cop grabbed Dutton and began to arrest him, until a Washington *Post* reporter identified Dutton as a former RFK aide.

"Demonstrators, reporters, McCarthy workers, doctors, all began to stagger into the Hilton lobby, blood streaming from face and head wounds. The lobby smelled from tear gas, and stink bombs dropped by the Yippies. A few people began to direct the wounded to a makeshift hospital on the fifteenth floor, the McCarthy staff headquarters.

"Fred Dutton was screaming at the police, and at the journalists to report all the 'sadism and brutality.' Richard Goodwin, the ashen nub of a cigar sticking out of his fatigued face, mumbled, 'This is just the beginning. There'll be four years of this.'

"The defiant kids began a slow, orderly retreat back up Michigan Avenue. They did not run. They did not panic. They did not fight back. As they fell back they helped pick up fallen comrades who were beaten or gassed. Suddenly, a plainclothesman dressed as a soldier moved out of the shadows and knocked one kid down with an overhand punch. The kid squatted on the pavement of Michigan Avenue, trying to cover his face, while the Chicago plainclothesman punched him with savage accuracy. Thud, thud, thud. Blotches of blood spread over the kid's face. Two photographers moved in. Several police formed a closed circle around the beating to prevent pictures. One of the policemen then squirted Chemical Mace at the photographers who dispersed. The plainclothesman melted into the line of police."

Let us escape to the street. The reporter, watching in safety from the nineteenth floor, could understand now how Mussolini's son-in-law had once been able to find the bombs he dropped from his airplane beautiful as they burst, yes, children, and youths, and middle-aged men and women were being pounded and clubbed and gassed and beaten, hunted and driven, sent scattering in all directions by teams of policemen who had exploded out of their restraints like the bursting of a boil, and nonetheless he felt a sense of calm and beauty, void even of the desire to be down there, as if in years to come there would be beatings enough, some chosen, some from nowhere, but it was as if the war had finally begun and this was therefore a great and solemn moment as if indeed even the gods of history had come together from each side to choose the very front of the Hilton Hotel before the television cameras of the world and the eyes of the campaign workers and the delegates' wives, yes, there before the eyes of half the principals at the convention was this drama played, as if the military spine of a great liberal party had finally separated itself from the skin, as if, no metaphor large enough to suffice, the Democratic Party had here broken in two before the eyes of a nation like Melville's whale charging right out of the sea.

A great stillness rose up from the street through all the small noise of clubbing and cries, small sirens, sigh of loaded arrest vans as off they pulled, shouts of police as they wheeled in larger circles, the intersection clearing further, then further, a stillness rose through the steel and stone of the hotel congregating in the shocked centers of every room where delegates and wives and Press and campaign workers innocent until now of the intimate working of social force, looked down now into the murderous paradigm of Vietnam there beneath them at this huge intersection of this great city. Look—a boy was running through the park, and a cop was chasing. There he caught him on the back of the neck with his club! There! The cop is returning to his own! And the boy stumbling to his feet is helped off the ground by a girl who has come running up.

Yes, it could only have happened in a meeting of the Gods, that history for once should take place not on some back street, or some inaccessible grand room, not in some laboratory indistinguishable from others, or in the sly undiscoverable hypocrisies of a committee of experts, but rather on the center of the

stage, as if each side had said, "Here we will have our battle. Here we will win."

The demonstrators were afterward delighted to have been manhandled before the public eye, delighted to have pushed and prodded, antagonized and provoked the cops over these days with rocks and bottles and cries of "Pig" to the point where police had charged in a blind rage and made a stage at the one place in the city (besides the Amphitheatre) where audience, actors, and cameras could all convene, yes, the rebels thought they had had a great victory, and perhaps they did; but the reporter wondered, even as he saw it, if the police in that half hour of waiting had not had time to receive instructions from the power of the city, perhaps the power of the land, and the power had decided, "No, do not let them march another ten blocks and there disperse them on some quiet street, no, let it happen before all the land, let everybody see that their dissent will soon be equal to their own blood; let them realize that the power is implacable, and will beat and crush and imprison and yet kill before it will ever relinquish the power. So let them see before their own eyes what it will cost to continue to mock us, defy us, and resist. There are more millions behind us than behind them, more millions who wish to weed out, poison, gas and obliterate every flower whose power they do not comprehend than heroes for their side who will view our brute determination and still be ready to resist. There are more cowards alive than the brave. Otherwise we would not be where we are, said the Prince of Greed.

Who knew. One could thank the city of Chicago where drama was still a property of the open stage. It was quiet now, there was nothing to stare down on but the mules, and the police guarding them. The mules had not moved through the entire fray. Isolated from the battle, they had stood there in harness waiting to be told to go on. Only once in a while did they turn their heads. Their role as actors in the Poor People's March was to wait and to serve. Finally they moved on. The night had come. It was dark. The intersection was now empty. Shoes, ladies' handbags, and pieces of clothing lay on the street outside the hotel.

17.

There have been few studies on the psychological differences between police and criminals, and the reason is not difficult to discover. The studies based on the usual psychological tests fail to detect a significant difference. Perhaps they are not sufficiently sensitive.

If civilization has made modern man a natural schizophrenic (since he does not know at the very center of his deliberations whether to trust his machines or the imperfect impressions still afforded him by his distorted senses and the more or less tortured messages passed along by polluted water, overfertilized ground, and poisonously irritating air) the average man is a suicide in relation to his schizophrenia. He will suppress his impulses and die eventually of cancer, overt madness, nicotine poisoning, heart attack, or the complications of a chest cold. It is that minority—cop and crook—which seeks issue for violence who now attract our attention. The criminal attempts to reduce the tension within himself by expressing in the direct language of action whatever is most violent and outraged in his depths; to the extent he is not a powerful man, his violence is merely antisocial, like self-exposure, embezzlement, or passing bad checks. The cop tries to solve his violence by blanketing it with a uniform. That is virtually a commonplace, but it explains why cops will put up with poor salary, public dislike, uncomfortable working conditions and a general sense of bad conscience. They know they are lucky; they know they are getting away with a successful solution to the criminality they can taste in their blood. This taste is practically in the forefront of a cop's brain; he is in a stink of perspiration whenever he goes into action; he can tolerate little in the way of insult, and virtually no contradiction; he lies with a simplicity and quick confidence which will stifle the breath of any upright citizen who encounters it innocently for the first time. The difference between a good cop and a bad cop is that the good cop will at least do no more than give his own salted version of events—the bad cop will make up his version. That is why the police arrested the pedestrians they pushed through the window of the Haymarket Inn at the Conrad Hilton: the guiltier the situation in which a policeman finds himself, the more will he attack the victim of his guilt.

There are—it is another commonplace—decent policemen. A few are works of art. And some police, violent when they are young, mellow into modestly corrupt, humorous and decently efficient officials. Every public figure with power, every city official, high politician, or prominent government worker knows in his unspoken sentiments that the police are an essentially criminal force restrained by their guilt, their covert awareness that they are imposters, and by a sprinkling of career men whose education, rectitude, athletic ability and religious dedication make them work for a balance between justice and authority. These men, who frighten the average corrupt cop as much as a priest frightens a choirboy, are the thin restraining edge of civilization for a police force. That, and the average corrupt cop's sense that he is not wanted that much by anyone.

What staggered the delegates who witnessed the attack—more accurate to call it the massacre, since it was sudden, unprovoked and total—on Michigan Avenue, was that it opened the specter of what it might mean for the police to take over society. They might comport themselves in such a case not as a force of law and order, not even as a force of repression upon civil disorder, but as a true criminal force, chaotic, improvisational, undisciplined, and finally—sufficiently aroused—uncontrollable.

Society was held together by bonds no more power-

ful proportionately than spider's silk; no one knew this better than the men who administered a society. So images of the massacre opened a nightmare. The more there was disorder in the future, the more there would be need for larger numbers of police and more the need to indulge them. Once indulged, however, it might not take long for their own criminality to dominate their relation to society. Which spoke then of martial law to replace them. But if the Army became the punitive force of society, then the Pentagon would become the only meaningful authority in the land.

So an air of outrage, hysteria, panic, wild rumor, unruly outburst, fury, madness, gallows humor and gloom hung over nominating night at the convention.

18.

The Amphitheatre was the best place in the world for a convention. Relatively small, it had the packed intimacy of a neighborhood fight club. The entrances to the gallery were narrow as hallway tunnels, and the balcony seemed to hang over each speaker. The colors were black and gray and red and white and blue, bright powerful colors in support of a ruddy beef-eating Democratic sea of faces. The standards in these cramped quarters were numerous enough to look like lances. The aisles were jammed. The carpets were red. The crowd had a blood in their vote which had traveled in unbroken line from the throng who cheered the blood of brave Christians and ferocious lions. It could have been a great convention, stench and all—politics in an abattoir was as appropriate as license in a boudoir. There was *bottom* to this convention: some of the finest and some of the most corrupt faces in America were on the floor. Cancer jostled elbows with acromegaly, obesity with edema, arthritis with alcoholism, bad livers sent curses to bronchias, and quivering jowls beamed bad cess to puffed-out paunches. Cigars curved mouths which talked out of the other corner to cauliflower ears. The leprotic took care of the blind. And the deaf attached their hearing aid to the voice-box of the dumb. The tennis players communicated with the estate holders, the Mob talked bowling with the Union, the principals winked to the principals, the honest and the passionate went hoarse shouting through dead mikes.

Yet the night was in trouble and there was dread in the blood, the air of circus was also the air of the slaughterhouse. Word ripped through delegations of monstrosities unknown. Before the roll call was even begun, Peterson of Wisconsin, Donald Peterson, McCarthy man from the winning primary in Wisconsin, was on his feet, successful in obtaining the floor. (Since he was surrounded by TV, radio, and complements of the Press, the Chair knew it would be easier to accede than to ignore his demand for a voice.) Peterson wanted . . . Peterson wanted to have the convention postponed for two weeks and moved to another hall in some city far away, because of the "surrounding violence" and the "pandemonium in the hall." Before a mighty roar could even get off the ground, the Chair had passed to other business, and nominations were in order and so declared to a round of boos heavy as a swell of filthy oil. The sense of riot would not calm. Delegates kept leaving the floor to watch films on TV of the violence. McCarthy was reported to have witnessed the scene from his window and called it "very bad." McGovern described the fighting he saw as a "blood bath" which "made me sick to my stomach." He had "seen nothing like it since the films of Nazi Germany."

But that was the mood which hung over the hall, a revel of banquetry, huzzah and horror, a breath of gluttony, a smell of blood. The party had always been established in the mansions and slaughterhouses of society; Hyde Park and the take from policy, social legislation and the lubricating jelly of whores had been at the respective ends of its Democratic consensus, the dreams and the nose for power of aristocrat and gentry were mixed with beatings in the alley, burials at sea in concrete boots, and the poll tax with the old poll-tax rhetoric. The most honorable and the most debauched had sat down at table for Democratic luncheons. Now, the party was losing its better half, and the gang in the gashouse couldn't care less. They were about to roll up their sleeves and divide the pie, the local pie—who cared that the big election was dead? They had been pallbearers to moral idealism for too many years. Now they would shove it in the ground. The country was off its moorings and that was all right with them—let the ship of state drift into its own true berth: let patriotism and the fix cohabit in the comfort for which they were designed and stop these impossible collaborations.

So episodes popped up all over the place. The police dragged a delegate from the floor when a sergeant-at-arms told him to return to his seat and the delegate refused and exchanged words. Paul O'Dwyer, candidate for the Senate from New York, was pulled from the hall as he hung onto him. Mike Wallace of CBS was punched on the jaw when he asked some questions—they went out in a flurry of cops quickly summoned, and rumors raced into every corner. Clear confidence in the location of the seat of power was gone. A delegate had now to face the chimera of arrest by the police, then incarceration. Who would get him out? Did Daley have the power or Johnson? Would Humphrey ever be of use? Should one look for the U.S. Marines? A discomfiture of the fundamental cardinal points of all location was in the rumblings of the gut. A political man could get killed in this town by a cop, was the general sentiment, and who would dare to look the Mayor in the eye? If politics was property, somebody had tipped the plot: West was now up in the North! To the most liberal of the legislators and delegates on the floor must have come the real panic of wondering: was this how it felt with the Nazis when first they came in, the fat grin on the face of that cigar who had hitherto been odious but loyal? Hard suppressed guffaws of revelry

ımbled among the delegates with the deepest greed
ıd the most steaming bile. There was the sense
' all centers relocated, of authority on a ride.

The nominations took place in muted form. The emocrats had declared there would be no demonrations at their convention. The Democrats! Faous for their demonstrations. But they were afraid maniacal outbursts for McCarthy, fist fights ı the floor, whole platoons of political warriors rappling rivals by the neck. So each candidate would erely be put in nomination, his name then cheered, conding speeches would follow, the roll would be ılled, the next nominated.

McCarthy was put in by Governor Harold Hughes Iowa, Humphrey by Mayor Alioto of San Fransco. Let us listen to a little of each—they are not ıcharacteristic of their men. Hughes said:

> "We are in the midst of what can only be called a revolution in our domestic affairs and in our foreign policy as well.
>
> "And as the late President Kennedy once said: 'Those who would make peaceful revolution impossible make violent revolution inevitable.'
>
> ". . . We must seek a leader who can arrest the polarization in our society, the alienation of the blacks from the whites, the haves from the have-nots and the old from the young.
>
> "We must choose a man with the wisdom and the courage to change the direction of our foreign policy before it commits us for an eternity to a maze of foreign involvements without clear purpose or moral justification.
>
> "But most of all the man we nominate must embody the aspirations of all those who seek to lift mankind to its highest potential. He must have that rare intangible quality that can lift up our hearts and cleanse the soul of this troubled country.
>
> "Gene McCarthy is such a man."

Mayor Alioto said:

> "I came here to talk to you about the man who has been for twenty years, right up to the present time, the articulate exponent of the aspirations of the human heart—for the young, for the old, and for those of us in between.
>
> "I'm not going to read to you, but I am going to ask you to project yourselves to Jan. 20, 1969, to project yourselves to the steps of the great Capitol of Washington, and in your mind's eyes to picture a man standing on those steps with his hands raised pledging that he will execute the office of the President of the United States and that he will in accordance with his ability preserve, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States, so help him God.
>
> "That man will look down on a country that is gripped in an earnest desire to find its way out of the confusion and the frustration that now infect this country. And the people at that moment will be looking for a decisive leader.
>
> "Let me put it directly to you—that man on Jan. 20 of 1969 is going to have to be an extraordinary man. And if he isn't an extraordinary man, the burdens of that office will crack him and the turbulence of the times will overwhelm us."

McGovern was nominated by Ribicoff, Senator Abraham Ribicoff of Connecticut, formerly Governor, a Kennedy man for many years—his career had prospered with the Kennedys. He was not a powerful looking man. He had wings of silver gray hair, dark eyebrows, a weak mouth which spoke of the kind of calculation which does not take large chances. He had a slim frame with a hint of paunch. He was no heavyweight. He had gotten along by getting along, making the right friends. He was never famous as a speaker, but he began by saying, "Mr. Chairman . . . as I look at the confusion in this hall and watch on television the turmoil and violence that is competing with this great convention for the attention of the American people, there is something else in my heart tonight, and not the speech that I am prepared to give."

It was a curious beginning, but as he went on, the speech became boring despite the force of a few of the phrases: "500,000 Americans in the swamps of Vietnam." Ribicoff droned, he had no flair, he was indeed about as boring as a Republican speaker. There were yawns as he said:

> "George McGovern is not satisfied that in this nation of ours, in this great nation of ours, our infant mortality rate is so high that we rank twenty-first in all the nations of the world.
>
> "We need unity and we can only have unity with a new faith, new ideas, new ideals. The youth of America rally to the standards of men like George McGovern like they did to the standards of John F. Kennedy and Robert Kennedy.
>
> "And with George McGovern as President of the United States we wouldn't have those Gestapo tactics in the streets of Chicago.
>
> "With George McGovern we wouldn't have a National Guard."

Seconds had elapsed. People turned to each other. Did he say, "*Gestapo tactics in the streets of Chicago*"? But he had. His voice had quavered a hint with indignation and with fear, but he had said it, and Daley was on his feet, Daley was shaking his fist at the podium, Daley was mouthing words. One could not hear the words, but his lips were clear. Daley seemed to be telling Ribicoff to go have carnal relations with himself.

There was a roundhouse of roars from the floor, a buzz from the gallery. Daley glowered at Ribicoff and Ribicoff stared back, his ordinary face now handsome, dignified with some possession above itself. Ribicoff leaned down from the podium, and said in a good patrician voice, "How hard it is to accept the truth."

Perhaps it was Ribicoff's finest moment. Later, backstage, in McGovern Headquarters, he looked less happy, and considerably less in possession of himself as people came up to congratulate him for his speech. Indeed, Ribicoff had the winded worried heart-fatigued expression of a lightweight fighter who had just dared five minutes ago in the gym to break off a jab which broke the nose of a middleweight champ who had been working out with him. Now the lightweight would wake up in the middle of the night, wondering how they were going to pay him in

return. Let us think of the man rather in his glory.

The balloting was finally begun. There were no surprises expected and none arrived. North Dakota actually said, "North Dakota which modestly admits to being cleaner and greener in the summer and brighter and whiter in the winter, casts 25 votes, 18 for Hubert Humphrey, 7 for Gene McCarthy." Then Ohio gave 94, Oklahoma was $37\frac{1}{2}$, the floor began to shout. Pennsylvania offered up $103\frac{3}{4}$ of 130 and Humphrey was in. It was the state where McCarthy had gotten 90% of the primary vote. The deed was completed. The future storefront of the Mafia was now nominated to run against the probable prince of the corporation. In his hotel suite at the Hilton, Humphrey kissed Mrs. Fred R. Harris, wife of the Oklahoma Senator and co-chairman of his campaign; then as if to forestall all rumors, and reimpose propriety in its place, he rushed to the television screen and kissed the image of his own wife, which was then appearing on the tube. He was a politician; he could kiss babies, rouge, rubber, velvet, blubber and glass. God had not given him oral excellence for nothing.

Then the phone calls came. President Johnson, to whom Humphrey said with Southern grace, "Bless your heart," Mrs. Johnson, Lynda Bird and Luci; then Dick Nixon who congratulated him for winning the nomination earlier on the roll call than himself. Nixon was reported to have said that he enjoyed watching Mrs. Humphrey and the Humphrey family on television.

The vote when tabulated went like this: Humphrey $1,761\frac{3}{4}$; McCarthy 601; McGovern $146\frac{1}{2}$; Channing Philips (first Negro to be nominated for the Presidency 67½; Dan Moore $17\frac{1}{2}$; Edward Kennedy (without nomination) $12\frac{3}{4}$; James H. Gray $\frac{1}{2}$; Paul E. "Bear" Bryant, coach of Alabama, $1\frac{1}{2}$; and George C. Wallace, $\frac{1}{2}$. George C. Wallace would do a lot better in November.

19.

The disease was beneath the skin, the century was malignant with an illness so intricate that the Yippies, the Muslims, and the rednecks of George Wallace were all in attack upon it. They might eat each other first, but that was merely another facet of the plague—cannibalism was still the best cure for cancer.

If these were the medical reveries of the reporter after the nomination, the counterpart was to be seen in the faces of the delegates who exhibited the depression people show on leaving a bad fight: basic emotion has been aroused for too little.

A company of delegates, several hundred in number from New York, California, Wisconsin, Oregon and a few of the other delegations, were going to meet in one of the caucus rooms to discuss immediate strategy. They were obviously not a happy gang, but since the characteristic tone of McCarthy supporters predominated—academics with horn-rimmed glasses in seersucker suits or pale generally lean politicians with hard bitten integrity on their lips, and th women for the most part too wholesome, some looke as if they had not worn lipstick in years—the cynic wonder intruded itself how they would celebrate victory. Defeat was built into the integrity of the characters. Vinegar was the aphrodisiac of the diet.

Paul O'Dwyer was talking to them now. Candida for the Senate against Jacob Javits in the comin election, he would make a fine opponent for tha most worthy Senator—O'Dwyer was a small man wit white hair, black eyebrows, an honest well-cut Iris look, an accent still clear with the tone of Count Mayo, and a working-class sense of humor. He wa also a gentleman. He had a natural elegance. So h would make a fine candidate. He was talking to th caucus now about the bitterness of the defeat, worl ing to take the sting out of it. A man who had obv ously been in many political battles, some of whic he had won and many lost, he had learned how t discover the balanced mixture between indignatio and hope so necessary to getting up off the defea and looking for a new contest. So he fed their loser fury first by commenting on the convention—"an un believable stifling of the democratic process," he sai and then proceeded to laud the group for their de votion, their hard work, their confidence, and th fact they could know that the voters out there wer really with them, and that was a power which tim would prove. He grinned. "If we keep working an do this for a few years, I think in the next conventio it's the other side that will have its caucus here i Room 2." They cheered him happily for this, almos a little hysterically, as if close to the recognition tha their best happiness often came when they felt hop in the midst of defeat. It is an emotion shared by th noblest of meat-eaters and the most confirmed vege tarians.

O'Dwyer was the spirit of this caucus, and whe he did not speak, gloom came in again. Congressma Bill Ryan of New York talked for five minutes abou his meeting with Daley. He spun it out properly, tell ing how he went down the aisle to speak to the Mayo of Chicago, expecting an appropriate show of cour tesy since they were both, after all, of the same party and he was a Congressman (and they were both Irish) which Ryan didn't quite get to say, although h phumphered on the edge) and finally after five min utes of dramatic preparation for this incisive privat piece of information about to be delivered of som new and intimate villainy by Richard J., Mayo Daley, the end of the story could be delayed no longe and Ryan confessed: Daley had looked at him and said, "Get back to your delegation." An unbelievable stifling of the Democratic process.

The reporter discovered an impulse in himself t get drunk. This caucus was composed of naught bu honorable people, anxious now, even dedicated to th desire to find some way of protesting the nomina tion, the brutality of the police, the sheer disjointed ness of the time—they were in politics because the

ilosophical anguish of brooding upon a problem
ich might not be soluble—exactly what gave
ique dignity to McCarthy—was not near to them.
ey needed an action to fit every ill, they were the
arest descendants of Eleanor, the last of Roosevelt
giene; now out of their passion to act, act even
s night, act especially this night, they came up
th a proposal to march in vigil from the Amphi-
eatre to the Conrad Hilton. It would be a way of
pressing their concern for the victims of the police.
ey even had candles. Richard Goodwin, assistant
McCarthy, prepared for everything on this nomi-
ting night, had brought in a thousand tapers in
se they wished to protest on the floor and the
hts would be cut off. Now they could be used for
e march through the dark lonely streets of Chi-
go.

O'Dwyer laughed unhappily. "How far is it?" he
ked. "Some of us may not be so young as some of
u. Isn't it eight miles?"

"No, four," people cried out.

He asked for a vote. They were overwhelmingly in
vor. "So be it," he said, and sighed, and grinned.
Then they began to discuss singing all the way
th Theo Bikel, one of the N.Y. delegates.But Bikel
inted out that he had sung sufficiently these few
ys, that his voice was not up to it—besides, they
uld be marching through streets where people
re sleeping—that could only cause needless trouble.
esides," said Bikel, "a silent vigil of men and
men marching with lit candles is most impressive.
t us sing our way out of here, and through the
cks immediately about the stockyard, but once
pass the barrier, let us be silent." They agreed.
struck up a song immediately on his guitar, and
ey moved out.

The reporter did not join them. He had felt an
mistakable pang of fear at the thought of march-
g with these people through the Black Belt of
icago or even the Polish neighborhoods in the im-
diate surroundings. He could see them attacked
gangs, and the thought of taking a terrible beat-
g in this company of non-violent McCarthyites and
Governites, shoulder to shoulder with Arthur
ller, Jules Feiffer, Theo Bikel and Jeremy Larner,
, if he was going to take a beating, it was best to
ke it alone or with people he felt close to, people
o were not so comparatively innocent of how to
ht.

In consequence, as they left the Amphitheatre, he
nt off by a different route to his car, agitated,
hamed, overcome with the curiosity that these
erals whom he had always scorned had the simple
dication tonight to walk through strange streets,
armed, and with candles. Was it remotely possible
at they possessed more courage than himself?

He drove from the stockyards in a hurry, went
to Lincoln Park to look it over, but the area was
ad. Here the war had ended. So he drove back to
e Hilton, found a bar in a little hotel called the
sex on Michigan Avenue and had a couple of drinks. He did not know that the march was already finished. The leaders accompanied by a most respectful group of police—he should have anticipated that!—had decided it was too long a walk after all, so they had been driven in buses to a rallying point not far from the Hilton, and then had walked up Michigan Avenue with their lighted candles, joined soon by the Hippies and the young McCarthy workers in Grant Park, and were now almost directly across the street in the park listening to speeches. He did not know that. He was drinking and contemplating his fear. It seemed to him that he had been afraid all his life, but in recent years, or so it seemed, he had learned how to take step into his fear, how to take the action which frightened him most (and so could free him the most). He did not do it always, who could? but he had come to think that the secret to growth was to be brave a little more than one was cowardly, simple as that, indeed why should life not be just so simple that the unlettered and untrained might also have their natural chance? It was a working philosophy and he had tried to follow it, but it seemed to him that he was deserting his own knowledge in these hours. Had his courage eroded more than his knowledge of fear the last few days? He continued to drink.

20.

The focus of his fear had begun for him on Tuesday, no, put it back to Monday night in Lincoln Park when he had left as Ginsberg and Burroughs and Genet and Terry Southern were going in—up to the front. Of course, he could even put the fear back to Sunday afternoon, when he had heard the music, seen the children on the grass and the police on the walks and felt a sensation in his stomach not different from the dread in the bottom of the lungs one knows after hours of driving on ice. But then he had been afraid of Chicago ever since he had word in December of a Youth Festival which might attempt to make the Democrats nominate Lyndon Johnson under armed guard. So, in fact, this had been a fear he had been living with for a long time—like many another. It was as if different fears found different abodes in the body and dwelled in their place for years.

But yesterday, Tuesday, the fear had grown dimensions, forced consciousness to surface. Usually he did whatever he would do—be it courageous or evasive—without living too intimately with his anxiety. But, this time, it revealed itself. He had a particular reluctance to go to the meeting at the bandshell in Grant Park on Wednesday afternoon, then on the march to the Amphitheatre which would follow. This march would never be allowed to approach the Amphitheatre—one had not felt Mayor Daley's presence in Chicago these days for nothing!

There was much structure to the fear, much reasoned argument in its support. He had an enormous amount of work before him if he was going to describe this convention, and only two weeks in which

to do it if his article were to appear before election. A bad beating might lose him days, or a week; each day of writing would be irreplaceable to him. Besides, a variety of militant choices would now be present for years. One simply could not accept the dangerous alternative every time; he would never do any other work. And then with another fear, conservative was this fear, he looked into his reluctance to lose even the America he had had, that insane warmongering technology land with its smog, its superhighways, its experts and its profound dishonesty. Yet, it had allowed him to write—it had even not deprived him entirely of honors, certainly not of an income. He had lived well enough to have six children, a house on the water, a good apartment, good meals, good booze, he had even come to enjoy wine. A revolutionary with taste in wine has come already half the distance from Marx to Burke; he belonged in England where one's radicalism might never be tested; no, truth, he was still enough of a novelist to have the roots of future work in every vein and stratum he had encountered, and a profound part of him (exactly that enormous literary bottom of the mature novelist's property!) detested the thought of seeing his American society—evil, absurd, touching, pathetic, sickening, comic, full of novelistic marrow—disappear now in the nihilistic maw of a national disorder. The Yippies might yet disrupt the land—or worse, since they would not really have the power to do that, might serve as a pretext to bring in totalitarian phalanxes of law and order. Of course that was why he was getting tired of hearing of Negro rights and Black Power—every Black riot was washing him loose with the rest, pushing him to that point where he would have to throw his vote in with revolution—what a tedious perspective of prisons and law courts and worse; or stand by and watch as the best Americans white and Black would be picked off, expended, busted, burned and finally lost. No, exile would be better. Yet he loathed the thought of living anywhere but in America—he was too American by now; he did not wish to walk down foreign streets and think with imperfect nostalgia of dirty grease on groovy hamburgers, not when he didn't even eat them here. And then there might not be any foreign lands, not for long. The plague he had written about for years seemed to be coming in—he would understand its social phenomena more quickly than the rest. Or would, if he did not lose his detachment and have to purchase cheap hope. Drinking across the street from Grant Park, the possibility of succumbing to fears larger than himself appeared, if no more than a spot on the horizon, still possible to him. No more than a spot on the horizon had seemed Humphrey's candidacy when first it was bruited. Was that why delegates were marching now with candles? So that they would not succumb to fears larger than themselves?

It was as if the historical temperature in America went up every month. At different heats, the oils of separate psyches were loosened—different good Americans began to fry. Of course their first impulse w to hope the temperature would be quickly reduce Perhaps they could go back to the larder again. B if it continued, then the particular solution whi had provided him with a modicum at least of world happiness—the fine balance he might have achiev between the satisfaction of idealism and the satisfa tion of need (call it greed) would be disrupted together, and then his life could not go on as it ha In the size of his fear, he was discovering how lar a loss that would be. He liked his life. He wanted to go on, which meant that he wanted America to on—not as it was going, not Vietnam—but what pri was he really willing to pay? Was he ready to gi up the pleasures of making his movies, writing books? They were pleasures finally he did not wa to lose.

Yet if he indulged his fear, found all the ways avoid the oncoming ugly encounters, then his li was equally spoiled, and on the poorer side. He w simply not accustomed to living with a conscience impure as the one with which he had watched fr the nineteenth floor. Or had it really been impur Where was his true engagement? To be forty-fi years old, and have lost a sense of where his loyalti belonged—to the revolution or to the stability of t country (at some painful personal price it could conceived) was to bring upon himself the anguish the European intellectual in the Thirties. And t most powerful irony for himself is that he had liv for a dozen empty hopeless years after the seco world war with the bitterness, rage, and potent militancy of a real revolutionary, he had had so influence perhaps upon this generation of Yipp now in the street, but no revolution had arisen the years when he was ready—the timing of his s was apocalyptically maladroit.

These are large thoughts for a reporter to ha Reporters live happily removed from themselv They have eyes to see, ears to hear, and fingers f the note in their report. It was as if the drink took in now moved him millimeter by millimeter from one hat into another. He would be driven y to participate or keep the shame in his liver—t last place to store such emotion! Liver disease is t warehousing of daily shame—they will trace t chemistry yet!

He had spoken this afternoon at the meeting. had not wanted to; he had told David Dellinger Tuesday afternoon that he would not speak—he d not wish to expose prematurely the ideas being stor for his piece. Dellinger nodded. He would not arg He was a man of sturdy appearance with a simplici and solidity of manner that was comfortable. He ga the impression of a man who told the truth, but decently as possible. The reporter had called him say he wished to visit Mobilization Headquarters talk to him but since Dellinger was going to be the Hilton, he came up in fact to the reporter's ro on Tuesday afternoon with his son and Ren Davis. The reporter told him he would not go on t

rch because he did not wish to get arrested—he ld not afford even a few days in jail at this point hey chose to make him an example. So he would appear at the bandshell either. He simply did not h to stand there and watch others march off. Del- er did not argue, nor did he object. He was a n of obvious patience and seemed of the conclu- n that everybody brought his own schedule of itancy to each occasion. So he merely sipped his nk and watched the convention on television for ew minutes. It had been his first opportunity to ch it, his first opportunity doubtless to relax in eek. As he got up to go he grinned at the set, and l, "You know, this is kind of interesting."

Wednesday afternoon, the reporter had been at same set in the same room, watching the debate the peace plank. After awhile, he knew that he ld not be able to stay away from the meeting. when he got there, past the police, the marshals, stood in the crowd, he knew nothing of what had pened already, he did not know Rennie Davis had n beaten unconscious, nor of Tom Hayden's ry speech and others—there was just Allen Gins- g giving his address on the calming value of OM. n Burroughs spoke and Genet. He had to go up self—it was now impossible not to. So he high- ped his way forward in the crowd, awkwardly, r people seated in the grass, came to the shell. bed up—there were a dozen people sitting on ious chairs back of the podium—then went up to linger and asked if he could speak. Dellinger gave nile. He was welcome.

So he had spoken at the bandshell. Standing there, ing the crowd before him, feeling the predictable mth of this power, all his courage was back, or it felt—he was finally enough of an actor to face ils on a stage he would not meet as quickly other s. And felt a surprising respect, even admira- n, for the people on the benches and in the grass had been tear-gassed day after day and were e now ready to march. He had even begun by say- to them, "You're beautiful," a show-biz vulgarity detested to the root of his nerve, but he said it. then made jokes about the smell of Mace on the rophone—the odor of stink bombs or Mace per- ed the charcoal-colored sponge over the micro- ne. Next, he went on to say that they were all at beginning of a war which would continue for nty years and this march today would be one tle in it. Then he explained that he would not be this march because he had a deadline and could take the chance, "but you will all know what I full of, if you don't see me on other marches," he added, and they cheered him, cheered him en- siastically even before he said that he had come re merely to pay his respects and salute them. ffected him that they cheered him for even this tively quietistic speech, and when he was done, y cried out, "Write good, baby," and some young gro from the Panthers or the Rangers or from ere he did not know, serving as some kind of pro tem master of ceremonies now held his arm up high with his own, Black and white arms together in the air, he had been given a blessing by this Black, and felt rueful at unkind thoughts of late. And kept his word, and left soon after, and had a good early dinner with friends in order not to get to the convention too late. And had happened to be in his room washing up when the massacre on the march, three hours later, had come. Now, he was drinking in this bar across the street from Grant Park with a pleasant Californian who worked for McGovern. The reporter enjoyed his drinks. The bar was closing and he would go to bed. But the memory of his speech that afternoon was bothering him. It had been too easy. He knew it would have been better if he had been on the march, been in the massacre, even been on the vigil marching up from the Amphitheatre. Through the drinks, shame was warehousing in his liver.

So it was that when he got up to go, and said good night to his new-found friend, he did not then enter and cross the lobby but stepped outside the hotel and went across Michigan Avenue.

21.

The National Guard was out in force. On the side streets of the hotel, two-and-a-half-ton Army trucks were parked, jamming every space. Traffic was cut off. The Daley-dozers, named yesterday by a news- paper man, those Jeeps with barbed-wire grids in front of their bumpers, were lined in file across Michigan Avenue just south of the Hilton, and he crossed over to Grant Park with the sound of Army vehicles revving up, the low coughing urgency of carburetors flooded and goosed and jabbed and choked by nervous drivers, feet riding the accelera- tor and clutch while their truck waited in place. The huge searchlights near the Hilton were shining from a height of ten or fifteen feet, from a balcony or a truck, he could not see in the glare, but they lit up the debris and clangor of Michigan Avenue, the line of soldiers on the sidewalk of Michigan Avenue just off the edge of Grant Park, the huge pent crowd, thousands here, facing the line of troops. For some reason or other, a hydrant had been opened on Michigan Avenue in the hollow square formed by lines of National Guard and police barriers before the Hilton, and the lights of the searchlight reflect- ing from the wet street gave that dazzle of light and urgency and *glamour* unique to a movie com- pany shooting in a city late at night, crowds dazzled themselves by their own good luck in being present.

At that moment, he had a sign of what to do, which is to say, he had an impulse. His impulses, perhaps in compensation for his general regime of caution were usually sufficiently sensational to need four drinks for gasoline before they could even be felt. Now without questioning the impulse, he strode down the line of troops walking under their raised guns, not a foot away from their faces, look- ing (he supposed—perhaps he even did) like an in-

specting officer, for he stared severely or thoughtfully or condescendingly into each separate soldier's face with that official scrutiny of character which inspecting officers had once drilled into him. He was in fact fulfilling an old military dream. Since some of the soldiers did not like what he was doing, not altogether! and shifted their rifles abruptly with loud claps of their hand like stallions now nervous and therefore kicking the boards of their stall with abrupt and warning displeasure, he had the obverse pleasure of finding his nerve was firm again, he was sublimely indifferent to the possibility that any of these soldiers might give him a crack on the head with their rifle.

In the middle of examining this line—it must have been two hundred soldiers long, some weary, some bored, some nervous, some curious or friendly, some charged with animosity; nearly all sloppy in their uniforms which he noticed with displeasure—he was indeed an inspecting officer—he passed by the speaker's stand, a park table, or something of the sort, on which a dozen men were standing, one with a microphone attached by a wire to a big portable bullhorn held by another demonstrator. The speeches were going on, and a couple of guitarists appeared ready to perform next.

A woman he knew, who worked on the McCarthy staff, approached him. "Will you speak?" she asked.

He nodded. He felt more or less ready to speak and would have answered, "Yes, just as soon as I conclude this inspection," if some saving wit in a corner of his brain had not recognized how absurd this would seem to her.

So he concluded his inspection, taking the time to regard each soldier in that long line, and felt as if he had joined some private victory between one part of himself and another—just what, would have been tedious to consider at the moment, for he felt charged, ready, full of orator's muscle.

A Yippie wearing a dirty torn sweater, his hair long, curly, knotted, knuckled with coils and thrusting vertically into the air, hair quite the match of Bob Dylan's, was running the program and whispered hello cordially, worked him to the center of this ridiculously small platform, perhaps the area of two large bathtubs put side by side, and told him he would speak as soon as the electric guitarists were done.

He stood then in the center between two guitars who were singing a loud wild banging folk rock, somewhat corny, a patriotic song of the Left whose title eluded him. He did not like the song usually, but up on the platform, flanked by the singers, the bullhorn being held just back of his head turned out to the crowd, he felt insulated by the sound, blasted with it completely and so somehow safe with it, womb-safe with it, womb-cushioned—did the embryo live in such a waterfall of uproar each time the mother's digestion turned over? His mind was agreeably empty as he waited, good sign generally that he was ready to deliver a real speech.

When the song ended and he was given the
after a generous introduction and a sweet su
applause beefed up to its good point precise
the introduction of the youth in the dirty sv
and the hair like Bob Dylan, he spoke out t
crowd just long enough to tell them he want
speak first to the soldiers. Then he turned his
and the loudspeaker turned with him, and he
to the line of troops he had not long ago passe
troducing himself as a novelist whose war
some of them might possibly have read since i
famous in many barracks for its filthy pas
and four-letter words, although not near
famous as another work, *From Here to Ete*
with whose author he was often confused. H
not wish to disappoint the soldiers, he said
he was not that fine author, Mr. James Jones
the other, the one who had written the other

These remarks given and enjoyed by hir
then talked to the soldiers as a man who had
a soldier once. "As I walked down your line, in
ing you, I realized that you are all about the
of soldier I was nearly twenty-five years ago,
is to say, not a very good soldier, somewha
happy with the Army I found myself in." Bu
went on, the war in which he himself had f
had not bothered his sense of what might be
the way this war in Vietnam must bother
And he went on to talk about how American so
could take little pride in a war where they ha
superiority and yet could not win, and he th
that was because they were ashamed of the
Americans were conceivably the best fighting
diers in the world if they could ever find a
which was the most honorable war in the
for them, but the war in Vietnam was the
war for them, and so they could not fight
enthusiasm. At their best, Americans were ho
so they needed an honest war.

It would have been a first rate talk to gi
fighting troops. In the general excitement of
occasion he did not necessarily arrive at the ce
point—the soldiers before him had no wish to
in Vietnam. That was why they were in the
tional Guard. Still, his speech to the troops pl
him, it warmed him for his next address whic
was able to begin by turning around in place
the loudspeaker doing the same, and now addres
his remarks to the crowd in the park. They
seated in a semicircle perhaps two hundred fe
diameter, a crowd of several thousand at l
with an attention he knew immediately was su
for it was tender as the fatigue of shared ex
ence and electric as the ringing of pain from a
bruise.

He began once again by paying his respects
plaining how he had missed one fray and then
other, not certain if for the best or worst of
tives. They were polite even to this, as if a man
of honesty in a speaker was all they had com
hear. But he had seen them, he explained, over t

w days, taking beatings and going back, taking atings, going back; so he now found himself in is park talking to them (although he had had no ch intention earlier). They were fine troops, he clared, they were the sort of troops any general ould be proud to have. They had had the courage live at war for four days in a city which was n by a beast.

A roar of delight came back from them. He felt e heights of the Hilton behind him, the search-ghts, and the soldiers. Before him, these revolu-nary youth—they were no longer the same young ople who had gone to the Pentagon at all. They ere soldiers.

"Yes, this is a city run by a beast, and yet we ay take no pleasure in it," he said, "because the an is a giant who ended as a beast. And that is nother part of the horror. For we have a President ho was a giant and ended also as a beast. All over e world are leaders who have ended as beasts; ere is a beastliness in the marrow of the cen-ry," he said, or words like that and went on. "Let even have a moment of sorrow for Mayor Daley r he is a fallen giant and that is tragic," and ey cheered Daley out of good spirit and some azy good temper as if Mayor Daley was beauti-l, he had given them all this—what a great king the pigs! and somebody yelled, "Give us some that good grass, Norman," and he bellowed back. haven't had pot in a month." They all roared. Four good bourbons is all you need," said the magogue, and the troops were in heaven.

The exchange fired him into his next thought. e repeated again that he had not been ready to arch, repeated his desire to avoid arrest or a blow the head, and "Write! Write!" they yelled back, You're right, baby, do the writing!" But now, went on, the time had come for Democratic dele-ates to march. He had not gone, he said, on the gil and march from the stockyards to the hotel, ecause "that was in the wrong direction." Dema-ogue's metaphor, demagogue's profit. They cheered im richly. No, tomorrow, he told them (the idea oming to his mind at just this instant) he was oing to try to get three hundred delegates to arch with them to the Amphitheatre. He would arch along then! But he would not if there were ss than three hundred delegates! Because if little ore than a tenth of the Democratic Party was not eady to go out with their bodies as a warrant of afekeeping for all of them, then there was no ense in walking into still one more mauling. They ad taken enough. If there was not real outrage in ne Democratic Party, then it was time they knew hat as well; they could then prepare to go under-round. A roar came back again from the new sol-iers seated on the grass.

Were there delegates here, he asked? Candles aved in the dark—he was aware of them for the rst time. "Spread the word," he called out, "I'll e here tomorrow."

Then he went on to speak of that underground. He would try to explain it. The other side had all the force, all the guns, all the power. They had everything but creative wit. So the underground would have to function on its wit, its creative sense of each new step. They must never repeat a tactic they had used before, no matter how successful. "Once a philosopher, twice a pervert," he bawled out. And in the middle of the happy laughter which came back, he said, "Voltaire!" and they were happy again. It was as good a speech as he had ever made.

For example, he continued, the march tomorrow with three hundred delegates would be a new tactic, and might offer a real chance of reaching the police barriers outside the Amphitheatre, where they could have a rally and quietly disband. That could make the point, for the Mayor had refused to let them even get near until now. Of course if the police chose to attack again tomorrow, well, three hundred Democratic delegates would also be in the crowd—so the nation would know that the authority was even determined to mop up its own. So he would march, he repeated, if the delegates would go, but he was damned, he told the crowd, if he was about to give cops the chance to maul him for nothing after he had made a point of here insulting the Mayor; no, he would not take that chance unless a tenth of the Democratic delegates were also willing to take a chance. On that note, he stepped down, and took a walk forward through the crowd, stopping to shake hands every step with the young men and women on the grass. Some were well dressed, some were near to wearing rags, some looked as dusty and war-like as Roger's Rangers, others were small and angelic. Everything from ghosts of Robin Hood's band to the worst of the descendants of the worst Bolshevik clerks were here in the Grant Park grass at five in the morning and McCarthyites and McGovernites, and attractive girls, and college boys, and a number of Negroes, more now than any day or night before, and they were shaking hands with him, Black Power was revolving a hint in its profound emplacements. There were kooks and plain-clothesmen and security and petty thieves and provocateurs with calculating faces and mouths just out of balance, eyes that glinted with a tell-tale flick; but there were also more attractive adolescents and under-twenties in this crowd than in any like crowd of New Left and Yippies he had seen before, as if the war had indeed been good for them. And he was modest in the warmth of their greeting, and not honored with himself, for they were giving him credit he did not possess—they were ready to forgive all manner of defection on the pleasure of a good speech.

So he circulated, talking, came back to the platform to make one quick amendment. Delegates in the crowd had told him three hundred was too great a number to seek in so short a time. It would not be possible to reach them all. Two hundred was a better expectation. So he relayed that information

to the crowd, and added that he would be back in this Park at noon.

He returned to the hotel, pleased with his project, and aware of one whole new notion of himself. All courage was his and all determination, provided he could lead. There seemed no rank in any Army suitable for him below the level of General—extraordinary events deliver exceptional intuitions of oneself. No wonder he had spent so many years being General of an army of one. It was something to discover the secret source of the river of one's own good guts or lack of them. And booze was no bad canoe. He went to bed prepared for heroic events on the morrow.

22.

He was to receive instead a lesson in the alphabet of all good politick: which is, that a passion is nothing without a good horse to carry you in visit over your neighbor's lands. He went to sleep at six A.M. prepared to visit different leaders as soon as he had finished his next speech at noon; by six in the evening he hoped they would be ready for the march, all delegates assembled.

Be prepared for total failure.

If this were essentially an account of the reporter's actions, it would be interesting to follow him through the chutes on Thursday, but we are concerned with his actions only as they illumine the event of the Republican Convention in Miami, the Democratic Convention in Chicago, and the war of the near streets. So his speech to the Yippies and children assembled was of value, since he learned for the record of his report that they were a generation with an appetite for the heroic, and an air not without beauty had arisen from their presence; they had been better than he thought, young, devoted, and actually ready to die—they were not like their counterparts ten years ago. Something happened in America, some forging of the steel. He had known while speaking that if it came to civil war, there was a side he could join. At what a cost! At what a cost!

But such discoveries are unsettling. He lay in bed not able to sleep; he lay in fact on the edge of a twilight slumber rich as Oriental harems in the happiness of their color, but he was thus celebrating too soon, because by nine o'clock in the morning, the last of his liquor now beautifully metabolized, he was in that kind of unhappy shape on which comedy is built. Quick calisthenics, a shower, a shave, and the urgency of his mission, did not quite give him a brain the equal of three hours in slumber. He would begin to think well for a minute, then lapse into himself like a mind become too weak for the concentration of consecutive thought.

We can spare the day, and report the lesson. He made his speech in Grant Park at noon, talked then to reporters, then to delegates (who had been in the Park) at the Hilton, discussed problems, arranged to meet them again, and never was able keep the meetings. He could never get to see M Carthy quite alone, nor McGovern, lost hours on t hope he might talk to the New York delegatio did not know how to reach Peterson of Wisconsi could have wept at the absence of a secretary, a walkie-talkie, since phones refused to functio or beginning to work, could reach no soul. He ra back and forth over Chicago, sent messages—t whomever he could find, to the Park; he would b back at three, he would be back at four, he sa Murray Kempton who was ready to march a alone if only to interpose himself between the poli and the body of one demonstrator (Kempton wa indeed to be arrested later in the day) he sa others, lost connection with delegates who ha volunteered to help, was helpless himself in hi lack of sleep, was too early or too late for eac political figure he wished to find, he was alway rushing or waiting in hallways—he learned the firs lesson of a convention: nothing could be accom plished without the ability to communicate faste than your opponent. If politics was property, a con vention was a massive auction, and your bid ha to reach the floor in time.

So he was defeated. He could put nothing to gether at all. Hung-over, drained, ashen within, an doubtless looking as awful as Rockefeller at Op Locka or McCarthy in Cambridge, he went bac to Grant Park in the late afternoon to make a speech in which he would declare his failure, an discovered the Park instead was near empty. Who ever had wanted to march had gone off already wit Peterson of Wisconsin, or later with Dick Gregory (Perhaps a total of fifty Democratic delegates were in those walks.) Now the Park was all but deserted except for the National Guard. Perhaps a hundred or two hundred onlookers, malcontents, hoodlums and odd petty thieves sauntered about. A mean-looking mulatto passed by the line of National Guard with his penknife out, blade up, and whispered, "Here's my bayonet." Yes, Grant Park was now near to Times Square in Manhattan or Main Street in L.A. The Yippies were gone; another kind of presence was in. And the grass looked littered and yellow, a holocaust of newspapers upon it. Now, a dry wind, dusty and cold, gave every sentiment of the end of summer. The reporter went back to his room. He had political lessons to absorb for a year from all the details of his absolute failure to deliver the vote.

23.

Let us look at the Convention on the last night. Two hours before the final evening session the Progress Printing Company near the stockyards finished a rush order of small posters perhaps two feet high which said: Chicago loves Mayor Daley. They were ready to be handed out when the crowds arrived tonight; thousands of workers for the city administration were packed into the spectators'

cy, then the sections reserved for radio, TV and dicals. The crowd fortified with plastic tickets o the size of Diner's Club cards, and therefore o the size of the admission pass one had to t in the signal box to enter, had flooded all able seats with their posters and their good go lungs-for-Daley. The radio, television and dical men wandered about the outer environs e Amphitheatre and were forced to watch most ie convention this night from the halls, the of the tunnels, the television studios.

ley had known how to do it. If he had been l and jeered the first two nights and openly ted from the podium on Wednesday, despite a y already packed in his favor, he was not going erate anything less than a built-in majesty for ht. Power is addicted to more power. So hs of pigs were sweet to him as honey to a e, and he made certain of the seats.

ortly after convening, the convention showed vie thirty-two minutes long, entitled "Robert edy Remembered," and while it went on, gh the hall, over the floor, and out across the try on television, a kind of unity came over one who was watching, at least for a little . Idealism rarely moved politicians—it had too to do with property. But emotion did. It was r to the land. Somewhere between sorrow and blind sword of patriotism was the fulcrum of mable politics, and as the film progressed, and saw scene after scene of Bobby Kennedy grow- older, a kind of happiness came back from the e, for something in his face grew young over ears—he looked more like a boy on the day of leath, a nice boy, nicer than the kid with the rocky glint in his eye who had gone to work Joe McCarthy in his early twenties, and had known everything there was to know about ng ahead in politics. He had grown modest as rew older, and his wit had grown with him—ad become a funny man as the picture took care ow, wry, simple for one instant, shy and off e side on the next, but with a sort of marvelous wisdom, as if he knew the world was very bad knew the intimate style of how it was bad, as boys can sometimes know (for they feel it in parents and their schoolteachers and their ds). Yet he had confidence he was going to t—the picture had this sweet simple view of which no one could resent for somehow it was untrue. Since his brother's death, a subtle sad- had come to live in his tone of confidence, as gh he were confident he would win—if he did lose. That could also happen, and that could en quickly. He had come into that world where le live with the recognition of tragedy, and so often afraid of happiness, for they know that is never in so much danger as when victorious or happy—that is when the devils seem to have hour, and hawks seize something living from gambol on the field.

The reporter met Bobby Kennedy just once. It was on an afternoon in May in New York just after his victory in the Indiana primary and it had not been a famous meeting, even if it began well. The Senator came in from a conference (for the reporter was being granted an audience) and said quickly with a grin, "Mr. Mailer, you're a mean man with a word." He had answered, "On the contrary, Senator, I like to think of myself as a gracious writer."

"Oh," said Senator Kennedy, with a wave of his hand, "that too, that too!"

So it had begun well enough, and the reporter had been taken with Kennedy's appearance. He was slimmer even than one would have thought, not strong, not weak, somewhere between a blade of grass and a blade of steel, fine, finely drawn, finely honed, a fine flush of color in his cheeks, two very white front teeth, prominent as the two upper teeth of a rabbit, so his mouth had no hint of the cruelty or calculation of a politician who weighs counties, cities, and states, but was rather a mouth ready to nip at anything which attracted its contempt or endangered its ideas. Then there were his eyes. They were most unusual. His brother Teddy Kennedy spoke of those who "followed him, honored him, lived in his mild and magnificent eye," and that was fair description for he had very large blue eyes, the iris wide in diameter, near to twice the width of the average eye, and the blue was a milky blue like a marble so that his eyes, while prominent, did not show the separate steps and slopes of light some bright eyes show, but rather were gentle, indeed beautiful—one was tempted to speak of velvety eyes—their surface seemed made of velvet as if one could touch them, and the surface would not be repelled.

He was as attractive as a movie star. Not attractive like his brother had been, for Jack Kennedy had looked like the sort of vital leading man who would steal the girl from Ronald Reagan every time, no, Bobby Kennedy had looked more like a phenomenon of a movie star—he could have filled some magical empty space between Mickey Rooney and James Dean, they would have cast him sooner or later in some remake of *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*, and everyone would have said, "Impossible casting! He's too young." And he was too young. Too young for Senator, too young for President, it felt strange in his presence thinking of him as President, as if the country would be giddy, like the whirl of one's stomach in the drop of an elevator or jokes about an adolescent falling in love, it was incredible to think of him as President, and yet marvelous, as if only a marvelous country would finally dare to have him.

That was the best of the meeting—meeting him! The reporter spent the rest of his valuable thirty minutes arguing with the Senator about Senator McCarthy. He begged him to arrange some sort of truce or liaison, but made a large mistake from the

outset. He went on in a fatuous voice, sensing error too late to pull back, about how effective two Irish Catholics would be on the same ticket for if there were conservative Irishmen who could vote against one of them, where was the Irish Catholic in America who could vote against two? and Kennedy had looked at him with disgust, as if offended by the presumption in this calculation, his upper lip had come down severely over his two front white teeth, and he had snapped, "I don't want those votes." How indeed did the reporter presume to tell him stories about the benightedness of such people when he knew them only too well. So the joke had been a lame joke and worse, and they got into a dull argument about McCarthy, Kennedy having little which was good to say, and the reporter arguing doggedly in the face of such remarks as: "He doesn't even begin to campaign until twelve."

They got nowhere. Kennedy's mind was altogether political on this afternoon. It did not deal with ideas except insofar as ideas were attached to the name of bills, or speeches, or platforms, or specific debates in specific places, and the reporter, always hard put to remember such details, was forced therefore to hammer harder and harder on the virtues of McCarthy's gamble in entering the New Hampshire primary until Kennedy said, "I wonder why you don't support Senator McCarthy. He seems more like your sort of guy, Mr. Mailer," and in answer, oddly moved, he had said in a husky voice, "No, I'm supporting you. I know it wasn't easy for you to go in." And even began to mutter a few remarks about how he understood that powerful politicians would not have trusted Kennedy if he had moved too quickly, for his holding was large, and men with large holdings were not supportable if they leaped too soon. "I know that," he said looking into the Senator's mild and magnificent eye, and Kennedy nodded, and in return a little later Kennedy sighed, and exhaled his breath, looked sad for an instant, and said, "Who knows? Who knows? perhaps I should have gone in earlier." A few minutes later they said goodbye, not unpleasantly. That was the last he saw of him.

The closest he was to come again was to stand in vigil for fifteen minutes as a member of the honor guard about his coffin in St. Patrick's. Lines filed by. People had waited in line for hours, five hours, six hours, more, inching forward through the day and through the police lines on the street in order to take one last look at the closed coffin.

The poorest part of the working class of New York had turned out, poor Negro men and women, Puerto Ricans, Irish washerwomen, old Jewish ladies who looked like they ran grubby little newstands, children, adolescents, families, men with hands thick and lined and horny as oyster shells, calluses like barnacles, came filing by to bob a look at that coffin covered by a flag. Some women walked by praying, and knelt and touched the coffin with their fingertips as they passed, and after a time the flag would slip from the pressure of their fingers and an usher detailed for the purpose would readjust it. The straightest line between two points is the truth of an event, no matter how long it takes or far it winds, and if it had taken these people six hours of waiting in line to reach the coffin, then the truth was in the hours. A river of workingclass people came down to march past Kennedy's coffin, and this endless line of people did really loved him, loved Bobby Kennedy like no political-figure in years had been loved.

The organ played somewhere in the nave and the line moved forward under the vast—this day—tragic vaults of the cathedral so high overhead and the love for the figure in the coffin and tragedy for the nation in the years ahead, the future of the nation seemed as dark and tortured, as wrenched out of shape, as the contorted blood-spattered painted sculpture of that garish Christ one could find in every dark little Mexican church. The horror of dried blood was now part of the air, and became part of the air of the funeral next day. The funeral was not nearly so beautiful; the poor people who had waited on line on Friday were now gone, and the mighty were in their place, the President and members of the Congress, and the Establishment, and the Secret Service, and the power of Wall Street; the inside of St. Patrick's for the length of the service was dank with the breath of the overambitious offering reverence—there is no gloom so deep unless it is the scent of the upholstery in a mortician's limousine, or the smell of morning in a closed Pullman after executives have talked through the night.

24.

The movie came to an end. Even dead, and on film, he was better and more moving than anything which had happened in their convention, and people were crying. An ovation began. Delegates came to their feet, and applauded an empty screen—it was as if the center of American life was now passing the age where it could still look forward; now people looked back into memory, into the past of the nation—was that possible? They applauded the presence of a memory. Bobby Kennedy had now become a beloved property of the party.

Minutes went by and the ovation continued. People stood on their chairs and clapped their hands. Cries broke out. Signs were lifted. Small hand-lettered signs which said, "Bobby, Be With Us," and one enormous sign eight feet high, sorrowful in rue in the throat—"Bobby, We Miss You," it said.

Now the ovation had gone on long enough—for certain people. So signals went back and forth between floor and podium and phone, and Carl Albert stepped forward and banged the gavel for the ovation to end, and asked for order. The party which had come together for five minutes, after five days and five months and five years of festering discord was now immediately divided again. The New York

ıd California delegations began to sing the "Battle ymn of the Republic," and the floor heard, and elegations everywhere began to sing, Humphrey elegations as quick as the rest. In every convention ıere is a steamroller, and a moment when the ıttened exhale their steam, and "Mine eyes have en the glory of the coming of the Lord!" was the y of the oppressed at this convention, even chose ıwittingly oppressed in their mind, and not even ıowing it in their heart until this instant, now ıey were defying the Chair, clapping their hands, nging, stamping their feet to mock the chairman's ıvel.

Carl Albert brought up Dorothy Bush to read an ppreciation the convention would offer for the work certain delegates. The convention did not wish hear. Mrs. Bush began to read in a thin mean ice, quivering with the hatreds of an occasion ke this, and the crowd sang on, "Glory, Glory, allelujah, his truth goes marching on," and they amped their feet and clapped their hands, and ere loose finally and having their day as they sang ıe song which once, originally, had commemorated man who preached civil disorder, then mutiny, and tacked a fort in his madness and was killed, John rown was also being celebrated here, and the exas and Illinois delegations were now silent, apping no longer, sitting on their seats, looking ored. Every delegate on the floor who had hated ıe Kennedys was now looking bored, and the ones ho had loved them were now noisier than ever. ınce again the party was polarized. Signs waved ll over the floor, "Bobby, We'll Remember You," Bobby, We'll Seek Your Newer World," and the ver-present, "Bobby, We Miss You." Yes they did, ıissed him as the loving spirit, the tender *germ* ı the living plasma of the party. Nothing was go-ıg to make them stop: this offering of applause as more valuable to them than any nutrients to e found in the oratorical vitamin pills Hubert ould yet be there to offer. The demonstration went n for twenty minutes and gave no sign of stopping t all. Dorothy Bush had long ago given up. Carl lbert, even smaller than Georgie Wallace, was now s furious as only a tiny man can be when his hard arned authority has turned to wax—he glared cross the floor at the New York delegation like a ttle boy who smells something bad.

However did they stop the demonstration? Well, onvention mechanics can be as perfect as the muscle ı a good play when professionals have worked their ootball for a season. Mayor Daley, old lover of the ennedys, and politically enough of an enigma ix months ago for Bobby to have said in his blood-ise political wisdom, "Daley is the ballgame," Iayor Daley, still flirting with the Kennedys these ıst three days in his desire for Teddy as Vice Presi-ent, now had come to the end of this political tring, and like a good politician he pulled it. He ave the signal. The gallery began to chant, "We ove Daley." All his goons and clerks and beef-eaters and healthy parochial school students began to yell and scream and clap, "We love Daley," and the power of their lungs, the power of the freshest and the largest force in this Amphitheatre soon drowned out the Kennedy demonstrators, stuffed their larynxes with larger sound. The Daley demonstration was bona fide too—his people had suffered with their Mayor, so they screamed for him now and clapped their hands, and Mayor Daley clapped his hands too for he also loved Mayor Daley. Simple narcissism gives the power of beasts to politicians, professional wrestlers and female movie stars.

At the height of the Daley demonstration, it was abruptly cut off. By a signal. "Shut your yaps" was an old button, no matter how the signal came. In the momentary silence, Carl Albert got his tongue in, and put Ralph Metcalfe (Daley's Black man) who was up on the podium already, into voice on the mike, and Metcalfe announced a minute of silence for the memory of Martin Luther King. So New York and California were naturally obliged to be silent with the rest, the floor was silent, the gallery was silent, and before the minute was up, Carl Albert had slipped Dorothy Bush in again, and she was reading the appreciation of the convention for certain delegates. Business had been resumed. The last night proceeded.

25.

Senator Edmund S. Muskie of Maine was nominated for Vice President. He was a pleasant fellow with a craggy face, a craggy smile on top of a big and modest jaw, and he had a gift for putting together phrases which would have stood him well if he had been stacking boxes of breakfast food on a grocery shelf. "Freedom does not work unless we work at it," he said, "and that I believe to be part of the reason for the spirit and determination of so many of the young people." Of course, it took a brave man to mention the young on the floor of this convention—Dump the Hump!—but Muskie's rhetoric owed more to supermarket than any Maine country store. Washington, D.C., is a national town!

The balloting for Muskie's candidacy had been void of incident but for the nomination of Julian Bond who was also put up for Vice President as a symbolic gesture to protest police brutality in Chicago. Bond was extraordinarily—no other adjective—popular in this convention his name alone possessed an instant charisma for the rear of the floor—people cheered hysterically whenever it was mentioned on the podium, and the sound, "Julian Bond," became a chant. He was, of course, at twenty-eight, already an oncoming legend for his skill in gaining and then regaining a seat in the Georgia legislature, for his courage on discovering himself the only man in that legislature to speak out openly against the war in Vietnam, a Negro! and he was adored for his sensational good looks. He was handsome not like a movie star, but like a highly touted juvenile, good looking as actors like John Derek, even Freddie Bartholo-

mew, had been when they came along. Bond stood up when his state delegation was called, and gracefully withdrew himself from the nomination because —his direct legal explanation—he was too young (the required age was 35) but he had done this, as he did everything else at the convention, with the sort of fine-humored presence which speaks of future victories of no mean stature. Talking to a few people about his race for Congress, he assured them it was secure. "I don't have any opposition," he said, "just like Daley," and he winked, looked wicked, and was off.

At length, the moment came for Humphrey's acceptance speech. Tonight, he looked good—which is to say he looked good for Humphrey. Indeed if a man could not look good on the night he accepted the nomination of his party for President, then his prospects of longevity must certainly be odd. Humphrey, of course, had been looking terrible for years. His defeat in West Virginia in 1960 by Jack Kennedy seemed to have done something of a permanent nature, perhaps had dissolved some last core of idealism —it was a cruel campaign: if one would dislike the Kennedys, West Virginia was the place to look. Since then, Humphrey had had a face which was as dependent upon cosmetics as the protagonist of a coffin. The results were about as dynamic. Make-up on Hubert's face somehow suggested that the flesh beneath was the color of putty—it gave him the shaky put-together look of a sales manager in a small corporation who takes a drink to get up in the morning, and another drink after he has made his intercom calls: the sort of man who is not proud of drinking; and so in the coffee break, he goes to the john and throws a sen-sen down his throat. All day he exudes odors all over; sen-sen, limewater, pomade, bay rum, deodorant, talcum, garlic, a whiff of the medicinal, the odor of Scotch on a nervous tum, rubbing alcohol! This resemblance Hubert had to a sales manager probably appeared most on those average days when he was making political commercials to be run as spots all over the land—in such hours he must have felt like a pure case of the hollows, a disease reserved usually for semi-retired leading men. They have been actors so long they must be filled with something—lines of a script, a surprise bouquet of attention, a recitation of Shakespeare, a bottle of booze, an interview. Something! Don't leave them alone. They're hollow. That was how Humphrey must have looked on average days, if his commercials were evidence.

Tonight, however he was not hollow but full. He had a large audience, and his actor's gifts for believing a role. Tonight he was the bachelor uncle who would take over a family (left him by Great-Uncle Baines) and through kindness, simple courtesy, funds of true emotional compassion, and stimulating sternness upon occasion of the sort only a bachelor uncle could comprehend—". . . rioting, burning, sniping, mugging, traffic in narcotics, and disregard for law are the advance guard of anarchy, and they must and they will be stopped . . ." he would bring back that old-fashioned harmony to his ravaged folks. Since he was now up on the podium, the crowd was cheering, and the gallery on signal from Daley roared like a touchdown just scored. Hubert Humphrey was warm; he could believe in victory in the fall. He smiled and waved his hands and beamed, and the delegates, loosened up the film on Bobby Kennedy (their treachery spirit in revolt against the Chair) demonstrated for Humphrey. The twenty years in Washington had become this night property to harvest; politicians who didn't even like him, could think fondly of Hubert at this instant, he was part of their memory of good steel glamour at Washington parties, part of the dividend of having done their exercise in politics with him for twenty years, for having talked to him a times, shaken his hand forty, corresponded personally twice, got drunk with him once—small properglows in memory, our burning glass! These Humphrey politicians and delegates, two-thirds of all the convention, had lived their lives in the shadow Washington's Establishment, that eminence of Perle Mesta parties and Democratic high science, they had lived with nibbles of society, and gossip about clumps of grass from Hubert's own grounds; but was their life, or a big part of it, and it was leaving now—they all sensed that. The grand Establishment of the Democratic Party and its society life in Washington would soon be shattered—the world was shattering it. So they rose to cheer Humphrey. was the end of the line, a sweet guy in personal relations so far as he was able—and besides the acceptance speech at a convention was pure rite. In such ceremonies you were required to feel love even if you didn't like him. Politicians, being property holders could feel requisite emotions at proper ceremonies. Now they gave proper love to Humphrey, two-thirds of them did. They would only have to give it for an hour. Everybody knew he would lose. The poor abstract bugger.

He gave his speech out of that bolt of cloth he had been weaving for all his life, that springlet rhetoric so suited to the organ pipes of his sweet voice, for it enabled him to hold any note on any word, and he could cut from the sorrows of a sigh to the injunctions of a wheeze. He was a holy Harry Truman. Let us not quote him except where we must for the ideas in his speech have already entered the boundless deep of yesterday's Fourth of July, and "... once again we give our testament to America . . . each and every one of us in our own way shou once again reaffirm to ourselves and our posterit that we love this nation, we love America!" If sentiment made the voter vote, and it did! and sentimen was a button one could still prick by a word, the Humphrey was still in property business because had pushed "Testament" for button, "America" fo button, "each and every one of us in our own way" *in our own way*—what a sweet button is that!—an "reaffirm"—pure compost for any man's rhetori "our posterity," speaks to old emotion from the lan of the covered loins, "we love this nation"—pu

ıstipation is now relieved—"we love America." The t was not exactly property but rather a reminder pay the dues. Not every last bit of politics was ɔperty—some portion consisted of dunning the ost-haunted property of others. Nobody had to tell I. One could deduce the emotional holdings and ɔts of the most mediocre Americans by study- g HHH in the art of political speaking—he showed u how to catalogue your possessions: Franklin osevelt, Harry Truman, winner! John F. Kennedy, ndon Johnson—there were sudden boos. Lyndon hnson, he repeated, and got the cheers from the ɛdicine balls and gallery ding-dongs for Daley. ınd tonight to you, Mr. President, I say thank u. Thank you, Mr. President." His presumption ıs that Lyndon Johnson was necessarily listening. Humphrey went on to speak of the new day. That ɔuld be his real-estate development for the cam- ign—New Day Homes. The doors would stick, the shwashers would break down, the vinyl floor would ack with the extra sand in the concrete founda- ɔn, but the signs might be all right.

Then he called for Peace in Vietnam, and the owd roared and the band played *Dianas* as if he d made a glorious pass. Peace in Vietnam was w the property of all politicians; Peace in Vietnam as the girl who had gone to bed with a thousand fferent guys, but always took a bath, and so was rgin. Hubert felt like a virgin every time he talked Peace in Vietnam. He spoke with the innocent tisfaction of a drop of oil sliding down a scallion. Of course, Hubert was no vegetable. He was the ·ug store liberal. You had better believe it. He ıew who had asthma and who had crabs. It is im- ɔrtant to locate him in the pharmacopoeia. Back of at drop of oil, he was an emollifacient, a fifty- ıllon drum of lanolin—"We are and we must be one ıtion, united by liberty and justice for all, one ıtion under God, indivisible, with liberty and jus- ce for all. This is our America." He was like honey om which the sugar had been removed and the ccharine added, he was a bar of margarine the ɔlor of make-up. He had the voice of a weeper, a sob every arch corner and cavern of his sweet, his over- veet heart; he was pious with a crooning invocation all the property of sentiment, he was all the bad ith of twenty years of the Democratic Party's ɔmises and gravy and evasion and empty hollers. e was the hog caller of the mountain and the pigs ıd put him in—he would promise pig pie in the sky. . . .With the help of that vast, unfrightened, dedi- ıted, faithful majority of Americans, I say to this reat convention tonight, and to this great nation ours, I am ready to lead our country!" And he ıded, and the rite of love went up to its conclusion, d the band played, and the simple common people, ıd the villainous faces, and the whores with bee- ive headdresses in on passes, and the boys and the outhern pols stomped around and were happy, be- ıuse their man was in, which meant they had won ıis game, this game, anyway, and happiness consisted of thinking of no future. And Hubert looked shining up on the stage, and made jokes with photographers, and jumped in the air to be tall as Edmund Muskie for one still shot—Humphrey would be a sport at a party—and McGovern came up to the podium and Hubert took him in, and his eyes were bright with light and love and tears. It is not every man who can run for President after four long years as towel boy in Unca Baines' old haw-house with Madame Rusk. He turned to greet others, and from the back had the look of a squat little Mafioso of middle rank, a guy who might run a bookie shop and be scared of many things, but big with his barber, and the manicurist would have Miami hots for him. Let us give the day to Hubert. He had always seen himself as such a long shot and out.

26.

"Have a Whopping Double Burger,
"Fingerlicking good!"

This sign had been glimpsed on a hash-house past the stockyards along the road to Midway for the McCarthy rally back so long ago as Sunday. The sign spoke of a millennium when every hash-house owner would be poet to his own promotion, and the stardust of this thought made the reporter sad enough to smile. He was drinking again in the bar where he had had four bourbons last night; but tonight was different. At 3 A.M. the cocktail lounge was full, some of the boys were on the town to celebrate that HHH oratory!

Our reporter was not a bigot about the Mafia; or maybe he was—some of his best friends were in the Mafia. (Mafia stands for Mothers-and-Friends-in-America.) A nice joke for a quiet drink; in fact, if one had to choose between the Maf running America and the military-industrial complex, where was one to choose? The corporation might build the airports, but they could never conceive of Las Vegas. On the other hand, a reasonably intelligent President working for the corporation was not to be altogether despised, not at least when the Mafia was receiving its blessing from the little bishop now installed—our reporter's thoughts were flavorless to him this night.

Punches did not often hurt in a fight, but there came a point in following hours when you descended into your punishment. Pain would begin; a slow exploration of the damage done. His ineffective effort to get two hundred delegates had left him with no good view of his own size; as news had come of two marches on the Amphitheatre turned back, and one group tear-gassed, he knew he was buried once again in those endless ledgers he kept of the balance between honor and shame, yes, on the way to the Amphitheatre tonight, driving south on a street parallel to Michigan Avenue, he had passed a gas station where many National Guard were standing about, and the odor of tear gas was prevalent. There had been a suggestion to stop and investigate, but he had refused. Perhaps it had been his fatigue,

but he had been feeling undeniably timorous. He spent time reassuring himself that he had made an honest effort, and by an honest effort had he lost. There had been no need to go out on these last marches. By the terms of his speech, it made no sense to scuffle along with a token number of delegates who could be easily arrested and as easily look foolish—of that, he was still convinced he was correct. No sense therefore to poke one's nose into a scene of tear-gassing a block away. These arguments were no good: all the while he drank he knew he was floundering in bad conscience. He had an early plane in the morning, he was done, the job was done but for the writing. The reporter knew he had much to write about, but could he now enjoy writing it?

Sometimes he thought that the rate of one's ability to do good writing day after day was a function of good conscience. A professional could always push a work by an exercise of will, yet was writing himself right out of his liver if the work was obliged to protect the man. Sipping a drink, he consulted his liver, and drank some more. The night was spiritless. Depression hung over his friends.

They tried to talk of the future, of how the party system might finally be dead. For by brute fact there were six or seven parties in America now; the Right, or the party of Wallace and Reagan—they were essentially the same, but for class, the lower and upper classes of the Wild Wasp—and then there was the party of hard-core Republicans—Nixon, we know, was doubtless perfect; next some huge government trough of the Caesarian center where the liberal spenders ought to have a home—Rockefeller and Humphrey might run with Teddy Kennedy here. (They could even use the same speeches.) That made a total of three parties, and Gene McCarthy ought to compose a fourth, a very pure party since his followers would be virtually a sect, although numerous as Volkswagens with their understated sell. Then on the Left was another party, or two or three. The Peace and Freedom Party with Eldridge Cleaver, the talented Black writer and convicted rapist, was one; the Yippies might yet be another. It did not seem so bad an idea for America to have many parties. Everyone would at least be present, and politics could function through coalitions; they would shift from issue to issue. One would learn the shape of the time by the shift. And the parties would be obliged to stay alert. It was an interesting future to discuss. It was actually the sort of thing reporters could talk about late at night. Of course, the reporters also gossiped; they considered the fact Eugene McCarthy had gone over to Grant Park on Thursday at three in the afternoon to speak to the demonstrators—Get-Clean-with-Gene had gone over to talk to America's dirtiest—the Yippies. And the reporters argued mildly whether McCarthy indeed was hitherto not too clean—how much better it might have been if the peace candidate had been willing to get his hands dirty just a little. "It isn't getti your hands dirty that hurts," said one of journalists, "It's the asses you have to kiss." Tl laughed. They were unwinding. The job was do

From time to time, the reporter thought ag of matters which did not balance him. He thou of the fear Bobby Kennedy must have known. T was a thought he had been trying to avoid night—it gave eyes to the darkness of his o fear—that fear which came from knowing some *them* were implacable, *Them!* All the bad co U.S. marshals, generals, corporation executives, hi government bureaucrats, rednecks, insane Bl militants, half-crazy provocateurs, Right-wing f gots, Right-wing high-strung geniuses, J. Ed Hoover, and the worst of the rich surrounding ev seat of Establishment in America.

Yet his own side—his own side as of last nigh made jokes about putting LSD in drinking wat They believed in drugs and he did not. They talk of burning money—he thought it was the last san for a Romantic (and part of the game). They l lieved in taking the pill and going bare-ass in t park—he had decided by now that the best things life were most difficult to reach, for they protect themselves, so beware of finding your true love a night. (For it could be true love, or the disast of your life.) Or perhaps he was too old for orgi on the green. Still, these white children were troops. (And all the Left-wing Blacks would be l polemical associates—the Lord protect him!) T children were crazy, but they developed honor eve year, they had a vision not void of beauty; t other side had no vision, only a nightmare of smas ing a brain with a brick. The fear came back agai His own brain would not be reserved necessari for the last brick. Of course, a lot of people we going to be living with some such fear over t next few years.

Now it was after four, and the last drinks we on the table, were being consumed. The waitress were closing up. So they talked of going to th Playboy mansion. A party had been going on the all week. While they debated, the reporter was ha ing psychic artillery battles with the Mafia at th next table. (One might take a look at *An America Dream*, Chap. IV.)

Mafia, of course, was a generic word to him. crooked politician with a tell-tale jowl was Mafia so was a guy with a bad cigar, so a crooked judg They were not real Mafia—real Mafia was subtl and had its own kind of class. (The reporter wa sentimental about real Mafia, he gave dispensatio the way Lenin in secret preferred Hapsburgs t Romanoffs.) The conservative in his nature admire the wisdom of real Maf! But *petty* Mafia (which i what he generally meant when he used the word were half of what was wrong with America. (Th other half was obviously The Corporation.) Pett Mafia would not know how to get into a fight i the odds for them were less than two to one. S

entered a psychic artillery battle with a nearby
e—a short fat evil-looking type who had a con-
ence about the blank space he carried between
s eyes, a glistening confidence sufficient to sug-
st he carried a gun. Petty Mafia gun sent curses
eir way. The reporter received them, sent them
ck. If the thoughts you sent back were sadistic
ough, you could see the other man move. Now
e other man moved, looked up, uneasily gathered
s curse and took a drink. Here came the return.
ıe reporter felt something unpleasant enter his
stem—a bona fide and very tricky curse. But he
ıs careful to look unconcerned. That was part
this game: to keep the other from knowing he
d had any perceptible effect. Done well, the op-
nent would worry he had gone into the brink.
ow his opponent was leaving. It had been a suc-
ssful war.

Now they were paid up and on the street—ready
go to Hefner's.

There was an excess of good feeling in him, how-
er, when they reached the street. (The artillery
ttle had been his first premium victory of the
eek.) Outside, the Jeeps and trucks were still
nning to be parked, the police barricades were
, the line of National Guard still stood on the
r side of Michigan Boulevard. The crowd was
nall in Grant Park at this hour, the battle was
ming to an end. But speakers were still talking,
ck groups still played, sound still rose to Hum-
rey Headquarters on the twenty-fifth floor, and
e searchlights from the Hilton still put high
umination on the scene.

He had to take one last look. So the reporter and
s two friends took a walk down the line of Na-
onal Guard. "Once a philosopher, twice a pervert."
ill, he was conducting an inspection again. Per-
ps it was due to the reduction in the crowd, but
e Guard looked meaner tonight.

That was all right. He was now feeling mean him-
lf. He came to a stop before a Jeep with a rec-
ngle of barbed wire on its front. In the exhibition
ll glamour of the searchlight, it glistened like
hard-shell insect eight feet long with an unforget-
ble radar-like conception of a mouth. He thought
was the most degrading instrument of war he had
er seen; it spoke of a gulf between the people who
ould administer the law and the people who would
on the wrong side at the wrong minute. They
ould not necessarily have the rights accorded to
ttle behind a fence. The reporter took out his note-
ok and stood in front of one of these Jeeps and
ok notes of the dimensions. On a grid by his esti-
ate sixty inches wide and forty-eight inches high,
ere were thirty-two vertical strands of barbed
ire. He made a point of counting each strand with
s extended finger before the eyes of the soldiers by
ch side of the Jeep; he was careful however not to
uch this altered Jeep, just to count with his finger
clear inch or two away. After the count, he took
t his pencil, made an entry, put his pencil back,
made a new estimate of specification. (The reporter had, after all, studied engineering at Harvard.) All the while, the Jeep's motor was running, and the driver, now nervous, gunned it once or twice.

A National Guard officer said, "You'll have to step back."

"Why?"

"Just step back."

"I'm a reporter for *Harper's Magazine*, and I wish to be able to describe the barbed wire on that Jeep."

"I'm asking you to step back." The officer had his name stenciled on a piece of one-inch tape across the breast pocket of his fatigues. HORWITZ, it said. If a Horwitz was an officer in the National Guard, as quickly ask for a Rasmussen! But the Jeep was—*force majeure!*—too offensive. "On days when you take it out," the reporter asked, "what do you do to get the old flesh off?"

"Don't be wise-apple around me," said the officer. "Step back."

"I'm doing a story."

"Step back."

Well, he could not step back. He really had no desire to be taken in, but the officer—he could hardly blame him—had forced the issue. Now one of them would have to lose face; or else Horwitz would have to arrest him.

"It's not quite possible to step back yet," he said in his best Harvard voice.

"All right, take him in!"

"For what? Describing your Jeep?"

He was seized. Three or four soldiers seized him. A complicated little scuffle on the arrest. No one wanted to get marked for life, or even for tomorrow.

Then, victim secure, they all walked across Michigan Avenue in a stiff-armed body-locked routine, the soldiers on each arm trying to bend his arm, and his arms now turned as catatonic as he could make them—in this general grab and rush across the road, their collective limbs must have looked like some odd peripatetic unit of twelve or sixteen compressed sticks of absolute catatonic dynamite. If they had ever struck him, he was ready to go amok; if he struck them! they were equally ready. Stiff and tense and jostling like jockstrap mystics on a collective web of isometric exercises, they went in separate springing steps and yaws across the street, where he was promptly turned over to the cops, and as promptly felt the violence in the cops' arms, more personal, less green, it was like a barroom brawl for maniacs but for the the suspended fact that nobody was swinging—everybody holding everybody—and forthwith into the downstairs entrance of the Hilton where the cops delivered him to an officer, while all the while in his ear, he could hear his drinking companions following behind, loyal enough to stay near. He could hear them saying to the soldiers, then the

cops. "Have you guys gone crazy? He's a journalist."

At the terminus, in the low lobby of the Hilton, his police officer looked to be a man in his middle fifties, doubtless Irish, with a freckled face, light eyes, and a head of orange-red hair now turning yellow and gray. By the emoluments of his braid, he was obviously a high officer, and as obviously by his smile, he had a sense of humor! A sense of humor!

"Well, what have you been doing?" he asked with a grin.

The reporter had an inkling of how to talk to this officer; this was one officer who knew how to handle gentry—an old-fashioned cop with a wink—so the reporter looked for tag-ends of gentry in himself.

"That's an excellent question," he said, "just ask what I was doing. I was making a report"—into his voice went a hint of genteel Irish "r"—"I'm a reporter for *Harper's Magazine* and I was trying to describe . . ."

"He wouldn't move back," said Horwitz who had just come in.

"I was not touching the equipment. I have a right to describe what I see. It's generally considered the right of a journalist, whether Lieutenant Horwitz is aware of that or not."

"Well, there's been so much trouble in the air," said the police officer. He smiled at the disputants, then cooled them with a sigh. "He was just taking notes," the friends of the reporter made a point of getting in rapidly.

"He wouldn't move back," said Horwitz.

"Are you ready to prefer charges?" the police officer asked the National Guard officer with deliberate sadness.

"It's up to you," Horwitz answered stiffly.

"You see you'll have to bring in charges. . . ."

Horwitz nodded. In the pause, he deliberated, gave a look, went off.

"What is your rank, Officer Lyons?" the reporter asked, for he had now had time to notice the nameplate.

"Oh, I'm a Commander. Commander Tom Lyons."

"Commander, you ought to get more of your family on the force," said one of his friends, also an Irishman.

Lyons winked. "You fellows have given us a hell of a time. You don't know what we been through." But he was interested in the hero he had freed. "You write for *Harper's*. Ohh! What sort of material do you write . . .?"

"Officer," said his friend, "this man wrote *The Naked and the Dead*."

"Brother, does *that* have bad language in it," stated Commander Lyons with a happy face. In the pause, he inquired deftly, "Gentlemen, there won't be any more trouble, will there?"

"Remember that the trouble came because I was taking notes for a factual description of the Jeep."

"Say, we don't have to go around and get int that again," said Lyons with a hint of woe in h look: God save us from honest men, was the e pression in his eye.

So they left the lobby the way they had come i through the front entrance.

"Let's go to Grant Park again," said the r porter. The speaker in Grant Park had just mad a telling point, and the crowd had cheered.

"Norman, let's get out of here," said one of h friends.

"I want to go over there for just a minute," an then as if to make his point, he took a few quic steps, and was stopped by a man about his ow height, an Italian with pop-eyes. He was wearing delegate's badge, and looked to be Petty Mafia. Bu there was something wrong about him. His creden tials were false, or he was a police provocateur, o both—who knew what? Maybe he was even a del gate. "I'd like to kill those cocksuckers across th street."

"Don't call them cocksuckers," the reporter sai "They're my troops, and they're great." It was pr cisely that kind of conversation.

"They're no good," said the man with pop-eye "They're cocksuckers."

"What are you? A musician?" He meant b that: what are you: the kind of guy who plays saxo phone at a cheap wedding? and the delegate, bon fide or false, immediately socked him in the ey It was not much of a punch, but the reporter wa just as immediately grabbed from behind by on or two cops—he never knew, because the guy wit the pop-eyes hit him again fast enough for him t think the man had once worked in the ring, althoug not for long because the punches while fast ha little enough back of them.

His good friends—in lieu of the cops—now pulle the other guy off, more cops came running up, the the same gripping and grabbing, stiff-armed lurch ing, isometric dance of the limbs, it all started u once more, but the cops were bad, this time ther was murder in their arms, murder with clubs an bats, he felt, as he was forced along between them like a traveller in the center of that universe th screech of a subway car will make in soundin around a rail—that electric sentiment of electri hatred, virile in its rage, it was madness, what i hell was going on? They went flying down som stairs in the hotel, past the men's room in th basement lobby, now through strange doors int a large room, a squad room where a dozen polic were standing about. His friends were now barred he could hear them protesting outside—here ther was nobody but cops, the man who had hit him and Commander Lyons who looked significantl less friendly now.

The delegate, real or false, surrounded by cops was telling his story. He had to be a cop himself- his story was a point-by-point lie: "Then after th guy finishes using his foul language, he stands off

and for no reason at all, hits me," he heard the bop-eyed saxophone say with passion.

Meanwhile, they had left the reporter standing all alone. There were five cops eyeing him. He felt a complete program of violence in their cat walk, these athletic cops, with crew cuts like Marines. He had the idea that in about a minute they were going to come over and beat him up. He had been without sleep for almost two nights, he had half a bottle in him now, he had been hit and arrested, and the hatred of the cops' hands on his arms had been a quiver of murderous starts, he had seen everything he had seen in this city, thought everything he had thought, and now it seemed probable to him the police had finally gone privately as well as publicly amok, and soon were going to gang him on this floor right out of the violent creativity of their paranoia—there was so much television for them to absorb in the long winters. And as he thought this, he realized suddenly that he was not really afraid, he did not feel weak—scared, he felt, and very awake, but he was ready, he was going to try to do his best when they started to work. He did not feel in a jelly or a bath—he felt as electric and crazy as the cops. The fact that he had this sentiment now, that he was ready to fight, made him feel close to some presence with a beatific grace (for he felt it, he felt with this readiness to fight as if the air were beautiful where it was near to him) and that left him happy, happier than he had been at any moment since he had heard the awful cry of the wounded pig in his throat at the news Bobby Kennedy was shot: so he stood there and glared at the policemen who were glaring at him and knew he could wait like this for an hour and not feel weak.

And now Commander Lyons was talking to him. The Commander's face was taking a wicked delight in the powers of his own cynicism, for the Commander's face had succeeded in repressing the twinkle and was now moderately severe and composed. "It's a serious matter, Mr. Mailer, for you to be hitting people for no reason at all, especially after I just let you go."

He liked Commander Lyons, liked him for the relish this officer took in the absolute wickedness of his occupation—a born actor enjoys his life in any station—and so he replied with a wild if internal merriment, for he liked himself again. Dirty he might be, but they were so much filthier. "You wouldn't care to hear my side of it, would you, Commander?"

"I don't know. Look what happened to me the last time I listened to you."

The delegate was repeating his tale, word for word, and the cops on the prance, ten feet away, were pacing again up and back the floor of the room.

"Everything he's saying is a lie," the reporter said huskily, "and you know it even better than me."

But the Commander's eyes had lost their light. The bouncing little light in his look, like the white ball which used to bounce over the printed words of songs on a movie screen, was not bouncing now. "Why do you always get into trouble?" the Commander asked.

Then the phone rang. Lyons went to answer it. He waited, looking at the cops, the cops looking at him.

Some word must just have come down. When Lyons came back, he was smiling. "Tell me your story again," he said. He was one of the few people in the world who could wink while looking at you with honest Irish orbs. Now it was obvious they were going to let him go.

"Why," asked the Commander, "do you always want to get arrested?"

The reporter thought of his children, and for an instant tears nearly came. Not real tears so much as —the Victorians used to say—his eyes were wet with dew.

"Commander, I don't want to get arrested," he said.

"I'm glad to hear that, Mr. Mailer. But it's your reputation that you like to get arrested."

"Newspapers lie all the time. Look what they say about you fellows."

Happiness came again into Lyon's face. "I got," he said, "to read one of your books."

In the next two minutes before they let him out to join his friends, even escorted him to a cab—for the trip was still on to Hefner's—he talked with Lyons and a city official (who had suddenly appeared) about the beauties of architecture in Chicago. It was a great city, he made a point of telling them. They did not know from which direction he was putting them on.

And yes, he thought, Chicago was a great city. Finally, it brought everyone into the sort of ratiocinated confrontation which could end a novel about a week in this big city. You could not say that of Miami.

Of course, he never did find out if shortly before or shortly after his own curious double-bust, the police had charged the McCarthy Headquarters, arrested every kid in sight, beat up on a few, and generally created such consternation that the Senator himself remained in town until Friday afternoon for fear his children would be wasted.

No, Norman Mailer went with his good drinking friends, Pete Hamill and Doug Kiker, to Hugh Hefner's Playboy mansion where they had a few last drinks and talked to friends and cheered the end of the week. On the last trip back to the Hilton, Mailer took a pass through Grant Park. It was all but empty. Fifty communicants sat on the grass, mountaineers, varlets, knaves, Hindu saints, musketeers, tank men, and wanly beautiful Yippie girls, while a priest in a violet satin chasuble recited the Mass over their bloody heads and an acolyte held the cross. The sight, by now, after all the sights, seemed perfectly conventional. Then he crossed the line of National Guard for the last time—Horwitz was not

there on this sunny Friday morning, and went into the Hilton. On the steps he met Senator McCarthy's daughter, a lovely and formidable young dark-haired lady, now in a quiet horror over the fury of the bust, and she asked him what he would do about it.

"I'm going to catch a plane and see my family," he told her, smiling into the proud disapproval of her eyes. "Dear Miss," he could have told her, "we will be fighting for forty years."

27.

And had no second thoughts about anything all the while he was writing the piece—except for Spiro Agnew. The Greek was conducting himself like a Turk. There was a day when he accused Hubert Humphrey of being soft on Communism. Everyone knew that Communism was the only belief Hubert Humphrey had ever been hard on. Nixon had obviously gotten himself an ignoramus or a liar.

So while the writer thought that the Republic might survive a little longer with old Tricky Dick and New Nixon than Triple Hips, Norman Mailer would probably not vote—not unless it was for El dridge Cleaver.

Eldridge at least was there to know that th barricades were building across the street from th camps of barbed wire where the conscience of th world might yet be canned. Poor all of us. The fa is in the fire, and the corn is being popped. Mayo Daley, looking suspiciously like a fat and aged ver sion of tough Truman Capote on ugly pills, decrie the shame outsiders visited on Chicago. He was strong and protective mother of a man, but fo his jowl which hung now beneath his neck in tha lament of the bull frog which goes:

> I was born to run the world
> And here I am;
> KNEE-DEEP
> KNEE-DEEP.

Perhaps good Mayor Daley's jowl was the soft underbelly of the new American axis. Put your fingers in V for victory and give a wink. We yet may win, the others are so stupid. Heaven help us when we do.

Jules Feiffer

DEMOCRATS

Feiffer took on the Democratic National Convention for this Special Harper's Report. The commentary, mordant or tender as the situation requires, is, as always, his own.



Checkpoint Daley at Chicago's Amphitheatre. The delegate who found out that a credit card worked as well as a convention pass got beat up.



Caucus of the New York Delegation in caucus room 3, off the convention floor. Purpose is to vote on the challenge to the Alabama delegation.



Counting the votes on the Vietnam peace plank. Peace loses.







Cops relaxing in front of the Conrad Hilton a short time before their moment of truth.



Delegates retire to the Flying Horse lounge so that they can discover via Huntley, Brinkley, and Cronkite who exactly it is who is selling them out.



The loser-elect accepting the nomination. The erratic background represents Chicago in flames.

THE EYE-BEATERS

(for Mary Bookwalter)

by James Dickey



A man visits a Home

A therapist explains

Come something come blood sunlight come and they break
Through the child-wall, taking heart from the two left feet
Of your sound: are groping for the Visitor in the tall corn
Green of Indiana. You may be the light, for they have seen it coming
From people: have seen it on cricket and brick have seen it
Seen it fade seen slowly the edge of things fail all corn
Green fail heard fields grind press with insects and go round
To the back of the head. They are blind. Listen listen well
To your walking that gathers the blind in bonds gathers these
Who have fought with themselves have blacked their eyes wide
Open, toddling like dolls and like penguins soft-knotted down,
Protected, arms bound to their sides in gauze, but dark is not
To be stood in that way: they holler howl till they can shred
Their gentle ropes whirl and come loose. They *know* they should see.
But *what*, now? When their fists smash their eyeballs, they behold no
Stranger giving light from his palms. What they glimpse has flared
In mankind from the beginning. In the asylum, children turn to go back
Into the race: turn their heads without comment into the black magic
Migraine of caves. Smudge-eyed, wide-eyed, gouged, horned, caved-
in, they are silent: it is for you to guess what they hold back inside
The brown and hazel inside the failed green the vacant blue-
eyed floating of the soul. Was that lightning was that a heart-
struck leap somewhere before birth? Why do you eat the green summe
Air like smoky meat? Ah, Stranger, you do not visit this place,
You live or die in it you brain-scream you beat your eyes to see
The junebug take off backwards spin connect his body-sound

James Dickey's poems, "Buckdancer's Choice," won the National Book Award for 1966. After a two-year stint as Consultant in Poetry at the Library of Congress, he is now at the University of South Carolina working on a new novel and a new book of poems.

To what he is in the air. But under the fist, on the hand-stomped bone,
A bison leaps out of rock fades a long-haired nine-year-old clubs
Her eye, imploding with vision dark bright again again again
A beast, before her arms are tied. Can it be? Lord, when they slug
Their blue cheeks blacker, can it be that they do not see the wings
And green of insects or the therapist suffering kindly but a tribal
light old

He tries to see what they see when they beat their eyes.

Enough to be seen without sight? There, quiet children stand watching
A man striped and heavy with pigment, lift his hand with color coming
From him. Bestial, working like God, he moves on stone he is drawing
A half-cloud of beasts on the wall. They crane closer, helping, beating
Harder, light blazing inward from their fists and see see leap
From the shocked head-nerves, great herds of deer on the hacked glory plain
Of the cave wall: antelope elk: blind children strike for the middle
Of the brain, where the race is young. Stranger, they stand here
And fill your mind with beasts: ibex quagga rhinoceros of wool-
gathering smoke: cave bear aurochs mammoth: beings that appear
Only in the memory of caves the niches filled, not with Virgins,
But with the squat shapes of the Mother. In glimmers of mid-brain pain
The forms of animals are struck like water from the stone where hunger
And rage where the Visitor's helplessness and terror all
Move on the walls and create.
(Look up: the sun is taking its stand on four
o'clock of Indiana time, painfully blazing fist of a ball of fire
God struck from His one eye).

No; you see only dead beasts playing
In the bloody handprint on the stone where God gropes like a man
Like a child, for animals where the artist hunts and slashes, glowing
Like entrail-blood, tracking the wounded game across the limestone
As it is conceived. The spoor leads his hand changes grows
Hair like a bison horns like an elk unshapes in a deer-leap emerges
From the spear-pitted rock, becoming what it can make unrolling
Not sparing itself clenching re-forming rising beating
For light.

His Reason argues with his invention.

Ah, you think it, Stranger: you'd like that you try hard
To think it, to think for them. But what you see, *in the half-inner sight*
Of squinting, are only fields only children whose hands are tied away
From them for their own good children waiting to smash their dead
Eyes, live faces, to see nothing. As before, they come to you smiling,
Using their strange body-English. *But why is it* this *they have made up*
In your mind? Why painting and hunting? Why animals showing how God
Is subject to the pictures in the cave their clotted colors like blood
On His hands as the wild horse burns as the running buck turns red
From His palm, while children twist in their white ropes, eyes wide,
Their heads in the dark meat of bruises?

And now, blind hunters,
Swaying in concert like corn sweet-faced tribe-swaying at the red wall
Of the blind like a cooking-fire shoulder-moving, moaning as the cave-
artist moaned when he drew the bull-elk to the heart come ring
Me round. I will undo you. Come, and your hands will be free to fly
Straight into your faces, and shake the human vision to its roots.
Flint-chipping sparks spring up: I can see feel see another elk
Ignite with his own becoming: it is time.

Yes, indeed, I know it is not
So I am trying to make it make something make them make me
Re-invent the vision of the race knowing the blind must see
By magic or nothing. Therapists, I admit it; it helps me to think
That they can give themselves, like God from their scabby fists, the original
Images of mankind: that when they beat their eyes, I witness how

I survive, in my sun-blinded mind: that the beasts are calling to God
And man for art, when the blind open wide and strike their incurable eyes
In Indiana. *And yet, O Stranger, those beasts and mother-figures are all*
Made up by you. They are your therapy. There is nothing inside their dark,
Nothing behind their eyes but the nerve that kills the sun above the corn
Field no hunt no meat no pain-struck spark no vision no pre-history
For the blind nothing but blackness forever nothing but a new bruise
Risen upon the old.

The children retire, but he hears them behind their wall.

They have gone away; the doors have shut on you
And your makeshift salvation. Yet your head still keeps what you would
put in theirs
If you were God. Bring down your lids like a cave, and try to see
By the race alone. Collective memory stirs herd-breathes stamps
In snow-smoke, as the cave takes hold. You are artist and beast and
The picture of the beast: you are a ring of men and the stampeded bones
Tumbling into the meat-pit. A child screams out in fury, but where,
In the time of man? O brother, quiver and sweat: it is true that no thing
Anyone can do is good enough for them: not Braille not data
Processing not "learning TV repair" not music no, and not not being
"A burden": none of these, but only vision: what they see must be crucial
To the human race. It is so; to let you live with yourself after seeing
Them, they must be thought to see by what has caused is causing us all
To survive. In the late sun of the asylum, you know nothing else will do
You; the rest is mere light. In the palm of the hand the color red is
calling
For blood the forest-fire roars on the cook-stone, smoke-smothered
and lightning-
born and the race hangs on meat and illusion hangs on nothing
But a magical art. Stranger, you may as well take your own life
Blood brain-blood, as vision. Yes; that hammering on the door is not
Your heart, or the great pulse of insects; it is blind children beating
Their eyes to throw a picture on the wall. Once more you hear a child yell
In pure killing fury pure triumph pure acceptance as his hands burst
Their bonds. It is happening. Half-broken light flickers with agony
Like a head throwing up the beast-paint the wall cannot shake
For a million years.

He accepts his [illegible]

Hold on to your fantasy; it is all that can save
A man with good eyes in this place. Hold on, though doctors keep telling
You to back off to be what you came as back off from the actual
Wall of their screaming room, as green comes all around you with its ears
Of corn, its local, all-insect hum, given junebugs and flies wherever
They are, in midair. No;
by God. There is no help for this but madness.
Perversity. Think that somewhere under their pummeled lids they gather
At the wall of art-crazed beasts, and the sun blazing into the blackout
Of the cave, dies of vision. A spell sways in. It is time for the night
Hunt, and the wild meat of survival. The wall glimmers that God and man
Never forgot. I have put history out. An innocent eye, it is closed
Off, outside in the sun. Wind moans like an artist. The tribal children lie
On their rocks in their animal skins seeing in spurts of eye-beating
Dream, the deer, still wet with creation, open its image to the heart's
Blood, as I step forward, as I move through the beast-paint of the stone,
Taken over, submitting, brain-weeping. Light me a torch with what we
have preserved
Of lightning. Cloud bellows in my hand. God man hunter artist father
Be with me. My prey is rock-trembling, calling. Beast, get in
My way. Your body opens onto the plain. Deer, take me into your life-
lined form. I merge, I pass beyond in secret in perversity and the sheer
Despair of invention my double-clear bifocals off my reason gone
Like eyes. Therapists, farewell at the living end. Give me my spear.

He [illegible]

Harper's Magazine, November 1968

Larry L. King

Goodnight Chet, Goodnight David, Goodnight Rosemarie

Weekend of August 3-4

Climaxing weeks of shilling their special merits, the three TV networks explain on their precon-vention shows how they will each prove superior in making Dick Nixon's coronation appear some-how exciting.

"It's not the hardware," David Brinkley had raucily reminded us on countless NBC house plugs, "it's the people." Whereupon John Chancellor's microphone whistled and sang several tinny sym-phonies, Sander Vanocur's gear lost its electronic voice, Frank McGee's extension cord got hope-lessly tangled on camera, and some mysterious explosion in Chet Huntley's headset caused him to jump like he'd seen a snake. My wife, Rose-marie, kept waiting for Brinkley to break in to say it was not the people, it was the hardware.

ABC offers the campaign's first mudslinging: Lord Buckley accuses Count Vidal of writing perverted Hollywood prose, of assorted intrigu-ing neuroses, and of living in Europe; Vidal counters that Buckley practices the politics of greed, is himself possessed of odd neuroses, and is a personal friend of Ronald Reagan. One begins to understand why both the Lord and the Count have offered unsuccessfully for public office.

On CBS, Mike Wallace interviews Richard Nixon at his Long Island hideaway, telling us that "Mr. Nixon has the look of a man who has been sleeping very well."

Monday, August 5th

8:04 a.m.—Rosemarie wakes me to say the Re-publicans are apparently going through with it.

10:40 a.m.—John Wayne makes a what's-good-for-my-daughter-is-good-for-the-country speech, confessing it has been suggested by Dean Martin. Wayne is full of sour juices over ill-treatment of his pro-Vietnam movie, *The Green Berets*, by "the left-wing press." I change my private delegate count to reflect one Californian leaning to Mus-solini.

High Noon—While John Wayne faces down the barroom baddies in the Fontainebleau's Poodle Lounge, the telly examines major Presidential hopefuls. In New York, Nixon has the smug look of a used-car salesman who's just peddled two Edsels and a Hupmobile to Ralph Nader; Rocke-feller, oddly intent on public suicide after months of teetering on the ledge, smiles bravely at the firing squad and assures us they're shooting blanks; Reagan says it looks as if the nomination may be forced on him by all these swell delegate-guys, though golly-geewhillikins fellers he sure hasn't asked for it.

6:37 p.m.—Nixon arrives at Miami Airport. He offers a ghost-of-Checkers speech about how Annie Rooneyish-good-all-over he'd felt that morning while standing with his Cuban refugee domestics as they received their citizenship papers. "Haven't we seen this before?" Rosemarie asks.

6:49 p.m.—The networks abandon Maryland Governor Agnew's endorsement of Nixon in favor of watching Nixon's drive from the airport. "Poor Spiro," Rosemarie commiserates. "This is prob-ably his last chance for national exposure."

10:05 p.m.—Rosemarie claims she saw a Negro delegate when cameras panned the hall though it was probably a trick of lighting.

10:32 p.m. — Washington's Governor Dan Evans, the convention keynoter, is billed as "a former aeronautical engineer" and immediately begins to read from *The Electrician's Manual*.

11:08 p.m.—Rosemarie interrupts my armchair nap: "Don't you think you'd better watch this?" Huntley is interviewing Brinkley.

Tuesday, August 6th

Night session: Thomas E. Dewey, Congressman Gerry Ford, and Senator Everett Dirksen torment the English language; the world will little note nor long remember what they say here. (I spotted one delegate cupping his ear as if actually interested, but from his facial expression decided he was nursing an earache.) Not their words but certain indelible impressions remain of the old pro-pols decorating the hall: Tom Dewey, gone to beef and still rationing that slightly foolish grin, retains the ability to take the excitement out of an earthquake simply by showing up to watch it. Congressman Ford is the human equivalent of bread pudding: bland, colorless, outwardly dry, slightly spongy as one plumbs the depths. Senator Dirksen's face is where God has kept His record of mankind's sins; his voice beckons the innocent to merry romps among the brimstones. Once, eons ago, two meteorites harder than marble (though not quite as bright) collided in outer space at supersonic speeds, and there sprang into being Senator Strom Thurmond of South Carolina, The Old Confederacy, The Earth: fully grown, proclaiming wrath, understanding nothing. Ex-Senator Bill Knowland of California, bull-voiced and pugnacious even in prayer, comes off like a former Big Ten guard now running for President of Rotary International on a promise to stamp out beards.

If Nelson Rockefeller really thinks he's nominatable at this time and in this place, he should watch more television.

Wednesday, August 7th

4:48 p.m.—"It's going to go down as one of the greatest conventions the American public has witnessed," predicts Senator Charles Percy of Illinois. Goodnight, Chuck.

5:50 p.m. Mrs. Ivy Baker Priest Stevens, State Comptroller of California and former U. S. Treasurer, nominating Governor Reagan, slips in lauding Ronnie's "million dollar—er, *vote* victory." Future Hell is promised looters, draft-dodgers, campus radicals, loafers, bums, snipers, flag desecraters and big-spending bureaucrats. Bankers are apparently safe, thank God.

6:36 p.m. Ex-Senator Knowland, also a Reagan supporter, touts delegates off Nixon by warning that first-ballot nominations would have deprived the nation of such great Presidents as Rutherford B. Hayes and James Garfield. This fails to touch off the expected panic.

7:07 p.m.—The Governor of Alaska is nominated for President with delivery of the convention's most precious line: "Wally Hickel isn't afraid to make waves."

7:49 p.m.—Florida's Governor Claude Kirk who on opening day had indistinguished himself through a speech fearlessly endorsing orange juice, is asked his preference for Vice President and selflessly thinks of others: "Well, my mother wants me and I'll go along with her."

8:20 p.m.—Riots across Biscayne Bay. Fires. Stonings. Cars overturned. Two or three dead. Only this morning Tony Martin sang "The Glory of Love" while Senator George Murphy did an impromptu soft-shoe.

9:06 p.m.—Nelson Rockefeller's last forlorn hope to be nominated depends on an oratorical genius: one capable of striking enough verbal thunder and lightning to melt Old Guard stone. So out comes Pennsylvania's Governor Ray Shaffer, a cross between a Groton Headmaster and Charlie McCarthy, who sounds as if he's quoting the Pittsburgh phone book.

10:15 p.m.—Governor Agnew nominates Richard Nixon, though for a moment—when he declared that "The nation needs a man to fit the times"—Rosemarie shouted he was switching back to Rocky.

11:18 p.m.—J. Robert Stassen, a Minnesota delegate, nominates his Uncle Harold. Delegates cheer when Mr. Stassen announces the family plans no floor demonstration.

1:09 a.m.—Technically, it's tomorrow. Somewhere along the way Senator Clifford Case was nominated for being "loved and respected across the length and breadth of New Jersey," that great Chinese-American Hiram L. Fong of Hawaii was offered, and we ran out of wine.

1:10 a.m.—Rosemarie bolts the convention for bed.

1:50 a.m.—Nixon's The One.

1:52 a.m.—Rosemarie sleepily requests the

Larry L. King is a man used to seeing his politics close up, rather than on a TV screen. A native Texan now living in Washington, he served as a Congressional Administrative Assistant for over a decade, and is the author of a political novel and a recent collection of non-fiction articles, "And Other Dirty Stories."

atest bulletin. "They stopped Stassen," I say, "but ıot until he'd outpolled John Lindsay exactly two-o-one."

Thursday, August 8th

Noonish or so—Nixon recommends for Vice President one Spiro T. Agnew. Where are you now hat we need you, Hiram L. Fong? Wally Hickel, ıake a wave!

1:43 p.m.—"Uncle Spiro's The Two," I say. :osemarie stares, uncomprehending. "You gotta e kidding!" she shouts, becoming in that moment 'he Voice of America.

8:22 p.m.—Ronald Reagan is back in the leacher seats, just another Swell Guy with a 1937 aircut in a white coat and wearing his Nixon utton; just another slugger from the Three Eye eague who couldn't hit the big-time curve. Nelson ockefeller has earlier appeared before the con-ention, donating another little slice of his soul) Party Unity, handing the scoundrels his sword, oing home at least four Presidential years older nd six million dollars poorer not counting cuts nd bruises. Delegates gave him a two-minute vation and called it a decent burial.

9:07 p.m.—The hall has long stirred with ru-ıors that New York's Mayor John Lindsay will ontest the Agnew nomination. "This convention coming apart," John Chancellor proclaims for BC. Now, John, you've talked to one New Yorker oo many; look around at the old Midwestern ough-faces in their flat Nixon skimmers, at the alm way Ev Dirksen sits there digesting his sup-er Scotch, at the brittle little dragon ladies im-atiently puffing their filtertips, at the lean Bright oung Men in their corporate collars, and you will ee there is not one insurrectionist bone in a arload.

9:11 p.m.—Lindsay endorses Spiro Agnew in stilted, dime-store Churchill style tinged with vertones of unctuous Episcopalian and then—only ightly sullied by his small surrender—gratefully capes into the night.

9:17 p.m.—The delegates are all shapes and zes (if not colors), though one most remembers ıe old dough-faces with their flat straw skimmers ıd sightless Orphan Annie eyes. Fred there, he wns the hardware store and has scientific proof ıat the kind of infantile paralysis that afflicted DR slowly rotted the brain—just like syphilis. le Bill tells the funniest stories you ever heard, ngs tenor in the Baptist choir, owns a few rent ouses and loans money at extra-special rates to ıe niggers; he's the finest old boy you ever seen but don't cross 'im or he'll skewer you on his pocketknife. Sam, the one whose false teeth fit a shade too casually, suffers from gall stones and from the way that gang in Washington has ruined his hired hands by coddling them with a minimum wage and unemployment insurance. Carl owns the weekly newspaper and is best remembered for his hard-hitting grocery ads. J. B. owns the bank and Carl and a piece of Fred and a generous slice of his Congressman. When you see a Senator or a Governor or a Congressman dancing to some secret music, these are the unseen old spooks piping the tunes.

So George Romney, of course, suffers one last and sadly glorious humiliation; for unlike ancient elephants The Old Boys do not come to the burial grounds to die but to slaughter.

10-ish p.m.—Rosemarie and I wager on the music King Richard will select for his Grand Entry Theme. She selects "I Believe in Yesterday," then berates me for frivolity when I nominate "Dark Town Strutter's Ball." The music is not "Dixie" (which may have been the only decision Strom Thurmond lost) but when Nixon enters to the strains of "Buckle Down Winsocki" it is funnier than anything we'd thought of.

So there they are on the platform, Dick and Pat, together again, incredibly durable ghosts from another time, the great dazzling spotlight mercifully blinding them to what they have become. It is easy to pity them now, for one knows something of where they have been: the midnight compromises and the mandatory a.k.-ing, the insane grins and the eternal hot pursuit of "the impossible dream," the sapping rituals and excesses of their peculiar trade. The Nixon daughters are there of course (for we demand the sacrifice of Abraham on our political altar; we want to see Isaac's blood), Tricia a vision in virgin white and Julie—with her David Ike—all so determined, a neat, sweet throwback to the bobby-sox era, that one wonders where they rented their costumes. When the time comes I shall pity Hubert and Muriel the same hard journey.

10:50 p.m.—I believe Dick Nixon dissipates pity quicker than any other of God's children. For in stepping up to accept the crown, Big Daddy invokes Dwight D. Eisenhower's tired old heart ("Let's win this one for Ike!") so as to somehow imply that if Winsocki will only buckle buckle down then ancient cardiac scars shall miraculously heal, Whittaker Chambers shall witness again, respectable Republican cloth coats shall once more be in fashion, and somewhere in dog Heaven the faithful Checkers shall wag his tail in glee.

Goodnight America, wherever you are.

Harper's Magazine, November 1968

JACK FROST

a story by John Thompson



"It's getting all night out," Dick said.

Dick's blackboard leaned three-legged against the wall by the back door. Through the furred belt of weather-stripping packed around the door and the rug folded against the door's base, the cold touched his left cheek; from the other side the warm oven breathed on him. The dry chalk dust made him clamp his front teeth together. Dottie was playing on the floor.

"Yes Dickie," his mother said. "It is."

The good cowboy stood solid as a rock, his spurred boots firm on the ground. He was wearing chaps with knots on them and a bandanna and a white cowboy hat. He had bullets in his belt and a hunting knife. His horse was looking in from the side. The bad cowboy's horse looked in from the other side. The bad cowboy was also wearing chaps with knots on them, and an ammunition belt with a hunting knife, and a bandanna. He had a black hat on, and he wore a black mask over his eyes. In front of the good cowboy's gun, a ring of smoke puffed. Through its center, leaving streaks in the air, passed a heavy bullet. Overhead the sun was shining. Dick drew the sunbeams which struck from it in every direction. Since this was out West, the sun was exceedingly bright. Dick drew beams like bright spokes in three ranks concentrically shining.

"Oh that's good Dick," Mrs. Alford said. "You're such a good artist. You are. Another artist will make pictures for us tonight too."

"Who," Dick said.

The bullet would shoot the bad cowboy straight in the heart. Since it is impossible to bandage the heart, the bad cowboy would be dead.

"Jack Frost will work on the windows tonight," Mrs. Alford said. "He will make lace and ferns and fairy castles for us to see in the morning."

"Is Jack Frost a real man, Mamma?" Dick said. He drew a cactus with spikes on it.

A bright electric bulb in a fluted glass bowl hung from the ceiling on a green cord, between the narrow, high, butterscotch-colored walls and the tall doors and moldings of varnished oak. It shone against the end of the short Michigan December day. It shone brightly on Ellen Alford's white brow. Her black, thin hair was drawn straight back. The high ridge of her brow was smooth and white. The light cast shadows over her eyes.

"Is he?" Dick said.

Her skirt and her long white apron hung to the tops of her laced shoes. She was a small woman. She had to reach up to put her hand in the oven. The gas range stood high against the wall on its cast-iron Chippendale legs, black, angular, upright; its tall oven and the scroll of its nickel-plated hood were head-high to Mrs. Alford. The old gas lamp with a perforated mantel rather like an ice-cream cone stuck out from one side of its hood.

"Is Jack Frost really true, Mamma," Dick said.

The oven door stood open in its black iron frame. Its thick panel of glass was tempered to a cloudy topaz. Below the oven on the black door of the broiler a large scrolled nickel-plated script slanted upward. It said DETROIT. Dottie was still playing on the floor.

"Is he, Mamma," Dick said. "Is Jack Frost a real man."

Mrs. Alford stood by the oven door. The warm iron was breathing into the room.

"Mamma," Dick said.

The light cast dark shadows over her eyes. She tried to look at him but her eyes missed him and looked at the door, looking more or less at the glass where it was getting dark outside.

"Mamma," Dick said, "is he?"

Her high forehead was very white and bare as though her thin black hair pulled at it. Her eyes were dark. Perhaps she was looking at the window that held the winter refrigerator. The kitchen light shone in on the white shelves there between the two panes of glass, shining on everything the refrigerator held. On the inner pane leaned the brown of the high walls, the white of the oilcloth of the kitchen table, the white of Mrs. Alford's long apron. The outer glass behind the shelves was dark and clear. Out of its cold depths the garage at the back of the yard made a square white shadow. All down the street now and all over Grand Rapids the lights of all the houses would be spilling thinly into the backyards under the cold brushy spikes of the bare trees. In the valley, the lighted streetcars would be snubbing up and down. They moved along Monroe Avenue past the stores and then away between the hills. Soon the headlamps of the automobiles would be moving in procession up the long hills under the street lights and the bare trees. Sister must be walking home now. Soon Mr. Alford would cover all his typewriters and turn out the lights and lock the door and drive home up Fulton Street hill, moving east.

"Dick," she said. The oven door was still open. Her face was turned to the window.

Ellen Alford was forty. This is the age at which all the gifts of youth have been spent, and whatever has been purchased with them must be assembled to last the rest of one's life.

"Mamma," Dick said. "What I want to know is."

"I'm," Mrs. Alford said. "Watch Dottie a minute, Dick. I'll be." She went into the dining room and the swinging door closed behind her. He could hear her walk across the living room. He heard her climb the stairs. Her feet on the stairs sounded as if she were walking inside the kitchen closet. Then she would go into her bedroom and sit in the chair. It would be cold in the bedroom, and dark. She would sit there in the dark.

The bad cowboy was a robber. He wanted to steal the other cowboy's cattle and butcher them. But the other cowboy chased him on his horse. They rode for about a hundred miles; their horses galloped at top speed.

When she came back, Dick said, "I just wanted to know is Jack Frost a real man."

She was looking at him then. "Oh like fairy tales, Dickie," she said. Her face was smiling. She bent to him and her forehead came down, shining, white, and smooth. Under her straight black hair her head was white; it showed through under her hair. Let the bad cowboy lie there dead, with the black mask over his eyes. Bam, the gun had gone, and Bam, Bam, again. "You know, Dickie," she said.

Whenever she smiled the smile welled and did not ebb from her face for a long time. The darkness of her eyes would stir. The dark wrinkles were deepened and quickened. She kissed Dick's head where his hair was thatched around his cowlick, and then put her face against his cheek.

Her face was cool and damp like a milk bottle. When she stood up, she was still smiling. She went back to the stove, and in her long white apron, she was very small against the high tiers of black iron. The hinge of the oven door gave its immemorial creak, closing, and the warm iron breathed out. Mrs. Alford opened the window and took some dishes out of the winter refrigerator, and she worked at the stove. Dick drew the horned head of a cow looking in over the hill. Behind the hill there were hundreds of them. A vast herd of cows, fat and gentle, fed there on the prairie under the bright sun. Dick drew the heads looking over the hill. They all belonged to the good cowboy, and there were about a million of them.

Where the long cylinder of new linoleum lay across the pantry doorway like a fallen column, Dottie was playing. Its slippery tan diamonds glittered under the electric light. She kept pushing her fat waist against it and hoisting one leg. Each time her leg slid down, she fell back on the floor on the pad of her diapers. She wore knit blue coveralls.

"D, I, C, K," said Dick. "Spells *Dick*. There."

"That's fine, Dickie," his mother said. "That's really very fine. Now look at this, A, L. *Al*. F, O, R, D. *Ford*. *Al-ford*. See."

"That's easy," Dick said. "I can do that easy."

"See how she's trying, Dick," Mrs. Alford said. "Don't disturb her. See. She is determined to learn to climb over. Look. She's doing it like a lesson."

"Look, Mamma," Dick said. "A, L, F, O, R, D."

"Oh good, Dottie" Mrs. Alford said. "That's good."

Dottie toppled and slid over the roll into the pantry. She squatted there, looking up.

"That's good, Dottie," Mrs. Alford said.

Dick ran to the roll of linoleum and hopped over and back, first with both feet and then on one foot. Dottie crouched, looking up.

"My how you can jump, Dickie," Mrs. Alford said. "Dottie thinks you're so big and strong."

"What are you doing?" Sister said. "What's that?"

She dropped her stack of books on the table. The air around her was cold. Her scarf was tied over her head, and her cheeks were red. Her eyes watered. She put her arms around Mrs. Alford. They were nearly of a height; in another year Sister would be as big as her mother. They held one another.

"Your cheeks have turned to ice! Oh, your fingers are icicles. The Snow Queen has touched you. Show Dick and Dottie. See how cold Sister is."

"Ouch. How come you're so cold," Dick said.

"Ouch, how come," Dottie said.

"Oh shut up," Dick said.

"That's not nice," Sister said. Sister wore her long brown hair brushed back and braided in a thick braid down her back. She wore black wool stockings.

"Well," Dick said. "She doesn't have to be a copycat all the time."

"*Shut up* is rude," Sister said. "Isn't it, Mother?"

"Yes, it's rude, Sister. But Dickie doesn't mean to be rude on purpose."

"What's that?" Sister said.

"We're going to fool Daddy," Dick said.

"Why, Sister, I bought some new linoleum! I thought that tonight after supper we'd all help lay it. Hartley and Ten Hof had two pieces that will just fit, at a bargain price. There will be enough left over for the steps I hope. Won't that be nice?"

"Mamma," Dick said, "do ladies ever have horses?"

"It's beautiful," Sister said. "The kitchen will be beautiful."

"When I'm a cowboy," Dick said, "you could have a white horse then named Lightning, no, named Star."

"Look, Sister," Mrs. Alford said. "See how Dick writes his name. Isn't that fine?"

"Oh that's good. Did you just learn that, Dick? It's good. The *D* is supposed to have a curl at the top like this. In school they won't let you write uphill like that."

"I don't care," Dick said.

"It's very clever, isn't it, Sister? Aren't you proud of him," Mrs. Alford said. "Now don't rub it out, Dick. You can show Daddy what you've learned today."

"Does Daddy know how to read this?"

"What do you mean?"

"Well, I don't know," Dick said. The chalk dust coated his fingers and made him grit his teeth.

"Now get on with your homework, Sister," Mrs. Alford said. "Supper is really all ready. You go ahead."

"I would have a white horse named Lightning," Dick said. "Then yours could be Star."

John Thompson teaches English at the State University of New York at Stony Brook and is the author of two books, "The Founding of English Metre" and "The Talking Girl and Other Poems."

"Look who's here," Mrs. Alford said. "Who in the world could it be?"

Dottie and Dick were silent, looking at the man who was mounting the steps into the kitchen. He wore a heavy dark overcoat and a dark hat and big eyeglasses. Dick backed into the corner. The man was coming into the kitchen.

"Who is it, Dottie? Dick, is it Dr. Loeker? Oh good evening Dr. Loeker," Mrs. Alford said, "how nice to see you. Did you come to have dinner with us?"

"It's Daddy," Dick said. He was in the corner, between his blackboard and the wall.

"Daddy!" Dottie said.

"Shut up," Dick said. He came out of the corner. "Daddy, why have you got glasses?"

"Hey," Mr. Alford said. "I can't see a thing. These blame things are all steamed up. Let go now. Let me take these specs off."

"I knew it was Daddy all the time," Dick said.

"Let go now, Dottie," Mr. Alford said. "Look out now. These blame things cost eight dollars."

"Why Richard. How handsome you are in those tortoise shells. You look so distinguished. Put them on again now."

"Well, they kind of pinch my nose here. I guess he didn't fit them right. Well, how's the big Sister tonight."

"Fine Daddy," Sister said.

"Let me get my coat off here. Whoa. It's blowing up cold."

"Look, Daddy. I wrote my name."

"What's that, Ellen," Mr. Alford said.

"Look, Daddy," Dick said.

"Why Richard," Mrs. Alford said, "it's some new linoleum that Hartley and Ten Hof had; two pieces; I believe it will just fit."

Mr. Alford looked at the linoleum.

"Daddy," Dick said. "Look, I wrote my name."

"What," Mr. Alford said. "Whoa now. Well well. Look here. *Rich-ard Alford*, it says."

"It says *Dick*," Dick said.

Mrs. Alford said, "Now Dick! You don't have to erase it now. But, we'll write it again tomorrow."

"Well," Mr. Alford said.

"I don't care," Dick said. "I don't do it good anyway."

"I hope after supper," Mrs. Alford was saying.

Dick scrubbed at his blackboard with the rag. The dust made his fingers itch and feel very strong. He put his tongue between his teeth so that the dust wouldn't make his teeth grate. Ellen and Richard Alford were talking in the living room.

Sister got the dishes out of the pantry, stepping over the linoleum, and set the table in the dining room. Then she worked at the stove. Dick wet his rag and washed the blackboard. The two voices came through the door.

Wet, the blackboard became as black as tar. When it was entirely wet and blank, and Sister was in the dining room, Dick put the rag away under the sink, stepped over the roll of linoleum, and went into the kitchen closet. It was very dark in there. He sat down in the dark behind the ironing board and the Bissell sweeper.

"Oh Sister," Ellen Alford said. She was in the kitchen. "You're having to do everything."

"Now Ellen," Richard Alford said. He was in the kitchen too. "Don't work yourself up."

"Dick," she said. "You've cleaned up so well. Where's Dickie?"

"He was here," Sister said.

"Ellen," Mr. Alford said, "come in and sit down now. Blame it, I'll have to get Dr. Loeker back again if you won't take care of yourself."

"Where's Dickie?" she said.

They went in the living room and talked. When the door swung open, Mrs. Alford was saying, "To them. Because I can't do."

"Come on Dottie." Sister said. "Oof you're heavy. Oof, what a big fat baby. Oof oof. Now sit up there."

The feet on the stairs sounded together in the kitchen closet. After a while footsteps came down from upstairs. They were Mr. Alford's footsteps.

"Dick," Sister said.

"Now what," Richard Alford said, in the kitchen.

"Dick!" Sister said.

"What the dickens," Richard Alford said. "That boy, what. With my hands full. He's not."

"Come to supper, Dickie," Sister said. "Where are you?"

Richard Alford's voice called down the basement steps, "Dick, Dick." Then it called in the coal bin and in the fruit cellar. "What in the world," he said. "Dick! What in the world is that boy."

Sister came in the closet, and then she said, "Oh Dick. You'll get all dirty in there. Come on now."

"Don't eat so fast," Mr. Alford said.

They sat around the table in the dining room under the four lamps of milky glass that hung from the ceiling on velvet cords. Painted plates stood on edge on the plate rail on all four walls. There were more painted plates with the cut-glass bowl and the cocoa set in the china cupboard. The door of the china cupboard was glass and it was rounded like the side of a barrel. Dottie was in her

high chair across from Dick. Ellen Alford was still upstairs. They could not hear her.

"That's what gives you stomach trouble," Mr. Alford said. "You've got to chew, chew. Count to a hundred every time you chew."

"Can I have some more," Dick said.

Mr. Alford looked at Dick through his new glasses so that Dick in turn would look at him. Then he chewed. His lips pursed up under his long nose and the muscles in front of his ears flexed. His face was brown and muscular like his hands. He offered his face to Dick, blinking his transparent blue eyes behind the new glasses, as if he held out a hand to a child to show how to make a fist. He worked his jaw up and down, and his glasses moved.

"You got to chew before you swallow," he said. "Then it don't lay in your stomach. What's the matter, Sister?"

"Nothing. I'm not hungry, that's all."

"Dick here could eat a horse," Mr. Alford said.

"Giddy up! Giddy up!"

"Oh Dick, don't shout," Sister said.

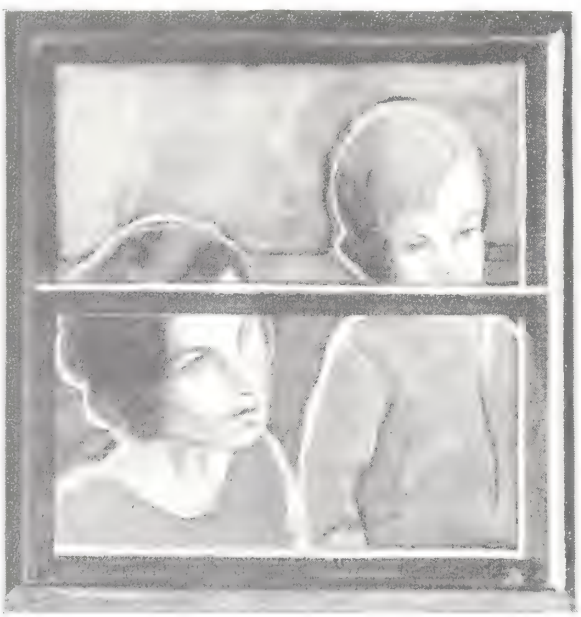
"Giddup," Dottie said.

"You mean *shut-up*," Dick said. "You don't mean *giddup*. You mean *shut-up*."

"*Shut-up* is rude," Sister said.

"Shut up," Dick said.

"Dick now leave the table," Mr. Alford said. "Just leave the table. Now stop that crying Sister."



In the living room, only one lamp was burning. There was little to be heard from the dining room, and nothing at all from upstairs. Dick took off his shoes and stepped into the cold hall. No more than three or four of the dark stairs creaked.

Dick opened the door and ran up behind the white wicker armchair where the lamp was burning. He grasped the arm of Mrs. Alford's heavy corded wool sweater. The woman in the sweater turned. Her mouth was stretched down to show the teeth of her lower jaw, which were narrow, long, and rather crowded together like a row of kernels on an ear of corn. The woman put the arm in Mrs. Alford's sweater behind Dick's back and took hold of his neck with her fingers. Dick ducked out of her grasp, jerking so hard that he bumped his head against the arm of the chair. The woman sat in the chair with her back to the door and did not turn as Dick went out. On the lower half of the dark stairs he slipped, in his slippery stockings, and went sliding down on his rump. It didn't hurt, but it shook his head, and when he stopped at the bottom of the stairs his eyes were open so wide he couldn't see for a minute. Mr. Alford came to the foot of the stairs, with his napkin in his hand.

"Now stay away from upstairs," he said. "Come on to supper and don't go bothering your mother." He was chewing.

"Can I have some more," Dick said.

"Say please," Sister said.

"Please please please please please please please—"

"Dick," Mr. Alford said. "Now I've got enough on my hands."

"Oh Dick," Sister said.

"Pease," Dottie said. "Pease pease."

"It's going to freeze tonight sure," Mr. Alford said. His left hand moved his dessert fork back and forth. No matter how he scrubbed his fingers, their tips were grained black with the grease of the typewriters. "I wish we had some snow on the ground," he said. "Things need cover. I ought to cover the peonies."

"Maybe Jack Frost will put some snow," Dick said.

"Jack Frost," Dottie said.

Dick was chewing. His teeth were very strong. The bad cowboy was stealing a cow, the biggest cow of all, with white horns. The cow was trying to run into the hills. It was a bad cow anyway, and always ran away. The bad cowboy, who wore a black mask, knew it was a bad cow. He built a fire. He put his brand on the cow with some letters he had on his branding iron. He trussed the cow and then started to cut it up so he could eat it. He cut off the cow's head. He cut off its feet. He cut its stomach open with his hunting knife and cut out pieces of steak.

"Shall I take something to Mamma," Sister said.

"More please," Dick said.

The bad cowboy cut up all the meat and then he cut up the bones. His hunting knife was very sharp, and as strong as a saw.

tatus Report

is month: The not-so-peaceful atom;
drug for drug addicts;
mble in a guinea pig's ear.

ating Up the Fish

cross the country more than a ndred atomic power plants will n be operating if their deter- ned sponsors have their way. But pite reassurances from the fed- l government and power com- ies, the natives of nearby cities restive. They remain uneasy ut the dangers of which David E. enthal, first chairman of the U. S. mic Energy Commission, warned *per's* readers back in October 3.

urious as to whether there have n significant gains in safety in intervening years, we talked with George L. Weil, a nuclear physi- who has been particularly con- ned with the hazards posed by nic power.

Please do not get the impression se are a bunch of fellows out ing with Tinker Toys," he told "Quality control and inspection, n subject to human frailties, are ters that hardly need elabora- . Today nuclear plants are re- ved nut by bolt by the AEC staff. v at this time there are only a dful of plants, maybe ten or fif- a year to be reviewed. When you e several times that many plants eview each year you don't have qualified manpower.

Nuclear-power enthusiasts are k to point out that nuclear ts are designed not to pollute atmosphere. But operating re- rs are all busily engaged in lucing tremendous quantities of ly radioactive materials. The t highly concentrated of these es must be monitored with vigi- e until radioactive products no er present a hazard—'in perpetu- is the common phraseology."

r. Weil has documented these other cogent reasons for pro- ing cautiously in a paper deliv- ered at the Smithsonian Institution. (Copies can be obtained from him at 1101 Seventeenth Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20036).

Meanwhile the alarm has been sounded on other grounds by Senator Edmund S. Muskie, chairman of the Senate Public Works Subcommittee on Air and Water Pollution and now Democratic candidate for Vice President. He is chiefly concerned with the great quantities of heat which nuclear power plants transfer into the water used for cooling. This phenomenon—known as thermal pollution—could, in the view of many experts, virtually exterminate the fish in our major rivers.

The coming session of Congress may well see a brisk tug of war between the Public Works Subcommittee and the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy, which strongly advocates the rapid development of nuclear plants.

A Way Out for Addicts

Is it sinful for a diabetic to be "dependent" on a drug—insulin? The question would be absurd except that it parallels the curiously moralistic logic of people who oppose the use of methadone—the drug which, taken daily, blocks the craving for narcotics. (One such objector was William S. Burroughs, whose account of how he kicked drugs appeared in this magazine in July 1967.)

At a national conference on Methadone Treatment held at Rockefeller University in New York last June, overwhelmingly positive evidence was presented. Particularly striking was the report on the results obtained by Dr. Vincent P. Dole and Dr. Marie E. Nyswander, originators of the program, in the treatment of 750 criminal addicts. The number who have become law-abiding citizens on methadone treatment is large enough to empty a moderate-sized jail and there are at least a thousand more waiting for treatment.

An independent evaluation of the Dole-Nyswander program, by the Columbia University School of Public Health and Administrative Medicine, reported—among other findings—that 85 per cent of the patients who had been in treatment two years or longer are now employed or in school, in contrast to 28 per cent when they were admitted. Equally encouraging were the results of smaller-scale experiments in Chicago and Philadelphia.

In dismal contrast, a report on California's civil commitment program—designed to produce abstinence by changing the addict's personality—showed a high rate of recidivism with only 16 per cent "in good standing" (*i.e.*, off drugs) three years after their first commitment.

Rock and Rue?

In a laboratory at the University of Tennessee, Dr. David M. Lipscomb played rock music—recorded at a level of 120 decibels in a local discotheque—to an audience of guinea pigs over a period of three months. Afterward he examined the guinea pigs' ears and found that cells in the cochlea—which translates sound waves into nerve impulses—had been destroyed. The guinea pig's ear is strikingly similar to man's and according to Dr. Lipscomb human rock enthusiasts may one day find their hearing damaged.

This report afforded a peculiar satisfaction to *Harper's* Performing Arts critic, Robert Kotlowitz, who questioned the spiritual, social, and moral benefits of rock and accompanying visual assaults on the senses after a visit to an adolescent pleasure dome known as "Murray the K's World" in the summer of 1966.

To date, however, no widespread lowering of the noise level has been noted. Said one discotheque owner to a *New York Times* reporter after Dr. Lipscomb's findings were announced, "Should a major increase in guinea pig attendance occur, we'll certainly bear their comfort in mind." [ ]

A Masterpiece Regained

by Irving Howe

The Thibaults, by Roger Martin du Gard. Translated by Stuart Gilbert. Introduction by Albert Camus. Bantam Modern Classic, $1.75 (paper).

I first came across Roger Martin du Gard's *The Thibaults* in 1944 while lying about, idle and depressed, in an Army camp waiting to be shipped overseas. A gash upon the western Pennsylvania countryside, this camp seemed to me an ultimate denial of human life, a way station to those zones of combat and death we kept nervously discussing in the barracks. In this place of half-spoken fears and emotional sterility, I began to read *The Thibaults*, one of those gigantic family chronicles that had been so popular in Europe at the turn of the century and which it would become customary for up-to-date literary people to dismiss as hopelessly old-fashioned during the postwar years when "everyone" was reading Faulkner and Kafka.

Old-fashioned *The Thibaults* may well seem. In a fine appreciation that recently appeared in the Italian journal *Tempo Presente*, Nicola Chiaramonte has called it "the last great novel in the classical nineteenth-century manner." The book moves with the measured pace of the nineteenth-century novel, as if to register a world at ease with its own norms, rational in its apprehension of time and causality, secure in its expectation that the decades of a man's life will follow, and fulfill, one another with a stately rightness. I lost myself, with mounting gratitude, in the French bourgeois world of the years between 1890 and the first world war, the world of Oscar Thibault, an overpowering Catholic "public man," and his two sons Jacques and Antoine: Jacques neurotic, fevered, and destined to become a left-wing socialist during the war who destroys himself in a hopeless pacifist adventure, and Antoine healthy, balanced, and destined to end his life gassed in the war and at the moment of his expiration to keep a remarkable journal of his own psychological and physiological reactions.

I say that I felt a mounting gratitude while reading this sequence of novels—in their sum about the length of Proust's *Remembrance of Things Past*—but actually that is a pallid understatement. For Martin du Gard's book brought me a sense of life's renewal, regained for me a connection with the immediacies and delights of experience. As never before, I understood what D. H. Lawrence meant when he praised the novel as the greatest of literary genres, the book of life from which we best gain the illusion of transparency and identification.

At the outset, *The Thibaults* seems a little like Thomas Mann's *Buddenbrooks*, the story of a solid, representative family. Jacques Thibault, an inflamed boy who loves and hates his insufferable father, runs away with a Protestant friend (the ghastliness of it, an infidel Protestant!) and wanders off through the streets of Marseilles, only to be caught, chained again into the prison life of the French bourgeoisie, and then sent off to a reform school sponsored by his father. Juxtaposed to him is the older brother Antoine, whose life moves—for a time—as a harmonio development, a gradual slide ir manhood and the liberating dis plines he finds in his work as physician. But as the book proceed one comes to see that the comparis to be made is not merely wi Thomas Mann's *Buddenbrooks* b also with his *The Magic Mounta* a novel that ends with its protag nist, Hans Castorp, caught in t first world war.

Reading further and further in *The Thibaults*, one becomes awa that Martin du Gard (1881-195 was not a nineteenth-century writ at all, but was really "one of us," modern man troubled by our skep cisms and consumed by our anxieti Somewhat like Boris Pasternak *Doctor Zhivago*, Martin du Gard e ployed a traditional literary for but not out of a mindless wish mimic the past; his purpose was gain an oblique or roundabout pe spective on modern life. Tradition in technique, he was radical in sens bility. Martin du Gard was one those rare twentieth-century nove ists alert to the corrosions of bou geois Europe, such as would lead few decades later to the crisis liter ture of Sartre and Camus, yet st able to appropriate, without anac ronism or slackness of mind, t Tolstoyan novel. The Tolstoyan nov

Irving Howe, who is the regular boo critic for "Harper's," is the auth of "William Faulkner: A Critic Study" and "Politics and the Novel He is presently a Fellow of the Ce ter for Advanced Study in the Beha ioral Sciences at Stanford.

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in all its plenitude of representation, the novel of a seemingly stable world with its rich "gallery of characters" and interplay of incidents precisely this "outmoded" form became for Martin du Gard a way of registering the death throes of the nineteenth century, the suicide of the traditional culture of Europe.

Why then did *The Thibaults* never catch on with American readers? I can only speculate. Written in the years between 1920 and 1940, it must already have come to seem too ordered and rational, too leisurely and dispassionate, for our anguished decades. Every once in a while I would meet a person or read a book that spoke with admiration of Martin du Gard—most recently H. Stuart Hughes' fine study of contemporary French thought, *The Obstructed Path*. But perhaps because he was a writer without fanaticism or ideology, Martin du Gard never became the object of a cult. And it was just as well.

Bantam Books has now reissued as a paperback *The Thibaults* in Stuart Gilbert's fine translation—or more accurately, it has reissued the first six books of *The Thibaults*, which bring the chronicle up to the start of the first world war and have always been printed as a self-contained unit. The sequel *1914* changes sharply in tone, becoming more political and didactic, and must be judged inferior from a strict literary point of view; still, I hope Bantam will find it possible to let us have that in paperback too. Meanwhile, the present edition is graced by a magnificent critical introduction by Albert Camus, originally written for a French edition in 1955: it is one of the most glowing and generous tributes ever written by one master about another.

II

Martin du Gard began his novel with the customary expectation—customary for premodernist writers—that he would chart the destinies of linked individuals within the spectrum of roles allowed them by family and society. As he later remarked, he proposed to show

> two beings with temperaments as different, as divergent, as possible, but fundamentally marked by the obscure similarities which are created, between two people of the same [illegible] by a very powerful common at[illegible] Such a subject offered me the [illegible] bility of simultaneously expre[illegible] two contradictory tendencies i[illegible] nature: the instinct of indepen[illegible] of evasion, of revolt, the refu[illegible] all conformity; and that instin[illegible] order, for measure, that refusal [illegible] tremes, which I owe to my here[illegible]

The passage is notable for wh[illegible] reveals about the making of a [illegible] —and not merely Martin du G[illegible] novel. He starts with the ass[illegible] tion that a stable social backgr[illegible] will permit the etching of fine[illegible] ances of character in the foregr[illegible] That traditional bourgeois F[illegible] can be assumed to be "there," [illegible] and unmovable; that the elder [illegible] bault in his own bulky person f[illegible] a barrier of will and preju[illegible]

*This quotation, as well as one o[illegible] later, is taken from a useful s[illegible] *Roger Martin du Gard: The Novelis[illegible] History*, by David L. Schalk (C[illegible] University Press, 1967). Prof[illegible] Schalk's powers as a literary criti[illegible] limited, but he writes well on the [illegible] plex relationship between Marti[illegible] Gard's creative life and the develop[illegible] of modern European history.



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incarnating the conservatism of Catholic France, against which his sons must thrust themselves to achieve a degree of definition; that the fixity of social norms and manners allows the novelist to chart moral formation through seemingly trivial incidents of family life—all these are among the deepest foundations of the nineteenth-century novel. At the start, but only at the start, Martin du Gard turns to them almost instinctively. The revolt of Jacques Thibault begins as a friendship, slightly tinged by eroticism, with a Protestant schoolboy; then he enters the home of his friend's family and finds among the Fontanins a purity of moral life and an openness of feeling—but also a libertinism in the handsome, wandering father—he has not known in his own family. This juxtaposition of family environments, and indirectly religious styles, creates a strong immediate effect: it helps prepare the way for Jacques' lifelong rebellion. But while Martin du Gard is himself a thorough skeptic, he understands that the novelist must always strengthen those forces within his book which resist his own sentiments and predispositions; so that many pages later the tables are turned and the seeming anti-Catholic bias is complicated. As Antoine Thibault leaves the funeral of his father, he engages in a sustained dialogue with a sensitive Catholic priest in which the latter has the last and perhaps the best word. In the world of the great novelists, no debate is ever done.

The single overriding theme of the European novel has been the conflict between rigid social arrangements and a protagonist straining for personal freedom—a conflict seen not as resolved but as continuous, and thereby open to changes wrought by the will and intelligence of the characters. It is in these terms that *The Thibaults* begins. The older Thibault, barricaded behind his moralism and righteousness, is an unattractive man, but also the most passionate and vigorous in the book; he looms as the archetypal father, an Abraham to be feared and loved as the principle of authority made flesh. Jacques rebels against individual and idea, but his rebellion takes on its fiercely dramatic quality because he remains enthralled to both Oscar Thibault the man and he paternal power he represents. There follows a prolonged struggle of wills, first as an unavoidable encounter of generations, hot blood against old, and then as a confrontation of two world views, secular denial against religious authority. The conflict becomes internalized within Jacques, as a division between his need for self-assertion and his yearning for parental affection. And it is relief that the felt presence of a stable society, even an unjust or authoritarian one, is for the novelist an enormous advantage. If Jacques were able simply to discard the bonds of family life, if he could simply decide that the old man is a tyrant or a bore who need no longer be listened to, the result might be socially pleasing or psychologically enabling; but it would damage the entire structure of relationships and meanings Martin du Gard has created. The incidents multiply: Jacques brought home contrite and sullen; Jacques at the reform school almost, as we would say, brainwashed and unable in the swamp of his humiliation to tell his brother how unhappy he is. Jacques later passing his examinations brilliantly but still beyond reconciliation with his father. In all these bits of narrative, what establishes the tension is the fact that the emotional tie Jacques feels to his father is more powerful than he survives the social or intellectual values the father represents; the life has a dynamism and thrust beyond any beliefs we may have about it. Jacques can declare himself a revolutionary, but when the time comes to return for the old man's death he still trembles like a frightened little boy.

Which other modern novelist, by contrast, has been able to employ the family as a binding and defining unit in his work? Faulkner, I suppose. But he sees the Southern family as a collapsing institution, so that in his greatest novel *The Sound and the Fury* there is an extremely poignant sense of how much has been lost through the collapse of the Compsons but little evidence that the family still shapes and disciplines the lives of its members. And in our own moment it is almost impossible to imagine a novel in which youth

ancy and John Seletti aren't trying to save the world. st a little piece of it.



About a mile outside the Ko- village of Ku Am there are a dozen young, still-tender mul- y trees growing on a small hill. eday these trees and their suc- nt leaves will be the heart of a village industry—a silk raising . That day is still many months ut it doesn't stop the village from making daily inspection up the steep hill, just in case. in case something miraculous appened since yesterday. After wouldn't be the first miracle ppen in Ku Am. Everyone in llage knows the story of Chang the daughter of the widow.

'en years ago Chang Sook's es of survival were as slim as as. Her father had disappeared g the family's flight from Korea. Her mother, a seam- worked a backbreaking day nost of the evening to earn month. Barely enough to keep from starving.

ut today that's all changed be- an American couple named i are sharing a little of their ortune with a girl to whom a means everything. Nancy, and five-year-old Alexandra i are New Yorkers. They're not usly wealthy as the villagers Am believe. But, they're not ither. *Comfortable* probably bes them best. They have hing they really need, but hem ten minutes and they'll p with ten things they want 15 a month would buy. Luck- y thought of Chang Sook first.

rough Save the Children ation, the Seletti's $15 a is doing a remarkable num- things. First, Chang Sook's iate needs and future school- being taken care of. The fam- etting help, too: Enough to Chang Sook's mother to start knit shop.

with all this, there is still oney left over. This money, r with money from other s, was borrowed by the vil- start its precious mulberry Someday silk raising will permanent increase in the s income—and permanently end the need for charity. That's what Save the Children Federation is all about. Although contributions are tax-deductible, it is not a charity. The aim is not merely to buy one child a warm coat, a new pair of shoes and a six month supply of vitamin pills. Instead, your contribution is used to give the child, the family and the village a little boost that may be all they need to start helping themselves.

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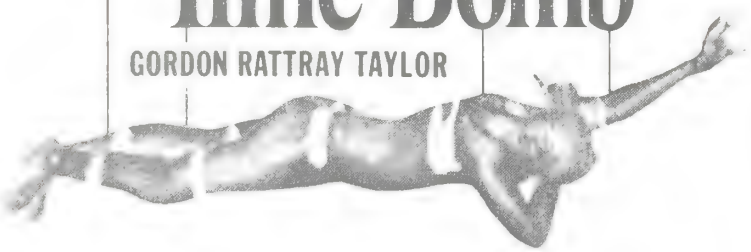
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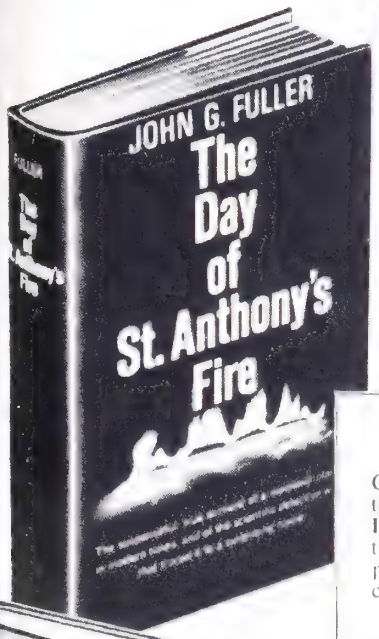
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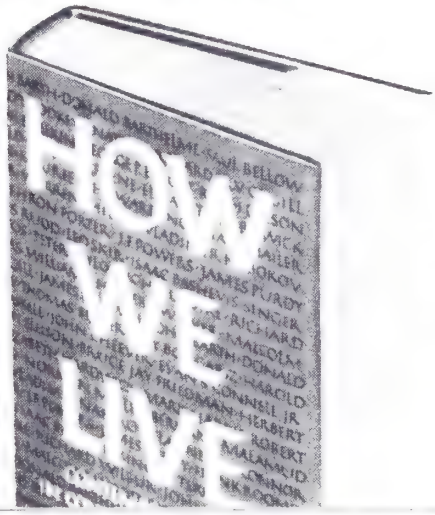
rebellion finds a force of resistance among the older generation sufficient to allow for sustained drama.

Martin du Gard's stress upon the settled traits of Jacques and Antoine Thibault creates for the reader the fascinating possibility of "choosing" between the two characters—and choosing is here more than a game, it is a kind of moral signature. The two brothers are strongly drawn and highly intelligent men, each with his own claim on our sympathy. Jacques reminds one a little of Stendhal's Fabrice in *The Charterhouse of Parma*, that curious mixture of rebellion against the world and a dreamy abstracted remoteness from it, almost as if the character were musing away his own existence. Antoine is given a whole book in which a day in his life as a doctor is depicted with enormous detail, and the result is a *tour de force* in the dramatization of commonplace life and the vindication of work as the rationale for our existence.

Camus rightly observes: "In art the more prosaic the reality chosen as one's subject matter, the more difficult it is to transfigure." And he feels that it is Antoine who emerges as the true protagonist of the novel, for he argues brilliantly that Jacques is a kind of Dostoevskian echo, "the terrorist" as foreshadowed in *The Possessed*, one of those men "who want to change life in order to change themselves," and who "leave life untouched . . . sterile and disturbing witnesses for everything in man that refuses and always will refuse to live." A telling point; and yet, even as one sees its truth for the novel and its truth for our time, one is inclined to ask: does not the entire momentum of twentieth-century history, which in turn becomes the momentum of Martin du Gard's novel, force a wrenching from private life to a life engulfed by historical consciousness? And does this not provide a justification of sorts for Jacques—the kind of danger-justification Berthold Brecht employed in his great poem, "To Posterity," where he asks later generations to understand why twentieth-century men had to become so brutal: "We changed our countries more often than our shoes"? I say, a danger-justification, because it could be used, as Brecht did, to rationalize the

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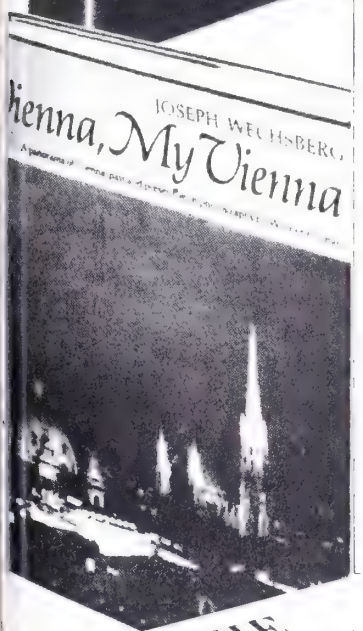
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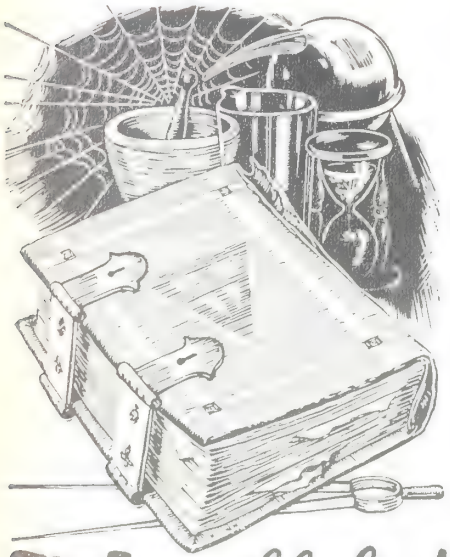
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ghastliness of totalitarian society; yet who, turning away in disgust from Brecht, could simply espouse the private life of an Antoine Thibault? In any case, that was the dilemma which Martin du Gard dramatized with a sympathetic detachment few modern writers have equaled.

III

Martin du Gard's stress upon the seemingly fixed differences in character between Jacques and Antoine Thibault is but one instance of the ruling psychology of the book. It is a pre-Freudian psychology, rationalistic and empirical, which assumes that character is marked by contained and knowable traits and that our conduct is explainable through categories of thought. We are inclined, at this moment in the twentieth century, to discount this of psychology: it does not make ficient allowance for the irrati it blots out the chaos of the un scious, it overestimates the cohere and accessibility of the psyche. No doubt. But an advance in knowle e, if that is what the various d h psychologies really constitute, is ot necessarily an advantage for lit a ture. Even as we recognize the t o retic limitations of Martin du Ga 's psychology, we must also ackn l edge its creative uses. Because e characters, *as a preliminary step,* n easily be assigned to familiar psy o logical categories. Martin du Gar is then free to draw upon a sup b repertoire of variation and nua e. Just as tradition, for the writer, n yield possibilities for freedom d innovation, so the relatively con n tional psychology of *The Thiba ts* makes possible novelty and surpr e.

I want to develop this point a li le further. If character consists i a given potential of traits, as a rat n alistic psychology tends to assu e, then we are going to see the gro h of a character as the realizatio or fulfillment of that potential. In e abstract this may seem very me n nistic; but in Martin du Ga 's novel itself, since we can never r l ly know what the full potentia y of a Jacques or Antoine may be, r gradual discovery of their charac 's comes, in fact, as a series of sr ll surprises. In the traditional no l, that is, *surprise comes from the st that the characters act according o their true natures,* which we know n general but never completely.

At first Antoine Thibault se s the essence of the normal. Then, d ing an emergency operation, e meets a vivid and mysterious won n named Rachel, and in the glow g romance that follows his life is tra s formed—but transformed thro h fulfillment, a release of the capaci s for sexual pleasure and love we h e already sensed him to possess. H e the writing becomes more inte e and lyrical, the tone of reali n gives way for a time to a tone f romanticism, as if the quickening life means a quickening of langua . Martin du Gard the novelist-hea r becomes Martin du Gard the no ist-romancer. And while his p chology may be rationalistic, t t does not keep him from recogniz

---

FLOWERS AT AN AIRPORT: 1968

by William Stafford

Part of the time sun, part of
the time shade, a limousine slides
the airport drive; the driver
gets out and stands by the curb: sun
When they look back at our day and
ask their charts, they'll say
there never was such a time.

This is the Governor's man, to
take the Governor home. *What picks*
us off is time: Martin Luther
King, soldiers on patrol, kids
protected at home, the young,
the old, Lurleen.

It is a quiet day. The time is
anyone's clock—seconds like
pomegranate seeds. The man
looks over the day. *Outside*
what anyone knows, grackles
make a sound that imitates reeds;
their wings hover this air
that spills across the field.

This is our time. We stand
inside a curve, inside long lines
that make a more secret curve.
We hear wind through the grass.
Shadows that live in these roses fall
through thorns and become
shares in what lasts and lasts.

powers of the sub- and irrational, thrust of desire, the autonomous ands of the body, the imperious- of ego.

artin du Gard offers almost no ription of the physical love-mak- of Antoine and Rachel, yet the es in which they come together among the most erotically stimu- ng I have ever read, infinitely e suggestive—to say nothing of antic!—than those contemporary els which chart a full course of ual calisthenics. Martin du Gard erstands, for he is a writer with normous sense of *experience*, that uality itself can rarely be made resting in a serious novel; what be made interesting is the force desire which leads to sexuality, complications of feeling that round it, the aftermath of loss ch is perhaps inevitable.

hrough his immersion in sensual sure, soon brought to an end by hel's departure, Antoine suffers grows. Later, dying from poison , he will think back: "It was a y adventure, but that sorry ad- ture is, despite all, the best that re is in my sorry life."

Equally impressive as a depiction that continuous physical life ch commands us even in the most ly structured of societies, is rtin du Gard's lengthy depiction the elder Thibault's deathbed nies. I think Martin du Gard st be the greatest master in fic- n of the death-struggle, realistic, ailed, yet never sensational in ef- t: the death struggle as it be- es a kind of impersonal *agon* ving character and social defini- n behind it. Toward the end of whole chronicle there will be an- er great death scene, the one in ich Antoine watches himself dy- with the detachment of a physi- n. Oscar Thibault struggles with mal-like ferocity against death, toine Thibault accepts it with t loss of energy which seems in- arable from the stoical imagina- n.

IV

o read *The Thibaults* is sooner or er to ask oneself, why and in ich ways is Martin du Gard in- ior as a novelist to Tolstoy? Even put the question is, of course, to

THE man below is André Malraux at age 34. He has spent his 32 years since then (and a number before) participating firsthand in some of the century's most significant events (the Chinese Revolution, Spanish Civil War and French Resistance), in the company of many of the world's most influential people (Mao Tse-tung, Ho Chi Minh, Nehru, Pablo Picasso, John F. Kennedy, Marc Chagall and Charles de Gaulle), and in creating great literature *(Man's Fate, The Royal Way* and *Voices of Silence).* André Malraux's ANTI-MEMOIRS, his personal record of these world shaping events, people and creative accomplishments, is "dazzling. . . . Malraux is the last aristocrat. . . . He looks at the world, high and low, with a mixture of hauteur and involvement unknown outside the pages of Saint-Simon or Chateaubriand."— *Kirkus Service* (Starred Review). "An utterly absorbing book of memories . . . by a remarkable man and writer. . . . A truly major work." — *Publishers' Weekly.*

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¼ cup flour
¼ teaspoon salt
4 eggs, separated
½ cup heavy cream
1 teaspoon grated lemon rind
½ cup Cointreau

Mix graham cracker crumbs, ½ cup sugar, and butter. Press evenly on bottom and sides of 9-inch spring form pan. Bake at 350 degrees 10 minutes. Cool.

Beat pot cheese and cream cheese until fluffy. Combine sugar, flour and salt; add to cheese, mixing until blended. Add egg yolks, one at a time, mix well after each. Stir in cream, lemon rind and Cointreau. Beat egg whites until stiff but not dry; fold into cheese mixture. Pour cheese mixture into cooled crumb-lined pan. Bake at 325 degrees 1 hour and 15 minutes. Turn off heat and leave in oven 1 hour with door closed. Cool at room temperature. Remove sides from pan and chill several hours. Makes 10 to 12 servings.

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pay Martin du Gard an enormous compliment.

The difference between the two writers is not merely, perhaps not even mainly, a difference in the magnitude of their talents. There are, to be sure, things that Tolstoy can do and Martin du Gard cannot: massive scenes of warfare in which whole groups of characters become the protagonists of the action, intervals of religious elevation in which a saintly figure finds himself in communion with the godhead, excursions into primitivist simplicity which serve Tolstoy as equivalents to his early-Christian faith. Camus develops this contrast beautifully:

> Martin du Gard shares with Tolstoy a liking for human beings, the art of depicting them in the mystery of their flesh, and a knowledge of forgiveness ... virtues outdated today. The world Tolstoy described nevertheless formed a whole, a single organism animated by the same faith; his characters meet in the supreme adventure of eternity. One by one, visibly or not, they all, at some point in their stories, end up on their knees.

Martin du Gard lacks the faith—and to go a step beyond Camus, he thereby lacks the *animation*—of Tolstoy's world. Composed in the twentieth century, his work, as Camus says, "is one of doubts, of disappointed and persevering reason, of ignorance acknowledged, and a wager that man has no other future than his own." *The Thibaults* represents a world in a twilight gray even if sometimes streaked with brilliant flare of color. As Jacques and Antoine move into the war, no one knows any longer why the world exists, what it means, or how it kills. And the result finally is not merely a difference in tone between Tolstoy and Martin du Gard, but a loss of creative energy, a great writer in the French writer but a diminished greatness.

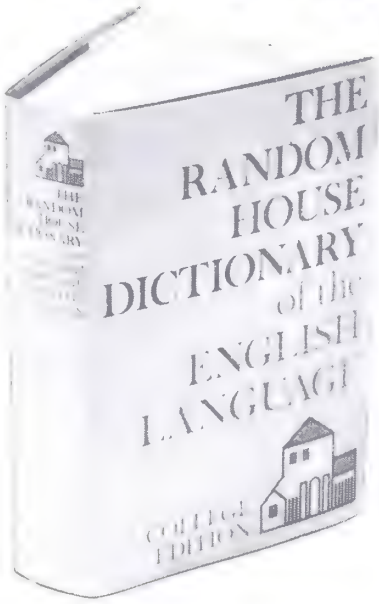


A further crucial difference be-
een the two writers: Where Tol-
oy integrated, indeed could not
en conceive as long separate, the
o main strands of his narrative,
at dealing with individual lives and
at dealing with historical events,
artin du Gard could not manage
s. The logic of his narrative leads
an abandonment of personal life,
en though in its early parts per-
nal life is treated as self-sufficient,
en sacred. One of his French crit-
. Pierre-Henri Simon, writes that
the early years of the twentieth
ntury Western man "lost the ex-
rience and the sense of history . . .
took, to reawaken him [to his-
y], the tocsin and the cannon of
gust 1914." This is certainly a de-
iption of a major theme in *The*
ibaults; but I think it must also
added that Martin du Gard is one
those writers for whom this "re-
akening" had the quality of night-
re: he believes in the absolute
ue of personal experience, and
vard the end of his life remarks in
etter: ". . . you are completely cor-
t in emphasizing how many of my
alities are due to my bourgeois ori-
s . . . All my life I have *struggled*
inst, and at the same time, *made*
peace with, these elements."
The shift to historical narrative
ich occurs in the later parts of
e *Thibaults* is one that its author,
e his characters, negotiates re-
tantly, under the blows of cir-
nstance; and when he comes to
war and the socialist movement
Summer 1914 his writing becomes
ttle uncertain and abstract. A life-
g pacifist and man of the Left,
rtin du Gard is still in his inner-
st being a private man, the his-
ian of individual fate rather than
individual who chronicles the
e of history.

V

The final word that can be said
ut this work," says Camus, "re-
ins the one that it has been diffi-
to use about a writer since the
th of Tolstoy: goodness . . . What
are concerned with here is a par-
larly lucid virtue, which absolves
good man because of his weak-
ses, the evil man because of his
erous impulses, and both of them
ether because of their passionate

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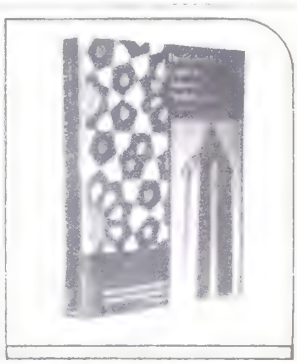


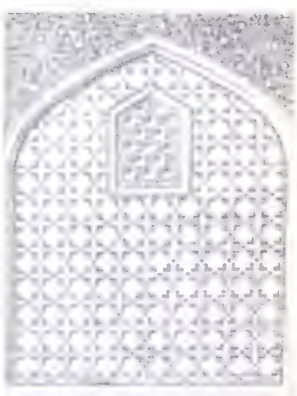
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membership in a human race that hopes and suffers."

Superbly said. But I should like to add to "goodness" one other word, "acceptance." Unavoidably the writers of this century have been driven to play the role of visionary or prophet. Much has thereby been gained for literature, but something also lost. The visionary or prophet tends to impose himself on his work, to twist and wrench his characters in behalf of his presuppositions, to stamp his personality on each phrase and word. Martin du Gard is another kind of novelist entirely. We do indeed gain from his work the sense of a man profoundly humane and stoical, at once passionate and withdrawn, though forever sympathetic to all those who risk themselves in the human enterprise. But we feel that this writer does not want to fix his imagined creatures into the mold of his own theories, he wants instead to give them a full range of freedom to live out their own destinies. He does not wish to tyrannize over his world, but rather to accept human life as it is, with all its faults and weaknesses. He understands Jacques and shares in his aspirations; but in the end it is Antoine's spirit which encloses the book.

Perhaps that is what leads Albert Camus, in the most remarkable passage of his remarkable essay, to place Martin du Gard in the line of Tolstoy "against" the line of Dostoevski and then to say, a bit more hopefully than we now could:

> There is a strong possibility, in fact, that the real ambition of our authors, after they have assimilated *The Possessed*, will be one day to write *War and Peace*. After tearing through wars and negations, they keep the hope, even if it's unadmitted, of rediscovering the secrets of a universal art that, through humility and mastery, will once again bring characters back to life in their flesh and with intensity.

This possibility does not seem "very strong" at the moment, but I find Camus' wish tremendously stirring. In the long run, I think, it is the only way. But all such speculations apart, there is cause for happiness that we now have again available one of the great novels of our time. I envy those who have not yet read it. [ ]



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Catherine Gauss Jackson

Fiction

rout, by Elizabeth Bowen.

a truism that when people's get too unhappy they retire antasy. But there's nothing ry about this story of a poor ich girl whose mother's death after she was born and her s homosexual involvement and e suicide left her in her teens o knowledge of what sort of she was. She, in traveling r international-banker father, en in and out of many schools, ith many different people. finally, after his death, her an (the man who had prob- used his suicide) settled her small English village in the old of the only teacher whom ever loved, the tortured girl on a career of escape which from Worcestershire to the h seacoast, to the American st, and to Paris. Her fictitious ave to be read to be believed. they happen they seem per- plausible, almost terrifyingly ble. The girl is quite beautiful, ith a kind of Garbo-like way king and moving and wearing othes. She is understandably with words and emotions. s altogether extraordinary: w blandly evil. It would be to tell more of the people she lved with, especially the men, disclose the final denouement. spense is woven into the plot intained to the final dramatic. melodramatic, paragraph.

story is written with Miss s constant wisdom and strong, yle. A few of her aphorisms ew random comments by char- set in a series, can, if not tell ole story, at least hint at it. an not so much look youth- lack age—as time goes by, htening deficiency." "When heartwhole, she's difficult to oppose."

"I suspect victims; they win in the long run. . . . Attachment to prey I imagine must have about it some sort of equivalent of tenderness." "Miss Trout, you leave few lives unscathed." "She has a passion for the fictitious for its own sake."

A powerful story lies behind these comments. And a powerful woman. I have a feeling Eva Trout may get into the language. By the author of *The Death of the Heart* and *The Heat of the Day.* Knopf, $5.95

The Public Image, by Muriel Spark.

Sometimes I think I'm not meant to read Miss Spark. Her style is too clever for me. So though I always find myself admiring her technique and wit (*Memento Mori, The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie*), I find I'm quite uninvolved with her characters. I never like them. They are so stylized as to seem caricatures of themselves, and reading this story of a successful English movie star and her public-relations-created image one feels oneself dealing with a caricature of a caricature though the experience is pleasantly and consistently diverting. This is the saga of the actress Annabel and her script-writing husband Frederick, and of how she, at least, comes to believe in the image which her producer's (Italian, of course) publicity woman builds up of their marriage. The dreadful climax takes place in Rome and if one believed even part of it one would be appalled, not to say shocked at what goes on. As it is one smiles at the satirical piling of amorality on immorality—and shrugs.

Mrs. Jackson's brief reviews are a standby in the book world. She was coeditor of "The Papers of Christian Gauss," and is on the board of directors of Freedom House.

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

In the end one is almost as relieved as our heroine at the possibility of dropping the whole thing. So perhaps there is some involvement after all.

Knopf, $4.50

Steps, by Jerzy Kosinski.

Steps, but to where? From where? Perhaps I have missed a cosmic or classic connection in this series of erotic incidents. Not that one needs a connection to keep one reading. The anecdotes—from barnyards to circuses to sanitariums to boudoirs—are violent sexual experiences told with shocking, unemotional vividness by the author of *The Painted Bird*. Their effectiveness as experience comes, I think, from the fact that the narrator is always present, either as voyeur or participant in every disparate episode (the same characters otherwise never reappear), and writes as if from the moment itself, quietly. But what the steps mean, or where they lead, I do not know.

Random, $4.95

The Crying Game, by John Braine.

I liked *Room at the Top* so much that I am always tempted by a John Braine novel. But though in this one the sense of narrative carries on, any real emotional content seems to me to have been replaced by facility and a cast of characters as unpleasant as can be imagined. The two central characters here are two cousins a journalist and a public-relations man who grew up Catholics together in small Yorkshire towns. They are now living wine-women-and-ersatz-arty lives in bachelor quarters in modern London and the lack of morality in their personal lives and in their jobs (though their Catholic beliefs continue a matter for discussion and routine practice) is not so much shocking as boring. The inevitable denouement (foreseen by the reader long before the astigmatic, soft-hearted, soft-headed hero catches on) is the last wretched sordidness in a long series.

The writing seems to have been done so fast—which helps with pace, of course—and with so little editing that a paucity of ideas and metaphors hits the reader hard in a glut of repetitions. Cigarette smoke puts the narrator "in mind more of incense than tobacco"—pp. 10 and 78.

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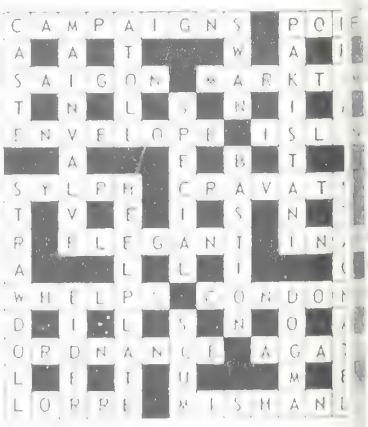
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Solution to

Harper's

Puzzle No. 3

(October issue, page 1[illegible])



Acrostician—

WESTMORE[illegible]

BOOKS IN BRIEF

oesn't matter, sexually, how well wash "because women aren't r-fastidious" or "are less fastidi- than they're supposed to be"—10 and 109. Whoever displeases , you "wouldn't touch with a ge pole"—pp. 35 and 105, as ters. I got tired of listing this . After a party you compliment iend: "You seemed to be getting famously with so-and-so" (always xy morsel)—pp. 70 and 81. Etc. he author indicates a conversion the part of his hero at the end, one must believe, I suppose, in possibility of redemption. But combined crudity and sentimen- ty of feeling and expression has then gone so far as to make it n impossible, or anyhow irrele- t.

Houghton Mifflin, $5.95

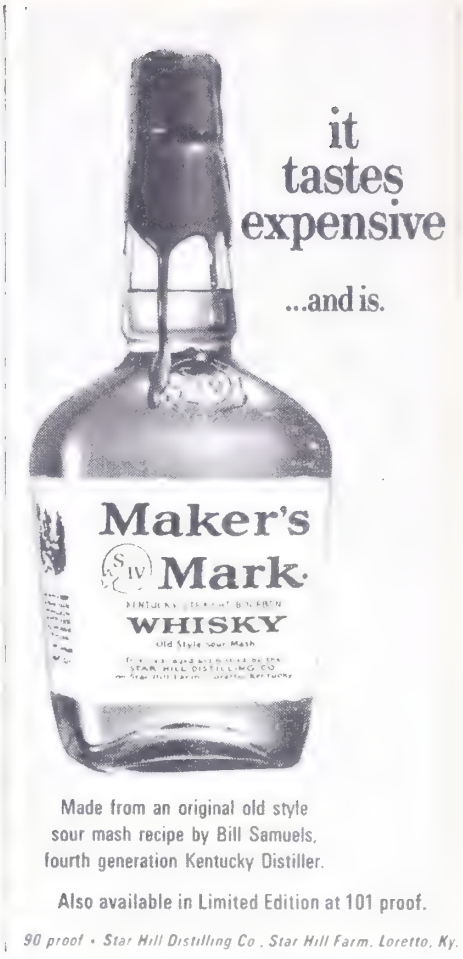
Nonfiction

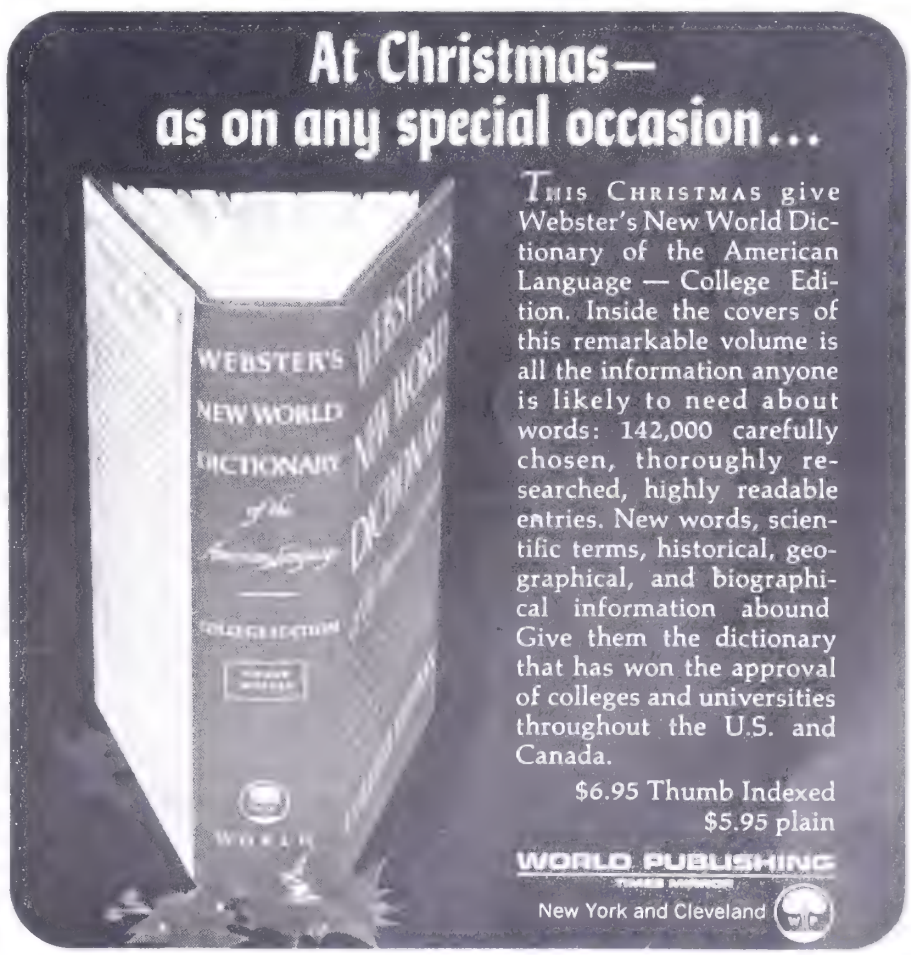
ais and the Ruskins, by Mary yens. (With reproductions of y contemporary drawings and tings relevant to the text.) hen this book appeared in Lon- last year at the time of the ais exhibit at the Royal Acad- the reviewer in *The Times Lit- y Supplement* wrote:

> Ruskin, it must be allowed, is so agnificent a subject for the biogra- her that it seems legitimate to con- ider him simply as a human being nd, when the interest in his sexual isadventures produces works such s Miss Lutyens's . . . it would be hurlish to complain, for this is not nly an entertaining but also a most erious and valuable contribution to ur knowledge of three eminent Vic- orians.

is most certainly all of that. s Lutyens, in her footnotes and rpolations, has done the fairest sible job of presenting the points iew of each person in the strange notorious triangular affair. Her wledge in this field is prodigious e is also the editor of *Young . Ruskin* (Effie's Venetian let-)—but she wears her scholarship tly and, though strictly impar- as she must be as editor, it is n to be seen how humanly she is olved in the motivations and pre- ments of her characters. More- , it is obvious that she has vis- many of the places important to







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the story and her keen observation and imagination add a great deal to the narrative as in her descriptions of Brig o' Turk and Glen Finglas in the Highlands where Effie, Ruskin, and Millais spent those momentous four months in 1853 while Millais was painting Ruskin's portrait and Millais and Effie were falling in love. What a weird and somehow tragic tale it is; how articulate—even on paper—were all the participants. How lucky they are to have so careful and generous-minded an interpreter. Vanguard, $8.50

My Dearest Augusta, by Peter Gunn. Here, in a previous generation, but in much the same sort of society (John Murray, for instance, son of Byron's publisher, was a good friend of the Ruskins and appears in the book reviewed above) is the story of an even more notorious and tragic relationship—that of Byron and his remarkable half-sister, Augusta Leigh, "who was the poet's great love and a most compelling force in his life." The story is again largely told through correspondence and even as one becomes steeped in the passions and strivings and confusions of these remarkable people—Augusta, Byron, and Byron's wife, Annabella—one marvels how, committing as much of their lives to paper as they did, they managed to live and work at all. But how fortunate it is, however sordid the [illegible] that we have such a record for [illegible] it tells not only of human frail[illegible]—even villainy—but of strength [illegible] generosity of spirit under st[illegible] (Augusta was an astonishing w[illegible] an)—and for giving such a [illegible] and vivid portrait of an entire [illegible] This does not pretend to be a [illegible] ary discussion of Byron or his w[illegible] The Australian-born and Cambr[illegible] (England)-educated author was [illegible] terested in the human tragedy [illegible] presents it memorably.

Atheneum, $[illegible]

Of particular interest to long-[illegible] *Harper's* readers will be **Partne[illegible] Banking. An Historical Portrai[illegible] a Great Private Bank, Br[illegible] Brothers Harriman & Co. 1[illegible] 1968,** by John A. Kouwenhoven, o[illegible] many years an editor of this m[illegible] zine. (Doubleday, $14.95.) Those [illegible] miliar with the author's w[illegible] (*Made in America: The Arts [illegible] Modern Civilization; The Colu[illegible] Historical Portrait of New Y[illegible]* etc.) and with his interest in [illegible] graphic arts will not be surpri[illegible] to learn that it is a handsome [illegible] as well as a very readable one, [illegible] the author has also assembled [illegible] illustrations, some from his own [illegible] lection, many in color. The unu[illegible] contract between author, publis[illegible] and bank, under which the book [illegible] written, is a story in itself.

Snapshots built the base

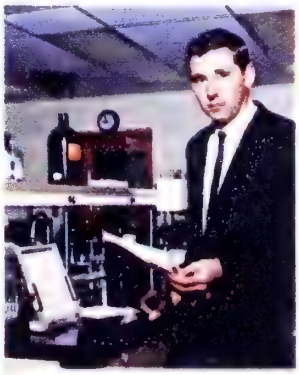
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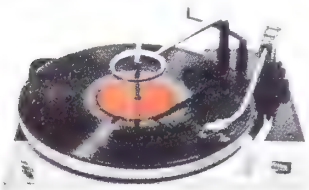
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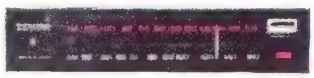


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Music in the Round *by Discus*

BRAVE NEW WORLDS

Electronic music has captured the imagination of young listeners, and now a new wave of composers is wooing the public.

Electronic music, as commonly practiced by the Big Boys—composers such as Berio, Babbitt, Boulez, Maderna, and the others—is an extraordinarily dispassionate and disembodied medium. It is a scientific kind of music in which the various elements are carefully calculated and then put together in an inhumanly perfect assembly where microseconds can be measured. It is the most important of the new musical manifestations of the postatomic age, and it has had a huge influence. Electronic music can be heard on films, in television commercials, in the records of the most fashionable rock groups. It is very much a part of today's musical thinking.

As heard in the concert hall, electronic music is a weird experience. There are no live performers. The stage has loudspeakers on it, and loudspeakers are also spread around the hall. As often as not, the tape changing and monitoring is done from backstage. The effect is spooky. It also may be that the medium will necessitate a new definition of music. Many of the sounds are of indeterminate pitch and rhythm. Static-like noises whoosh from speaker to speaker. In addition, there is a strong suggestion of serial thinking in electronic music, and that is not strange, considering that many serial composers have jumped into the field. They try to organize electronic music according to the tenets of Saints Arnold, Anton, Pierre, and Milton.

The trouble has been that a good deal of electronic music has been dull. Its actual range of sounds, which in theory can be infinite, has never been exploited. Instead, too many composers work according to preconceived notions about the medium and what it should be. One result has been a kind of deadly conformity. The first few minutes at any concert of electronic music are fascinating—O brave new world—but as the same kind of sound and technique keeps reasserting itself, acute depression can set into the mind of the listener. Is this all the apparatus can supply? The same old sounds? Is there any contact with life? With reality?

Much the same feeling can be obtained listening to recordings of electronic music. A new label named Limelight, which is an offshoot of Mercury records, which is an offshoot of Philips in Holland, has come out with a series of discs devoted to electronic music. (Everybody these days releases discs of electronic music. It has captured the imagination of young listeners.) In most of the Limelight releases, there is an appalling uniformity. For one thing, the contents are largely devoted to the electronic music of the old masters, who grew up in much the same school, whether in the studios of Cologne, Milan, or New York. Theirs was the experimental, abstract, serial-dominated school of electronic music. Thus they produced music that not only had a family relationship. It was positively incestuous.

A Mixed-media Sound

But in recent years there has been a bit of a revolution against the serial stranglehold, and one of the discs (Limelight 86050) gives an idea of what the new wave are doing. The disc has the title **Song of the Second Moon,** and is the product of Tom Dissvelt and Kid Boltan. This kind of electronic music is in strong contrast to the older, and it is representative of a new kind of thinking. The idea is to escape abstraction and the science-fiction sound. Stirred together with electronic sounds are actual melodies, harmonies, even a feeling of tonality. It is a mixed-media kind of music in which conventional instruments are allied to an electronic background. Jazz plays a very strong part in this disc. Dissvelt has set out to write a piece of frank entertainment. Using certain techniques of the electronic movement—manipulation of pure sound into structured layers—he has joined them with jazz melodies. The result

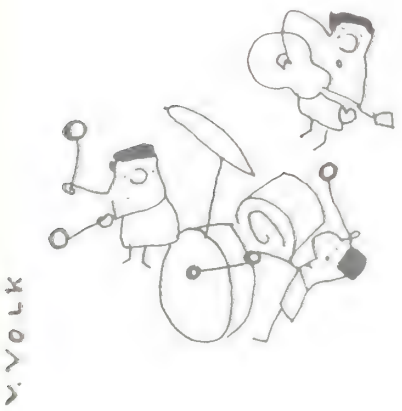


"Isn't that strange, Louis . . . you seem to be up to your ears in something you can't even see."

Esquire's Magazine, November 1968

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Harper's



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MUSIC IN THE ROUND

is lively, humorous, sophisticated.

Which is good in more ways than one. The older electronic composers were off in their ivory tower (a tower, to be sure, full of sawtooth generators, oscilloscopes, and oscillators, fully wired for sound), putting together a kind of music that meant very little to the public at large. But the new wave of electronic composers are looking for a public, are actually wooing the public. The Dissvelt-Boltan *Song of the Second Moon* may have a short life, and nobody is going to pretend it is the Ninth Symphony of the electronic movement, but at least it does have a contact with humanity that so much of the previous stuff has lacked.

Electronic music is the latest manifestation of a movement that started with Arnold Schoenberg shortly after the turn of the century. The movement at first involved the destruction of tonality. Then it went into the organization of music with twelve tones, no one tone more important than any other. From there it led into the highly organized, brief music of a Webern, and then into the totally organized music of Boulez and Babbitt. The four **String Quartets** of Schoenberg, which cover his entire career, are representative of the shift in style from post-Wagnerian romanticism to dodecaphonism. The Kohon String Quartet has recorded three of the four works, and the Ramor Quartet has done No. 2. All have been put into one album (Vox 590, 3 LPs), and it is the only integral recording, though the performances of the Juilliard Quartet can be obtained on four separate, and more expensive, discs.

The first Schoenberg quartet dates from 1905. It is in one long movement and is intensely chromatic. The idiom is very much like that of the popular *Verklärte Nacht:* rich, sensuous, febrile. No. 2, of 1907-08, also has a postromantic feeling, though the harmonies begin to grow more dissonant. The third movement uses a soprano (Maria Theresia Escribano, in this recording), as great a tradition-shattering move as the chorale finale of Beethoven's Ninth had been almost a hundred years previously. Then, for many years, Schoenberg did not compose string quartets. He turned again to the medium with his Quartet No. 3 in 1927. At this period he had already worked out his twelve-tone system, and this quartet is dodecaphonic. In its day it was the most advanced, most revolutionary quartet ever written. It had very few performances, and it remained for a later age to discover it. Today, however, we can listen to the Third Quartet of Schoenberg with a proper historical perspective and it is amazing how much of a romantic feeling we find in it.

Schoenberg, after all, was born in a romantic period and he never could escape entirely the Wagnerisms and Mahlerisms in his blood. Through the twelve-tone writing of the Third Quartet comes a high order of German romantic thinking. There also is something of Brahms in the textures. Brahms played a larger part in Schoenberg's music than is generally recognized. With the Quartet No. 4 of 1936 there is a high degree of dissonance, and in many respects this is the most problematic of the four Schoenberg quartets. But there also are pronounced patches of tonality, interestingly enough (just as there are moments of tonality in Bartók's Sixth Quartet), and the music sounds nowhere near as forbidding as it used to sound. Charles Ives once referred to the process as "ear stretching." The more one hears new, unusual, difficult music, he said, the more the ear will accommodate; and, of course, he was right.

It may be that the four Schoenberg quartets are masterpieces. Certainly they have had a strong influence on succeeding music. And yet they never have been part of the repertory, unlike the Bartók quartets. Can it be that the age is still not ready for them? Or can it be that this type of German musical expressionism is by its very language and message a kind of art that will attract only a relatively small audience? Surprisingly little of Schoenberg's music, after all, is in the repertory: a strange fate for the music of a man universally conceded to have been the greatest single influence on music in the period after World War II. But, come to think of it, very little of the music of his followers has entered the repertory. The fault of the public? Or of the music?

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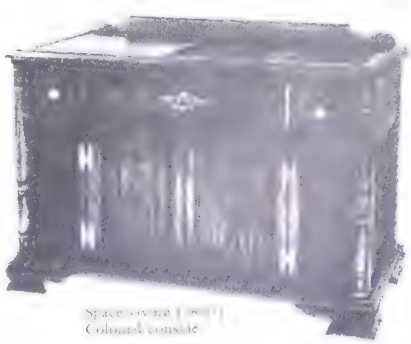


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FILMS:

Star! Finian's Rainbow Hot Millions

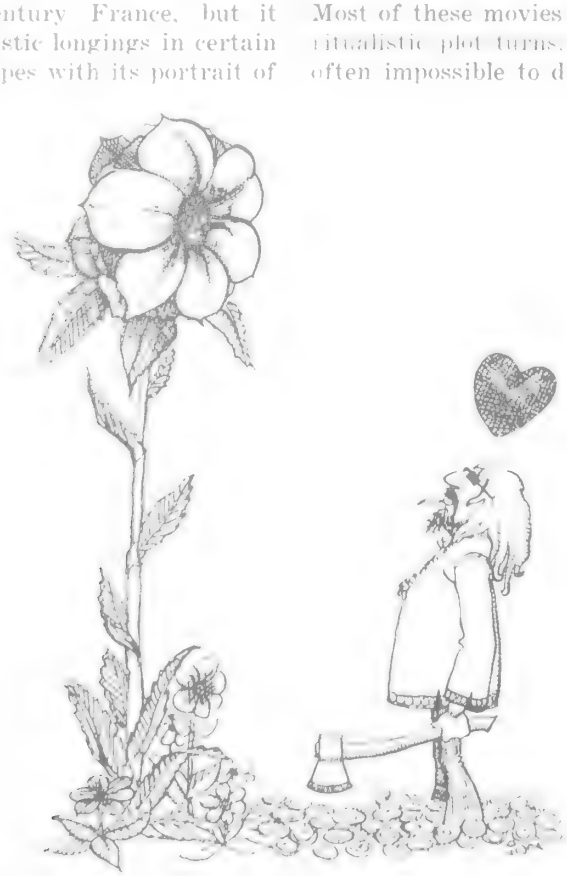
For years, Hollywood made millions of dollars at the box office out of biographical movies based on the "lives" of public figures, living and dead. Most of them were meticulously produced in terms of period details—Juárez, Marie Antoinette, Richelieu, Alvin York, Dr. Ehrlich, Louis Pasteur—and almost all of them shared a kind of lumbering but beneficent quality which romanticized their subjects while making sure that the audience got the message, moral, social, or political, and sometimes all three at once. *The Life of Emile Zola* may not have taught anybody very much about turn-of-the-century France, but it did stir idealistic longings in certain susceptible types with its portrait of a testy writer, complete with goatee and pince-nez, standing up in front of an entire nation and shouting "*J'accuse*" in the face of injustice.

As the supply of popular heroes began to run dry (baseball players came late in the cycle, and with their arrival the returns at the box office slackened), Hollywood turned to musical figures for material. Lillian Russell, George M. Cohan, Ruth Etting, Florenz Ziegfeld, Enrico Caruso, Cole Porter, George Gershwin, Nora Bayes, Glenn Miller, Al Jolson, all had a turn. (So, as a matter of fact, did Frédéric Chopin, Franz Liszt, and Robert Schumann.) Most of these movies shared various ritualistic plot turns, so that it was often impossible to distinguish, say, the problems of George Gershw's struggle for success from Chopi's; one of them, it was certain, ha a girl friend who wore pants d smoked cigars.

In any case, life for th artists, once they became adu s, was one convenient production nu ber after another, which was o y at the box office, for that was h w many people wanted to see e in those days. But the films w e also all right, if you were a te ager, because their message was t t everything is attainable if you h e talent and marry the right wom n. These films reached their apogee n the 'forties. Then the style die a quite natural death in the face f greater public sophistication and t e release of the fast, witty Comd -Green musicals, in which every e spoke in wisecracks and made fun f themselves.

Nevertheless, despite history, a film called *Star!* has just been re leased which deals with the "li " of the late Gertrude Lawrence. Ju e Andrews plays Miss Lawrence. T e picture is set mainly in the 'twent s and 'thirties, while idiomatically t is wholly a product of the 'fort s. *Star* comes at least twenty years o late and even when it is good it s nowhere near as good as the best f its kind, which was probably *Yan e Doodle Dandy*.

An old-fashioned kind of Ho -wood whimsy is at work here: no - ing in *Star!*, it seems, has been c - ated. It has all been manufactur out of whole sloth, by the produc , Saul Chaplin, and the director, R - ert Wise, who have simply strol l over to Hollywood's immense f - tasy bin—in which slivers of our t - tional psyche lie buried—and ca -



plucked dozens of the gaudiest
nés from the dust and packaged
n as a technicolor extravaganza.
y spent millions of dollars to do
and they will get many millions
e in return, for part of the
msy is that the audience can be
ited on not to care.

o we get: the drunken Limey
oa and the rejected mamma and
young, ambitious daughter out
now the world that she is lovable.
then we get: the lovable, young
ghter competing with her col-
ues onstage, each of whom is
er a slattern or a virago, and
ning the contest through sheer
e of talent and ruthlessness, here
onstrated by an eagerness to
m—literally—her friends in the
us. What follows is: a first mar-
e to a sweet stagehand whose
ld is too small for his wife and
finally loses the audience's sym-
y by coming home drunk while
orating the 1918 Armistice,
eby excusing his wife's extraor-
ry temper tantrum and flight
n marriage. After that: the star
a 'twenties revue, named Billie
eton, gets sick one night and
s Lawrence goes on in her place;
could say, modestly, that she is
nsation. Meanwhile: Sir Anthony
icer pursues her soporifically but
bright lights of Broadway
on. Then: Miss Lawrence takes
York by storm and rich, feck-
Charles Fraser, the source of
se millions is never identified,
Ben Mitchell, rich stockbroker,
at her feet; so, a little later,
Richard Aldrich, rich banker.
ally: Noel Coward, who has been
ng as Miss Lawrence's guru ever
e the movie started, sets her life
order—and helps to rescue her
a bankruptcy—with an epigram
wo and she settles for Mr. Right
ne goes on to the biggest success
er career in *Lady in the Dark.*
have omitted certain details. For
example: somehow the feeling is
eyed in *Star!* that Noel Coward
e every song that Gertrude Law-

---

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or of "Show" and contributor to
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agazine," and other publications.
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and music for "Harper's," he is
magazine's managing editor.*



rence ever sang and that the straight plays in which she appeared—other than Mr. Coward's—sprang directly from her own head, made up on the spot during rehearsal. The name of George Gershwin is never spoken aloud. Neither are the names of Cole Porter, Kurt Weill, Ira Gershwin, Moss Hart, Rachel Crothers, Samson Raphaelson, each of whom had a certain bearing on Miss Lawrence's career. For that matter, Beatrice Lillie, who was also a hit in that 'twenties revue that first brought Miss Lawrence to America, has simply been omitted from *Star!* as either a human being or performer; for all the picture has to say, she never lived; nor did Osgood Perkins, a suave and urbane comedic foil for Gertrude Lawrence, or Danny Kaye, who made a sensation of his own in *Lady in the Dark*.

As for that show, its climax was a ballad-parody called "Jenny." In the film it is performed by Julie Andrews on an immense stage, on which dozens of circus performers go through their routines. Acrobats bounce Miss Andrews into the air. A rope swings her through a flaming hoop. She changes costume onstage and even tries a swing or two on the high-flying trapeze, singing all the time. The fact of the matter is that in reality Gertrude Lawrence did "Jenny" in front of a closed curtain, alone, costumed in a street dress; and it was, that way, probably her best moment in the theater.

While *Star!* betrays everything in its course, it betrays no one more than its own star, Julie Andrews. Miss Andrews is a sweet Christmas tree decoration. She is pretty, she has a tidy, well-trained voice, and she is, indubitably, girl-guide British. Miss Lawrence, on the other hand, was not pretty and she sang in an inimitable, wobbly manner. Moreover, her quality was sensual and often febrile; she pouted and fell easily into calculated poses onstage; if she had not had so much intelligent humor, her work might easily have degenerated into mannerism. Julie Andrews imposes everything on a role from the outside, so that you can see her thinking her way into it; Miss Lawrence worked another way entirely, through an instinct which made every move a surprise. Miss Andrews comes close to the real Lawrence in a number called "Parisian Pierrot," in which for a couple of minutes she moves in the unique, sinuous Lawrence way. But everything works against her, not least Michael Kidd's choreography—epitomized here by a ridiculous reproduction of "Limehouse Blues"—whose style was set in the late 'forties and has never changed.

Of the several gentlemen who apparently ran most of Gertrude Lawrence's life, only Daniel Massey as Noel Coward suggests either personality or character; he is so dry in the role that it seems he might turn to dust if you touched him. The rest go for nothing. (There are no other women to speak of, or no pretty women, except a daughter who as a young teen-ager is made up to look older in *Star!* than her mother.) For the record, the script was written by William Fairchild. It includes the line "Miss Lawrence is very interested in social problems" to help the narrative get through the Depression.

Just As Sweet

Finian's Rainbow was one of the sweetest musical comedies ever to reach Broadway when it was produced back in 1947, and in its film version it remains just as sweet. But its problem, too, is that the idiom is the idiom of the 'forties, when we wanted to be told that all things were possible, once the war was over, and mankind was on the march to an ever-better world. The show really hooked many of the young people of the day, who have carried its memory around like a talisman for two decades. What musical had ever concerned itself with the problems of social justice, racial harmony, and even redistribution of the wealth? And where had we ever heard such witty lyrics—all by E. Y. Harburg—which had substance and style to spare? Besides, it was all so good-natured, so kindly and loving, even at its most satirical.

And so is the movie, which looks as though it has been rehearsed for, say, two months, then photographed in a week's time. Everything is stamped 1947, songs, lyrics, and book; the many dancing and singing extras, all neatly integrated, are ready to burst into song or action at the slightest cue. The curious thing is that at the very least Burton Lane's score might have stood some rhythmic updating; it is certainly supple enough.

The film's only real charm comes from the extraordinary professionalism—with one exception—of the performances. Fred Astaire is a perfect Finian, like neatly laced Irish coffee. Petula Clark plays his daughter: sturdy, attractive, and direct. Ian Francks plays the labor organizer (labor organizer!) with enormous confidence and a big, open voice. And so it goes, with Keenan Wynn and Al Freeman Jr. contributing a vaudeville bit about a Southern Senator trying to get a glass of Alka-Seltzer from a new black servant who just can't seem to master the old shufflin' along style of serving. They bring down the house, but the bit, like the film itself, goes on far too long. Only Tommy Steele, as the Leprechaun, is wrong. Every time he appeared, I ground my teeth: all that London music-hall excessiveness, the eye-rolling, mugging, face-shouting, the love-me-or-I'll-die hamtack. Any moment, I expected him to land in the audience's lap.

A Booby-trapped Wo

A new movie called *Hot Milli* sometimes creaks like a well-oi staircase but it offers Peter Usti in what is possibly the most co performance of the year.* Mr. U nov plays an embezzler out to blind an American corporation the prowl for European conglom ates. He is hung-up, however, by longing for culture and really wa to be a conductor of serious mus his favorite composers, he tells modestly, are "Bizzet" and "Gn men who could write operas like *C men* and *Faust*. If he can just st enough money in one haul, he will freed for the good life. This y quickly come to understand, he serves more than most, and c tainly more than either Karl Mal or Bob Newhart, who play the gent

*Possibly," only because Walter M that gives the other most comic perfo ance of the year in *The Odd Couple*, which he makes Neil Simon's gags so like diamond-like aphorisms.

at the helm of the American cor-
ation which Mr. Ustinov joins as
seudo-computer-expert.
at, a bit seedy, more than a little
ıchy, Ustinov walks through a
oy-trapped world with a sure eye
the enemy and an infallible sense
hat is best in life. Among these
gs are not institutions (created
e bilked), corporate executives
act like the heads of Roman
ons (created to be fooled), and
ıvinism. When Karl Malden
ts of his plans to take over Great
ain, Ustinov chuckles deprecat-
y at him. "Don't you think," he
, "that you should wait until
is solvent?"
t another moment, Ustinov finds
self in his secretary's apartment
iting a dinner that is fated never
e cooked. Culture overcomes hun-
and he heads, like a lemming for
sea, for the shabby upright piano
sits in a corner of the bed-sit-
-room. He begins to play an early
teenth-century melody, one of
e tunes whose endless rise and
build a small puddle of emotion
very music-lover's breast. For
nov, the emotion is nearly un-
able; as the melody swells, he
s to mooning over the keyboard.
lenly the sound of a flute playing
armony with the piano comes
behind him. It is his secretary.
second, he is transformed by
sy. Beatific vibrations of happi-
come from the screen as the
zation floods him that this sec-
y of his is a music-lover and
her they may have a lifetime
eautiful music-making ahead.
ic Till directed this wonderfully
y movie. Ira Wallach shared the
nplay with Mr. Ustinov, whose
is everywhere. Even the music
itty; when Mr. Ustinov walks
a Parisian garret—the false
for a corporation that will
ve stolen funds for him—tacky
es of Puccini's *La Bohème* are
d. Maggie Smith plays the sec-
y. While she is really too intel-
t-looking for the role, she makes
proposal scene something pre-
touching, and hilarious as she
to talk Ustinov into marriage,
e gently waving a pair of scis-
in the air. Ustinov's expression
ne face of those scissors is a
y in the hidden fears of West-
man.



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Harper's PUZZLE

Acrostickler® No. 4

by Henry Allen

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(Solution to Harper's Puzzle No. 4 will appear in the December issue. For solution to last month's Puzzle No. 3, consult Table of Contents.)

A

108 6 64 58 92 210 214 54 202 80

12 204 224 102 46 160 Person of a particularly careless type (6-7,3).

B

34 168 178 126 94 192 A virulent poison (variant).

C

32 116 134 50 142 118 200 182 18

90 220 Not a bold individual (8,3).

D

164 152 60 22 76 44 211 110 104

88 74 150 Perhaps a reference to the shooting ability of a South African native (9,3).

E

20 158 124 68 206 174 186 216 146

208 38 48 Of a healing quality (6,6).

F

42 24 140 86 62 72 170 96 188 156

122 14 2 166 78 26 10 130 180

70 172 82 28 An iron horse pull along the Father of Waters (11,8,4).

G

176 66 15 40 196 84 138 190 "Suffering is permanent, obscure and dark,/ And shares the nature of____." Wordsworth, "The Borderers."

H

162 194 100 Nut (Latin).

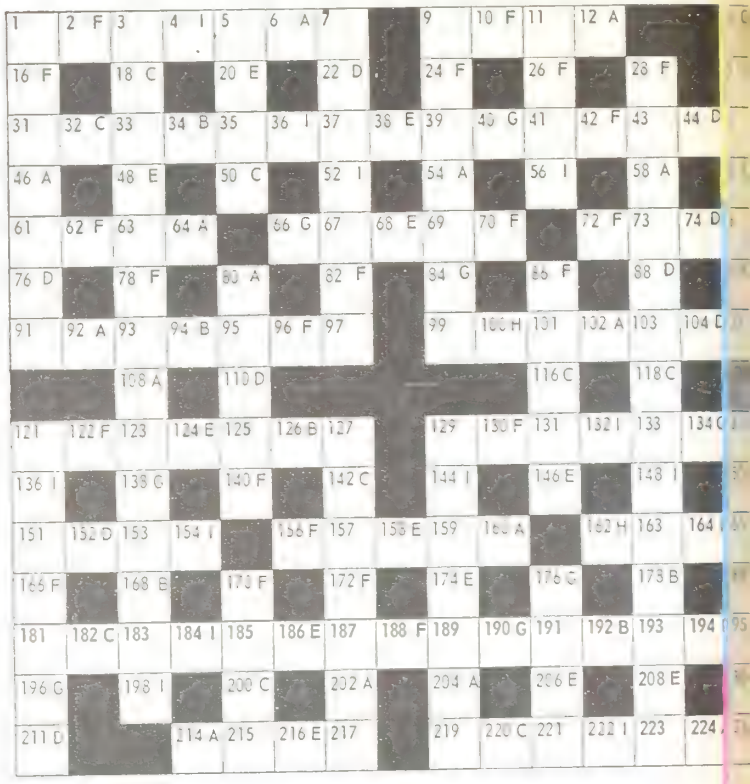
I

198 30 148 136 154 184 52 144 222

4 56 36 132 The sort of a king cobra or sacred baboon (9,4).

DIRECTIONS

(1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on w
(2) When an answer consists of two or more words, numbe parentheses following the clue indicate each word's length.
(3) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the responding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
(4) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person Acrostician.



ACROSS

1. Puts bales about a doublet in such scraps.
9. Distress often conceals such a life.
31. Legislative performance put on in Britain? It's the law! (3,2,10).
61. World War II marshal in a pickle!
66. With 121 across, bailiwick of the Acrostician.
72. Eye problem of last year, perhaps.
91. A city? Lead Red to it.
99. Forces out with sex mixed about a civil wrong.
121. See 66 across.
129. Caution when you mix this fuel with a car.
151. A master or pound or penny.
156. The sea robber will babble when I leave.
162. Okinawa port in China hassle.
181. Let no prig squash yet another such Samson type (1,6,8).
214. Pass the watering places.
219. Gives those who tear, perhaps.

DOWN

1. Marked and inbred.
3. TV program that can't wrong! (2,4,3,5).
5. The elevator may flit from H to there.
7. Part of the rigging amiss a warning not to enter? (4,3).
9. Let the skit lie; a cravat bind softly (4,3).
11. A term for one of 1 acr but it may wear.
15. A rapid half-score when it plumps up.
28. Privateer document or epi from a Gospeller, I hear (6,2
80. Solons may be stupid birds!
86. Begin with pitch in a sa
121. With a vat lain over it may very brave.
127. Broken rims about the age be seen but not felt.
129. The cat may be dear to French and the one who ceives.
135. Those ahead as elder or
170. If you are in this opus, w stirred, it's a predicament.
176. He may be this when rec ing (2,2).

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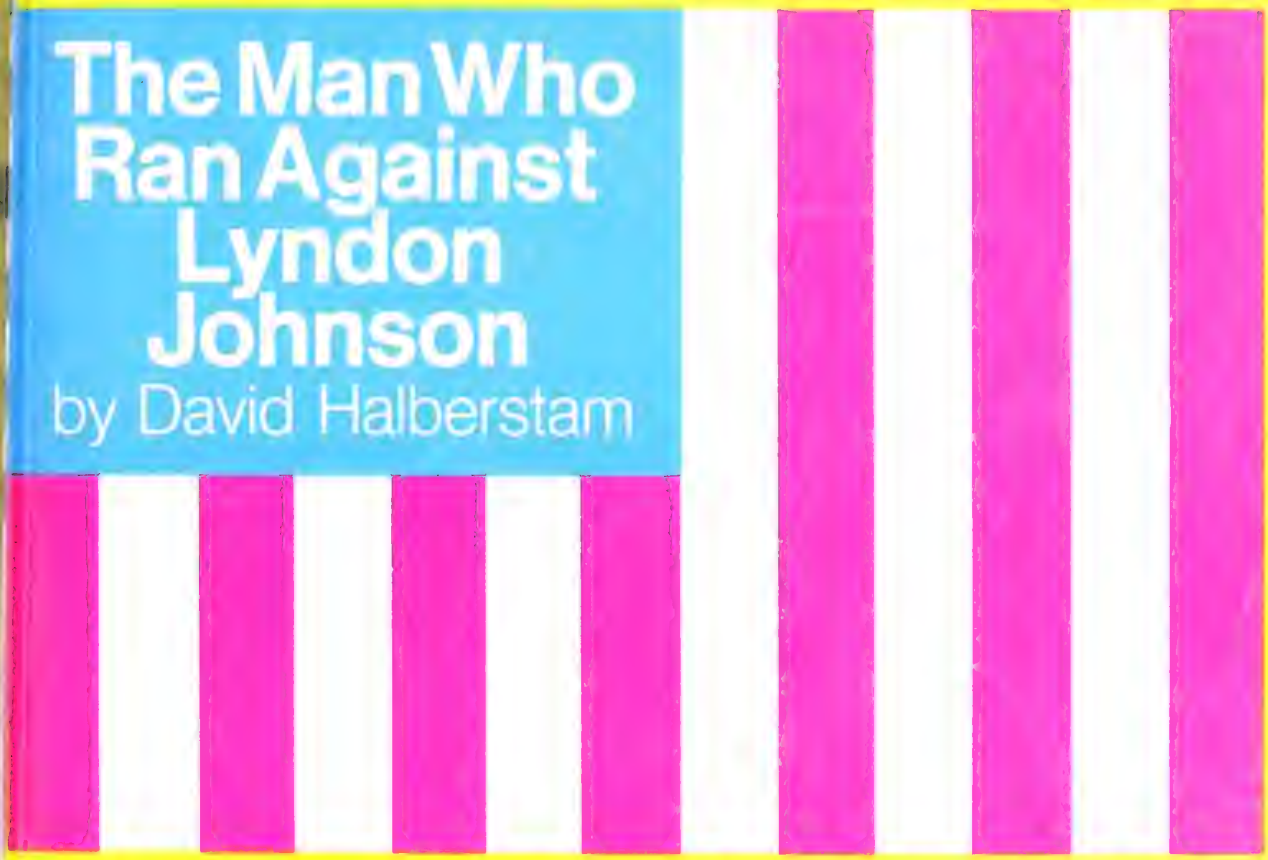
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by David Halberstam



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by Peter F. Drucker

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Dior discovers the wrist.

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concentrating on everything from the bosom
to the knees, the wrist somehow got overloo d

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"From my point of view, that's pretty unusual. You've got to use somebody else's phone system before you realize how lucky you Yanks are."

Our nationwide network has some other things going for it too, Mr. Moss. In most countries, they use a phone just to get their voice from one place to another. Over the American telephone network, people talk, machines talk, pictures go back and forth. Anything goes—instantly—anytime, anywhere.

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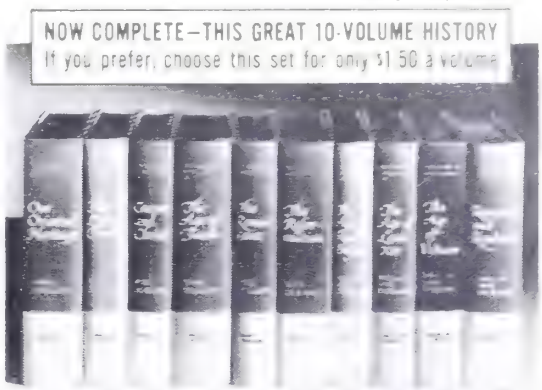
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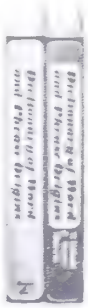
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Letters

Bemused in Buffalo

It is very true that in the city of Buffalo we have some foggy days. Mrs. Barbara Probst Solomon ["Life in the Yellow Submarine: Buffalo's SUNY," October] seems to have been unusually affected, and now it is too late for anyone to help her to clarity. But perhaps she will appreciate mention of a small number of the more conspicuous misapprehensions which she reveals in her article.

(1) Mrs. Solomon was not invited to visit this English Department "on what amounts to one of those writer-in-residence sort of things." We do not have writers-in-residence. If we did, I doubt that we should have Barbara Probst Solomon residing in a regular faculty which includes, among others, Professors John Barth, Robert Creeley, Leslie Fiedler, and John Logan.

(2) We admit that there was error in thinking that Mrs. Solomon is an expert on cinema. She may recall, however, that she suggested to us that she was extraordinarily competent in the subject and that she offered to us what seemed to be documenting evidence. Therefore she was asked to aid us for a year in our instruction in cinema.

(3) Apparently Mrs. Solomon, wanting to be a schoolmistress, was misled by the variety of intellectual activity in this lively university. She believes that not many professors in Buffalo really care about teaching. That is not true, but I think I know why Mrs. Solomon would think that it is true. Bemused as she was, she herself did not exercise the primitive responsibilities of meeting one's classes regularly, reading students' papers, and so forth. Others did her work—of course because they are concerned about education.

I may add that it seemed to us at the termination of Mrs. Solomon's visiting appointment that her obvious energies and intelligence wanted a field for endeavor other than that of the university.

MARCUS KLEIN
Chairman, Dep't. of English
State U. of New York
Buffalo, N.Y.

In her article on SUNY B[uffalo] Solomon attributed to me the [remark] with respect to the English [Depart]ment here, "Klein's basement [is] mind." It is very likely that [I] that phrase (without the *veh* [ment] though, I'm sure; my store [of] dish is limited and even my [own] father, were he to tear himself [away] from the *Daily Forward* to [read] *Harper's*, would be surprised [and] pleased with the ethnic bag [on] me), but what I meant doubtless [re]ferred to the very real activity [in] this department—its pluralism [and] mocracy, and almost total disregard for cumbersome formalities. B[arbara] has a good metaphor going [in the] article, but after being a student [at] Amherst, Columbia, Michigan [and] teaching at Boston University, Michigan, Eastern Michigan University and Albion College, I'd sooner [go] to the Delaware Park Zoo in [Buffalo] after a day in our highly creative, sometimes manic, English [Depart]ment than go to the Charlesick [Ward] cleansed after a typical day in [a] cal English department. We've [had] large piece of the action here—[that] what I meant.

HOWARD [K]
Dep't. of E[nglish]
State U. of New [York]
Buffalo

CORRECTION:

Mrs. Solomon was Associate [Pro]fessor of English at SUNY. That was given incorrectly in the [bio]graphical note.—*The Editors*

New Orleans L[etter]

My attention has been called [to an] article in the September issue titled "New Orleans Mon Amour" written by one Walker Percy. While I will not attempt to detail many outright untruths, I do call your attention to one paragraph which concerns me, for obvious reasons: "What makes New Orleans interesting is not its celebrated [Creole] folk, who are all gone anyway. [It is] the unquaint folk who followed them. The Creoles now are indistinguishable from the Americans except in name. There is very little difference between Congressman Hébert

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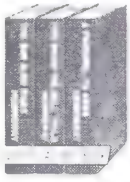
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Senator Claghorn of the old Fred Allen program. Every time McNamara closed down a base, say, an Army-mule installation in Hébert's district, the act would go on: 'This strikes, I say, this strikes a body blow to the morale of the Armed Forces!' "

I do not take issue with anyone forming an opinion of me, be it good or bad. That is every man's right. But I do object strenuously to opinions based not upon facts but upon distortions . . . As an example, not a single military establishment in my district was closed down by Defense Secretary McNamara. As a matter of fact, I prevented a consolidation of the 8th Naval District with the 4th and 11th Naval Districts. In this particular instance, I think it was the only reversal of any decision by Secretary McNamara, out of some 600 decisions, more or less.

Never did I utter the quote attributed to me in connection with the closing down of an Armed Forces installation at any place at any time. If this is the type of information that is being passed out by this writer, then I would suggest a closer scrutiny of his future contributions. At the moment, my opinion of him, based upon what I have just read and since I have never read anything else that he has written, is that he is a smart aleck, bigoted racist. . . .

REP. F. EDWARD HEBERT
Washington, D.C.

THE AUTHOR COMMENTS:

The quotation, as the text indicates, was offered as typical of Congressman Hébert's response to Secretary McNamara and the Department of Defense. An example is to be found in the New Orleans *Times-Picayune* of November 17, 1967, Section IV, page 1.

A similar Claghorn quotation: on April 4, 1961, the Department of Defense announced the closure of the Algiers Naval Station in the interests of consolidation and economy. Hébert replied that hundreds of people would lose their jobs and that "leaving the Gulf Coast without a Naval District Headquarters . . . could prove perilous" (*Times-Picayune*, April 20, 1961). He prevailed. New Orleans was defended—and enriched by federal money.

Hébert's harassment of McNamara is well-known. Hébert had every right to quarrel with Secretary McNamara. But what I was calling to attention to was the unfortunate C... horn trait of Congressmen like Hébert who oppose federal interference and federal waste and call for economy but who yell bloody murder when the axe falls at home.

Congressman Hébert calls me a smart aleck, bigoted racist." I confess only to being a smart aleck. The charge of being a bigoted racist puzzles me, since the gist of the article was that the races get along better in New Orleans than in most places and that New Orleans might even show the way to the rest of the country. There is no question, however, that when it comes to racism, Congressman Hébert knows whereof he speaks. The first time I ever heard of him was years ago when he attacked Archbishop Rummel of New Orleans for admitting Negro children to white parochial schools. The latest remark I saw ascribed to Hébert was his response to the assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King, as quoted in the *Times-Picayune* of April 8, 1968: "King preached violence under the guise of nonviolence. And when you play with fire you get burned."

WALKER PER...
Covington, M...

Presidential Priorities

I enjoyed John Fischer's "Open Letter to the Next President" ["Easy Chair," September]. . . .

I thought his subject a most excellent one and I enjoyed the analogy with Emperor Diocletian. I question, though, whether Mr. Fischer followed his own advice in listing priorities. Isn't a reorganization of the legislative branch of our government with particular reference to age limits, seniority problems, and committee structure and procedure and rules a must before any effective domestic program can be passed?

SEN. JOSEPH D. TYDING...
Washington, D.C.

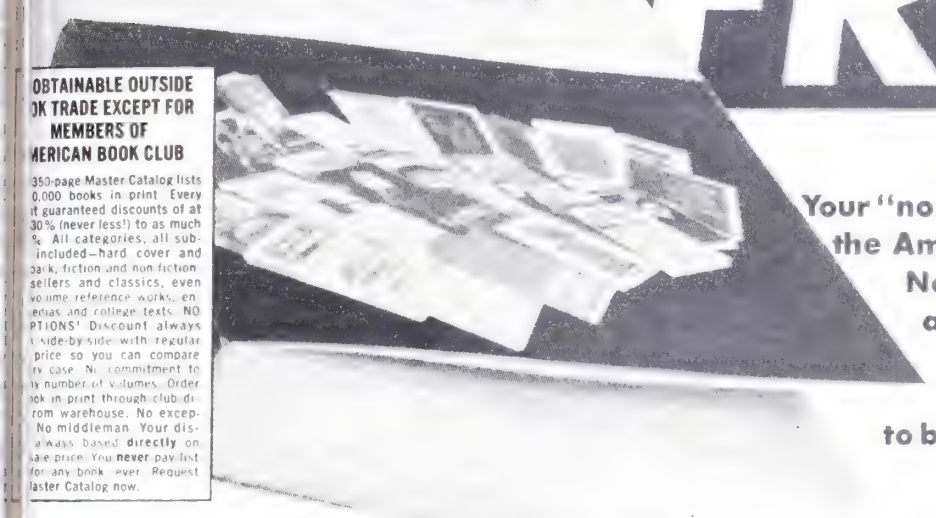
Fiction in Black and Whi...

May I submit, in response to Irving Howe's declaration of "the scarcity of serious fiction by Negro writers" ["Books—James Baldwin: A Ease in Apocalypse," September

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the names of Jean Toomer, Arna Bontemps, Chester Himes, Langston Hughes, Aesop, William Demby, Frank Yerby, Charles Chestnutt, Paul Dunbar, Jessie Fauset, and Walter White? Some of the persons listed have been more outstanding as poets, playwrights, or nonfiction writers—but the fiction is there. . . .

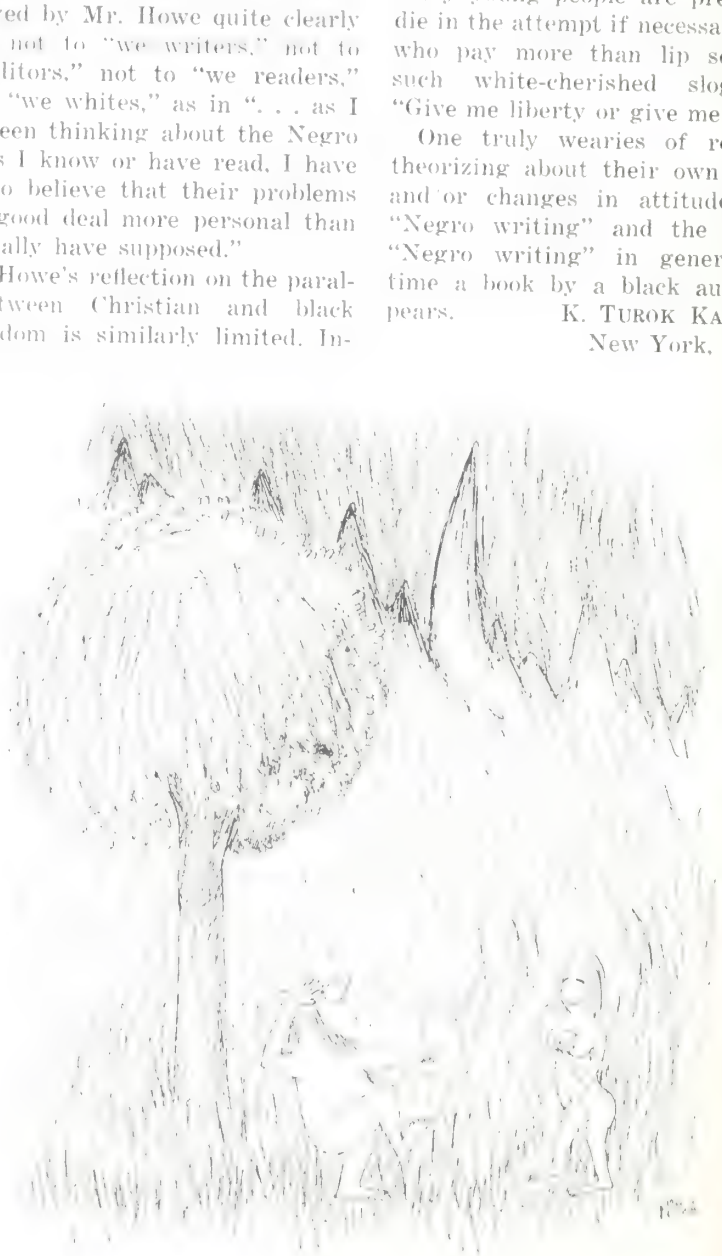
Mr. Howe's position is indeed enviable—that of being wise enough to generalize about the "whole problem of Negro writing in America" from this latest and, perhaps, worst work by James Baldwin. Need one enumerate the "bombs" written by established greats of white American authorship—received without arousal of hysteria? . . .

Throughout the review, the "we" employed by Mr. Howe quite clearly refers not to "we writers," not to "we editors," not to "we readers," but to "we whites," as in ". . . as I have been thinking about the Negro writers I know or have read, I have come to believe that their problems are a good deal more personal than we usually have supposed."

Mr. Howe's reflection on the parallel between Christian and black martyrdom is similarly limited. Increasing numbers of *we* citizens, c- culating the gap between the amo t of time needed for black pov r (equal opportunity, if you pref realization through institutional b- ies, and the amount of time ma are willing to wait for this reali- tion, recognize that something has give. It may take political, edu- tional, economic, and psychologi l miracles, or physical clashes. Na- rally, if such clashes occur, we u- derstand that we are outnumber and see the possibility of eliminati through violence (although we tr the remaining elders would be co fined peacefully in camps similar those afforded the Japanese duri World War II). In the face of th many young people are prepared die in the attempt if necessary—ma who pay more than lip service such white-cherished slogans "Give me liberty or give me death."

One truly wearies of reviewer theorizing about their own attitu and/or changes in attitudes abo "Negro writing" and the state "Negro writing" in general, eac time a book by a black author a pears.

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New York, N.Y. [



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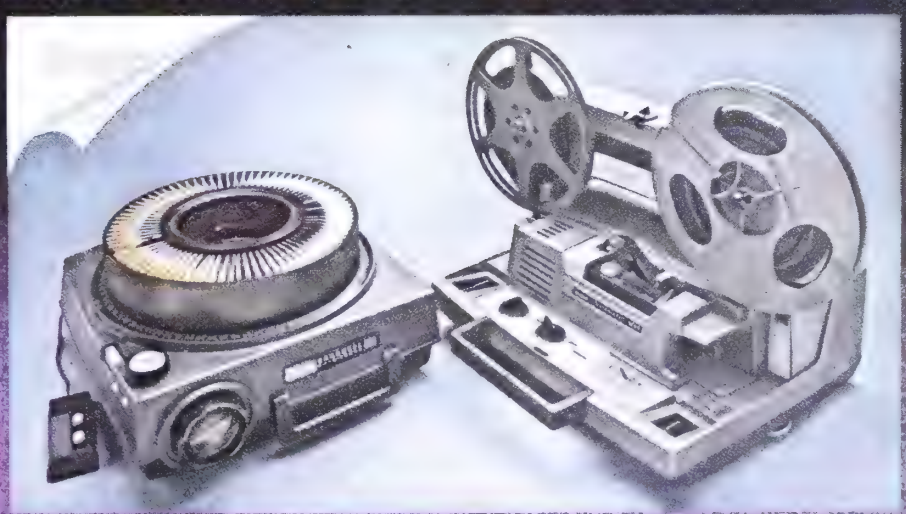
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ne Easy Chair *by John Fischer*



HRISTMAS LIST

use symbolic acts, from the ing of draft cards to the wear- f psychedelic body paint, have ne high fashion, it seems appro- e to celebrate this season by nting a symbolic bowl of 98- wassail to the following char- s for acts which have enlivened ast year:

To Commander Philip White of British Navy (Ah, Sweet Mys- of Life Section) for his ex- ing discovery that the children ep-sea divers are almost certain rn out to be girls.

noted that a team of twelve s, stationed at Malta with their , all produced babies during tour of duty—and that eleven em were daughters. The one moreover, was conceived while ather was temporarily relieved dersea work. White then began llect similar data from other stations, and found that about r cent of the offspring begot- y divers are girls. So far he o explanation; but his next presumably, will be to find out er astronauts produce mostly Or, maybe, whether hippies eligiously shun water are likely come son-prone.

For their symbolic contribution stronomy, a greeting to the ts of the University of Colo- t Boulder. They christened the room in their student union lfred E. Packer Grill, in honor only American ever convicted nibalism.

ile prospecting for gold in the do mountains in 1883, Mr. r and his five companions got t in a blizzard. Before the cleared next spring, he man- aged to kill and eat all five of his fellow prospectors. He was tried and convicted before a Democratic judge, who sentenced him with a speech which quickly became part of the Western legend. According to the Authorized Apocryphal Version, which I first heard when I was about eight years old, the judge said, "Stand up, Alfred E. Packer, and hear your sentence. There were only seven Democrats in Hinsdale County, and you Alfred E. Packer, you greedy son of a bitch, have devoured five of them. You have eaten up the majority of our glorious party, and I sentence you to hang by the neck until you are dead, dead."

In their resolution naming the grill, the Colorado students noted that it "has consistently striven to attain the high standards exemplified by the life of Mr. Packer."

3. To American students in general, for their decorum and docility.

If you got your impressions from a casual scanning of TV and the press, you may have concluded that student riots and rebellions were busting out all over. Not so. The National Student Association, largest and most representative of the undergraduate organizations, made a survey which turned up the fact that between January and June of this year demonstrations of any consequence had occurred on only 101 campuses. That means that fewer than 5 per cent of the nation's colleges and universities were involved in such disturbances; and in only ten cases were there reports of "considerable violence." Moreover, only 2.6 per cent of the students enrolled at these institutions took part in the demonstrations. The remaining 97.4 per cent, as usual, quietly got on with their studies, beer-drinking, and pursuit of girls.

4. To an undocile academic, Fred Rodell, sometime Harper's *author and for twenty-five years Professor of Law at Yale.*

Mr. Rodell, who does not shun controversy, has been making rueful noises around the Yale campus for a long time because he has never been given an endowed chair. Most other senior faculty members, he points out, have received such an honor, with its accompanying title: Kent Professor of Law, Ross Granville Harrison Professor of Experimental Zoology, Nostradamus Professor of Occult Sciences, or whatever. The incumbent of a named chair usually gets no extra money—but the academic who doesn't have one feels a little naked, like a politician who has never been made a Kentucky Colonel. To call attention to his ungarnished status, Mr. Rodell often refers to himself as the Anonymous Professor of Law, or sometimes the New Haven Gadfly.

Joe Capasso, proprietor of a campus barbershop, recently decided that he ought to remedy Yale's oversight. He designated his No. 1 chair, right next to the door, as The Fred Rodell Chair of Law and Limericks and presented it to the professor in a brief but touching ceremony. Fred feels much better now.

5. So do I, since Congress has designated my favorite childhood playground as a National Monument. Though I must admit that Congress was not thinking of me, but about the oldest and most long-lived industrial site on the North American continent.



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Put yourself in his place.

Somebody comes in and asks you for Crown Royal, the finest Canadian whisky in the world. You turn and face the backbar. There it is. In a bottle that's shaped like a King's crown.

You pick it up. The thought goes through your mind that until a few years ago Crown Royal wasn't even available in the States. People had to go to Canada to get it.

Now that it's here, you know it goes for a tidy little sum. You also know it's worth it.

You take the cap off. You start to pour. You want to do everything right. You're a little nervous.

Then it happens. The glass runneth over.

THE EASY CHAIR

An uncle of mine, an old cc
named Joe L. Williams, used t
a ranch near the Canadian Riv
the Texas Panhandle. (He w
friend and rival of the McM
clan of cowmen, celebrated by L
McMurtry in the September iss
Harper's.) Most of the land a
there is as dry and flat as a ball
floor, but through this ranch
les a stream known to Joe an
rest of the family as Big Blue C
At one point it has carved a s
twisting arroyo flanked by
bluffs; and there my cousins a
used to go to pick wild plums,
in the quicksand pools, and hun
arrowheads. We seldom found a
fect specimen, but broken point
flint chips were strewn all thr
the gulch, and flint nodules as
as a man's head often washed
from the banks above.

A few years ago archaeolo
identified this spot as the Ali
Quarry—one of the few places i
Great Plains where flint crop
near the surface of the earth. T
findings indicate that it was di
ered at least twelve thousand y
ago by the Sandia people, ear
known inhabitants of the South
Their style in the making of ar
heads, lance points, axes, and s
ers can be readily spotted by ex
who have examined the sp
pieces which the Sandia flint-c
pers threw away. Later Stone
tribes continued to operate a
foundry here well into the ninete
century. The last workmen prob
were bands of Comanches who w
spend their winters flaking ston
side Big Blue Creek, and in
spring would carry their produc
trading expeditions to other tri
samples of their work have
found as far as three hundred m
away.

A wistful greeting, then, to
National Park Service which has
latedly put a fence around the
bates site to protect it from ignor
plunderers like me.

Incidentally, Joe Williams
many old cowmen—never learne
distinguish clearly between an
tomobile and a horse. He remai
convinced that his Chrysler, if p
erly trained, would do anything
he might expect of a good cow p
One winter day when he was d
ing around the ranch which ha



The shamefully luxurious stereo.

There are certain things in this world that are just not for ordinary people. Shamefully luxurious things. Uncommonly pleasant things. Like the Ampex 985A Music Center.

For people who want the luxury of fine cabinetry and know that true high fidelity stereo can be achieved only in a component system.

Stereo FM, FM/AM receiver and built-in stereo tape recorder so you can record your favorite music right off the air. Or listen to your music, on tape, with the magnificence and clarity of sound you'd expect only at the concert hall.

Designed and precision manufactured in the U.S.A. by Ampex Corporation, the name found in virtually every professional recording studio.

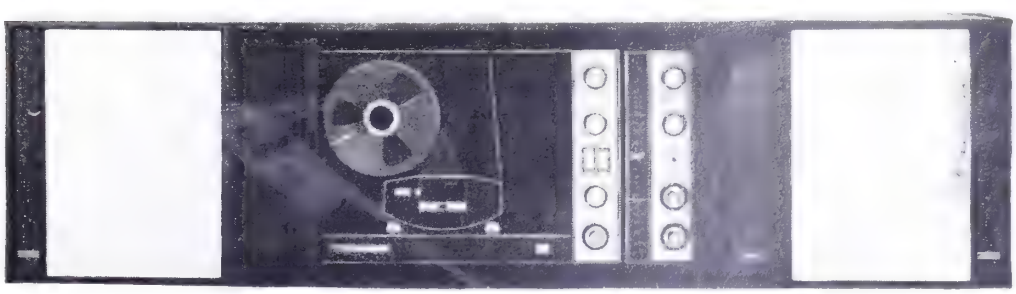
Extraordinary features include automatic, instant tape threading; automatic tape reverse; sensitive pause control; unique fine tuning scale; two omnidirectional dynamic microphones; exquisite oiled walnut cabinet with sliding, hidden tambour doors; acoustically matched oiled walnut speakers.

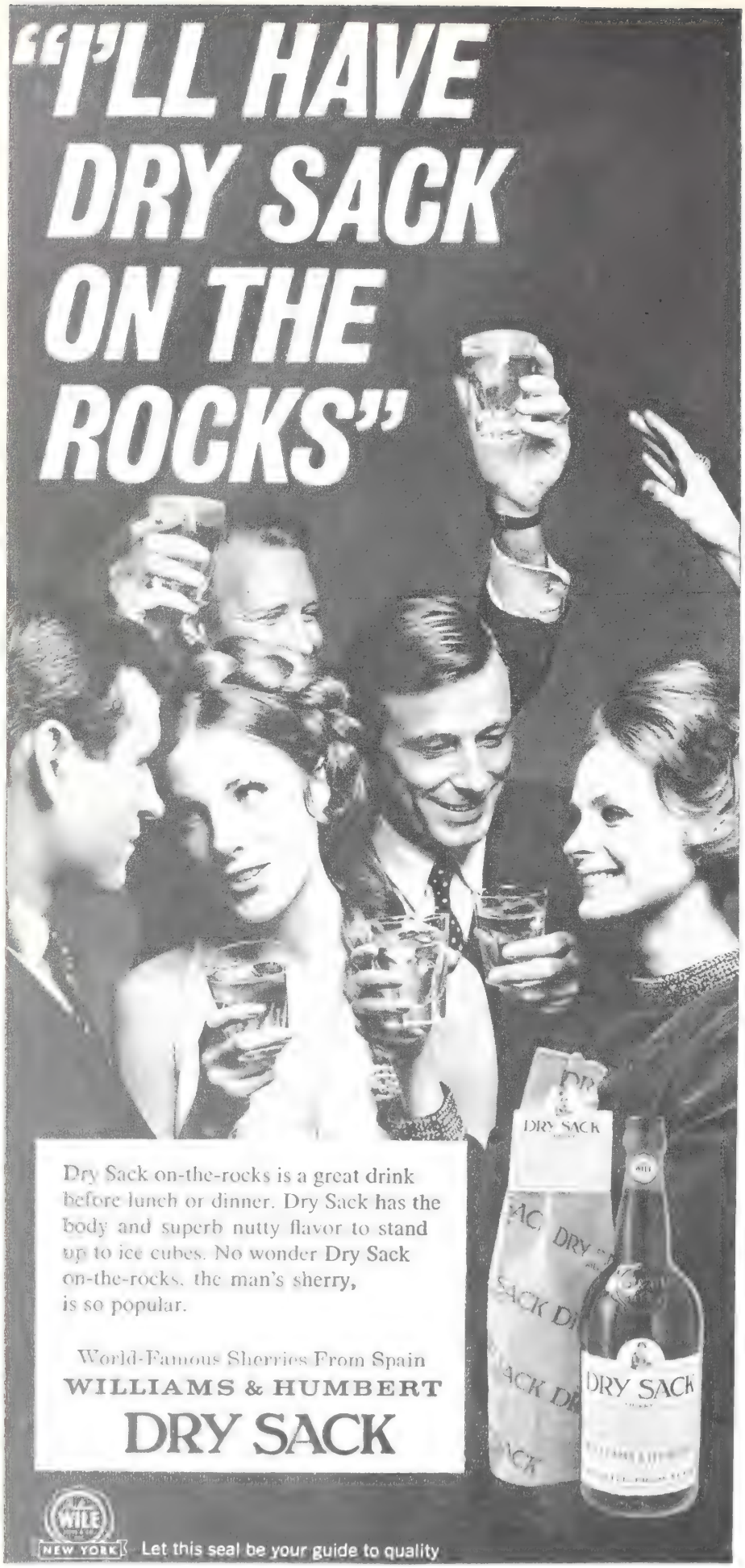
All for a mere six hundred dollars.*

Shamefully luxurious? Others may think so, but you'll know better.

For particulars, write Ampex Corp., Dept. 540, 205 W. Touhy Ave., Park Ridge, Ill. 60068

AMPEX





THE EASY CHAIR

roads—he found Big Blue Cre flood, so that all the customary were impassable. He drove upst till he found a place where the on his side was about ten higher than the bank on the site shore; backed off far enou get a good running start; and at sixty miles an hour jumpe car over the torrent. The landi the other side blew out two and broke a spring, but Joe a contended that his car would m good jumper with enough practic

6. To Robert H. McKenzie Catherine D. Buck, for bringi new dimension of civilization t Texas Panhandle.

Aside from the Alibates flints High Plains never produced mu the way of handicrafts above level of branding irons and co boots. But now, thanks to the Kenzie-Buck partnership, it ha first artists' colony: a thriving on the lip of the Palo Duro ca about twenty miles south of rillo. Known as Colony Catheri provides living quarters, works mutual inspiration, and a retail let for a fertile group of pain ceramists, metal workers, s tors, and textile designers. Alth their buildings include a conv barn and a steel grain-storage remodeled into a two-story h most of the structures are mad rough concrete sprayed over m mesh frames. Their free- shapes, designed by J. Covert son, are so placed that they b most invisibly into the landscap welcome example of architect tact, since the Palo Duro is on the few spectacularly lovely site Texas.

The craftsmen's first custo were mostly local, but Colony C erine products are now b snapped up by interior decorator over the country. Some of them unique—for instance, fabrics pri with a silk-screen process of Mc zie's own devising, and three-di sional acoustic tile developed Alfred E. Roberts, a retired S tish-Canadian building contractor

7. For a different contributio our environment, a grateful rem brance to Dr. Wayne F. Eschelbe and Dr. Mark W. Tenney of N Dame University. They have dis ered a way to combat pollution



Finally.

ow you can do what you never did
re in a Volkswagen:
othing.
p. We've gone and put a fully auto-
c transmission in a Volkswagen.
fact, we put it in two Volkswagens (as
ption). The Fastback. And Squareback.
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without having to shift for yourself.

Just put the lever in 3. (What everyone else calls DRIVE.) And drive. Like you would any regular car.

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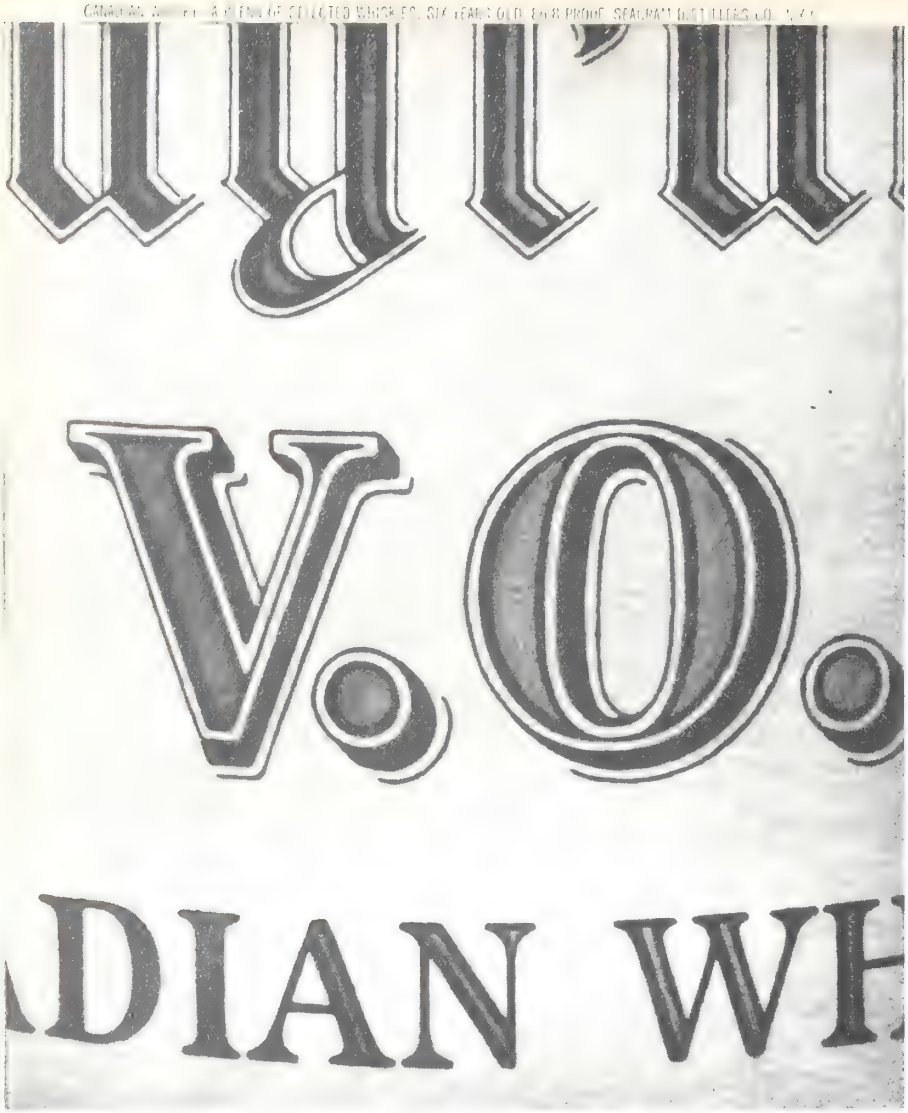
Because you'll need gas less often. One gallon takes you not 10 miles. Or 15.

But 25 miles.

So now you can do what you always did before in a Volkswagen:

Save money. Automatically.





A popular American expression meaning the Smooth Canadian.



Seagram's V.O.
Canadian.
Known by the company it keeps.

both air and water at a sin stroke.

One of the most dangerous pollutants is fly ash, which pours of incinerators and industrial smo stacks at the rate of about thi million tons a year. The yellowi gray haze which you have to through, on most days, to reach New York airports is largely co posed of this floating garbage. Ab five tons of it fall on Manhat alone every day. It can be captu in the stacks by electric precip tors and other devices; but si they are expensive, and since the covered ash has been worthless, dustries have been reluctant to stall them.

The Notre Dame engineers h now found that the ash has a tentially valuable use as a wa purifier. When sprinkled on the s face of a polluted lake, the hig absorbent ash strains out up to per cent of the filth as it settles the bottom. It also releases lime, a on the bottom it forms a barrier tween the dirty mud and the wat The engineers don't yet kn whether such treatment mi bother fish; but if it turns out to harmless, it may offer smoky ind tries a profit motive to keep their ash out of the air.

8. To another teacher of engine ing, Dr. Samuel F. Hulbert of Cle son University, South Carolina, a still more ingenious scheme to h clean up the mess we live in. He developing a self-destroying bot that, when broken, will turn soft a melt away.

The trouble with our present "d posable" bottles is that they rea aren't. They have to be disposed somehow—and since each Americ uses an average of 135 glass co tainers a year, the disposal probl is becoming literally mountainou Some place has to be found to dur about eighty million bottles and ja every day; and, as nearly eve municipality has discovered, th chore is both expensive and u sightly.

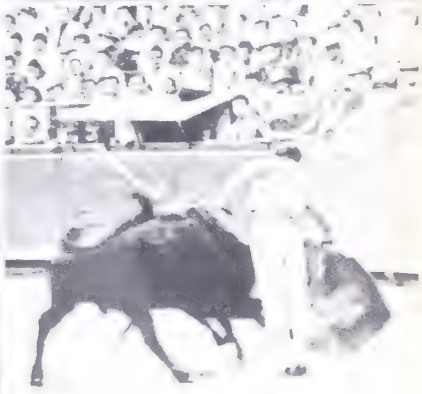
Dr. Hulbert believes that he c create a new kind of glass which w begin to hydrolyze as soon as it broken—that is, to react with t moisture in the air so that it b comes flexible and eventually tur into a puddle of water. (His wor











How do you like your Europe?

With a sea breeze? There's a fresh one off the Costa Brava ery morning.

With snow-covered peaks? You'll be surrounded when you i the Alps.

Want it accompanied by Mozart? Verdi? Go to the opera in k different metropolitan cities.

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THE EASY CHAIR

like that of the Notre Dame sc
tists, is being financed with a g
ernment grant: a fact worth noth
by those radical students who
so vociferously opposed to the fi
eral financing of university resear
and equally critical of the quality
American life.)

The French, by the way, har
such matters better, and more si
ply. The very thought of throw
away a bottle grates on their thri
souls. Consequently French w
sellers charge a whopping depo
on every one, with the result t
nearly all of them promptly co
back to the shop. Thus they s
money on trash disposal—and I h
never seen an empty bottle lying
a French roadside.

" *To Warden John T. Deegan*
Sing Sing, ten ten citing his pri
into a pioneer educational insti
tion.

This year he graduated his fi
class of computer programmers,
a ceremony attended by wives a
relatives of the inmates, and by S
ator Jacob K. Javits and Catho
Archbishop Terence J. Cooke. Twe
convicts were certified as passing
seven-month course conducted by t
Electronic Computer Programmi
Institute; tw of them have been
leased on parole to take jobs o

Solution to

Harper's

Puzzle No. 1

(November issue, page 172)

B	A	T	T	L	E	S	■	S	O	F	T	■	■	F
R	■	O	■	I	■	T	■	I	■	R	■	L	■	A
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D	I	L	L	■	N	O	R	T	H	■	S	T	Y	E
E	■	L	■	L	■	U	■	I	■	S	■	E	■	N
D	E	T	R	O	I	T	■	E	X	T	O	R	T	S
■	■	H	■	O	■	■	■	■	■	A	■	O	■	■
V	I	E	T	N	A	M	■	C	A	R	E	F	U	L
A	■	T	■	S	■	I	■	A	■	T	■	M	■	E
L	O	R	D	■	P	R	A	T	E	■	N	A	H	A
I	■	U	■	S	■	A	■	C	■	I	■	R	■	D
A	S	T	R	O	N	G	P	H	Y	S	I	Q	U	E
N	■	H	■	U	■	E	■	E	■	I	■	U	■	R
T	■	■	S	P	A	S	■	R	E	N	D	E	R	S

Acrostician—

HO CHI MINH

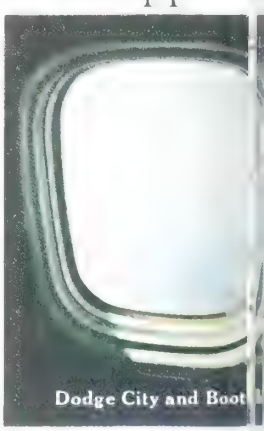

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City
State
Zip

Most American
30,000 fee


Gettysburg Battlefield

The Grand Canyon at dawn...Manhatta
dusk...sunlight on the winding Mississippi.

This is America from a jet at 30,000 feet...a sight no traveler would want to miss.


Dodge City and Boot

However, from that same jet, this too is America...

Arkansas...patches of green...Maine...patches of green and blue...California...clouds...South Dakota...patches of brown.

A sight to send any traveler back to his magazine.

But, whether unmissable or eminently missable, neithe these aerial versions of America has m to do with the land that's down below...


Restored gold mining camp, northern California

Arkansas...back-country fiddling on second floor of the Court House in Moun View, songs "older than nobody know Maine...the ferry ride from Boothbay Har to Cabbage Island for a clambake, roast

ee America at nd 600 mph.

warming the cool evening ... California... happy insanity of the Calaveras frog jumping est, an annual event since before Mark Twain... h Dakota...the trip on the narrow gauge rail- from Hill City to Oblivion – and back.

This is the America our age of air travel has ed over.

But that doesn't mean you have to miss it.

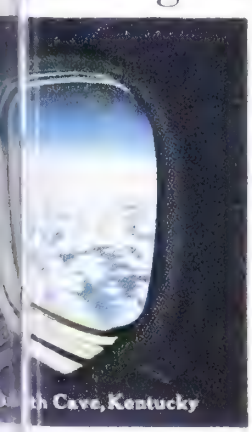

Indian burial grounds in New Mexico

When you land...wherever you land...you can get in a car and ore the part of this America that's all around you.

Through us, or through your travel agent, you can have a Ford nother good car waiting for you at almost any airport. And not just a car, but also, at many of these airports, maps and tour pamphlets with ideas of where to drive.

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Get closer to the country you live in. **Hertz**


h Cave, Kentucky



A way at the world.

LA DOLCE BRAND

The gentle taste of Fundador opens a new way of life to the unfulfilled brandy drinke

You raise the snifter to your lips.

You have barely lived, yet life—you feel—has already passed you by.

First you sniff, then—finally—you sip.

Suddenly your nose begins to twitch, your eyes bulge with excitement.

"What's this?" you exclaim.

"Fundador" answers the woman. "The brandy from Spain. The brandy made the solera way. The way all Spanish sherry is made."

"Fascinating" you murmur as the gentle taste of Fundador trickles down your palate, warming, soothing; making you feel like no other imported brandy ever has.

"Darling" she says looking up into your eyes.

But you aren't even listening. You are too busy with your Fundador.

It is then that you first realize your life has just taken on a newer and far greater meaning.

Fundador: from the world famous house of Pedro Domecq.



80 Proof. Imported from Spain by Somerset Importers, Ltd.

e, and the rest will soon be eli-
le for parole. Meanwhile they will
writing programs for the State
New York's computers, thereby
ning their keep and at the same
e becoming more expert in a non-
minal profession. The next class
s planned to be nearly twice as
ge.

This experiment opens up unlim-
l vistas. Why shouldn't Warden
egan—and his fellow turnkeys in
er states—start similar classes in,
, the building trades? Not every
vict is qualified to learn data
cessing, but almost all of them
ld become reasonably deft car-
ters, painters, electricians, ma-
s, plasterers, or structural steel
rkers. All of these trades are
rthanded, because they are con-
lled by monopolistic unions which
it the number of apprentices in
er to keep wages exorbitantly
h. They are particularly reluctant
dmit Negroes and Puerto Ricans.
ey are largely responsible for the
using shortage, and for the high
t of what new houses do get built.
Prison inmates trained in the con-
uction trades could be sent out,
der light guard, to work on public
using projects. The benefits would
threefold. The cost of public hous-
would be sharply reduced; con-
ts (many from minority groups)
uld have a chance to learn pro-
sions previously closed to them;
l the flood of new workers, when
y are eventually released, would
p break the monopolistic grip of
building trades unions.

*0. To Wes Whillock, manager of
station KBOI in Boise, Idaho, for
spunk in supporting the state's
y liberal newspaper.*

Many newspaper publishers (alas)
broadcasting stations, but so far
I know KBOI is the only station
ich owns a newspaper. Out of its
nfortable profits it finances *The
ermountain Observer,* a weekly
h a statewide circulation, which
vides an urgently needed con-
st to the generally conservative
d often Birchite) tone of the
ho press.

The programming of KBOI is
ut as bland as that of the mine-
television station, but its news-
er—edited by Sam Day and Perry
isher—brims over with vinegar
l bile. It criticizes the utility com-

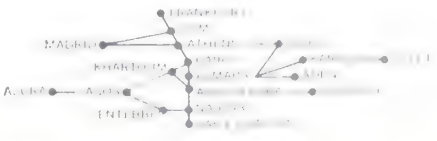
jet to east africa

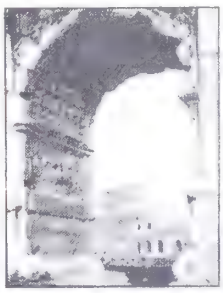


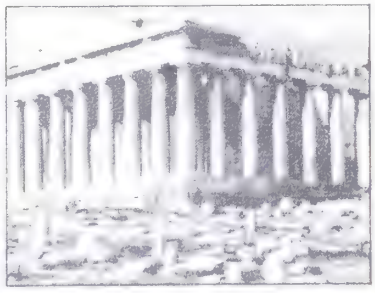
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Jet to Entebbe, for example, where you can go boating on the Nile, thrill to the thunder of Murchison Falls, view Africa's exotic wild life at close range, see the sights of Uganda's modern principal city, Kampala. (Sightsee independently, or with a tour.) But this is only one of many colorful vacation spots in incredible East Africa, and you can enjoy the best of them—including the popular Historic Tour of Ethiopia—on Ethiopian Airlines. On the way, or on the way home, you can swing through Europe, too, at no extra air fare. And you'll fly in luxury all the way. *May we send you our new East Africa brochure?*









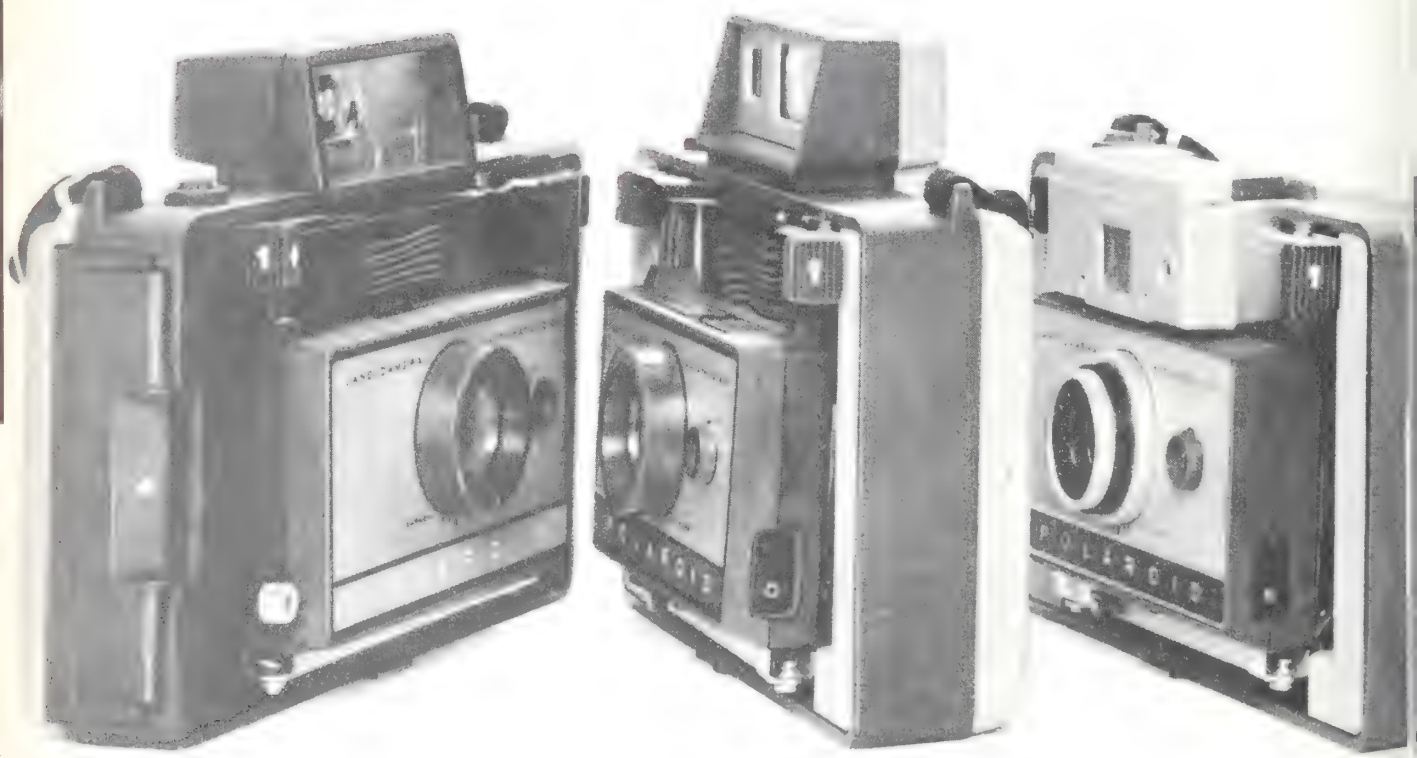
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d out. All-metal body, brushed
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ctronic shutter that makes
tomatic time exposures up to
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For $24.95,* you can give the Big Swinger. 15-second black-and-white pictures as big as the higher-priced cameras. Loads fast, makes great close-ups, stops action. You couldn't even buy it last Christmas!



laroid" and "Swinger"® *suggested list price

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"Pleasure Island" is what we call our luxury liners, the ssARGENTINA and ssBRASIL. And for good reason. They're designed strictly for your pleasure. Fun ships with night clubs and entertainment. Sun ships with two pools and acres of deck. All outside staterooms. All air-conditioned. All first class. Take a Pleasure Island Cruise this year, just for the fun of it.

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panies, traditionally sacrosa... that part of the country; ...edl... the Governor for inadequate ...ote... tion against forest fires; ta...es ... dovish position on Vietnam; a... even supports gun-control le...is... tion, to the fury of every ...re... blooded, deer-shooting Idahoa... uproarious holiday to Messrs. ...Th... lock, Day, and Swisher: may th... never lack for a good fight.

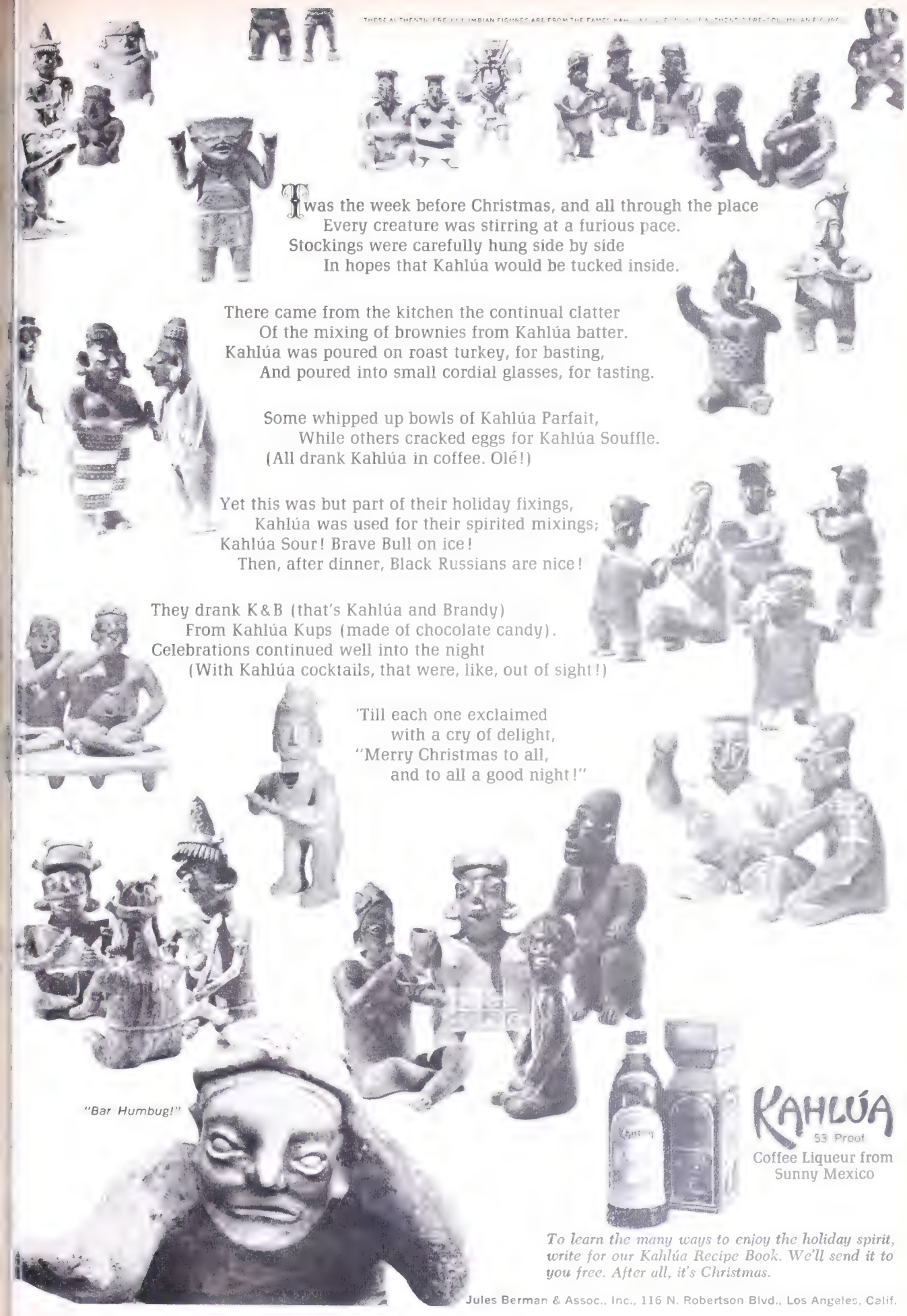
11. To Jacques Kaplan, man...i... director of one of the better ...if... Avenue fur shops, for his refu...l... sell any more leopard and ch...t... coats.

In an advertisement in the ...Ne... *York Times* he pointed out th...t... most beautiful of the African ...c... cats are fast disappearing, be...u... of the current fashion for sp...t... coats. The fashion apparently o... off in a big way in 1962, when ...o... Jackie Kennedy and Elizabeth ...a... lor were photographed in le...a... wraps. Since then African poa...e... have almost exterminated the ...b... cats, and the price of a good le...a... coat has soared to as much as ...2... 000. Even their lesser relatives ...t... South American jaguars and oc...lo... are being hunted to the verge o...e... tinction.

Noting that his decision will ...co... us many sales and many custom...s... Mr. Kaplan said that "there ...h... come a point in my life wher... ...i... cency and reason must prevail ...o... monetary profit." He appeale... "every woman in America" to ... wearing such furs "in the nam... nature, in the name of beauty, in... name of life."

Mr. Kaplan's act is strictly s... bolic, since other furriers are at ... writing selling more leopard ... cheetah coats than ever. But it m... conceivably encourage Congress ... take really effective action, by ... bidding the importation of the s... of any animals in danger of ext... tion. It has good precedent. A co... of generations ago Congress sa... one of the loveliest of Ameri... birds, the egret, by banning the ... of its plumage to decorate wom... hats.

A final benediction, then, to ... Kaplan—and to every woman ... does not have a leopard coat, ... who would refuse to wear one e... if it turned up under the Christ... tree.



'Twas the week before Christmas, and all through the place
Every creature was stirring at a furious pace.
Stockings were carefully hung side by side
In hopes that Kahlúa would be tucked inside.

There came from the kitchen the continual clatter
Of the mixing of brownies from Kahlúa batter.
Kahlúa was poured on roast turkey, for basting,
And poured into small cordial glasses, for tasting.

Some whipped up bowls of Kahlúa Parfait,
While others cracked eggs for Kahlúa Souffle.
(All drank Kahlúa in coffee. Olé!)

Yet this was but part of their holiday fixings,
Kahlúa was used for their spirited mixings;
Kahlúa Sour! Brave Bull on ice!
Then, after dinner, Black Russians are nice!

They drank K&B (that's Kahlúa and Brandy)
From Kahlúa Kups (made of chocolate candy).
Celebrations continued well into the night
(With Kahlúa cocktails, that were, like, out of sight!)

'Till each one exclaimed
with a cry of delight,
"Merry Christmas to all,
and to all a good night!"

"Bar Humbug!"

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Washington Report *by John Corry*

STROM'S DIRTY MOVIES

It was not the Senate's finest hour, although what one is? Senator Phil Hart of Michigan said, "I confess it is almost obscene to sit around here and anticipate we are going to look at dirty movies," and a lady from the New York *Times* suggested that they think of it not as a witch hunt but as a bitch hunt. It was, in fact, a hearing in room 2228 of the New Senate Office Building, where the Judiciary Committee was considering the nomination of Abe Fortas as Chief Justice of the United States.

The first of the dirty movies to figure in the nomination was *O-7*, and it had been brought before the committee a few weeks earlier by James J. Clancy, who represented an organization called Citizens for Decent Literature. Mr. Clancy said that, as an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, Fortas had cast the deciding vote in a 5-4 decision that extended the protection of the First Amendment to *O-7*. (Throughout the hearings Fortas was always said to have cast the deciding vote in a 5-4 decision, which, when you think of it, doesn't mean anything.)

Actually, there is not much that can be said for *O-7*, except that it is a hot item in penny arcades in and around Los Angeles. In it, a girl writhes around in, and nearly out of, her scanties. It lasts fourteen minutes. There is not much that can be said either for *O-12* or *D-15*, which were the other skin flicks to come in from Los Angeles. Nonetheless, on that first day in which *O-7* intruded into the hearings, Strom Thurmond of South Carolina invited members of the press and the Senators on the Judiciary Committee to see it in a special screening. The members of the press accepted the invitation; the Senators, for the time being, did not.

Later, Thurmond said that *O-7* "shocked Washington's hardened press corps," which was not entirely true. Mostly the press corps giggled. For one thing, there was no screen in the room, and *O-7* was shown on a wooden panel, which made the girl in scanties look as if she were molting. For another, many of the reporters made rude jokes to one another. Nonetheless, *O-7*, if not a smash, was still a success, quickening as it did Congressional interest in pornography.

Shortly after *O-7* was shown, the Judiciary Committee met in executive session. Outsiders were barred, and the Senators were free to discuss the movies as they saw fit. John L. McClellan of Arkansas, who is seventy-two years old, suggested that all the committee members see them. Sam J. Ervin, Jr. of North Carolina, seventy-two, wanted to know what kind of movies they were, and Senator McClellan said they were dirty movies and asked Senator Ervin how much notice he needed before a showing. Senator Ervin said about fifteen minutes, and Senator Joseph D. Tydings of Maryland, who was not quite sure what was happening, said he certainly didn't know anything about any movies and what were they, anyway? Senator George A. Smathers of Florida, fifty-five, said they were, you know, stag movies, and Senator Hart, fifty-six, said a little distastefully that they had all seen the same thing thirty years ago. Then he looked at Senator Tydings and allowed that maybe he hadn't. Senator Tydings is forty years old.

This was the beginning of a kind of film festival on Capitol Hill, and it touched off a sudden seizure of the jollies for a number of Congressmen. There was talk about the movies being the only way the Judiciary Committee could get all its members together, and there were complaints by House members that Senators had more fun than they did. At the Republican Capitol Hill Club in the Congressional Hotel there were rumors that Thurmond, "ole Strom," wanted to show the movies on the floor of the Senate, and when the conservative David Lawrence wrote in his column t an unidentified Senator was thr ening to do just that, there speculation that maybe ole Str had gone bananas at last.

In fact, most serious observers the Supreme Court thought that scenity was never much of an is to raise against Justice Fortas. March 1966, during his first year the Court, Fortas had voted with majority when it upheld a convict against Ralph Ginzburg, the p lisher of *Eros*. The Court ruled t that the federal obscenity stat had been correctly applied w Ginzburg was charged with send obscene publications through mail. On that same day that he vo in *Ginzburg v. United States*, For had joined the Court in deciding t an obscenity statute in New Y State had been constitutionally plied against a man who pedd dirty books. According to the n jority report filed by the Judici Committee, the case, *Mishkin v. N York*, "broke new ground in holdi that the materials in question co be judged in terms either of co munity standards at large or of t particular deviant group at whi they were aimed."

Furthermore, in the only opini on obscenity that Fortas ever wr as a Justice he showed himself to in about the middle of the Cou somewhere between, say, William Douglas, who is an absolute ci libertarian, and John Marshall Ha lan, who is not. In the opini which he wrote this year in *Ginsbe v. New York*, Fortas dissented fro the majority but he still said th "the State's police power may, with very broad limits, protect the paren and children from public aggressi of panderers and pushers." In oth

Mr. Corry recently joined "Harper's" as a contributing editor. Author "The Manchester Affair," he was national reporter for the New Yo "Times" and a Nieman Fellow.







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The Key To Hospitality

by
Julian P. Van Winkle, Jr.
President
Old Fitzgerald
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Oftimes a good host finds himself caught on the horns of what I call the hospitality dilemma.

For about the same cost to the family exchequer he can serve *more* drinks—of inexpensive whiskey. Or *fewer* drinks—of the finest whiskey obtainable. So the question naturally arises: which is the key to hospitality, *quantity* or *quality?*

I'm reminded of the quandary of the Kentucky gambler brought to court for using loaded dice. Thinking to offer the gambler a bit of his own medicine, the judge declared: "I'll roll these dice right now. If a seven or eleven comes up, you get 60 days in jail. If not, you go free. Will you bet?"

Considering the odds, the gambler judiciously replied: "Your Honor, I suggest that we *both* give up gambling."

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WASHINGTON REPORT

words, legislation can protect the public from people who sell obscene materials, and the government can prevent the distribution of obscene material to children.

None of this, however, was very satisfactory to some of Mr. Fortas's opponents, although it seemed to be enough for, among others, the Bar Association, the Justice Department, and the dean emeritus of the Notre Dame Law School, all of whom defended the Justice's views. Since 1688, when Sir Charles Sedley earned the first conviction for obscenity under Anglo-Saxon law by standing nude on a balcony in Covent Garden and urinating into a courtyard, thoughtful jurists have known how delicate are the guarantees of free speech. The First Amendment says that Congress shall make *no law* abridging the freedom of speech or of press. Ole Strom and his people, however, chose to ignore the subtleties. They concentrated on attacking *per curiam* decisions by the Supreme Court, decisions that are handed down without any written opinion and without any indication of why the Court acted as it did.

Fortas voted with the majority of the Court when, in a *per curiam* decision, it reversed the decision of a lower court against the owner of an arcade that showed *O-7*. However, Fortas might have done this for a number of reasons. For instance, he could have agreed with the owner that the California obscenity statute was unconstitutional because it failed to require a judicial hearing before the movies were seized, or because it was too vague, or because it failed to require advance notice before the movies were seized. Furthermore, Fortas could have agreed that the prosecutor failed to prove that the owner of the arcade knew the movies were obscene, or that the prosecutor failed to show the jury what were the "community standards" on obscenity. Finally, of course, Fortas and the Court could have reversed the conviction because they thought the films weren't obscene at all.

There is no evidence that the Court thought the movies were anything but smut. Still, there was an effort made to prove that most of the Justices, and particularly Mr. Fortas, had a void where their sense of



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On the way to Agra, your driver speaks of his mother-in-law. "Ah, there is a gifted woman. She has a voice that can shatter glass. And frequently does." You laugh and talk the trip away and when you arrive in Agra he says: "How long will you be in India? Stay another week and come to my nephew's wedding. The poor chap is getting married Saturday."

Languishing on your houseboat in Kashmir, a flower vendor paddles alongside. "A dozen roses, sir?" You have no need of roses. "Have you need of conversation, sir?" Indeed you have. *When will the almond trees be in bloom?* "In about another week, sir. Then the willows will turn green. And the snows in the upper reaches start to melt. Would you like me to show you around Srinagar, sir? I will do it for the pleasure of your company."

Such happenings are not uncommon in our country. A foreigner is not destined to remain a foreigner for long. Why this is so we are hard pressed to explain. But the reason does not matter. You will be welcome, that is what matters.

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al outrage should be. Once in a le, the effort was made with dig- and some wit, as when Sam in, Jr., who likes to sound like a ic but is smart as hell about the talked about the folks back e. He mentioned Joe Hicks, who ık too much corn whiskey; old Benton, who ran a still; and a ver friend who said there were judges he didn't like, "one was ge Per Curiam and the other was ge Expediency."

hurmond was something else n. He is not much for charm, when he is aroused, which he good deal of the time, he can oth rude and irrelevant.

Mr. Justice Fortas," he asked, you think the parent of a child has a Communist for a teacher a cause for concern?" It was not entirely bad question, but how it be answered beyond, "I don't w how I can answer that," which what Fortas did answer. Or: u would not want your wife or ghter to see a film that was ribed as *O-7* or *O-12*, would ?" Thurmond asked the Deputy orney General, Warren Christo- r, after he had established that Christopher was a family man. s was no more than irrelevance, when Thurmond sat and read ething called *Nudie-Fax* while r Senators questioned Christo- r it may have been no more than l old Gothic humor. (So that no in the hearing room would fail see the magazine and miss the it Thurmond was making, which that *Nudie-Fax* was the kind of h the Supreme Court was hus- g into our homes, one of Thur- d's assistants would prop *Nudie-* up whenever it began to droop.)

le Strom was at his most stylish, ever, when he questioned Fortas at *Mallory v. United States*, a sion handed down in 1957, eight s before he joined the Court. His e rising, his face flinty, he said: Does not that decision, *Mallory*— ant that word to ring in your , Mallory . . . shackle law en- ement? Mallory, a man who d a woman, admitted his guilt, the Supreme Court turned him e on a technicality. . . . Is not type of decision calculated to ourage more people to commit s and serious crimes? Can you

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WASHINGTON REPOR

as a Justice of the Supreme C condone such a decision as th ask you to answer that questio

There was a good deal of th the hearings, and it served no purpose than to allow Southern ators and other conservatives t the Supreme Court of the U States. One witness before the mittee was a sergeant from the Angeles vice squad, who bro with him a pile of noxious n zines and a few more movies fo Senators' film library, which by time included a couple of u ground exotics called *Flaming C tures* and *Un Chant d'Amour*. sumably they were in there for t older Senators who believed tha dirty movies opened with a n faced blonde in a dimity dress w ing down a country lane whi thin man with a black moust watched from the bushes.

Since the Judiciary Comm does not publicize these things one knows with any certainty many Senators saw the movies. who did, however, came at T mond's invitation, and a figur least in the twenties, which does include staff members, secreta and strolling Capitol police might be a fair guess. After he seen them, Milton R. Young of N Dakota said the movies had fo him to oppose Fortas's nomina Frank Lausche of Ohio, in an tional speech on the floor of Senate, said he had watched "a p entation that was a scandaliza of the womanhood of the U States and of the world. If nominee were my brother," he s "I would not vote for him." Ge Murphy of California, a former p ident of the Screen Actors' G has said the movies upset him, so has Jack Miller of Iowa, w Senator Hart got to calling the "c mittee's favorite film critic." M is associated with Citizens for cent Literature.

For those of us transients who awed, even intimidated, by just appearance of the Capitol d much less the thought of the mi deeds that have taken place ben it, peep shows for Senators seem becoming, more so when they h nothing to do with anything in p ticular, neither Fortas nor his ju cial philosophy. "I am distress



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said Senator Hart when t
battle was almost over, "that e
ators who are lawyers will poi
a movie and conclude that be
it's pornographic the Supreme
denied that a constitutionally
case could be made against it."
Hart, who had received the unl
assignment of being Mr. Fo
champion in the committee ar
the Senate floor, is perhaps the
civilized, and certainly one o
most respected, men in Congres
is also temperate, but a lawyer
works for the Judiciary Comm
and is not, summed up the po
raphy issue another way. "The
lem is that most Senators
understand the implications of
speech or of the First Amendm
he said. "It just doesn't seem
important to them. God help
we ever elect George Wallace."

For that matter, nearly every
looked a little bad or a little
during the hearings, including
nominee. Abe Fortas had com
Washington during the 1930s
protégé of William O. Douglas,
was then with the Securities
Exchange Commission. Douglas
recommended him to Harold I
then Secretary of the Interior,
Fortas eventually went over to
becoming Under Secretary in
In 1946, Fortas left government
with Thurman Arnold, once a j
on the United States Court of
peals, and Paul A. Porter, an
New Dealer, founded the firm
Arnold, Fortas and Porter. By
when Fortas left it to join the
preme Court, the firm had grow
seventeen partners and twenty-t
associates, and estimates of the c
inal partners' incomes began
$150,000 and went up from there

Fortas was a good and fine law
but for the purpose of winnin
nomination to the Supreme Cou
more important thing was that f
early on he had been a confidan
Lyndon Johnson. There is one law
for every fifty-nine citizens in W
ington, and the ones who sit cl
to the right hand of the Presi
of the United States have an e
During the hearings it was disc
that, as a Justice, Fortas had d
a good many errands for the P
dent, which is not reprehens
since a good many other Just
have done the same things for o



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Presidents. Still, in the twilight o his public career, LBJ was not a po ular man in Washington, and wh was worse for him, he was not powerful one, either. When thin became difficult for Fortas, Johnso couldn't do much more than to pra for him, or, this not being his styl perhaps to swear a little. Men wh ought to have known better talke of Johnson exerting massive pre sure on recalcitrant Senators to forc them to support Fortas, but the were just confusing shadow and sul stance.

Meanwhile, Fortas's own recen past was conspiring to undo hir including his acceptance of $15,00 to teach a seminar at the America University Law School. The semina was made up of nine two-hour se sions (one of which he missed), an the money for it had been raised b five businessmen who among the held forty seats as directors, par ners, and officers of important con panies. It was conceivable that thei interests would be before the Cou from time to time, as some alread had, and while no one was accusin Fortas or the businessmen of any thing, it somewhow seemed im proper, like creeping Lyndon John son-ism. Big money. Big power. Bi highbinders raising dust on a Texa landscape at 100 miles an hour.

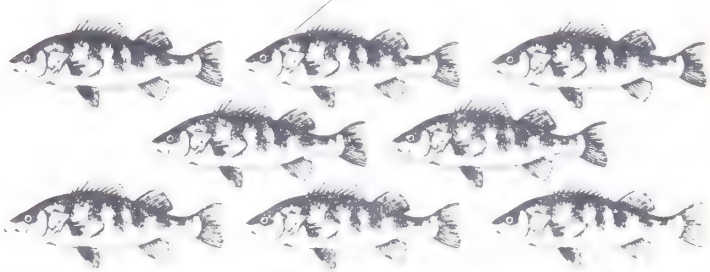
In the end, when the Senate go ready to vote on whether or not t end the filibuster that had bee raised against Fortas, about the onl question left was: What will Everet McKinley Dirksen say? Mr. Dirkse has been on both sides of nearl every issue at one time or another and when Senator Robert Griffin sai months before that he did not thin a "lame duck" President should nom inate a Chief Justice, Dirksen ha withered him. Certainly, he said, h would support the nomination.

He did not, of course, and whe he announced that he would not vot to end the filibuster it was a sur sign that Fortas was dead. A few nights later Fortas wrote a letter t the President, asking him to with draw the nomination. The letter wa delivered the next morning, and tha day Johnson said he would. "This, said ole Strom with his customar grace, "is the wisest decision Forta has made since he has been on th Supreme Court."

School will come to order.
Our subject today is close to us all—
water pollution.



Too close for me.



Some of our lakes and streams
couldn't be cleaned up in decades.



I'll be dead as a mackerel by then.



Some rivers are so contaminated
they have an oxygen count of zero.



I feel so sick.



There *is* hope. U. S. Steel, for example, has spent
over $200,000,000 in the last 15 years
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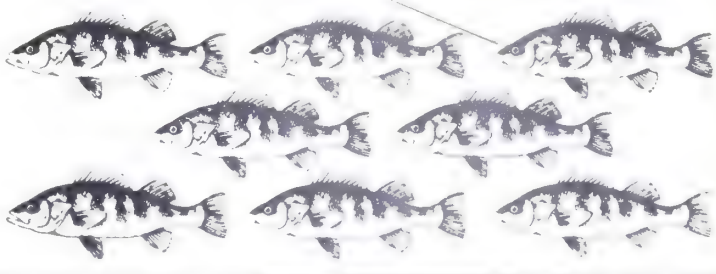
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THE MAN WHO RAN AGAINST LYNDON JOHNSON



The long, lonely war waged against LBJ by a nearly unknown young Democrat named Allard K. Lowenstein is one of the great political stories of the decade. Lowenstein became a pivot man in the bitter and unfinished struggle to reshape the divided Democratic party, a hero for students and dissident party workers, and a slandered villain for both the Right and the New Left. This is how the battle was fought.

April 1967

The organization of it all, defeating Lyndon Johnson, starts as far back as March 1967, though few people realized it at the time. It is a period of national malaise; the country seems to be sucked deeper and deeper into a hopeless war and there seems to be no political alternative to the President in the coming campaign. It is a time of mounting frustration for most Americans. The peace movement seems to be coming to a decisive point; it is not yet respectable but it is becoming more so all the time. It is not yet a political movement but it just might become one, and now some moderate critics of the war are hoping to keep the peace movement from becoming too radical and thus scaring other more moderate Americans who are uneasy with both the war and with draft-card burning.

I am doing an article on Martin Luther King, whose role seems vital in the protest, and I go by to see Allard Lowenstein, an adviser and friend of King's. Lowenstein, who is playing an increasingly important role in the politics of dissent on the war, spends the lunch talking about the role of the moderate Left in trying to dominate the opposition to the war; it is going to be people like Norman Thomas; they are trying to broaden the base of the peace movement. The liberals are badly divided and frustrated at this point. They are largely Democrats, their party is in power, and their party made the war. They are under attack now as they have not been for more than thirty years from people on the Left; worse, their critics are younger and have more appeal with other young people. Indeed Lowenstein is one of the few young liberals left in the

country with any kind of appeal on the campuses, and that appeal stems more from his personal efforts, his interest in young people, his countless appearances on campuses, than it does from his particular political philosophy. Now at this lunch Norman Thomas' name comes up again and again. "What!" says Lowenstein aghast. "You've never met Norman Thomas? Friday at our house. You've got to come. Norman Thomas is the most beautiful man in America."

Off we go to Lowenstein's apartment in Manhattan on Friday. It is an extraordinary evening. Norman Thomas, almost blind, is there, and so is Frank Graham, former North Carolina Senator who was successfully red-baited years ago. With Thomas and Mrs. Roosevelt, Graham formed the trinity of Lowenstein's political heritage; they are all people he describes as "sweet," a word he uses often. Mrs. Lowenstein, young, quite pretty, quite confused, quite pregnant, is there, as well as about twenty students, none of whom know each other. It is the mark of a Lowenstein gathering that no one knows anyone else, but everyone knows Lowenstein; they all get together to share the common goal, which is whatever Lowenstein dictates.

But Lowenstein is not there. Lowenstein is flying in from someplace where he has just made a rousing speech or two, and he is circling overhead, unable to make the introductions. The students are angry about American life and the war, and they are giving Norman Thomas a very hard time. One of them—a young girl with Radcliffe-length hair—is describing the war. Someone points to me and says that what she is saying isn't true and that I was once there. She turns and says, "We don't give a damn whether you were there or not." She continues with the argument, pouring it on Mr. Thomas: the war is racial and genocidal, it is the white man deliberately killing yellow men. Why doesn't the Pentagon just use the H-bomb and do it a little more quickly? Mr. Thomas, frail in all but voice, argues that Vietnam was a mistake, it was too much vanity, it was a nation more proud than wise; but it was not genocide. The girl continues, getting angrier and angrier: Vietnam is the logical extension of American life. Vietnam was inevitable, given the moral corruption of this country. Again, Thomas argues back: no, it is a mistake, many of the people in charge of this country feel about Negroes the same way you do. This country made a mistake but it is not a racial mistake. Do those generals, the girl shrieks, do those generals feel anything about Negroes? Yes, says Mr. Thomas.

Eventually, as the evening is breaking up, Lowenstein arrives, rumpled as ever. He introduces everyone to the people they have just spent the evening with, and packs everyone off to a West Side reform-club meeting where he then spends half the night attacking Johnson and the war and promises that the Democratic party, the party of Eleanor Roosevelt, will not permit Johnson to run again. Johnson will be beaten. The politicians are wrong. No one is *for* Johnson. It is in the air. Volunteers are asked for. A few put their hands up. It all seems very vague, and somehow Lowenstein is hard for me to take seriously; I have the same reservations about him that I have about Humphrey, that he is somehow intellectually promiscuous, that he jumps around from cause to cause, that all liberal causes are equal, that he is somehow the perpetual student leader, that there is a lack of toughness and discipline in him.

We had first met ten years ago in Nashville, Tennessee; Lowenstein was an old friend of my roommate Fred Graham (then a law student, now Supreme Court reporter for the New York *Times*). They were friends from Yale, where they used to wrestle; Lowenstein is a physical cultist, and works out wherever he goes in America. Every town with a jet airport has someone who wrestles with Al Lowenstein. At that time Graham introduced him as (a) the oldest student leader in America, (b) someone who knows everyone in America. That image of him has not changed over the years in my mind, though it will start to change now.

May 1967

Martin Luther King is speaking at Berkeley on Vietnam and there are 5,000 cheering people in the audience as well as several people sitting in trees for a better look. One of them is Allard K. Lowenstein. He is just in from some California school to the south, he is passing through to give some focus to the dissent on Vietnam, organizing it, channeling it. All the ads that are appearing in the New York *Times*—Mister President, College Editors Protest Your War; Mister President, Student Council Presidents Reject Your War; Mister President, Peace Corps Returnees Will Not Condone—are the work of Al Lowenstein. Can we have dinner, I ask. Have to fly off to Oregon, he says. Meetings there. "It's tough," he then adds. "These kids. No one really knows how alienated they are. Trying to keep them in the system is very very hard. They're bitter and they're angry. They really resent this society. Of course there are a lot of things in this society that are very resentable."

August 1967

Sitting on the patio of the Continental Hotel in Saigon with John Chancellor, I match his depressing stories about official Washington with my depressing stories about unofficial and official Saigon. A young man, very clean-cut, watches us for about twenty

David Halberstam spent much of 1968 on the road covering the candidates, parties, and campaigns for "Harper's." A Pulitzer Prize winner for his Vietnam coverage and a novelist, Mr. Halberstam will have a new book out in January: "The Unfinished Odyssey of Robert Kennedy" (Random House).

utes, then comes over, identifies us correctly, asks, quite surreptitiously, if we have seen venstein. (Thirteen months later at the Democic convention Chancellor will recall the moment refer to the young man as "Lowenstein's adce man.") I saw him in New York, I answer. No, s the young man, he's *here* now. Sure enough, eral hours later Lowenstein materializes; it is tion time in Saigon and he is here as an obver. Lyndon Johnson has sent *his* team of obvers, but he has failed to pick Lowenstein. Al flown over, Air Lowenstein, to judge the elecs, since he intends to criticize Vietnamese poli in the year to come and he does not intend to be upped by people asking, were you there? He is e, though of course observing a Vietnamese tion is almost as futile as participating in one. vertheless he seems to be known to everyone in gon, particularly underground politicians.

owenstein beavers around Saigon, returns to v York to file a minority report on the elections continue the embryonic organizational work of Dump Johnson movement. It still looks like a e dream. But protest against the war is conitly growing in America; the migration is inable, always hawk to dove. I remember what braith said about the conversion process: "It's er than you think because we believe it and ve thought it out and they haven't." Lowenstein nevitably optimistic; he is working hard at the ss-roots organization, and traveling around the ntry forming the early network. At this point the anization is largely Lowenstein and Curtis Gans.

The Dump Johnson movement formally began on gust 15 with Lowenstein's speech to the National dent Association, which is his great stomping unds; he was the last NSA president before it ame tied to the CIA and he has continued to se his relationship with the organization, keepup his contacts and, in the last year, channeling efforts of its leaders against the war. By August the NSA leaders' letters to the President and to sk were still unanswered and the feeling of frustion, of being ineffectual, is massive. Lowenstein ves in to direct it to national purposes. "The ling at that meeting," says one kid, "was that we l gone just as far as we could go through the mal procedures. They just acted as if we didn't st, and we weren't serious. And we didn't want go into the resistance, at least not yet. So we were dy to try what Al wanted. It was the last stop the way."

Lowenstein has always been a target of the radi- Left—a symbol of the liberal anti-Communist in ir midst—and their antagonism would intensify the year to come. Even as he was speaking, the idents for a Democratic Society element of the A picketed him with signs reading: "Don't listen the CIA Agent Downstairs." Lowenstein sees the s as a vital link in any attempt to beat Johnson. thinks any movement must come from within the Democratic party, and though there are many nominal Democrats opposed to the President, the party apparatus will support Johnson, and labor, increasingly conservative, will also support him. Thus the place of the apparatus and labor must be taken by someone who can energize the ideas, and do the legwork and the dirty work of the movement. What better answer than the kids? Because of this, the radical Left sees Lowenstein as manipulative, using its contemporaries for his own work, exploiting them on behalf of the system, working, in substance, for Lyndon Johnson. "Hubert Lowenstein," one SDS kid will call him a year later. But the meeting goes well; the kids are ready to try it, to try anything. Lowenstein promises them, somehow, a candidate.

The next day he flies to New York to be with Mrs. Allard K. Lowenstein who is about to have a baby. At 9:00 A.M., Mrs. Lowenstein starts her labor pains. The doctor assures Lowenstein that the baby will not come until the next day. At 10:00 A.M., a distraught Mrs. Lowenstein looks up to see Curtis Gans dragging Al off to an organizational meeting in Washington. First things first. "Back by 2:00 P.M.," he says. Then he catches the shuttle, attends the meeting, and returns to meet his new son, Frank Graham Lowenstein.

October 1967

Lowenstein is always ebullient. Probably that's one of the reasons the New Left doesn't like him, just as a lot of liberals now dislike Humphrey for the optimism of his tone, in what is to them essentially a dark time. Lowenstein is no Humphrey. He sees all the darkness, and sees it as clearly as they do; but he is resilient, optimistic, and keeps saying that the system can work, which is to them a sign that he does not really mean what he says about darkness, that it is not to him darkness but just a dark issue upon which he can campaign.

We have lunch, swapping notes on Vietnam and the campaign. His early organizational days are difficult, yet he is optimistic as ever. The older liberals are also giving him a hard time. "The Joe Rauh liberals," in Lowenstein's phrase (Rauh does not think anyone can be to the left of him, says one observer of them both, and Lowenstein, who does not think anyone can be to the left of *him*, is to the left of Rauh), are dubious about the attempt to take Johnson on directly; they believe it will only enrage the President and make him more intractable, and that the only answer is a peace plank at the 1968 convention. ("When was the last time you heard of rallying millions of people to a plank?" asks a momentarily amused Robert Kennedy.)



The factional quarrel sim-

ply reflects the extraordinary division within the liberal ranks both because of the war and because of changing goals and values. Some older liberals such as Galbraith are cooperating; "he was the first major figure in the country who actually encouraged us," says Lowenstein. Though the war is not going well and no one believes the predictions of the President or the Generals, no one believes either that this has been transmitted to the public. Johnson is the sitting President; the mythology still holds: the politicians tell the press that the President is invincible, and the press tells the population that the President is invincible, and the politicians read in the press that the President is invincible. Invincibility by mythology.

Lowenstein is still looking for a candidate and is convinced he will have one. Kennedy is his first choice, but is dubious. Meanwhile, he and Gans have worked out a system. They go into state after state creating their network. Gans compiles the lists of people who might be favorable: ADA lists, names given by friends. Anything for a base in each state. Then Lowenstein appears in a chosen area and holds two meetings, one a private session with the local politicians or political activists who might be favorable and the other a public one. The public one is used to convince the normally nervous politicians. This is, after all, the Democratic party, and at the beginning there is no reason to believe that what Lowenstein and Gans are doing is very much different from the other one thousand quixotic political suicides which are offered to a politician each year. The politicians are nervous at the private meetings, but not opposed. The public meetings, in contrast, usually go much better, with bigger attendance and more enthusiasm than the politicians expect. ("This is a year," Galbraith said in August 1967, "when the people are right and the politicians are wrong.") So the public meetings encourage the politicians.

There were several crucial moments early in the campaign, Lowenstein says. One came in Wisconsin. Lowenstein and Gans considered this a particularly tough state because the anti-Vietnam feeling there was violent and had largely been taken over by the radical Left. So the problem was to induce some moderates to move towards the issue. They had the name of Don Peterson of Eau Claire, an ADA board member. Their notes said that he was a good man, to get kind of citizen-liberal [illegible] it would take "one hell of a selling job." Lowenstein's first appraisal of Peterson was that he was "nervous but sympathetic" — nothing unusual in those days; a lot of people were sympathetic but uneasy about a political challenge which might reflect on their patriotism. Lowenstein met with Peterson, taking several hours to explain what he was doing and why. Finally Peterson looked up at him and said very simply, "That sounds like what we should be doing. I'll have to talk to some of my people first." A few days later he called to say he was in.

In Minnesota, they also held an early September meeting; like Wisconsin, Minnesota was crucial because its convention was an early test (which would show unexpected McCarthy strength). Lowenstein had expected about fifty people at a church meeting and instead found several hundred. Still, the nervousness was there; an old friend of Lowenstein who was a state official told him, "I can't be seen with you. But my wife will work for you. And you can meet me tomorrow privately we can talk a little and I can give you a few names." After the meeting Alpha Smaby, a member of the Minnesota legislature, signed up; she had a particularly impressive reputation in Minnesota politics and Lowenstein was elated. She was the first elected public official to come out for them. "Her coming on meant that it was more than the out-left and the kids in this thing. It gave us respectability."

Respectable is a key word and helps separate Lowenstein from the radical Left. Lowenstein still believes in the system, and its limits on dissent. Lowenstein believes that by working through the respectable student leadership, through the middle class, you could most effectively spread the word. He was at his best this way, suitably idealistic.

"The Dump Johnson movement was a typical Lowenstein operation," says one friend who has watched him work over the years. "It was Lowenstein working outside the normal apparatus, functioning almost out of his own hip pocket, using his own personal contacts and his own charisma, not responsible to anyone above him, and influencing people to the *right* of him. That's his great strength, talking to these clean-cut young kids, getting them back into the system. He doesn't work nearly as well to the left, and he loses his patience; it's as if he doesn't think people have the right to be to the left of him. Al likes to start things, but when they get out of hand and get revolutionary, he doesn't like it. The trouble is, they're bound to in this country because someone like Lowenstein is trying to work within the system and save it, but of course he doesn't have the support of the system. The system doesn't give a damn about being saved. So he starts these movements, like the Mississippi Freedom Democratic party, but when they get stalled or bounce off the system the kids get discouraged or become more radical, just like the Mississippi Freedom Democratic party did. And they break with Al and he gets hurt, and they become a little cynical. Now this Vietnam thing, he's perfectly type-cast for it. There's no one for outlining moral questions in practical terms and exciting people to the challenge ahead like Lowenstein. But what happens if it fails? Will you have more disillusioned kids, turned off by the process, thinking Lowenstein fooled them?"

November 15, 1967

Lowenstein's candidate will be Gene McCarthy. The first choice was Robert Kennedy (even McCarthy's first choice was Robert Kennedy; when Lowenstein finally asked him, he said Yes it should

be done, but Lowenstein should see Kennedy since Kennedy had a much broader base, an indication of how strongly McCarthy, who actively disliked Kennedy, felt about Johnson and the war). Lowenstein, of course, had been in Kennedy's camp for two years; Kennedy was clearly the heir apparent for a generation of young men in their thirties and forties who still harbored liberal instincts but who felt that the goals and values of American life had changed. He saw the same darkness that many of these young social critics saw, and his language and his attitude seemed to fit the times: a tough-minded view of the reality of the country, a hope that nevertheless it could still be turned around.

Kennedy had sought deliberately that position of leadership, but now in 1967 he was in a particularly difficult position. He was young, he seemed to have a very good chance for a future race, and he was tied to the past and the party professionals and hesitant to make a challenge in his own party. If anything, he dominated the party and the area of dissent too strongly at this point. The liberals all waited; if Robert Kennedy made a move, they would make a move. If he didn't make a move, there would be no move. The Kennedy organization functioned well at the top, many of the brightest and most talented young men in the country were ready to go to work, but there was no grass-roots coalition on issues. One man made it all or broke it all.

Here Lowenstein differed; he was determined to go ahead whether or not Kennedy made the race. They were friends now, though originally very different in their politics. Lowenstein had supported Kennedy for the Senate in 1964 and afterwards had become an informal adviser, a valuable connection to New York reform circles for Kennedy and a valuable reporter for him on what was happening among young people. But in September Lowenstein, who had been urging the race all year, went to Kennedy and said that the moment of truth had come; it was past the time of writing magazine articles on the ghetto and making speeches in the Senate on Vietnam; the army was ready, it would march, the President was ripe to be beaten, it could all be done. The enemies Kennedy would make by running were enemies he already had. The friends he would win were more important, for they would be dominant in American life in the decade to come. By the time of the convention, the party, which was obviously badly shattered, would be very glad he was making the race, but most of all he had to run this year, the issue went far beyond normal party loyalty; it was a question of moral imperative.

Lowenstein, of course, was not the first person to offer Kennedy advice on a 1968 race. In late 1967 almost everyone he met offered him advice, half of them telling him to go, half telling him not to go, and he was caught in the middle. Though he was getting encouragement from people whose advice he valued on *social* issues, he was getting just the opposite advice from people whose judgment he trusted on *political* matters, the professionals who were telling him, no it couldn't be done, he would destroy himself in the party if he tried.

At any rate Kennedy heard Lowenstein out and admired his sincerity and idealism and intensity and then finally, reluctantly, said No, he could not go, he had just talked with Mayor Daley and Chairman X and Governor Y, and they had all said the same thing, you can't do it, it's not your year, you must wait; we like you, we loved your brother, and we think very favorably of you for 1972. And so Robert Kennedy reluctantly passed this on to Lowenstein, saying simply, I'm sorry, I can't do it. Lowenstein had looked at him for a long time and then answered, "The people who think that the honor and the future of this country are at stake don't give a shit what Mayor Daley and Chairman X and Governor Y think. We're going to do it and we're going to win, and it's a shame you're not with us because you could have been President." Then as he left, he said that he was going ahead with the plan and that if Kennedy changed his mind it would be too late, he would not be able to come over.

After he lost Kennedy, Lowenstein went to George McGovern, long a leading and articulate dove in the Senate ("If George McGovern had made the race I never would have entered," Kennedy once told friends), a man not well-known nationally because the Kennedys had so dominated the liberal wing of the party. But McGovern had a difficult race coming up in South Dakota; he did not want to turn Lowenstein down, so he suggested Lowenstein go out to South Dakota for a couple of days and sample the water and see whether it would be possible to make both races and just what the mood at home was. Lowenstein spent several days in the state, and reluctantly concluded that while the opposition did not seem strong enough to defeat McGovern, it would make things difficult for him if he were a Presidential candidate as well. He would have to run two campaigns very different in tone and it would eventually be at the least embarrassing and possibly even disastrous. McGovern did not close the door on the race; indeed he hinted that if no one else would do it, they should come back to him. Then he suggested Lowenstein talk to Gene McCarthy. Lowenstein did, and McCarthy was ready. He had already thought about the necessity of the race, he sensed some of the changes in American politics, including the fact that, while he lacked national exposure, the exposure would have to come to anyone challenging the sitting President, that you can now make a candidate in about two or three months. He accepted.



Gradually there is a change in one's view of Lowenstein; he no longer seems the college debater and college stu-

dent council president emeritus, a person that you never disagreed with politically but that somehow you never took that seriously. "I always thought of him," said one friend of his earlier days, "sitting there in the back of his parents' restaurant running his various campaigns and organizations." Rather there is a new toughness and fiber to him; it is as if the challenge of this particular campaign is worthy of all that energy which up to now was diffused in so many different directions. Now he he seems consumed by his task and somehow toughened by it.

The Dream

Lowenstein's political origins were not that different from many others of his generation. He is thirty-nine, son of good upper-middle-class Jews; he saw the American dream work in his own family—a family that went from poverty to a decent life while Europe burned—saw the New Deal transform the sons of immigrant parents, give them respectability; he believed in the American dream, which worked with sufficient coaxing. That generation believed in certain assumptions of American life, that it could work. It had gained a certain amount of material success, yet it had not lost its sense of cause and issue (which would primarily focus on the question of race in the late Fifties and Sixties).

In the late Sixties, Lowenstein was, in a sense, a refugee from the New Deal, hoping to make the dream work again. "The spirit of Eleanor Roosevelt hovers over this meeting," he told one group trying to put together an anti-Humphrey coalition in June 1968. "We want to regain the country which our civics teachers taught us about, the country that inspired our parents to tell us democracy is the best way to bring about social revolutions." As a young boy Lowenstein kept a map of Spain on his wall, and he always retained Spanish relief work among his many causes; indeed, one of the Lowenstein legends among his college friends goes like this: someone calls his house and asks for Al. "Al's not here," answers his mother. "He just left for Spain . . . you know, he never did like that General Franco."

For a long time Lowenstein flitted in and out of liberal causes, sampling reform work in New York, a trip to South Africa, then to Europe to work for Spanish political refugees, integration work in the South, even working for a time for Senator Hubert Humphrey. ("Al never was too good on Hubert's staff," says one friend. "He was always saying yes to every request, putting Hubert's name on everything, when his job really was to keep Hubert's name *off* everything.") There was one serious romance during this time with Barbara Boggs (predictably he refused to give her an engagement ring because he would not support South African mines), the daughter of Congressman Hale Boggs, a romance and engagement jeopardized by Lowenstein's almost spastic travels, and the conservative Catholic Boggs family's deep-seated opposition; finally the family broke it up. (The Boggs' other daughter later married a young reporter for the New York *Times* named Steve Roberts. Roberts, like Lowenstein, is Jewish and for a time he could not understand why Boggs was so nice to him. "Then one day I realized—it was because I wasn't Lowenstein.")

During all this time Lowenstein seemed to specialize in causes rather than jobs. In 1961 he taught and served as assistant dean at Stanford; he left after taking the student side in a student power question. He went from Stanford to North Carolina State, where he taught political science for two years and eventually clashed with state authorities over his support of local Negro demonstrations. The head of the state senate told reporters it was disgraceful, North Carolina paying this man $7,500 a year and he's messing around with the blacks. Reporters called up Lowenstein and he said, yes, it is disgraceful, $7,500 a year is much too little. There was a furor over whether he would be reappointed. Finally he was; the moment he won the academic freedom point, Lowenstein resigned. "Al was always the moralist," said someone who knew him well in those days. "He always wanted to look at every question and every issue from the moral point of view. But finally there was some doubt. Was he forcing the moral issue? Did he always have to see himself in a moral light? Is there a moral issue in everything? Or do you create a moral issue in order to keep being fluid, to avoid responsibility and settling down and growing up?" But another friend from the same era believes the Dump Johnson movement and Lowenstein's chance to have a Congressional seat will give him what he has always needed in American life, a base and a platform. "Most of the doubts about Al came not so much because of his causes, but because with his causes he had no normal job. He was going against the puritan ethic of American society: A man is talented? Therefore he should have a job, write a thesis, help his career, work for some Senator, teach, do something from nine to five, and then have his ideals. So people looked at Al and there he was without a job and just running around with causes from nine to five and they had their doubts. But the Dump Johnson thing has given him a national platform already and if he wins the Congressional seat it will be even better. People will be more sympathetic because he'll have a title and a position, and they'll be reassured."

December 1967

Lowenstein goes on "Meet the Press," a rare appearance for someone who is a non-Establishment figure. The interview reflects the general disbelief that he is serious or that the movement can affect anything.

Spivak: "Will you support President Johnson if he gets the nomination, or will you bolt the party?"

Lowenstein: "If the President were renominated on his present program and the Republican party offered a candidate who was giving an alternative

hat is happening in the war and at home as a
t of the war, I would feel my obligation as an
rican was to support that candidate who gave
best hope of reversing what I consider a policy
ng the country toward disaster. May I say at
point that one of the reasons that the press
s mystified as to what is happening, or regards
unlikely that this sort of effort would develop,
iat it does not yet understand in general the
h of feeling among a great many of us that the
try which we love very deeply is heading toward
ry serious disaster and that under these extra-
iary circumstances our obligation is to find
s of reversing that disaster. If you foreclose the
ns in politics by saying you cannot oppose a
ng President, you cannot do this, you cannot do
, then the frustration has to spill over into a
olitical or nonelectoral protest. . . . I can fully
erstand why if the political people and the media
you cannot reverse the policies through politics,
le in frustration may turn to other means and
begun to do so. . . ."

tten: "If President Johnson is renominated,
ite all your efforts, might not the result of your
vity merely be to weaken him and help a Re-
ican who from your point of view is no dif-
nt or even worse on the Vietnam war, and also
ses some of the domestic welfare programs that
espouse . . . ?"

owenstein: ". . . What we have to do and what
are trying to do is to make clear to the country
alternatives to President Johnson are not lim-
to right-wing Republicans who will make prom-
to end the war, which they cannot do, that you
oppose President Johnson from a liberal rational
roach to the war and to America's domestic
is, and that by offering that option to the country
will make possible that the anti-Johnson feeling
not be translated into a sort of superhawk po-
n. Most people who are opposed to Johnson may
be very clear in their minds what they prefer
n alternative. What we are saying is that if you
them a coherent competent program with an
active candidate that they are likely to feel that
is an improvement over what they have got. And
e do not do that and the right-wing Republicans
then I am afraid we end up with what the press
then call a swing to the right. I do not see the
ng to the right. I see a swing against Johnson,
if we make liberalism co-equivalent with John-
, then there will be a swing against liberalism."

uary 1968

l Lowenstein's life and position are forever com-
ated. Though the McCarthy campaign is getting
imal attention in most of the press, his backers
beginning to be optimistic; they are trying to
vince McCarthy that the pace is somewhat dif-
ent from that of a Senate race and they think
y are breaking through. But Lowenstein's po-
on in the campaign is vague. He is still working for the Dump Johnson movement, and the Dump Johnson people have taken over the McCarthy campaign; people like Gans and Sam Brown who emerged from the early meetings are the key people and so are the kids that Lowenstein helped recruit for the drive, and they will all go into New Hampshire. (The Kennedys have always wanted McCarthy to enter New Hampshire and stay out of Massachusetts, and so McCarthy's immediate instinct was to go into Massachusetts, which he did, and stay out of New Hampshire, which he almost did; then Lowenstein and a few others put enormous pressure on him, arguing he must make every test, that the very fact New Hampshire is considered hawkish and Wisconsin dovish means that he must go into New Hampshire and do well, otherwise a victory in Wisconsin is meaningless.)

But Lowenstein's relationship with McCarthy is curiously ambivalent. Part of it is formed by the suspicion within the McCarthy camp that Lowenstein is an agent for Kennedy (and there is already some very strong anti-Bobby feeling in the McCarthy camp). Much of it is a question of style: Lowenstein and Kennedy get along well because they are both basically evangelical, they believe a man can make a difference, that the country can be turned around. McCarthy is quite different. He is a more intellectual, more cynical, more caustic man: the race has to be made for moral reasons, but it is not a crusade. The very qualities which make Lowenstein so effective with the clean-cut idealistic kids make McCarthy wary of him, wary of him instilling all that much hope and belief, creating images of a world that McCarthy feels does not exist.

In November in Chicago McCarthy had gone before a conveniently convened meeting of Lowenstein's Coalition for a Democratic Alternative. Lowenstein wanted him to announce his candidacy there, but anti-Lowenstein forces had dissuaded him. Lowenstein, sensing that these people wanted some hope and energy poured into them, some fire to keep them going, pulled out all the stops, and gave a rip-roaring speech about what they were going to do to Lyndon Johnson. McCarthy was appalled. He considered Lowenstein demagogic and he did not like the incendiary quality of the speech. He planned to run in a decidedly different manner, believing the protest was already there, the issue was already too explosive, and his only job was to provide an outlet for that protest. Lowenstein in turn was shocked that McCarthy did not even bother to visit the several thousand people in the overflow crowd at the Chicago meeting. From that day on there is something of a difference between them. Lowenstein is in the McCarthy camp, but not *of* it; probably, if anything, he is simply



too much of a politician for McCarthy, who wants as few politicians near him as possible. Possibly when Lowenstein is around, McCarthy senses he is listening to a voice of the Kennedys.

Yet Lowenstein is increasingly optimistic. He is convinced that McCarthy has a real chance in every primary ahead and he believes Kennedy will someday have to enter the race. The Tet offensive has hurt Johnson badly. Johnson's credibility has always been at stake on this war, going back to 1964 when he ran as a peace candidate and then almost immediately expanded the war. The real question on Vietnam which neither Johnson nor the party had faced in 1964 was: all the way in or all the way out? Thus, immediately after the election Johnson's credibility began to be doubted by the intellectual judges within his own party, and steadily, month by month and year by year, that doubt had grown. Johnson, it would turn out, was not a particularly good politician; he was always willing to maneuver for short-term popularity without sensing the long-term consequences. Every time Vietnam came up as an issue, Johnson would fend off his critics. He would fly to Hawaii, or to Vietnam, or bring a Congressional Medal of Honor winner to the White House, or fly Westmoreland home to talk to the nation and the Congress, and each time he did this it would work: the doves would retreat, healing their wounds, the polls would show the people still loved the President and the war after all. But the price was a dangerously high one; he was buying time for the war by expending his own personal credibility. When finally the reality of the war, that it was unwinnable, that all the basic American suppositions about Vietnam were fallacious, would surface with a terrible finality, Johnson would be a hollow man. Johnson on his best day is not lovable; he needs to be effective and the war had ravaged his effectiveness at home and abroad. His much-discussed, much-praised consensus, it would turn out, was a convenient consensus of the moment, not an idea or a consensus of what Americans might be, but rather the parceling out of varying parts of the pie to varying interest groups, good interest groups, bad interest groups, in the hope that this would somehow give them what they wanted and prevent their judging him too harshly on other matters! Lyndon Johnson had turned out to be a bad politician. That helped Allard K. Lowenstein a lot.

April 9, 1968, Alabama

The impossible has happened: Johnson has been dumped. He has withdrawn, sensing further defeats in future primaries, culminating in California, where his strength is minimal. McCarthy is a handsome victor in Wisconsin. Kennedy is in the race, and most people see Kennedy eventually defeating McCarthy in enough primaries and taking over the leadership of the dissenting Democrats. But for the moment Lowenstein is caught in the middle: committed to McCarthy but a Kennedy man at heart, in style, in loyalty. Rumors swirl that he will des McCarthy for Kennedy. But Lowenstein invit McCarthy into the race and cannot desert hi There are, of course, entreaties. Kennedy is havi trouble with the Jews, the liberals, and the kids, a Lowenstein would be an excellent bridge for brir ing them back. Kennedy has kids, but as he poi out, somewhat sadly, he has the B and C kids a McCarthy has the A kids.

There is some talk of a New York Senate race Lowenstein, if Lowenstein were acceptable to t McCarthy people. "It could be fun," Kennedy sa "we could really shake them up." But the McCart people are dubious and the Senate idea is junk "You running for Congress," Kennedy says, "is li the Pope running for parish priest." Kennedy su gests a possible job in an Administration. Lowe stein rejects the bureaucracy. Except for one job, adds. "I know what it is," says Kennedy. "Secreta of the Army." Where the action is. Yes, nods Lo enstein. But he cannot go over to Kennedy thou his relationship is strained with the McCart camp, particularly in New York where the an Kennedy feeling is often as strong as the an Humphrey or anti-Johnson feeling. But in la March the rumors have persisted that Lowenste will defect and Kennedy, hearing them, spots Lo enstein on a bus filled with New York Democra and asks if it is true. Lowenstein says no. Kenne retreats to the back of the bus and then scribbles note to Lowenstein: "For Al, who knew the less of Emerson and taught it to the rest of us: 'Th did not yet see, and thousands of young men hopeful, now crowding to the barriers of their c reers, do not yet see if a single man plant himse on his convictions and then abide, the huge wor will come round to him.' From his friend, Bob Ke nedy." The loyalty endears Lowenstein more tha ever to Kennedy, but does not soften the feelin among many of the McCarthy people. Looking f a way out of this bitter split, he decides to conce trate on his own Congressional race, and failing get a nomination in the city, is invited to run i Nassau County, Long Island. He still works in th McCarthy campaign but it is a loyalty curiousl tempered by a basic belief in another man.

July 4, 1968

He is the Democratic Congressional nominee fro Nassau County's fifth district, having won a carpet bagger's victory—14,881 to 10,908—over Albert Vor span, who is a resident of the district, a candidat with good liberal credentials and the backing of th organization. The Lowenstein victory was put to gether more on energy than organization. What wa notable about it was, first, the rallying of man McCarthy kids, some of whom had become a littl disillusioned with McCarthy in recent months, an of Kennedy people who also went to work for him It was also marked by the appearance of high-scho kids. (Lowenstein's young people get younger an

younger, which as one critic says, may not necessarily be a good thing.)

Lowenstein also organizes the Coalition for an Open Convention in Chicago, a last-minute attempt to bring together the forces that oppose Humphrey and get up some anti-Humphrey momentum. Lowenstein sees Humphrey as much weaker than the delegate counts indicate but propped up by the basic split between the Kennedy and the McCarthy forces. McCarthy is unable to make a real gesture toward the Kennedy people; he did not like Robert Kennedy in life and he will not say about him in death things he refused to say while he was alive. The Kennedy people, shattered, are largely unable to move toward McCarthy. There are too many bruises and there is too great a difference of style; the best of the Kennedy people, who might be attracted because of the issues, find no place in the McCarthy campaign for themselves, and McCarthy does not really want them. Kennedy, like his older brother, always had the ability to make intellectuals feel they were of value in the inner circle, that they were making points and influencing his decisions; but there is a loneliness and an austerity to McCarthy's decision making. He is an intellectual. No other intellectuals need apply.

Lowenstein's coalition is an attempt to go to the second- and third-level people in both camps. It is marginally successful at best. The McCarthy people at the top are dubious, regarding it as an attempt to take McCarthy's campaign and hand the work over to some other candidate (McGovern? Teddy?). Young Mary McCarthy is asked if she's going to the Chicago organizing meeting. No: "Just one thousand friends of Al Lowenstein at the meeting," she says. The meeting itself shows again the deep splits. The good Democrats, the middle-aged and even younger people, with whom Lowenstein has worked all year, are strongly anti-Humphrey, but they are *Democrats* first, and they are leery of a meeting which will offer a resolution calling for a refusal to back Humphrey; that would tie their hands and hurt them back home. They have already taken a stand which is considered radical. If they go too far they may be read out of the party.

For some of the young radicals, however, the Democratic party is at best a passing phase; they gave it a chance, and look what it did. A fourth party beckons and they are anxious to come out of the meeting with a resolution pledging everyone there not to support Humphrey if nominated. It is the kind of split Lowenstein has faced all year. Then he leaves his position as chairman of the meeting and speaks against the radical motion. He wins and saves the meeting for the older, more traditional Democrats.

But one of his toughest critics, Paul Cowan, who broke with Lowenstein over their year in Mississippi, rejecting liberalism for radicalism, writes of the meeting: "The half-conscious assumption of most of the adults there is that liberals like Eugene McCarthy or Al Lowenstein can contain the new rebels more effectively than Hubert Humphrey, Richard Nixon, or George Wallace. They will encourage people like Reverend Jesse Jackson [SCLC man in Chicago, manager of the highly successful Operation Breadbasket] and the members of the student caucus to speak—protect their civil liberties—but discourage them from acting out their ideas—exalt unity to prevent disruption. The McCarthys and the Lowensteins are the most effective champions in the country of the order that the upper-middle-class Americans who support them want to maintain. . . . Al Lowenstein, whom the Establishment press is billing as the founder of the New Politics, is in fact the ideal spokesman for the new politicians. He is bright enough and brave enough to communicate with the dissident groups his contemporaries fear, and enough of a master of manipulation and persuasion to keep many of the dissenters inside the framework of conventional politics. . . . Still, Lowenstein and the new politicians who make up the majority of his coalition will be remembered as sad figures, not as heroic or evil ones. In another year Lowenstein might have been Franklin Roosevelt or Lyndon Johnson, a genius who created a pluralistic consensus and saved the country, or the villain who destroyed democracy by insisting on unity at all costs. But not now. The splits in America are too deep for any healer. No man can play the role in which Lowenstein has cast himself. . . ."

August 1968

A Sunday flight with Lowenstein to Manhattan, Kansas, where he will address the annual meeting of the NSA on the first anniversary of the Dump Johnson movement, at a time when the McCarthy movement, despite its earlier victories, looks like a failure. Inevitably we will fly at the least convenient hour and arrive at the least convenient time; and eating and drinking will be impossible. (Lowenstein does not care about food and drink. He drinks chocolate milkshakes for breakfast—fuel—and has Coke with dinner.) On the way out we talk about the campaign. A few weeks ago he thought Humphrey could be stopped. But McCarthy has been a little lethargic. The Kennedy people have moved to McGovern, but right now Humphrey is far ahead on arithmetic. A stewardess comes over, excited because there are politicians aboard. She is introduced to Lowenstein, who is a genuine Congressional candidate. She is highly pleased and tells him she would like to go to Vietnam to kill some gooks. There are gooks on both sides, he says. That's tough, she says.



We arrive in Kansas City about 1:00 A.M., are met by

five young people, Lowensteinites, college graduates, all part of his great apparatus, all enthusiastic. They are young and clean-cut and they regale him with all the inner gossip of NSA; it is like being with a star football player when he returns to the campus after a year's absence. They are among the handful who organized the Dump Johnson movement a year ago. On the way to Manhattan there is a great review of that historic battle, all very good stuff for me, but it is 4:00 A.M., New York time, and oppressively hot, and I fall asleep. We arrive at the motel. Lowenstein apologizes for my discomfort. Impeccable manners. The next morning we are supposed to meet him at 10:00 A.M. With great effort, I get up and make the appointment. No Lowenstein. Three hours later still no Lowenstein; but his press secretary, Mary Lou Oates, is sighted. She is through with it all, she says. It's all over, everyone in Kansas is freaking out. It's the California kids, the California kids, they're behind it all, they're way out ahead with drugs and Speed and they're bewildering these other kids at the convention and making them freak out. There's no hope. Where is Lowenstein, I ask. I left that job, she says. At 4:00 P.M., Lowenstein shows up, running, spinning, bouncing off people. "Being a friend of Lowenstein's," Jack Newfield once said, "is like being on a hold button on a phone." Everyone comes running to tell him something urgent. Lowenstein deals in nothing that is not urgent.

But the question is, can he still cut it? He is one of the last great hopes of liberalism. Will even the clean-cut kids be disillusioned? He had promised them a year ago that the society could work. Did he lie? Well, everyone is talking about his own personal hang-ups. "A bad sign," says Lowenstein. "They're turning inward. When things are going well, they tell you about the political stuff they're working on. Now it's all personal. They feel so damn ineffectual. They feel activism is meaningless. They're all too tired and too beaten out. A year later all they can see is the collapse. They can't see what they've accomplished. . . ." Someone runs over to him. "Okay, what's your problem?" Lowenstein says. The kid begins by saying, "I hope you haven't come to tell us what we can do and how we can do it because we don't need any more of that crap," and ends by telling him, "The only thing to do this year is go for the Congress."

There are surprisingly few McCarthy buttons around, not that there are Humphrey or Nixon buttons; just fewer McCarthy buttons than you would expect. Lowenstein spends the afternoon as if at a reunion. In the late afternoon, we go to hear Tom Hayden speak. Hayden is young, tough-minded, a member of SDS, a visitor to Hanoi. He is not a particularly good speaker, but he is revered by the New Left. At the workshop he discusses Chicago plans and needles Lowenstein: "The professional CIA-oriented politicians who occupy one part of McCarthy's campaign . . ." The New Left is constantly trying to attack Lowenstein as a CIA member. It has no proof. He was the last head of the NSA before its CIA subsidy, yet the attacks continue. ("I'm not saying he's a CIA agent," said Warren Hinckle in one of the milder radical Left attacks. "But he has to be very naïve or very unlucky. . . ." It all has a familiar ugly ring.) The Yippies say Hayden will nominate a pig for President. The pig will offer to debate Humphrey. The pig will go to Paris for the peace talks. Someone asks Hayden about the possibility of violence in Chicago. "I believe in violence," he says. "I think this country will change only by violence, but I'm against it in Chicago because we're bringing people who don't know each other onto terrain they don't know and the police do know."

That night there is a debate between Robert Scheer, Hayden, and Joe Duffey, a theologian from Hartford who supports McCarthy. Lowenstein chooses not to participate; he is in a weak position because these kids all want to go to Chicago and McCarthy has come out against demonstrations in Chicago, which binds Lowenstein. Both Scheer and Hayden are annoyed by his copping out. Scheer is an excellent debater, perhaps the best orator of the New Left, dramatic, strong, painting a wide and broad canvas of American evil staining the world. He says, "Without the radical peace movement there would have been no McCarthy campaign. We forced them to find their consciences." Then: "Is Al Lowenstein going to support Hubert Humphrey?" (In the audience Lowenstein whispers, "He makes his living off me. He told the students earlier that he came here only because I told them not to go to Chicago.") "If McCarthy comes out and says Wait until 1972, then nice a man as he is, he sold you out." There are several more attacks upon McCarthy and the campaign. In the audience Lowenstein whispers, "All year the radical Left said, don't go into the McCarthy movement. It's a plot to make the peace movement look weak. Now they want sympathy for how well they did, even if cheated because the system can't work. They want it both ways." Now Hayden is saying that the situation will soon be one "when you will have to decide whether to be a good German or not. No candidate for President will be safe to speak in this country. . . ."

Later Lowenstein speaks. The speech was scheduled for 4:00 P.M. but somehow it ends up being set for midnight. So at midnight, with Scheer and Hayden and a determined delegation of SDS kids in his audience, Lowenstein begins to total up the board on the year to see what they accomplished. They ended the "inevitability of Lyndon Johnson's election and we might have done more except for June fourth. We did it without a major name, money, or the mass media. We showed that the system is not so resistant to change but that it is badly corroded. Now, however, we know more about what we're dealing with. . . . Even the most recalcitrant of leader-

ship has become more responsive on Vietnam. Hubert Humphrey found out that he always agreed with Robert Kennedy on Vietnam."

Then, as he is speaking, the SDS people put on what is called guerrilla theater. Someone tagged 'Big Daddy" (the Left's nickname for Lowenstein) plays a recorder and invites a bunch of kids on to Chicago. The students arrive, do a dance, and are suddenly machine-gunned down by two men in khaki. Lowenstein stops and waits until the pageant is over. "The kids who went to Chicago were just machine-gunned by someone from SDS," he says. Applause. "But on the basis of past experience, they will recover." The intensity of feeling against Lowenstein among the New Left is really astonishing. It is very deep and very bitter; he is probably their foremost enemy. In a generation where liberalism is weak on the campus and they are so strong, Lowenstein is one of the last effective liberals competing with them, and thus a very real target.

He continues: "The McCarthy people turned around public feeling on the war, made the opposition to it respectable, and only a small minority in the country now believes it can be won. This is the last stand of decaying institutions which have not met the needs of time. So that despite the enormity of your disappointment and my disappointment there are still some positive signs. The exalting fact is that ordinary people in a complex society felt they could affect the honor and future of their country and they did and out of this will come the kind of America we want."

A series of questions follow, mostly about whom he will support. He doesn't think it will be possible to support Humphrey.

"Is there a chance you will support Humphrey?" someone asks.

"Extremely remote," he says.

"So we won't be surprised if you do," says the same student.

The questions continue. Have American values caused Vietnam? Is Vietnam just a moral extension of America? Lowenstein grapples with it. "What we have in this country is the miseries of abundance," he says. "It is here that liberalism has been a failure. We grew up, a generation of us, with the assumptions of liberalism, that when you got rid of poverty and injustice you were happy. But that is not true, people are not more happy." The questions continue to come in, largely from the SDS kids, all of them in a sense calling for a confession of failure, and finally Lowenstein responds: "The problem with radical rhetoric is that it's very good, it's the best rhetoric there is in assessing liberal failures. It's very accurate there. But then with their own programs they give little more. As much as we liberals have failed and I think our failures are obvious now, I don't see any easy alternatives. We did change some things, we learned some things, and the fact that Bob Kennedy was murdered and Gene McCarthy was disorganized doesn't show me that the system won't work." He finishes and as he leaves the podium he is joined in a semi-debate by Hayden and Scheer; they want him to tell the kids to go to Chicago ("But don't you want to prove that it's a rigged convention?" asks Scheer innocently). They keep pushing him on this, reminding him that he had been in previous demonstrations, and finally Lowenstein, exasperated, says, "I don't have any answers, but you don't have any programs. I can see events where I'll be as much a part of the resistance as you are. I hope it doesn't happen. But I don't think the final evidence is in that we've lost everything we started out to do and that we can't get out of the war. I think with the removal of Johnson they will understand the political crush of the war and they're opportunistic enough to get out." But Hayden and Scheer think that in discussing the success of the Dump Johnson movement Lowenstein has underestimated the role of the Vietcong and the Tet offensive. "You're leaving out the Tet offensive," Hayden says, "the fact that the war was unwinnable."

Lowenstein answers, "That's just it. We didn't have the Tet offensive when we went in last November but we went in anyway."

Friday, August 23, 1968

Lowenstein arrives in Chicago, a city swelteringly hot and filled with police. He is probably the only Congressional nominee in America who wears a Biafran pin. "They come and ask you and you can't turn them down. You can't say, 'This year I'm busy, come back in a year when my own country is less turbulent.'" He is in Chicago juggling his many roles: McCarthy pioneer, Kennedy scout, Congressional nominee, aging student leader, possible New York delegate, and white liberal with considerable black contacts. He is a board member of Dr. King's SCLC. Since almost every other board member is a black Baptist minister, he was first listed on their programs as Reverend Allard Lowenstein. He called up a staff member to correct it and point out that he was Jewish. The next time he was listed as Rabbi Allard Lowenstein.) Mostly he is part of a loose coalition which is trying to stop Hubert Humphrey. Nominally that coalition is pro-McCarthy but there is the belief that in the week of the convention McCarthy will behave as he has in the last three weeks, too vague, too proud, unwilling to force his way into the vacuum, and thus that it will not be McCarthy.

Earlier in August McCarthy went to Maine for a five-day vacation with the omnipresent Robert Lowell. Kenneth Curtis, the Democratic Governor of Maine, who was wavering on Humphrey, had been softened up and was waiting for a phone call, perhaps even a meeting. It was a great five days but they never called the Governor. Now a strategy emerges: hold for McCarthy and McGovern as best you can, unite on a peace plank, try and force a split between Humphrey and Johnson on their Vietnam

position, hope the alliance shatters, and then start picking up the pieces, holding Humphrey off on a first ballot. Behind all this is the hope that Ted Kennedy can be nominated.

There are some indications from Hyannis Port that under certain conditions it might be done. It would have to be a draft of sorts and it would have to be delicate. The Kennedy people are not particularly enthusiastic, and they do not want to be sucked out in the open for the Presidency, miss it, and then feel the steel trap of the Vice Presidency snap around their man. Lowenstein is committed to McCarthy as long as McCarthy has a chance, but it is quite clear that most of the McCarthy people have given up hope; McCarthy has his part of the convention but it is not likely to grow.

Lowenstein goes off to see some Negro leaders, particularly the Reverend Jesse Jackson. Jackson is perhaps the man in the King organization most likely to fill the leader's place, perhaps even the prototype of a new Negro leader in the North. He is young, handsome, dynamic, a fine fiery speaker, sort of Afro-mod-Baptist. Jackson had been leaning toward Humphrey (as were many older and more traditional Negro leaders), for McCarthy's failure to touch the nerve in the ghetto was a significant failure of his campaign; he simply refused to talk in a different tone, with more passion and more concern to any segment of the population. He may have realized the blacks needed it and perhaps even deserved it, but he believed that there were not twenty-five different kinds of Americans; he felt his record and what he was saying on the ghettos were enough. But they wanted passion and tangible signs of concern; they were not white America; their problems were greater and they would not be addressed in the same low key as white America. But now Rev. Jackson is shifting back toward McCarthy. Part of it is enormous pressure by the Kennedy-McCarthy people on Jackson, plus intense pressure on McCarthy to go and talk with Rev. Jackson's people. He is considered crucial; for though he is not well-known in the white political world, he may well be the most prestigious black still working inside the system. His credibility is great and his endorsement would be of immense value. He has been cool toward McCarthy, feeling the reservations that many Negroes feel; but about a month before the convention McCarthy had met with him and spoken to his church, one of the few times the McCarthy advisers had been successful in prevailing upon the candidate. "Now don't you go out there and condescend to my people. Don't you talk down," Jackson had told him. "You just go out and drop your load." It had gone well and Jackson's estrangement from Humphrey was intensified. Now on Friday night he was telling Lowenstein that he was thinking of endorsing McCarthy. "Hubert Humphrey is a grape of hope that has been turned into a raisin of despair by the sunshine of Lyndon Johnson," he said.

Saturday, August 24, 1968

The question is: will Allard K. Lowenstein be on the New York delegation? At present he is not, thanks to an extraordinary amount of internal shuffling and bickering among the delegates and also to Lowenstein's unique ability to attract the lightning. This does not displease the Humphrey people, since he has been a particular thorn to them all year. But now, under national exposure, it is becoming more difficult to keep Lowenstein off the delegation. He is a national figure within the party and an explosive, articulate speaker, one of the major critics of the war, and his absence would be difficult to explain. So by Saturday morning there is pressure to put him on the delegation.

Lowenstein finds it all very funny. "Even Humphrey is going around saying he wants me on the delegation," he says. "There's a conga line. They're all on it. They all really want to keep me off the delegation. But they also want to make sure that someone else gets the blame." Almost anyone else would be annoyed by all this shuffling around; not Lowenstein. He enjoys it. It means more intrigue, more meetings pro, more meetings con, more wheeling and dealing. He loves the wheeling and dealing as much as he loves the moral issues. "Al is a political nymphomaniac," a friend says.

Sunday, August 25, 1968

Allard Lowenstein the cheerleader: spreading good cheer, optimism, and hints of Teddy Kennedy. The McCarthy people are gloomy and depressed; at caucuses the hint that Kennedy might be willing to run brings a marked change in the atmosphere, a sense of hope. At this point Kennedy represents the only possibility of stopping Humphrey. Lowenstein feels that the direction of the convention is good; there is an easing of the bitterness between some of the Kennedy and McCarthy people on the peace plank and a growing awareness of the problems the Humphrey people have trying to get out from beneath Johnson's vanity on Vietnam. But there are problems everywhere. "Some of the McCarthy people are going around pleased because they think Unruh is for them. But the opposite is true. If he's for them it's a sign he thinks the game is over and he just wants to make his own separate peace with the California peace people, tidy up his lines for the next Governor's race. If he *holds*, that means there's a chance," Lowenstein says.

There are also myriad problems in Chicago. The phone system has broken down completely, with an assist from Mayor Daley and Illinois Bell (Daley's motto is no communications is good communications). In the lobby of the Hilton there are about twenty beautiful plastic house telephones all in a row. They rarely work. "It's all electronic but they get overheated and burn out," laughs the desk clerk.

Lowenstein spends the morning darting in and out of meetings, trying to keep troops in line, and most of it is spent at a Coalition for an Open Con-

vention meeting where fourth-party rumblings are more than rumblings. They are ready to march, people like Marcus Raskin of the Institute for Policy Studies, and Sanford Gottlieb of SANE. But there is a defeated quality to the meeting. Everyone is physically and emotionally spent. They have run out of money, and out of unpaid volunteers, and out of gas.

Lowenstein tells them they are $16,000 in the hole, "but it's really much more." A good many people at the meeting want to break out of the party right now and issue their fourth-party statement. "This party means nothing," one of them says, "and the sooner we get on with electing Richard Nixon the better. You people are still talking about 1968. It's a mistake—1968 is over. So let's start working for a new party and 1970 and 1972." Someone gets up and says the only problem about the fourth party is whether to draft McCarthy right now or wait until after the convention. Otherwise we let all the discontent with Humphrey and Nixon get funneled to Wallace, and the politicians will read all the wrong signs from what happened during the year." Lowenstein holds them off. "If we do this now it'll be like issuing a statement saying McCarthy can't win. It will be an admission of defeat and it will strengthen Humphrey and I don't think we're defeated yet." He holds them off; a decision is delayed until after the convention.

We drive off to another meeting of McCarthy people. Raskin rides with us. He is talking about his new party, "the young third-tier labor leaders, and the radical farmers." It sounds very far away. The next meeting reflects more of the same frustration: how to be heard on the floor without damaging McCarthy. If they protest too much, won't that solidify the Humphrey people? McCarthy disdains leadership while these people spin around in the vacuum. They don't know where to go and who is to lead them. Lowenstein gives brief advice and hustles off to lunch with Ronnie Dugger, the Texas liberal. To Dugger, Lowenstein delivers a long lecture on the liberal possibilities of Amarillo. *Amarillo.* The possibilities are very great, it seems, and have long been neglected by other Texas liberals. "All over Amarillo they kept asking me, Why doesn't someone come up and integrate us with that liberal crowd from Austin." The subject of the fourth party comes up. Lowenstein is edgy about it. When he was running out on Long Island the Liberal party heard he might favor a fourth party and it called him in to question him about this and other stands he was taking.

"How do you feel about fourth parties?" one of the Liberals asked him.

"Some have done very well and have contributed a great deal to this country," he answered.

There was a gasp. Lowenstein was turning out to be just as bad as they had heard. "Which ones?" he was asked.

"Well, for example, the Liberal party," he said.

By Sunday evening it has become somehow clear that a Humphrey nomination will not bring sad tidings to just Waverly, Minnesota, but that it may well mean a disaster of consummate magnitude, bringing down the party's best Senatorial and Congressional people, purging the state house of Democrats, costing the towns their aldermen "and many of our best dogcatchers," in the bitter words of one Kennedy backer who had been warning all year of this and was now being believed. "There must be about three or four Humphrey people who've come up to me and told me that I was right about Humphrey and the fact that he wouldn't be able to change back to the old Humphrey overnight." The polls reflect Humphrey's weakness; but it is more serious than that. There is an intuitive sense that in the six weeks that he has been campaigning he has not caught fire because he cannot catch fire. His style is hopelessly outdated, and he does not, cannot perhaps, sense the new styles, the new issues and the seriousness of the objections to him.

There is talk about Mayor Daley wanting Teddy: Daley is clearly unable to go for McCarthy. He may be better in the polls and he may even be a winner, and Daley likes winners above all else, but he is just too irregular, too unpredictable, he does not know the language. Today Daley and Illinois caucus and delay their decision three days, which starts an escalation of rumors. This makes an interesting situation because of Daley's dual power. His police are already behaving like thugs and pushing everyone around, but everyone is quiet about it; the Kennedy, McCarthy, and Humphrey people, because his votes are still too important. He may be an SOB, but he can deliver the convention, or come very close to it. Right now, on Teddy, he appears to be playing an interesting game. He is hinting at it, without committing himself. Daley and Jesse Unruh meet, spreading even more rumors. Lowenstein starts to grow more and more optimistic. That night, on the way to dinner, he is interrupted by a man from Wyoming who comes over to introduce his wife. "This is the fella I told you about, Margaret. The one who came out last year and made that speech about Johnson. Said it could be done and by God he was right. Well, young fella, you're all right." Lowenstein protests that it is people like the man from Wyoming who did it. He is growing euphoric: Teddy seems ready to go. "Everyone will now act according to character. Johnson will try to screw Humphrey, because he's Johnson. That coalition will shatter. McCarthy will hold his strength but not pick up. Then they will turn to Teddy."

Monday, August 26, 1968

The first Teddy buttons begin to appear. *Draft Teddy.* Done so quickly they are made of paper. Dick Tuck, the prankster, is distributing Humphrey-Connally buttons designed to terrify the liberals

that are left in the Humphrey camp. Lowenstein is chasing from caucus to caucus. The New York caucus is a particular zoo. It is filled with reporters and hangers-on, nearly doubling its size. So they ask all non-delegates to stand up and no one stands up. So they ask all delegates to stand up and everyone stands up. So they make everyone leave the hall, then let them back in, one at a time, delegates only. So the caucus starts, three hours late.

Lowenstein heads for still another private meeting and I slip downstairs to have lunch with three McCarthy friends, upper-middle rank. The conversation is filled with the kind of love-frustration-anger which has marked the entire McCarthy campaign. While caucus after caucus of varying states are dying to see him, he is aloof and proud (he will attend only five caucuses finally); the last chance to take the convention, to storm in and flex some might, some polls, and some determination in caucus after caucus is ebbing. Some of his people in these delegations are pleading with him to give it one more try; the Humphrey thing is coming unstuck. But he cannot do it.

Those qualities about McCarthy, observable early in the campaign, the loner, the individualist, the mocker of the American system, have now hardened. There is the quality of brilliance when he wants to be brilliant; at his best there is no one quite like him in American politics, his very detachment allows him to soar above the pettiness and the old blocs and to talk of real visions, of appeals to individual conscience. But there is arrogance bordering on perversity and more, the pride, the ferocity, the refusal to do anything he disdains, even if it is for a larger end. He did not like Robert Kennedy while alive, he will not say anything gracious about him in death. He can go before the California delegation, a delegation he needs, in a private meeting, a Kennedy delegation, and not mention Robert Kennedy's name. Nor will he gladhand. Or pander. Every man chokes on something; Eugene McCarthy chokes on pride.

So now at lunch the varying McCarthy stories are being told, told in the frustration and the irritation and the numbness of this convention.

"He took us a long way. He went alone and we went a long way with him," one of the people says. "He gave us back something of ourselves."

But another interjects: "Yes, he took us a long way. But he screwed us. We gave him a lot. We invested a lot in him, a hell of a lot of us. He owed us more than he gave us. It wasn't enough. Oh sometimes he even laughed at us."

"I'm not going to leave this thing bitter," the first man says. "He took us further than anyone ever took us before. What the hell would we be like this week if we were here and he hadn't tried? How would we feel about ourselves? Look, you can't expect him to change. He's this kind of man. That's all there is. He isn't going to change for you. For him this convention is like taking out the garbage."

"But it isn't changing for us. It's changing for the issue which brought us all into it."

Then a quick discussion on how McCarthy views man: he does not believe man is perfectible. He thinks man has failings, and God looks down from on high and maybe good things can be done and maybe they can't and you can't push it too far.

A Kennedy man with a touch of bitterness suggests that it is too bad that McCarthy had such a protective press at the end; that the warts on Bobby were always exposed, but that McCarthy's weaknesses were often hidden, discussed only in the inner circle, but not written about.

"Look," said the first man, "I'm not going to feel badly about what was written about Bobby. Gene went in first and he did the right thing. Some of the things you're complaining about, kissing this ass, and kissing that ass, going to this caucus, are going to look pretty damn small fifty years from now and a lot of the things he did are going to look pretty damn big if anyone's left around to judge."

We discuss the security situation. It is oppressive. Security is unpleasant in the first place, no one likes it; but the better the security people are, the quicker and more clinical they can make their job. But this is another thing. Daley's people, particularly his plainclothesmen, are pushing everyone around. The Mayor is clearly mounting a disaster; he does not think the Yippies have the right to protest, since they are not in the party. (In the middle of the Ribicoff demonstration, when Ribicoff came of age and told Daley how hard it is, one of Daley's people, fourth row of the phalanx, turned to another and said, "He ain't so much; I hear he ain't even organization.") Worse, they do not have votes. So there is no point in compromising with them, giving them Soldiers Field.

Daley looks at them and gets angry; he listens and it is worse. It is all changing so fast. (When one of his chief deputies in a suburban area lost his area to a peace candidate, Daley was perplexed: What went wrong? Was the garbage collected? Did they need garbage pails?) There is something ominous about the entire police setup, the vast hordes of them around the Hilton, the arrogance of them at the Amphitheatre. Lowenstein, for instance, was arrested and detained for more than thirty minutes because he walked in with a copy of the New York *Times*; he was creating a fire hazard, it seems.

Tuesday, August 27, 1968

A convention is not sane at all, and it does not test rationality. It is not a matter of who is the best-informed person, or the best-organized, or the most creative; it is a matter of who functions best at 2:00 A.M., who bears best the lack of sleep. At 3:00 A.M. everyone is still trying to react to the events of the previous day, or more accurately, the rumored events of the previous day. Better men may have fallen, the way is open to those men of

reater endurance. ("This all wouldn't have hap-ened," Robert Kennedy once said of the choice of yndon Johnson as Vice President, "except we were ll too tired last night.") Everything is disor-anized; either one has not eaten at all, or one eats nch three times as a means of seeing three dif-erent sets of people. There is a sense of touching verything and touching nothing; one is at the enter of action and yet feels that the action must e elsewhere. Are you at the convention hall? Then he action must be with the Yippies. Are you with he Yippies? Then it must be at the hall. If you re with McGovern, then it must be with McCarthy. New York? Then with California.

Lowenstein naturally thrives on this. The rest of he world has come round to his way of living. He ives like this all the time and he is at home here, spinning off people, wheeling and dealing. ("God, am I glad to see you. I've been looking all over . . ." And then he sees someone else over *this* person's shoulder, breaks contact, and rushes off.) He is sur-rounded by coteries of young men. Can they all be student-body presidents? He dispatches them on their many missions of mercy, one to look for James Wechsler, the New York *Post* columnist, and to hold him ("he's rather short and wears bow ties . . ."), one to call Dick Goodwin's room, one to find Mark Raskin, one to find chocolate malts, and, yes, one, to find his wife.

On the way to the Amphitheatre that night he is optimistic and getting more so. The tough Vietnam plank dictated from Washington that Humphrey has accepted does not bother him. "Clarifies the convention. It's clear now. Connally is Humphrey's Thurmond. Humphrey's going to pay a heavy price for this." He is fairly optimistic about the peace plank, supposed to be voted on that night. The Teddy boomlet is still in the background but it is surfac-ing fast now. Events are starting to get ahead of themselves. Behind Lowenstein's optimism is the belief that Teddy will accept a draft under certain conditions, and he senses that those conditions will be met, that McCarthy will make the move. The thirst for Teddy, the craving for him is very real and it reveals, if nothing else, the party's bank-ruptcy (the fact that it has the sitting President is largely disguised here). It is badly torn, disor-ganized, factionalized, and its leadership is largely in the past; most of the men who have made reputations have made them on issues that are increasingly irrelevant; in the cities where new reputations might be made, the Democratic leaders are more often than not tied to corrupt, corroded machines, or at least neutralized by the machines. The party looks for fresh blood; it finds a thirty-six-year-old Kennedy.

The Teddy boomlet reflects the desperation of the moment. Teddy rumors swirl, from the floor to TV, back to the floor, then fed back again to reporters. In a press room, a reliable friend grabs me, and says, "*Teddy's on his way here, I know it and that is a fact*"; whereas, of course, Teddy was on his way at that moment across his Hyannis Port living room. Meanwhile there are other rumors. McCarthy has *conceded*. Around the hall it goes. *McCarthy concedes*. Someone in the McCarthy camp is scream-ing, *How can he do this to us*? Goodwin is holding a press conference to deny it. On the floor the same old anachronistic procedures are in full force, and the convention goes its dreary way, two different worlds swirling around each other, the old one, used as a base from which the modern electronic one can operate. The floor seems to be quieting down. One senses that the Teddy boomlet is ebbing. Ken-nedy will once again ask that his name not be presented.

Late this night, I have drinks with an old friend. What are you doing, he asks me. Covering Lowen-stein, I answer. "Oh that guy," he says. "Isn't he the one who's been working behind the scenes for Terry Sanford for Vice President?"

Wednesday, August 28, 1968

The Teddy boomlet died last night, and the rea-sons are still a matter of some confusion. McCarthy met with Steve Smith, who was serving as Teddy's eyes here. Both sides have different versions of what happened. What is clear is that they talk different languages; the Kennedys' is sharp, blunt. McCarthy more opaque, more mystic. What he does not say is almost as important as what he does say. McCarthy gave what he felt were clear and present signals. Stephen Smith did not thus inter-pret them. Probably had he spent the entire year as a McCarthy lieutenant he would have under-stood that McCarthy was implying that he knew he could not win and he was releasing his dele-gates, if they wanted him to. They thought that somehow he was insisting upon a pure and com-plete draft and for them to make the first step. In addition, word of the meeting soon leaked out; it was bound to; Chicago for a week is a city without secrets. But the Kennedys, who were very edgy about this whole thing, believed McCarthy had deliberately leaked it, as a means of making the whole thing messy. The leakage did make the thing messier, and above all the Kennedys did not want a messy fight. They really did not want the nomination at all. They did not think this would be a particularly good year, they were still shattered from the assassination, and they were worried over post-assassination turbulence. Yet the pressure for Teddy to go, to save the party, was intense, and growing stronger all the time, and the Kennedys are not great waiters. Given an option of waiting their normal turn for some race, as everyone else has done, and going at a precocious age against all normal odds and tradition, they will go for it. If it could be done quietly and sprung at the last minute they would accept (it really would have been a draft), sensing that despite all the faction-alism, their young fresh face could defeat Richard

Nixon's stubble-lined face in a close race. The role of Daley in all this is at best devious. He was a figure in it; he did in a way encourage the boomlet by holding back on Sunday. Yet when it seemed ready to go (and it would have gone; Teddy Kennedy was very nearly nominated in the party's desperation) he quickly moved to deflate it. Daley later claimed that Teddy would have to ask for it, something of course he knew Kennedy would not do. The more likely explanation, and one believed by the Kennedy people, is that Daley was trying to flush Teddy out in the open and then spring the Vice Presidency on him, having first proven his availability. Either way Daley would have emerged as the kingmaker. Teddy did not bite; the young Irish are as shrewd as the old Irish.

With Teddy goes the last of Lowenstein's hopes. The night before, he was elated, the impossible seemed possible ("the greatest miracle of our time is about to happen," he told one friend who needed a little bucking up). Now he lacks both the votes and the candidate. Even the peace plank is in trouble. Though the Administration plank is hardline and Humphrey is swallowing it, the Humphrey people have come up with a slick defensive move, an amendment to the main plank put up by more moderate Humphrey forces (Clark Kerr, Victor Reuther, etc.). Anxious to see Humphrey elected, the war ended, and the party healed, they are now pre-selling their amendment, which is more dovish than the Administration position.

The idea is that the Administration position goes through and then the Humphrey forces join the peace forces and come up with the good moderate position. Some of Lowenstein's people have been saying that the amendment looks good and he is trying to hold the line. "I spent two years of my life fighting this. We didn't want it then, and we don't want it now," he tells a Negro woman. "I'm not going to give these people respectability. Tell them they won't have our votes. Tell them they can get their votes from Texas." It is the first time I have seen him angry. The proposed moderate amendment has changed the basic balance on the Vietnam plank; some big states, such as Ohio, Michigan, and Pennsylvania, which might have gone for the peace plank are now swinging the other way. "They won't have our votes," Lowenstein says. "They've just bought the hawk amendment." And the moderate amendment never comes to a vote; its sponsors realize they cannot bring the peace people around. It takes the steam out of the peace plank. It will now go down to defeat.

Now, [illegible], the entire convention becomes a scenario of the party's bankruptcy. Even in the Vietnam plank debate the emptiness is obvious. Most of the men arguing for the peace plank have been silent for four years, brought to the podium now to rekindle the Kennedy flame; they are men like Theodore Sorensen who felt in March that the issue was not worthy of Bob Kennedy making the race. It is one more sad note for the party that even here, among its dissenters, there is little in the way of fresh young leadership. One listens to Sorensen and senses that in some ways the radicals are right, that the Cold War put the liberals of this country too much on the defensive, that for some the price paid in fending off the right wing, fighting with conservative forces for minor victories, proving one's basic anti-Communism, took too much out of them. In the years the Democrats have been in power—and thus in a sense the liberals—the power of the Pentagon has grown to the point where it is to a younger generation *the* issue of American life. One senses that one era is ending for the party; perhaps slowly, in the embers here, another is beginning. There is no guarantee of it.

At almost the same time, Daley's police unleash themselves against the Yippies, cracking heads indiscriminately. It is, like the convention itself, a symbol of the inability to handle real problems. The Yippies have come here and failed; their turnout was far below what they expected and needed. The radical Left accuses Lowenstein of manipulation, though of course that is their own game: manipulation and provocation. And who in Chicago have they manipulated? Why Richard J. Daley, of course. For it is true that they have shouted foul words (in unison and in cadence) against the President and the Vice President, worse, even against the Mayor. And the Mayor, the Mayor whose face turns red at off-color stories and who does not like his deputies to play around (though alcohol is a permitted vice, indeed almost an expected sign of weakness of the flesh), the Mayor sent the cops after those kids. He would show them; if their protests were meant to provoke, why, the Mayor would honor that protest, he would be provoked. If the Democrats had shown that they could no longer cope with the country, the Mayor would use their convention to prove it.

All of this has taken place while Hubert Humphrey is being nominated. The dream of all those years coming home, finally so tarnished, and Humphrey was unable to stop it, or worse to *try* to stop it at least; to say something. He was offering himself, he would deal with Brezhnev and de Gaulle and the Joint Chiefs though he is too weak and eroded to deal with Daley *even after the nomination*; perhaps he would go to bed that night telling Muriel that he could not understand why the young no longer loved him and why the liberals had turned on him.

On the floor Lowenstein is trying to get to the podium to make a motion to adjourn until the city does something about the police (an interesting motion which, given the anger of delegates, might have carried; enough had been roughed up by then). In the New York delegation, John Burns refuses to let him use the microphone (which is probably not turned on anyway) so he has to go to the podium. But no one can get near the podium.

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The Illinois delegation blocks it, and the Illinois delegation is blocked by great circles of plainclothesmen. As Lowenstein moves forward he is hemmed in by the plainclothesmen. They refuse to let him move forward. "I'm a delegate from New York trying to make a motion," he says. "No, you're not," one says. "You're not going to make a motion."

He pushes forward again. "Listen, sonny. Be a good boy. Push off," one of them says. "There are federal agents here and they know what you're doing and you're going to be in trouble."

As he leaves the floor he is grabbed by a New York reformer, an angry one.

"Why isn't Teddy being put in nomination?"

"Because the big shots don't want it," he answers.

"The big shots didn't want Lyndon Johnson beaten and it didn't stop you. Why don't you do something?" she screams at him.

"I don't know who appointed me Jesus Christ. Isn't there anyone else here?"

Later he is grabbed by a series of television reporters, and he gives them something. To one: "This convention elected Richard Nixon President of the United States tonight. That's like electing Arthur Goldberg Mayor of Cairo. I never thought it would happen." On it goes; he heads toward a final meeting of all the McCarthy delegates. (They would meet, pledge themselves to come back again, and then hold a candlelight walk back to the city.) As he goes off to the caucus, the fatigue finally showing, I remember what Ronnie Dugger said about him, recalling a visit Lowenstein made to Texas last August. "He didn't even have a candidate at that time. But he came down and he was organizing and putting it together, telling us it could be done, that we were not alone. That was very important, that we were not alone. And then I remember taking him to the airport afterwards and watching him walk up the ramp, and I thought, my God, there goes one man trying to take on the entire system alone, and I felt a certain chill. It was pretty damn impressive."

Thursday, August 29, 1968

The full recognition of what has happened spreads all over the city; if there is one thing that binds people here, it is a desperate urge to get away from Chicago. (What do you think of the convention, Mr. O'Dwyer? asks a radio reporter, shoving his little beeper at Paul O'Dwyer, and O'Dwyer, bless him, does not analyze the role of the Left, or the Right, or the Center; he says very simply, "It's a horror.") Even Lowenstein is dejected. He runs around from meeting to meeting, arguing fourth parties and Vice Presidential nominations (shall they use nominations for the Vice Presidency as a means of attacking the convention?). But it is all gone. He is still bothered about whether or not he should have put Kennedy's name in nomination, even without the great powers; he is convinced that the support was there, that they could have done it without Daley. But can you inflict the nomination on a man who does not seek it, the surviving son of a tragedy-riddled family in such a particularly violent year? No, you can't, he thinks, and then he talks about all that was riding on it this year, how much work by so many people had gone into it, what the consequences may be, and he is uneasy.

In the afternoon, McCarthy's farewell and it is excellent. He is at his best: "But what of the great issues which we raised—the war and the question of priorities for this nation? Because that was the substance of our commitment. The other reforms of procedure and process and party were secondary. It would appear that we lost on the platform fight. And in a quantitative sense, any kind of numerical measure, you would have to say that we did lose at this convention. But that was not the measure of the judgment which was passed in this country. So what we can do is go on to continue to present to the people as best we can for judgment between now and November the issues we have been raising for nine months in this country. . . . I think that the outlook is one that must be reassuring: one of confidence and of optimism—not really of our own making but by virtue of our having discovered it to exist in the minds and in the hearts of the people of this country. I think we can say we were willing to open the box and to see what America was. We had that kind of trust and that kind of confidence. And when we opened it, we found that the people of this nation were not wanting."

It is very good stuff; he is speaking extemporaneously and yet the words have a precision and a finality to them. They will be around a while. I mention this idea to a boy who has worked all year for McCarthy. And the kid says, "He's a great loser."

Then downstairs to wait for Humphrey's press conference. He will announce his Vice President. He is forty minutes late, and this is a busy day. We are all restless. I ask one reporter who covers him if he's often late. "He's *always* late," says the reporter. "He's incompetent. He can't stop talking. Right now he's upstairs talking to someone he's already convinced." McCarthy said of him yesterday in a long interview with the Chicago *Daily News*: "Hubert's all right on decisions. He usually makes good ones. It's when he starts to talk that anything can happen. I remember in 1954 when everyone was talking about the new Humphrey and how mellow and tempered he was. And he went out to speak to a labor group in Ohio and suddenly it's in the papers about Ike being a canary in a gilded cage while back in the kitchen the blackbirds were eating up the public pie, and upstairs everyone was sunny and light, while downstairs in the cellar there were white creepy crawly things everywhere. So I asked him, 'Hubert what happened to the new Humphrey?' and he answered: 'I heard the whistle blow.'"



Tuck's parody and satire paper claims that Humphrey will nominate Agnew "to dispel the reports of the Eastern Establishment press that there are serious differences between him and Nixon." Finally he arrives. It is Muskie. It will be the "most exciting and challenging race since Franklin Roosevelt." I am nervous but the lightning fails to strike.

Thursday night, riding to the convention hall, the impossible happens. Allard K. Lowenstein—after 18 months of 2,367 speeches in 1,392 cities, 70 per cent of them under 50,000 population, 288,021 miles of travel, and 678 missed meals—has laryngitis. He cannot talk. He writes messages to friends. He has a sprayer for his throat. His aides have asked the TV commentators what they use for their throats and the answer is nothing. Nevertheless he sprays and swallows. His wife, Jenny, finds this very amusing. She is a woman who bears her burdens well, the thousands of young people swarming in and out of her home, wearing her clothes, tending her child. Or at least she did until 5:00 A.M. today. Lowenstein, taking pity on the weak, had promised to turn their room over to McCarthy kids to sleep in. By 5:30 the kids had not come by and the Lowensteins went to sleep. But at 6:30 the kids come by and demand the room and Lowenstein gets up, Jenny with him, she very angry, protesting, "I don't care if they're wounded. I don't care if they're dying." Then they give the room up. "He kept introducing them to me," she recalled later, "and I kept refusing to be introduced. Perhaps I'll never be a politician's wife."

"What do you think he's running for?" someone asked her.

"Some minor deity," she said.

"Are you sure it's minor?"

On the Floor

The local Jewish War Veterans post calls up, demanding that Lowenstein apologize to the Chicago police. (This is a typical Daley move; he calls his man with the Jews, who calls his man with the JWV, and thus the Jew is reprimanded, not by Mayor Daley, the Mayor is never touched by this criticism, he is above it, but by people of, yes, his own *ethnic persuasion*). Tonight Daley is making a comeback. Somewhat bruised by all the attention he received Wednesday, he is making a Thursday comeback. On the way to the hall the street corners are crowded with Daley supporters and in the hall itself the claque is at the ready. This is the age of television and perhaps a more subtle man might disguise his claque, make it look like a spontaneous claque, but not Daley; a claque is a claque and a convention is a City Hall meeting. They are all there, they sit together, wear the same clothes, carry the same signs, have the same faces, sitting there row on row, and at signals from the floor below, they cheer. "We Love Daley." No impact. Had he dispersed them through the hall and left out a few signs he might have fooled someone.

During the session, they show the film on Robert Kennedy; it would always be hard to bear, but in this setting, following these events, it is too much, the view of this good and decent and strong young man. It underscores the emptiness and the ugliness of the rest of the week. On the floor the movie touches off a deep-rooted emotion and demonstration. People begin to sing "The Battle Hymn of the Republic." Singing for Kennedy, against Chicago, angrily and bitterly.

Carl Albert, who was working for Humphrey (they had, after all, the peace plank and the Presidency and the Vice Presidency, and the Credentials, they had already won, for whatever it was worth), Carl Albert is a stylish man, and so he relentlessly gavels it down; after five days of banality he realizes that five minutes of singing is too much, and he moves to silence it. It goes on for nineteen minutes. It takes We-Love-Daley demonstrations finally to silence it. Now the dissidents are trying to nominate Vice Presidential candidates but this is difficult; you have to reserve time in advance, and they cannot get time. The whole evening begins to repeat last night. Reports keep coming in of delegates arrested and tear-gassed. David Hoeh, the chairman of the New Hampshire delegation, is arrested for using a credit card in the security machine. It flashed green. His arrest at the end seems symbolic; I had last seen him December 4 in Manchester, New Hampshire, pleading with McCarthy to enter the state. Only twenty-one days, he pleaded. McCarthy shook his head. Okay, only fourteen days then, he pleaded, we can do it, and then finally grabbing me, asking me to convince McCarthy to do it; somehow his arrest seems to end it as his pleading had begun it. On the floor, Wisconsin is nominating Julian Bond and asking for Allard K. Lowenstein of New York to second it. Like Edward Kennedy, Julian Bond is too young, even legally too young, and it would not work. Allard K. Lowenstein has laryngitis. But even so Carl Albert is afraid and Hubert Humphrey is too weak, and they will not let him speak. And perhaps they are right.

Peter F. Drucker

A WARNING TO THE RICH WHITE WORLD

To replace stagnation with progress and despair with hope, aid programs must discover the single crucial "underdeveloped resource" of backward nations and black ghettos at home—human talent.

The newest and greatest threat abroad in the world today may well be the threat of a war of the poor and largely colored peoples against the rich and largely white. There is greater disparity between the rich and the poor today than there has ever been before. It is increasingly a disparity within one community of information. And it is a disparity between races rather than a cleavage between classes.

This is new. China was much richer in the sixteenth century than England. But the Chinese gentleman of the times lived on a very similar standard to that of the Elizabethan gentleman. And so did the poor in the two countries. Today, however, the English workingman (not to mention the American) lives much better than any but the exceedingly rich in most countries of the world. The globe has become divided into nations that know how to manage technology to create wealth, and nations that do not. Within the rich nations technology has succeeded to an amazing extent in overcoming the cleavage between the rich and the poor, not by making the rich poorer —as the Marxists predicted—but by making the poor richer. Between the rich and the poor nations, however, technology has created a gap in income and opportunities which never existed before.

Even if such a gap had existed in earlier times, it would not have mattered much. If, 400 years ago, the poorest Chinese had lived as well as the English duke, no one in England would have known about it. It would have been a traveler's tale on a par with stories about mermaids, unicorns, and other fables. Today, however, we see how other people live every day on the TV screen in our living room, as direct, personal, immediate experience. This is a gap, therefore, within one and the same community.

The gap is primarily a gap between races. It has lately become fashionable to talk about the "North-South gap," which implies that climate is responsible for the inability of two-thirds of mankind to break out of pre-industrial poverty. This is one of the theses of Gunnar Myrdal's recent book, *Asian Drama*. It is a dangerous, self-deluding euphemism. The Chinese, the largest single group among the pre-industrial peoples, are northerners to a man. All India lies north of the Equator; and the great bulk of the Indian population lives well north of the tropics. Every single population center of Latin America lies climatically in the temperate zone. The fact is that all the world's rich nations, excepting only the Japanese, are white and all the world's poor nations, excluding only part of Latin America, are colored. Within Latin America, too, the cleavages are largely racial, *e.g.*, between the fast-developing and largely white industrial triangle of Brazil—Rio, São Paulo, Belo Horizonte—and the wretchedly poor and entirely black northeast; or between the growth of primarily Spanish Lima and the misery of the Andean Indians.

That the cleavage is above all racial shows clearly in the United States, where the poor are predominantly Negro. The American Negro is the representative of the poor races within the richest nation. The American Negro problem is, therefore, the most important, the most acute, and perhaps the most dangerous instance of the worldwide problem. If the United States, the world's richest, technologically most advanced,

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and managerially most accomplished country, cannot bring about economic and social development of a nonwhite minority in its midst, then it will be taken as proved, by white and colored alike, that there is an unbridgeable race conflict. By the same token, however, our ability in this country to resolve the problem of Negro destitution and to bring about rapid Negro development may also be the greatest possible contribution to the world race problem.

Yet race is not the explanation for "underdevelopment." Clearly nonwhite races are capable of development—as witness the Japanese. And the three non-Communist Chinese communities—Hong Kong, Formosa, and Singapore—have shown tremendous capacity for rapid economic and social growth in the last twenty years. At the same time, there are people of European stock, for instance the South Americans, who apparently do not have this capacity. And few areas in Latin America are as "underdeveloped" or as "colonial" as most of Spain or Sicily.

Whatever the reasons for the cleavage (and we know a good deal about them by now), it is clear that it will be overcome one way or another. Ideally, man will find ways to make the poor countries richer. Alternatively, the rich countries will not be allowed to remain rich.

That no country has developed to become a wealthy, advanced industrial nation since World War I, more than fifty years ago, is, therefore, a central social and political problem of the world economy. Between 1860 and 1910 a new major industrial nation emerged every twenty years or so. This created confidence throughout the world that economic development could be taken for granted. But for fifty years now it has not happened. We must make it happen—and in enough places to show that development is not a matter of race but of the right policies and efforts.

Almost twenty years ago President Truman proclaimed the goal of economic development for the poor nations in his Point Four program. Since then, statistically, economic growth has been a good deal greater than even the optimists of 1950 would have dared predict. Industrial production has been growing very fast indeed in a good many parts of the underdeveloped world. And agricultural production and productivity are suddenly jumping ahead, just when everyone had given up hope that world hunger could be averted. One could cite innumerable figures to prove that the last twenty years have validated our development policies. Yet the public would remain unconvinced. And the public would be right. Development, as President Truman conceived it and as we envisaged it these last twenty years, has been a failure. It has failed to produce the one essential result: the example of a new major growth economy. Development aid has resulted in the production of a lot of goods and a lot of jobs. But it has, so far, failed to generate the new vision.

The demands of economic development are more exacting than we believed when President Truman announced his Point Four program. We need intelligence much more than money—and intelligence is a great deal scarcer.

What Will Not Work

We must now understand that development can no longer be financed by agriculture, as it was in the nineteenth century. We must understand that it can, therefore, no longer be "automatic." We must understand that to provide investment capital from abroad on a planned and directed basis will not automatically produce development either, although it did in the nineteenth century. And we must understand the severe limitations on the effectiveness of foreign aid, and of government action altogether.

1. In the nineteenth century, agriculture in the settled countries was touched by the new industrial civilization only superficially. The countrysides I knew when I grew up—the English counties and the villages of Austria, Switzerland, and Northern Italy—still lived in their traditional culture and civilization as late as the 1920s. To be sure, they had a good many new tools, such as the railroads or electricity. But these had little impact on their way of life, on their view of themselves, on their social, political, or intellectual vision. They had had only limited impact on their economy. And this was even more true in France and Scandinavia.

At the same time, the population explosion of the nineteenth century was economic opportunity rather than threat. Population in the industrializing countries then—that is, in Europe, in North America, and finally in Japan—grew almost as rapidly as it is growing now in the developing countries. But instead of putting pressure on the food base of the economy, it created markets for the agriculture of the new "breadbaskets" in Eastern Germany, Hungary, Western Russia, the Ukraine, Romania, America, Argentina, Canada, and Australia. Thus, the new countries, whether in Central and Eastern Europe or overseas in the Americas and in the Pacific, could finance their development by farm exports from their new

soils. Agriculture in these countries was not "advanced" technologically. Nor did it need to be. It took into cultivation new lands, where anything produced was so much increment, so much surplus. In this way developing nations not only obtained the manufactured goods for their own population, they also financed their capital imports.

The United States obtained more capital between 1870 and 1890 to build transcontinental railroads than all the money (adjusted for changes in purchasing power) the United States has spent in aid to developing countries in the last twenty years. Very little of it was ever paid back. The American railroads as a rule defaulted on the bonds and wrote off the shares. The money was, however, given against ample security: the new fertile soil the railroads were opening to settlement. Europe was repaid by cheap food to feed her urban masses.

It is no longer possible, however, to finance development out of agriculture. It is equally impossible nowadays to keep the village out of modern society and insulated from modern technology. The automobile and the truck, the transistor radio and the loudspeaker, as well as electric power, integrate rural society into city society. They abolish rural society as such, dissolve it into a poor and underprivileged component of an urban world. A hundred years ago the city was the exception and society was essentially the countryside. Today rural society rarely exists anymore and can only be defined by whatever city blessings it does not enjoy.

In the nineteenth century the then developed areas of the West could not have survived without steadily increasing food imports. Today most of the developed countries have become food-surplus producers. And most of the underdeveloped countries need all the food they can produce to feed their own people, in any event.

Moreover, agriculture in the developed countries (excepting only Russia) is now the most technologically advanced and the most industrialized of basic industries. Consequently, productivity differentials in agriculture between developed and underdeveloped economies far outrun the differentials in manufacturing. We expect a new steel mill in an underdeveloped country to be one-third to one-half as productive as a steel mill in the old industrial areas of Europe. But we are not surprised to see productivity differentials of ten to one or even twenty-five to one between the agricultures of the developed, highly industrial countries and the agricultures of the underdeveloped countries.

Fifty years or so ago, rice yields per acre in China, and even in India, were higher than those in the West. Today the yield per acre of irrigated rice in California is ten times (or more) that of similar land in China. China, in turn, produces three times as much rice on the same irrigated acre as does Indonesia—and at least twice as much rice as even well-managed and well-watered farms in India.

Under these conditions, agriculture in the poor countries simply cannot compete, no matter how low the income of their farmers. Where agriculture provided the investment capital for industry in the nineteenth century—and still did in Stalin's Russia—today it requires very large capital investments of its own. "Forty acres and a mule" no longer make a productive farmer. They make a rural pauper. The fundamental agricultural equation on which nineteenth-century development was based no longer balances out.

Not "Trade Not Aid"

2. Capital investment from abroad is no longer the answer to development. In fact, heavy capital investment from abroad may become a barrier to development rather than a spur. The nineteenth century, as the example of the American railroads illustrates, invested a great deal more capital abroad, especially in development areas, than we have invested in aid since World War II. Indeed, although international trade has been growing fast and is at a higher level than it was then—both absolutely and in relation to total production—capital investment lags far behind. The American investments in multinational corporations, large though they have been, represent a much smaller fraction of national income than did the European investments in American railroads a century ago.

But the nineteenth-century capital investment was investment "abroad" only in a geographic sense. Most of it, whether put into harbors or railroads or mines, served to produce food and raw materials for the lender's industrial centers. In financial terms this meant that the foreign investor was being repaid out of what his own countrymen paid for the grain, the cotton, or the

This article is adapted from Peter F. Drucker's forthcoming book, "The Age of Discontinuity," to be published by Harper & Row. Mr. Drucker is an internationally known management consultant and teacher. His books include "Landmarks of Tomorrow" and "The Effective Executive."

copper whose supply his investment had made possible. There was no "transfer problem." The investment liquidated itself. To service it financially did not entail withdrawal of currency from the debtor country.

Such investment is by no means unknown today. Most of the billions invested in petroleum production around the world, for example, are being serviced out of the monies paid by the users—who, of course, are the developed industrial countries. But the bulk of development investment today is of a different kind. It aims at creating capacity to produce for the domestic markets of the country in which the investment is made. It does not, in other words, generate the exports with which to repay the investment.

Investment of capital in the developing countries, therefore, tends to create a foreign-exchange liability. This has been painfully demonstrated in Latin America. It explains in large measure why the last ten years have been years of trouble there. Latin America, through the mid-1950s, attracted almost as much capital as her development economists wanted. As a result, Latin America grew very fast during that period. But when the inflow diminished a little, crisis immediately set in. Payments on the loans and dividends remitted abroad began to use up whatever foreign exchange was available. If a country suspended payments abroad to counteract this, its credit promptly disappeared—and so did foreign capital. If, on the other hand, a country maintained its foreign payments to maintain its credit, its growth came to an end as its capital base shrank, thus creating a deflationary crisis. This too ended the influx of foreign capital.

We need all the trade we can get. We also need capital investment, and more than we have had in the last ten years. But we can no longer depend on either as the motive power of economic development.

3. But if "trade not aid," however beguiling, is an unrealistic slogan, "aid" alone will also not do the job of economic development.

Whenever we face the problem of poverty, whether domestic or international, our first impulse is to solve it through distributing wealth. Unfortunately, there is not enough wealth around to get us anything except disillusionment.

John Pincus of the RAND Corporation has recently computed how much it would take to tackle the world's poverty problems through distributing the wealth of the rich nations. To raise per capita income everywhere to $1,000 a year—still less than one-third the United States figure—would require $1.4 thousand billion a year, that is, more than the total annual income of all the developed countries and more than 200 times as much as we have ever spent on aid in any one year.

Aid, in other words, can only be a stimulant. The main growth has to come out of the resources of the poor countries themselves. Effective aid acts as a catalyst releasing local energies. But aid, unless carefully planned and ruthlessly administered, may also tend to inhibit the energies of the recipient. This has become apparent in our surplus-food aid, which, so very well intentioned, is actually causing development failure. It has encouraged policies that cut back rather than improve food production at home. It has led to gross misallocation of resources, as recipient countries—and India is only one example—felt free to invest in politically palatable but economically dubious prestige projects—steel mills, typically, or jet planes—rather than in agriculture. Beyond relief for people actually threatened with starvation, food relief should be given only sparingly. It destroys the incentive of the local farmer to increase his output.

Aid, by its very nature, will flow toward problems rather than toward opportunities. It will go where the needs are greatest rather than where the results are. It will, therefore, tend to create—or, at least, to perpetuate—dependence.

This is true of aid at home fully as much as of aid abroad. It has dawned on us lately that the social worker in the big city often causes the very misery she works so hard to relieve. She causes dependence. Her clients are treated as "relief cases" and—unintentionally—prevented from even attempting to get back on their own feet, indeed often penalized if they try (by termination of relief payments, for instance).

In any aid program, the economist, especially the development economist employed by government, tends to impose his own values on the choice of priorities and projects. Understandably he likes things that look big, impressive, and "advanced": a petrochemical plant, for instance. He likes the things he knows the poor "ought" to have. He has nothing but contempt for the "frivolous," *e.g.*, small luxuries.

The factory girl or the salesgirl in Lima or Bombay (or the Harlem ghetto) wants a lipstick. She lives in a horrible slum and knows perfectly well that she cannot, in her lifetime, afford the kind of house she would like to live in—the kind of house her counterpart in the rich countries (or the white suburbs) can afford. She knows perfectly well that neither she nor her brothers can get the kind of education they would like to

have. She probably knows perfectly well that—if lucky—she will marry some boy as poor as herself and as little educated who, within a few years, will start beating her out of sheer despair. But at least she can, for a few short years, try to look like the kind of human being she wants to be, respects, and knows she ought to be. There is no purchase that gives her as much true value for a few cents as cheap cosmetics.

A cosmetics plant gives more employment per dollar of investment than a petrochemical plant. It trains more people capable of developing and running a modern economy. It generates managers, technicians, and salesmen. Yet the economist despises it. And the reliance on aid makes it possible for his moralism to prevail and for his desire for control to prevent development.

We did not, during the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries overcome class war by philanthropy. What overcame class war was, first, new technology, particularly electric power. This new technology created new, more productive, and therefore better-paid jobs. Secondly, the class war was overcome by education, which gave an increasing number of the children of the poor the opportunity to break out of the "class" to which in Marxist ideology they were condemned. But above all, what overcame the class war was Frederick Taylor's *Scientific Management*, which first applied knowledge to work and thereby made the laborer productive for the first time.

We achieved whatever success we had through making the poor productive. The test for aid to poor nations is therefore whether it makes them capable of being productive. If it fails to do so, it is likely to make them even poorer in the—not so very—long run.

To be sure, development requires substantial amounts of money both in aid and in investment. But to succeed, these must come as support to effective and going efforts of the local community. Aid, for instance, might be in the form of matching grants conditional upon the organization of local efforts by the recipient. Investment might be geared to a country's development rate.

We must favor nations that have proved their ability to build if times are propitious. Examples are Brazil, Colombia, Iran, and Pakistan. At the same time, we need to be able to say to other areas, "Prove your willingness to develop and then we will help you. So far, you have wasted opportunity." An example is Argentina, which, during the last fifty years, has turned herself from a highly developed and rich country into an underdeveloped and poor one. Another example might be Indonesia. No matter how serious a "problem" such countries are, we cannot afford to waste exceedingly scarce resources on them. But we need to be able to go to work where the projections of the economists did not predict development, but where, nonetheless, it is happening. The non-Communist Chinese communities are examples.

This may sound very hard-boiled—and it is. But the choice before us is between wasting aid (and investment) and obtaining real development from it. All aid can do is encourage and stimulate. We, therefore, had better use it to give us what we need the most: highly visible examples of rapid, self-generated growth.

How Much for "Toys"?

4. "Intergovernmental programs" do not produce development. An economy cannot be developed from the outside anyhow—but least of all by "government-to-government" efforts, be the foreigners "democratic" or "Communist."

Foreign governments cannot impose priorities on other countries. They cannot, therefore, resist local pressures to divert scarce development resources into unproductive projects. Consider the United States "military aid" to South America. It has served mainly to feed the ego of generals and colonels. Yet military aid not only uses up scarce funds. An airplane or a destroyer is not much use unless fuel for it, lubricants, and spare parts are supplied year-in and year-out. Thus, every dollar spent on military aid for Latin America has not only taken a dollar that should have gone into development, it has created a demand for an additional five or ten dollars to be diverted out of slender foreign exchange resources to maintain the general's toys.

Concentration on a few major priorities is fundamental to any successful effort at development; yet no principle has been so consistently violated in the last twenty years. We have spent a fair amount of money. We have invested very substantial human energies of good, able, dedicated people. But we have wasted resources by spreading them out so thin that they could not have substantial impact.

To concentrate development efforts is elementary; but the rule will be disregarded if intergovernmental efforts are central to development policies. Governments must be problem-oriented, for governments are, of necessity, protective institutions. But there is no development potential in problems; all one can do in taking care of a problem is to prevent collapse. One can-

not build the new this way. Since governments have to act as governments, they cannot subordinate other goals to the priorities of economic development. They must put other considerations—military or political—first. They must, therefore, misallocate development resources. This is a fancy way of saying that there are always noneconomic strings to a relationship between governments.

Government is needed in a worldwide development policy. The governments of the developed countries must give direction to such a policy. The governments of poor countries must be effective and purposeful.

But there is one thing government can never provide: the individual's sense of achievement. Yet this is the essential element of development. What the world needs today is a vision. It is the individual's conviction that there is opportunity, energy, purpose to his society, rather than problems, inertia, and hopelessness.

If wealth were the one prerequisite for development, America's black ghettos would be no problem at all. Black Harlem is one of the world's wealthiest communities—fifth or so in per capita income of all communities outside of North America and Europe, and easily the richest of all Negro communities in the world. Altogether, three-fifths of all American Negro families are above the "poverty line." And what is considered "poverty" in the United States—*i.e.*, a family income below $3,500 a year—is considered great wealth almost everywhere else. What makes Harlem, and our other black ghettos, a slough of despond and a cesspool of hatred is the feeling of hopeless stagnation and impotent despair that pervades it.

Development is thus largely a matter of the dynamics of individuals and of a local community. These can be supplied only by generating local, responsible initiative and multiplying human energies. Government can stimulate them—or stifle them. But it cannot provide them.

And What Might Work

I said earlier that everyone in the nineteenth century took economic development for granted. An exception is Japan. In Japan there was a famous debate, lasting two decades, over the conditions of economic development and the forces making for it. But the debate was not between economists. It was between practical entrepreneurs who founded and built businesses.

The names Yataro Iwasaki (1834-1885) and Eiichi Shibusawa (1840-1931) are known outside of Japan only to a few specialists. Yet their achievements were a good deal more spectacular than those of Rothschild, Morgan, Krupp, or Rockefeller. Iwasaki founded and built the Mitsubishi group of industries—to this day the largest manufacturing complex in Japan and one of the world's largest and most successful business groups. Shibusawa founded and built more than 600 industrial companies during his ninety years of life. Between them, these two men founded something like two-thirds of Japan's enterprises in manufacturing and transportation. No other two men in any economy have had a similar impact.

And for twenty years, till Iwasaki's early death at fifty-one, these two men engaged in a public and often acrimonious debate. "Maximize profits," said Iwasaki. "Maximize talents," said Shibusawa. Today we know that both were right. Both Iwasaki and Shibusawa worked for a strong and achieving, rather than for a rich, Japan. Both men knew that the essence of development is not to make the poor wealthy; it is to make the poor productive. For this, one needs to make productive the fundamental resources. One needs to multiply both talent and capital.

Japan was exceptional in the nineteenth century. She was the one nonwhite, non-Western country to become a modern economy. She was poorer than any of the white countries—probably poorer than any of the developing countries of today (except perhaps Bolivia or Tibet). She was an old country and densely populated. She had silk to export and this paid for imports of manufactured goods and industrial raw materials. But she did not have new land to take under cultivation. She could not, therefore, as the new countries outside of Western Europe did, rely on imported capital. She could not have serviced such capital through exports of food or industrial raw materials.

What made Japan atypical for the nineteenth century makes her typical for today. Thus, the model of development today has to be Japan rather than the United States or Russia or, indeed, any of the white countries.

Japan accomplished development Iwasaki's way, that is, by attracting and mobilizing every penny of capital within the country. As a result, shortage of capital never impeded Japan's development, though she did not borrow abroad or depend on foreign investors.

Japan also walked Shibusawa's way and attracted, trained, and mobilized every ounce of human energy. She put to work on growth op-

portunities all the talent a gifted people could muster.

Yet, the two men differed in their emphasis only. Iwasaki could not have succeeded had he not known how to find and develop large numbers of brilliant young men whom he formed into a worldwide management team of the highest *esprit de corps* and competence. And Shibusawa's command post was the Dai-Ichi Bank which he built into one of the major financial institutions of the country.

Today, we need to organize the "contract growing" of money and the "contract growing" of people. Of the two tasks, "contract growing" of money is actually old and familiar. To do the job the nineteenth century invented the venture banker. First conceived around 1820 by the French social philosopher Saint-Simon, the venture banker's task is to mobilize and multiply the financial resources of society and to switch them from less to more productive investments, that is, from yesterday to tomorrow.

It was the venture bank, as first embodied around 1850 in Paris, in the famous "Crédit Mobilier" of the Brothers Péreire, that industrialized Continental Europe. And in far-off Japan, without benefit of European theory, Iwasaki built his Mitsubishi empire around a major venture bank.

The one difference between those days and today is that we know much better how to organize development banks. In fact, the World Bank and its affiliate, the International Finance Corporation, started to encourage such banks all over the world in the 1950s and they have produced more development than all the aid programs together, even though the amount of money invested in them from foreign sources is negligible.

These banks multiply the capital resources of the community. For every dollar of capital imported from abroad, they attract five additional dollars of domestic capital. Their own capital thus represents a multiplication by six of the imported dollars from abroad. Then, for every dollar they themselves invest in a venture out of their own capital, they raise another five dollars of investment capital from other sources in the community. By the time they have finished financing a venture, every dollar of imported capital should have triggered the investment of another thirty dollars of local capital. And then each of these thirty dollars should trigger an additional very large amount of indirect investment from local sources—the way every dollar invested in automobile manufacturing leads to the investment of many more dollars in tire plants, roads, motels, service stations, and so on.

Perhaps the best example of development banking is a totally private "contract grower," ADELA, an international investment company started in 1964 by some 150 leading banks and manufacturing companies of the developed countries as their vehicle for venture banking in, and the development of, Latin America. By investing less than $30 million of its own money, it had mobilized almost half a billion of investment, most of it local. It had created at least 25,000 jobs. And it had mobilized for growth opportunities a large number of entrepreneurs, managers, and technical people.

To speak of "lack" of capital is a euphemism for mismanagement of capital. The capital is there. But it is kept where it should not be—often locked up in economically marginal land ownership as it was in eighteenth-century France and on today's West Coast of Latin America. Or it is not invested at all—the treasure of the Indians, from peasant to Maharaja, is an example. Or it is employed productively but without any "multiplier" impact. One dollar does the work of one where it should do the work of one hundred.

Leaders in the Cauca Valley

Capital without people is sterile, but people can move mountains without capital. Development, therefore, requires rapid growth of human talents and opportunities to employ them. It requires leadership of a high order and also followers who can convert the leader's vision into reality.

In the 'fifties the American aid program invested a small sum, barely one million dollars, to form management associations and institutes throughout Latin America. This program was at first not very popular with the American government. It seemed so insignificant and needed so little money. And the Latin-American governments pointed out, with good reason, that associations were one of the few things in abundant supply throughout the continent.

Admittedly, management associations are unromantic. Nor did these do anything unusual. They held meetings, gave speeches and listened to them, ran courses, distributed literature, and so on. Yet the impact can hardly be exaggerated.

That Latin America has managed to move forward during the last ten years, despite almost crushing deflationary pressures, is due largely to these programs for the development of human energies and vision.

Out of them came, for instance, the upsurge of development in the Cauca Valley of Colombia, in and around the city of Cali. The young men who met in the courses of the new Colombian management association rapidly organized themselves to take responsibility for the local university, the Universidad del Valle. There they pushed a public health program which, for the first time in the whole region, is systematically training and organizing villagers for public health. They started a series of management courses—especially courses for the top management people in which the most successful citizens of the area went to school (something almost unimaginable to an older generation of Latin Americans), and in which each of their businesses was examined, diagnosed, and prescribed for by the whole group. Then they began to supply young and well-trained people to local governments, both in state and city.

Cali is still poor, and unemployment is still too high. But out of the work at the Universidad del Valle have come at least 30,000 jobs in the last ten years. More important, out of it has come an entirely different leadership—for the entire community and all major community activities.

Quite different is the approach taken by a small semiprivate group called the Development Advisory Service. Located at Harvard University and staffed mainly with Harvard economists, this small group—no more than seventy-five—works in small teams as senior advisers and civil servants to developing nations from Pakistan to Indonesia, and from Liberia to Jamaica. It decides itself what countries and projects it will work on so that it will get the most results from its small staff. It insists that the host country put its own best people on these projects. And it aims in all its projects at creating human competence and vision throughout a whole area. There were never more than two dozen men from the Development Advisory Service in Pakistan, for instance. But largely through them, Pakistan's industrial output during the last fifteen years has grown at the rate of 15 per cent a year or more, and farm output at better than 5 per cent a year.

The most effective agent of rapid human development in the economy has been the multinational corporation. In the developing countries, the multinational business should be less concerned with capital investment and ownership control than with developing management skills. The multinational company should get paid—and paid exceedingly well—for developing both local business and local people. And where the multinational corporation has been primarily in manufacturing, we need to focus its skills on agriculture.

Farmers everywhere are highly receptive to monetary incentives. No one is more willing to do something new than the farmer, provided he sees a clear gain. But the farmer in the poor countries cannot take much risk. He knows that one crop failure or price drop for his harvest may mean total destruction for himself and his family: famine, forced selling of his daughters into prostitution, loss of what little land he has. And he knows also that he has little skill.

What farmers have needed therefore—and what has proven successful wherever tried—is the contract growing of the new crops, the improved seeds, the better breeds. This, however, requires the skills and resources of a major corporation.

A food processor or food marketer works out the best way to grow the new crop or the new animal, provides the farmer with the necessary supplies—seeds, day-old chicks, feed, implements, fertilizer, and so on—and with the instructions on how to use them. He then guarantees the farmer a definite income at the end of the growing season, regardless of drought, of animal diseases, of market price. For these are the risks the farmer in the poor countries cannot himself take. Most of the crops for canning in the United States—most of the tomatoes, for instance, or the cherries—are now contract grown.

In the developing countries where farmers lack the necessary skills, the risks of "agribusiness" have to be reinsured, obviously by government, at least for a few early years. But the risks are capable of being identified and defined. And except for weather in a few places, the risks are not particularly great (though greater than a private business or a farm cooperative could take by itself at the start).

Such contract growing, in which the cultivation of crops is being used to change the capacities, aspirations, competence, self-confidence, and performance of the farmer—that is, of the majority in the poor nations—is perhaps the only way in which real progress can be made in the most dangerous areas of human erosion.

The idea underlying contract growing needs to be extended from growing crops to growing skills, self-confidence, and the capacity to achieve. It needs to be extended to contract-grow people.

One promising approach is being worked out in one of our worst black ghettos, in Oakland, California. There a small local group first obtains definite jobs. It gets a contract to service the electric typewriters at the university or the cars of the telephone company. Then it goes out and

trains unemployable and unemployed young Negroes for those already existing jobs. This way it can both guarantee a job and demand high performance standards.

There is much more to development than economics. There are cultural and social institutions, for instance. It is still fashionable, especially among academicians, to believe that development requires the destruction of traditional society. To be sure, development will change a society and its traditions. But it must at the same time be based on existing social and cultural institutions and on existing values.

Again Japan offers an instructive example. Japan's Westernization, a hundred years ago, overturned within a few short years the rigid class structure under which for almost three hundred years no commoner could become a soldier (a *samurai*), and no *samurai* (with rare exceptions) a noble. Japan became a country of great upward mobility. Shibusawa, for instance, came from the peasantry. Yet he, while still quite young, was given one of the top positions in the new ruling group, the Ministry of Finance.

At the same time, however, Japan built her new institutions on the basis of the old tribal concepts of mutual loyalty and of "belonging." All modern institutions of Japan—the government agency, the university, the business enterprise—no matter how modern and "Western" their methods and how efficient their output, were *hans*—extended tribal families based on lifelong, indissoluble mutual loyalty. And the Confucian ethic, with its demand for service, governed both Iwasaki and Shibusawa.

The problem of the traditional culture and values is much subtler than most of us still think. Gunnar Myrdal, the Swedish economist and sociologist, asserts that development cannot occur unless there are first massive social and cultural reforms. But in the ten years during which Myrdal worked on his survey, major development did occur in Pakistan without prior social change. Rather, development initiated social changes while at the same time reaffirming traditional social values and using them as an engine of development. Unfortunately, there seems to be no way to decide in advance which cultural traditions are "remnants of feudalism" and must go and which are "cultural values" and must be used.

Similarly, the most fundamental disagreement about development, that between the Marxists and the capitalists, is fraught with subtleties. Our experience indicates that government control may be a transitory phase in development rather than either its essence or its denial. In the early stages of development, government ownership may be essential. Only government may command the high-grade human resources needed. The army, in particular, is often the only educational institution in the nation. As development proceeds, however, government becomes less and less necessary and effective. Other institutions—businesses, hospitals, universities, and so on—become more highly developed and more complex, and increasingly require managerial autonomy as well as control by nongovernmental forces such as the market. (This is what underlies the much-publicized "new new economics" of the Communist countries of Europe.)

Crisis During Takeoff

Whatever the political, social, and cultural problems and uncertainties, development still remains primarily an economic process. Economic success does not by itself solve all problems. It creates many new ones. But it makes it much easier to live with problems, to assuage them, and perhaps ultimately even to solve them.

Development is no panacea. Indeed it is very dangerous. It is growth; and growth is never orderly. It is also change. And change in society and culture is dislocation. The period during which a society takes off in sustained development is a most dangerous time. Economically speaking, development has become a success and an accomplished fact. But the leaders still act in terms of the traditional society instead of responding to the new reality. At present there is a grave danger of social and political catastrophe.

No country that has gone through the development process has been able so far to avoid this transition period and its dangers. We can see the makings of such crises today wherever there has been development. In Brazil, for instance, the tremendous growth of the central region has made the nondevelopment of the northeast region increasingly unbearable and increasingly a threat to the country's social fabric. In India it is clear that economic development, limited though it has been, has made language into a problem that threatens the cohesion of the whole subcontinent. Even in France, as the events of the spring of 1968 showed, development into an economy of mass affluence created a severe crisis of the still largely Napoleonic institutional structure.

Development, in other words, is risky. But the alternative is infinitely riskier. At least we can direct, lead, control, and inspire development. The alternative we can barely hope to survive.

AN EXORCISM

a story by Bernard Malamud



Fogel, the writer, had had another letter from Gary Simmson, the writer who would be writer, a request as usual. He wrote fiction but still hadn't jelled. Fogel saved letters from writers but was tempted not to save Simmson's although he had begun to publish. I am not his mentor though he says he is my student. If so what have I taught him? In the end he placed the letter in his folder. I have his others, he thought. The older man wasn't sure why he had saved them, except perhaps to save.

Eli Fogel was a better than ordinary writer but not especially productive or successful. He hated the word. His productivity was limited by his pace which for reasons of having to breathe hard to enjoy life, was slow. Two novels in fifteen years. My limp is symbolic, he thought. His leg had been hurt in a bicycle accident as a youth, though with built-up shoe the limp could hardly be noticed. He limped, he thought, for his lacks. Fogel regretted never having married, blaming this mostly on his devotion to work. It's not that it has to be one or the other, but for me it was one or none. Etymologically I'm a monomaniac. It simplified life but reduced it—what else? Still, he didn't pity himself. It amused him rather than not that the protagonists of his two published novels were married men with families, their wounds deriving from sources other than hurt members or primal loneliness. My imagination saves me, he thought.

Both his novels had been received with praise, though not much more; and Fogel had for the past six years labored on a third, about half finished. Since he refused to write book reviews, lecture, or teach regularly, he ran into money problems. He had from his father a small inheritance, almost five thousand yearly, a sum that seemed to shrink in value as time went by; so Fogel reluctantly accepted summer-school invitations, or taught, somewhat on the prickly side, at writers' conferences, one or two the summer. Thus with what he had he made do. It was at one of these conferences, in Buffalo in June, and then at another in mid-August of the same summer, on the campus of a small men's college in the White Mountains, that the writer had met, and later renewed a friendship with Gary Simmson, then less than half Fogel's age; a friendship of sorts, mild, fallible, but for a while satisfying; that is to say, possessing the attributes and possibilities of friendship.

Gary, a slight glaze apparent in his eyes as he listened to Fogel talk about writers and writing, wanted, he confessed with serious face and worried brow, more than anything to be a writer—"desperately"—the word inciting goose bumps all over Fogel's flesh, putting him off for fifteen minutes. He sat in depressed silence in his office chair as the youth fidgeted. "What's your hurry?" the writer ultimately asked. "I've got to get there," the youth replied. "Got to get where?" "I want to be a good writer someday, Mr. Fogel." "It's a long haul, my boy," Eli Fogel said. "Make a friend of time. And stay clear of desperation. Desperate writers tend to be bad writers. Vice versa, their badness increases their desperation." Gary nodded as though he had learned a lesson forever. He was only twenty-one then, a curly-haired senior in college, with broad fleshy face

and frame. On his first appearance at the Buffalo conference he wore a full reddish moustache, pointed and waxed at both ends, that he later shaved off after meeting Fogel. He was six feet tall and his height and breadth made him look older than he was, if not wiser. For a while after his talk with Fogel he pretended to be a more casual sort, one who took his time and got it right. He pretended to be Fogel a bit, amusing Fogel. He had never had a disciple and felt affection for the boy. Gary livened things up, making the writer less lonely. One could see him in the distance coming with his yellow guitar. He played without distinction but sang fairly well, a tenor aspiring, related to art. "Sing me 'Ochi Chornyye,' Gary," Fogel said, and the youth obliged as the writer sighed and became pleasantly melancholic, thinking what if he had had a son. Touch a hand to a guitar string and Fogel had a wet eye. And Gary offered services as well as devoted attention: got books Fogel needed from the library; drove him into town when he had errands to do; could be depended on to retrieve lecture notes he had left in his room—as it were in compensation, though Fogel required none, for the privilege of sitting at the writer's feet and plying him with questions about the art of fiction. Fogel, moved by his amiability, willingness, all he had to learn, by his own knowledge of the sadnesses of a writer's life, invited him, sometimes with one or another of his frends, to his room for a drink before dinner. Gary brought along a notebook to jot down remarks Fogel made—his table talk. He showed Fogel the first sentence he had copied into the book: "Imagination is not necessarily id," causing the writer when he read it to laugh uncomfortably. So did Gary. The older man felt the note-taking was silly but did not object when Gary scribbled down long passages, although he doubted he had wisdom of any serious sort to offer. He was wiser in his work—one would be who revised often enough—than in the living of life, more or less off the tip of his tongue. He wished Gary would go to his books for answers to some of the questions he asked and stop treating poor Fogel as though he were a guru.

"You can't dissect a writer to learn what writing is or entails. One learns from experience, or should. I can't teach anyone to be a writer, Gary. I've said that in my lectures. All I can do here is talk about writing and hope somebody talented is listening. I always regret coming to these conferences."

"You can give insights, can't you?"

"Insights you can get from your mother."

"More specifically, if I might ask, what do you think of my writing thus far, sir?"

Fogel reflected. "You have promise—that's all I can say now, but keep working."

"What should I work most for?"

"Search possibility, inside, outside, and beyond the fact. I have the impression when I read your stories, the two in Buffalo and the one you've given me here, that you remember too much. Memory is an ingredient, Gary, not the whole stew and don't make the error of living your life as though it were a future fiction. Invent, my boy, invent."

"I'll certainly try, Mr. Fogel." He seemed worried.

Fogel lectured four mornings a week at 8:30 so that he could spend the rest of the day at work. His large bright room in a guest house close to a pine grove whose fragrant essence Fogel breathed as he wrote on a cracked table by a curtained window, was comfortable even on hot afternoons. He worked every day (half-day on Sundays), quitting as a rule around four; then soaked in a smallish stained tub, dressed leisurely, whistling through his teeth, in a white flannel suit fifteen years in service, and waited, holding a book before his nose, for someone to come in for a drink. During the last week of the White Mountain conference he saw Gary every night. Sometimes they went to a movie in town, or walked after supper along a road by a stream, the youth jotting down in his notebook good and bad sentences given off, grain as well as chaff. They went leisurely until the mosquitoes thickened, or Fogel's limp began to limp. He wore a Panama hat, slightly yellowed, and white shoes he whitened daily, one with a higher heel than the other. Fogel's pouched dark eyes, even as he spoke animatedly, were contemplative, and he listened with care though he didn't always hear. In the last year or two he had lost weight and his white suit hung on his shoulders. He looked small by Gary's side although he was shorter by only three inches. And once the youth, in a burst of affection, his one truly imaginative act of the summer, lifted Fogel and held him breathless in the air. The writer gazed into Gary's gold-flecked eyes, and that he found them doorless to the self filled him with remorse.

Or Gary drove them in his noisy Peugeot to a small piano-playing bar by a crossroads several miles the other side of town, sometimes in the company of one or two women, occasionally a colleague but usually students; and this made it a fuller pleasure because Fogel enjoyed being with women. Gary, who had a talent for acquir-

ing pretty girls, one night brought along one of the most attractive Fogel had seen. The girl, about twenty-five, with mixed dark and dyed blonde hair in a pompadour, wore a red dress draped tight on her long-waisted body, the breasts ample, loose, her buttocks, shapely, sweet. A rare find indeed; but the youth, either senseless, sullen, or stoned—he confessed to smoking a joint now and then—gave her scant attention. He glanced at her once in a while as if trying to remember. Sad-eyed, she gnawed her underlip between gulps of scotch on the rocks, her jaw working as she watched his eyes roving amid the dancers on the floor. Too bad she doesn't know how much I appreciate her, Fogel thought.

Where does he get so many lovely girls—he had been equally effective in Buffalo—and why doesn't he bring the same one two nights running? One of them, for instance this blessed creature, would last me a lifetime. The youth's taste in women could not be beat, but he seemed after a short while unmoved by them, although it was rumored he enjoyed an active heterosexual life. He has so many and goes through them so quickly, where does he think one learns longing? Where does poetry come from? She's too good for him, Fogel thought, not knowing exactly why unless she was good for *him*. Ah youth, ah summer. Once again he seriously considered the possibility of marriage. After all, how old is forty-five?—not, in any case, *old*. A good twenty-five or thirty years to go, enough to raise a family.

For his companion the writer had asked along a schoolteacher from his class, a Miss Rudel from Manhattan, unmarried but not lacking a sense of humor; nor did she take her dabbling in fiction seriously, a pleasant change from the desperate women writers who haunted the conference, creating desperation in place of art. He looked her over and found her wanting. As usual, he then found himself wanting. Fogel tried to be fair.

Perhaps because the evening had acquired a sexual tone he began thinking of Lucy Matthews, a desperate woman writer presently attending his lectures. About a week ago, after going through a shoe box full of exasperating stories she had left with him, representing the work of the past year, he had told her bluntly, "Miss Matthews, let's not pretend that writing is a substitute for talent." And when she quietly gasped, cracking the knuckles of one hand, then of the other, he went on, "If you are out to save your soul, there are better ways."

The lady gazed bleakly at Fogel, a slim woman with fair enough figure, tense neck, and anxious gray eyes.

"But Mr. Fogel, how does one go about finding out the extent of her talent? Some of my professors have told me I write quite capable stories yet you seem to say I'm hopeless." Tears brimmed in her eyes.

Fogel, out of mercy and guilt, was about to soften his judgment but warned himself she might interpret that as encouragement, and it would be less than honest to encourage her. She was from Cedar Falls; and this, it turned out, was her fourth conference of the summer. She lived on conferences and conferences lived on her. Fogel vowed once more to give them up forever.

Lucy Matthews plucked a Kleenex out of her handbag and quietly cried, waiting perhaps for a good word, but the writer, sitting in painful silence, had none to offer. She got up and hurriedly left the office.

But at ten o'clock that night, dressed in a taffeta party dress, her hair brushed into a bright sheen, briskly perfumed, Lucy tapped on Fogel's door. Accepting his surprised invitation to enter, after three silent sips of bourbon and water, she rose and with a solid twist of her arms, lifted her noisy dress over her head and stood there naked.

"Mr. Fogel," she whispered passionately, "you aren't afraid to tell the truth. Your work represents art. I feel that if I could hold you in my arms I would be close to both—art and truth."

He felt as though he had stepped with both feet into a Sherwood Anderson story.

"It just isn't so," Fogel said. "I would frankly like to sleep with you but not for the reasons you've given. If you said to me, 'Fogel, you may be an odd-looking duck but you arouse me tonight and I would gladly go to bed with you'—could you say that?"

"I will fellatio you if you prefer that instead," she whispered.

The writer gazed at her with tenderness. "Thank you but I'm the sort who prefers the embrace of a woman. Would you answer my question?"

Shivering around the shoulders, Lucy Matthews came to her finest moment at writing conferences. "I can't truly say so."

"Ah, too bad," Fogel sighed, disappointed. "Anyway, I'm privileged you saw fit to undress in my presence."

Bernard Malamud's short stories and novels have won many awards; in 1967 "The Fixer" received the National Book Award and the Pulitzer Prize. He is now completing a novel of related stories, to be called "Pictures of Fidelman."

She slipped on the dress at her feet and departed. Fogel especially regretted the loss because the only woman he had slept with that summer, a college girl chambermaid in a Buffalo hotel he had stayed at in June, had hurt him dreadfully.

"Are you dreaming about something, Mr. Fogel?" Gary asked.

"Not about me," said Miss Rudel.

"Only vaguely," answered Fogel.

"An idea for a story, I bet?"

"One never knows," the writer sighed.

When the conference had ended, Gary, waiting outside the lecture barn, asked him, "Will I ever be a good writer, do you think, Mr. Fogel?"

"It depends on your commitment. You'll have to prove yourself."

"I will if you have faith in me."

"Even if I have no faith in you. Who is Eli Fogel, after all, but a man trying to make his own way through the woods."

Fogel smiled at the youth, and though not knowing exactly why, felt he had to say, "One must grow a spirit, Gary."

The youth blinked in the strong sunshine.

"I'm glad we're both writers, Mr. Fogel."

The next spring, a wet springtime, Fogel wandering in damp hat and raincoat in the periodical room of the N. Y. Public Library, without forethought plucked off the shelf a college magazine and came upon Gary Simmson in the table of contents as the author of a story called "Travails of a Writer." He was surprised because they were in correspondence and Gary had not told him he had published his first story. Maybe it isn't such a good story? Reading it quickly Fogel found it wasn't; but that was not the reason Gary hadn't mentioned it. The reason depressed him.

The story concerned a Mr. L. E. Vogel, a sarcastic, self-centered, although not thoroughly bad-natured middle-aged writer, with a club foot, who wore in summertime a white suit, the pants of which dripped over his heels, an old-fashioned straw hat, and the same yellow knitted necktie, day after day. He was a short man with a loud laugh that embarrassed him, and he walked a good deal although he limped. One summer he had taught at a writers' conference in Syracuse, New York. There the writer had fallen for a college girl chambermaid at the hotel he had lived in during his two weeks of lecturing. She had slept with him for kicks after learning he had published two novels. Once was enough for the girl, but Vogel, having had a taste of young flesh, was hooked hard. His feeling blazed. He fell in love with the girl, could not banish her from his thoughts, constantly sought her out—a blonde tease of twenty—with solemn offers of marriage, until she became sick of him. To get him off her back—give him something else to worry about—she arranged with her boy friend to enter his room with a passkey and give him a bad time. Vogel, soaking in his afternoon tub, heard someone shout, "Fire, everybody out!" He rushed out of his bath, was grabbed by the arm and shoved into the hall by the boy friend, who pulled the door shut after him and disappeared down the stairs. The writer, naked and wet, wandered like a half-drowned animal in the huge hotel hall, knocking at doors that were slammed in his face, until he found an elderly lady who gave him a blanket to cover himself and phoned the manager for a key to his room. Vogel, brokenhearted by what the girl had done to him—he understood at once that she had contrived the plot and for what reason—packed up and left Syracuse a full week before the conference ended.

"Poor Vogel swore off love to keep on writing." End of "Travails of a Writer."

When he arrived home, Fogel, after hanging up his raincoat, dashed a white pitcher of daffodils to the kitchen floor and kicked with his bad leg at the shards and flowers.

"Swine! Scum! Have I taught you nothing?" Fogel, wounded, incensed, humiliated to the hilt, (the story revived the memory; he suffered from both) in a rare rage cursed Gary out. He wished on him a fearful punishment, even conceived himself setting the youth's curly head on fire. Ultimately reason prevailed and he settled for writing him a scalding letter.

Where had he got the story? Probably it was rife as gossip. He pictured the girl and her boy friend regaling all who would listen, screaming over the funny part where the hairy-chested writer wanders in a wet daze in the hotel hallway. Gary might easily have heard it from them or friends of theirs. Or perhaps he had slept with the girl and she had confided it directly to him. Good God, had he put her up to it? No, that's going too far, he thought.

Why then had he written it? Why hadn't he spared Fogel this shame and misery, though it was obvious he had not expected him to read the story? That wasn't the point; the point was that he hadn't refrained—out of friendship—from writing it. So much for friendship. He detested the thought that the boy had sucked up to him all summer in order to collect facts for the piece. Or possibly he had heard the story and been tempted by it, Fogel hoped, *after* the White Mountain conference. He had probably harbored the "idea"

He received by airmail a four-page single-space letter from Gary, apologizing.

"To tell the honest truth I *was* kind of anxious about my writing. I couldn't finish a story for months after I left the W. M. conference, and no doubt took the easy way out. I know that doesn't excuse me at all. All I can say is I am sorry, and hope you will forgive and forget. Once I reread the story in the *Unicorn* I prayed that you wouldn't ever see it. If I have hurt our friendship, which I truly wouldn't want to do, I am willing to try to do better if you have the patience. I mean try to be a better friend.

"Also I recently read in an article about Thomas Wolfe, that he said it was all right to [illegible] their address and phone number. As you know, Mr. Fogel, I have a lot to learn about writing, that's for sure. As for what you could have done with the same material, please don't compare your magnificent powers with my poor ones.

"I enclose a picture of my latest bride as well as one of myself."

In the envelope was an underexposed snapshot of a long-haired brunette in briefest bikini, sitting [illegible] California beach. Leaning on one arm she stared [illegible] list, as it were, to time and tide. She looked worn, cheerless, as though she had been had and was, in her own mind, past having. This girl knows life. She was for Fogel so true, lovely, possible, present, as he gazed so beautifully formed that he thought of her as a work of art and audibly sighed.

Gary, the hero himself of the other, overexposed, colored snap, probably taken by the discontented lady, wore white bathing tights, prominent genitals, and a handsome sunburned body, spare, dark, leaner than when Fogel had seen him last. His eyes as he stared at the camera contradicted the flickering smile on his face. Perhaps he was not looking at the unhappy lady but through her. The youth darkened in bright sunlight as the beholder beheld, or was Fogel prejudiced?

On the back of his picture Gary had scrawled, "You may not recognize me so well. I've changed. I've lost weight."

"What do you mean 'bride'?" the writer wrote in the postscript of his reply forgiving Gary. He had urged patience in writing. "If you push time, time pushes you. The next thing you know you're writing in a hurry. The next thing you're writ[illegible]

"Not in the marital sense," Gary explained

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when he appeared in person at Fogel's flat, in dungaree jacket and field boots, wearing a five-day growth of beard after driving practically nonstop across the country in a new secondhand station wagon, during the spring recess. He had brought his guitar and played "Ochi Chornyye" for Fogel.

They were stiff with each other. Fogel, despite good will, felt at first distaste for the youth but by degrees relented and they talked exhaustively. The older man had several times to set aside the image of himself dripping along the hotel hallway before he could renew affection for the youth. The guitar helped. His singing sometimes brought tears to the eyes. Ah, the human voice, nothing like it for celebrating or lamenting life. I must have misjudged his capacity to relate or he does it better now. And why should I bear him a grudge for his errors, considering the number I made myself as a young man? It was therefore freer talk than they had engaged in last summer, as though among equals, about many more interesting matters than when Gary was hastily taking it down to preserve for humanity. Yet as they conversed, particularly when Fogel spoke of writing, the youth's fingers twitched as though he were recording the older man's remarks in an invisible notebook, causing him later to advise, "Don't worry if you can't remember everything word for word, Gary. Have you read Proust? What he can't remember he invents; even what he remembers he invents."

"Not as of yet but he's on my list."

There was still something naïve about him though he was bright enough and gave the impression he had experienced more than one ordinarily would at his age. Possibly this was an effect of the size of his corpus, plenty of room to stuff in experience. Fogel was at the point of asking what women meant to him, but it was a foolish question so he refrained; yet all he meant was to suggest that the unmarried state was not necessarily a happy one. But Gary was young, let him find his way. Fogel decided he would prefer not to be that young again.

The youth remained for three days in the writer's small guest room in his rent-controlled flat in a three-story brick house on East Seventh Street. Gary one night invited over some friends, Fogel adding two or three former students, including Miss Rudel. A noisy crowded party flowered, especially pleasurable to Fogel when Gary sang, strumming his guitar, and a young man with a thin beard and hair down to his shoulders accompanied him on a recorder. The young people played records they had brought along, and danced. A girl smelling of pot and dancing barefoot, kissed Fogel and drew him into the circle of her personal gyrations. The steps weren't so hard, he decided, really there were no steps, so he pulled off his shoes and danced in his black socks, his limp as though choreographed in. At any rate no one seemed to notice and Fogel had an enjoyable time.

I should do this more often, he thought. Damn the long book, it's a short life. He again felt grateful to the youth for lifting him, almost against the will, out of his solitude.

On the morning he left, Gary, bathed, shaved, lotioned, glowing in white T-shirt and clean cords, tossed a duffel bag into the station wagon and stood talking at the lowest stoop step with Fogel, who had come out to see him off. The writer sensed that Gary was saying something preliminary although he was ostensibly saying goodbye. The youth, after new introductory noises in his throat, apologized for bringing "this" up but he had a request to make if Fogel didn't mind. Fogel, after momentary thought, didn't. Gary said he was applying for admission to one or two writing centers in universities on the West Coast and he sort of hoped Fogel would write him a letter of recommendation.

"I don't see why not."

"Gee, thanks, Mr. Fogel, and I don't want to bug you but I hope you won't mind if I put your name down as a reference on other applications now and then?"

"What for, Gary? Remember, I'm a working writer." He had felt momentarily uneasy, not that he would mind filling out an application or two for the boy, but as though he were being asked to extend credit beyond credit earned.

"I promise I'll keep it to the barest minimum. Just if I apply for a fellowship to help me out financially, or something like that."

"That seems all right. I'll consider each request on its merits."

"That's exactly what I'd like you to do, Mr. Fogel."

Before the youth drove off, Fogel was moved to ask him why he wanted to be a writer.

"To express myself and also create art," Gary quickly answered. "To convey my experiences in a way that enlarges the consciousness of my readers. You might also say, to become part of them so neither of us is alone." He hesitated, seeming to stiffen a little. "Why are *you* writing?"

"Because it's in me to write. There's an expression in German which translates into, 'I can't

do otherwise.'" Fogel laughed embarrassedly.

"That doesn't contradict what I said."

"I wouldn't want to contradict it." Fogel did not say that Gary remembered his summer notes perhaps better than he knew.

The youth thrust forth his hand impulsively. "I'm grateful for your friendship as well as hospitality, Mr. Fogel."

"Call me Eli, if you like," the writer said, touched.

"I'll certainly try," said Gary.

Several months later he wrote from the Coast, "Is morality part of fiction? I mean does it have to be? A girl I go with here said it does. I would like to have your opinion. Fondly, Gary."

"It is as it becomes aesthetic," Fogel replied, wondering if the girl were the brunette in the bikini. "Another way to put it is that nothing that is art is merely moral."

"I guess what I meant to ask," Gary wrote, "is does the artist have to be moral?"

"Neither the artist nor his art."

"Thanks for being so honest with me, Mr. Fogel."

In rereading these letters before filing them, Fogel noticed that Gary's salutation had not contained his first name, always his last.

Better that way, he thought.

In two years Fogel lost an additional four pounds and wrote only seventy more pages of his novel. He had hoped to write one hundred and fifty pages but had unaccountably slowed down. Perfection comes hard to an imperfectionist. The book was a difficult one. I hope to live to get it done. The writer at times had visions of himself dying before it was completed. It was a terrible thought. Fogel, seated dead at the table, staring at his manuscript, pen in hand, the page ending in scrawl and blot. He had had several bad months last winter, quite bad, as though sitting each day on knives, and thought himself blocked, but slowly wrote himself out of it. After a short affair with Miss Rudel, who had insistently urged him to make more time for her, because for a while he was also sitting at his table nights, he gave her up and took to cigars. He found he enjoyed a small one after supper each evening; he loved the world a little better. I must be content to be Eli Fogel at his best, despite limitations.

He hadn't seen Gary during this time though they still corresponded; Fogel sometimes left his letter around for weeks before he opened it. The youth had written in November that he was driving east before Christmas and could he call on Fogel? The writer had replied he thought not until his writing were going better. Gary then wrote, "You must have some kind of ESP, because the same thing has happened to me. I mean not writing. The last six or seven months I have been down in the dumps. I think it's mostly because I have been up tight about future worries after I get my M.F.A. in June, including money worries, and when to write if I have to work full-time. Otherwise I've had two long stories published, as you know, in the last year" (both sluggish pieces; Fogel had read them and they were like unrisen loaves of bread. Gary said they had been "definitely invented." One was about a sex-starved man, and the other about a sex-starved woman) "and I've been thinking ahead because I want to begin a novel and wonder if you would recommend me to the MacDowell Colony for a six months' stay so that I can get started on it?"

Fogel wrote, "Gary, I've recommended you without stint for everything you've asked for because you had shown promise and I thought you ought to have a chance to prove yourself. But I'd be less than honest if I didn't admit I've been doing it uneasily lately, because there's such a thing as overextending good will. However, I will think it over if you can send me something really good in the way of a fiction, either a new story or the opening chapter or two of your novel."

He got in reply, hastily, Gary. The youth appeared nine days later, as Fogel was in the street on his way to the liquor store on the corner. He heard the bleat of a horn, then a dark green VW Microbus with black-curtained windows drew up to the curb, and Gary Simmson stepped out of the door and pumped the writer's hand.

"I have a new story for you, Mr. Fogel."

He had regained weight since the picture on the beach; stood dark-suited, handsomely moustached, yet as though missing a limb without the guitar. A briefcase he carried did not make up for it.

"I'm sorry I couldn't warn you but I came up quite suddenly and as you know you have no phone." He paused in embarrassment, suffering his usual opening stiffness although Fogel smiled gently at him.

"Have you had supper, Gary?"

"Not as of yet."

"We'll go upstairs and have a bite."

"Neat," said Gary, loosening. "Gee, Mr. Fogel, it's a pleasure to see you after all this time gone. You're looking okay but a little thin and pale."

"Vicissitudes, Gary, vicissitudes. Not to mention continual labor, which is the only way I

seem able to survive. One ought to be careful how he creates his life's order. Variety should be in-built at an early stage, otherwise it's never achieved."

He was about to suggest they invite people over for a party but thought it premature.

They ate a simple meal. Fogel cooked a tasty soufflé. There was salad, Italian bread, and wine. Both ate hungrily and smoked cigars in the kitchen over coffee.

In Fogel's studio Gary snapped open the briefcase lock he had nervously been fiddling with. They were at once alertly attentive to each other, Fogel detecting an odor of perspiration. Gary proved it by wiping his face with his handkerchief, then twice around the neck, loosening his tie to get under the collar.

"This is the first draft of a story I did the other day, my first in months. As I wrote you in my letter, I just wasn't making the scene for a while. I got the idea for this story in a flash the night before last. I was planning to drop in on you yesterday but instead spent the day on twenty cups of coffee in this girl's room while she was out working, and finally knocked off the story. I think it's good. It feels good to me and if you're not doing anything special tonight, Mr. Fogel, would you care to hear it?"

"A first draft?" asked Fogel in disappointment. "Why don't you finish and then let me read it?"

"I would gladly do that if the closing date for the writers' colony application wasn't this coming Monday. I don't really think I could get it done by then. I'd like to work on it another week at least, and the only reason I suggest reading it to you is so you will have a quick idea of the merits of what I've done up to now."

"Well then let me read it myself," Fogel said. "I get more out of it that way."

"My typing isn't so hot, as you well know. Lots of things are crossed out, and it'll be hard for you to make out corrections in my lousy handwriting. What's more I find I get ideas as I read aloud which I later make notes on and use in revision."

Fogel nodded, removing his shoes to ease his feet. So did Gary. He sat cross-legged on the couch in tennis socks, holding his papers. Fogel, rocking slowly in his rocker, gazed melancholically at the pile of his own manuscript on his writing table, and beyond that, at twilight through the window. Remembering his own youthful aspirations the writer said the equivalent of a short prayer that the story might be good.

The youth brushed his lips with a wet thumb. "I haven't got a title yet but I was thinking of calling it 'Three Girls in One Night.' " He began to read and Fogel's rocker stopped creaking.

The narrator of the story was George, a student at Stanford University who had driven to New York, and having nothing to do one spring day, had looked up Connie, who had been in love with him last summer. She lived in the West Village in an apartment with two friends, Grace and Buffy, pretty girls; and soon George, while eating with them, on learning that none of the girls was going out that evening, had decided to sleep with each of them, one right after the other, tonight. It would be a sort of test of himself. Connie, he figured, he had been in before and knew the way back. Grace was uneasy when he looked at her and he saw that as an advantage. Buffy, the best-looking of the lot, seemed a cool drink of water, aloof, maybe impossible but he wouldn't think of her as yet. It was a long night and he wasn't in a hurry.

George invited Connie for a walk and later bought her a drink in a bar on Sullivan Street. While they were drinking he told her he hadn't forgotten last summer in Bloomington, Indiana. Connie called him a shit for bringing it up. George, after saying nothing, said it had been one of the best summers of his life. Then he became deeply silent. They had a second drink and in the street she softened to him and walked close by his side.

It was a warm airy evening and they wandered in the Village streets. George said it was his impression that Buffy was a pothead but Connie said that was ridiculous, Buffy was the most stable of them all. She worked for a youth program as secretary in charge of anything. Her father had been killed in the Korean war and she was devoted to her widowed mother and two younger sisters in Spokane.

"What about Grace?"

Connie admitted that Buffy had a lot more patience with Grace than she had. Grace's problems, though she didn't say what they were, were more than Connie cared to contend with. "Even when she has a good time she comes home in a horrible funk and pulls her eyelashes out one by one while standing at the mirror."

After a while George told Connie that he had loved her last summer but hadn't been willing to admit it to himself. His father had got hooked into an early marriage and he didn't want to, because his father had regretted it all his life. Connie called him a shit again but let him kiss her when he tried.

When she was willing to sleep with him he said he had a mattress in his VW bus and why bother

going upstairs where the others would know their business? Connie laughed and said she had never made love in a Microbus but was willing to try if he parked it in some quiet private place, which George said he was willing to do.

In the bus he gave it to her the way he remembered she liked it.

Connie went to bed with a headache. She had said he could stay in the living room till morning and no later. "That's our rule and Buffy doesn't like it if we break it." George sat on the sofa for a while, then looked into Grace's room. Her door was open and he went in. Grace wore a terry-cloth robe and said she didn't mind talking with George so long as he got no strange ideas. She wasn't careful with her robe and he saw her large bruised breasts through her nightgown.

So that's her thing, George thought.

He asked her what she meant by strange ideas and she said he knew what she meant. George told her about some girl friends he had in California who had given it to him in interesting ways. She listened with slack mouth and uncast eyes, drying her hair.

He asked her where the gin was, he would make the drinks. She said she wasn't interested. He asked her then if she wanted to split a joint.

"I'm not interested," Grace said.

"What interests you?" George asked.

"I'll bet you slept with Connie."

"Why don't you ask her?"

He said then that he knew what interested her. George got up and though she grabbed both his hands, he freed one, forced her chin up and French-kissed her. She shoved him away, her robe falling open. George, pretending to be a prize fighter, went into a crouch, ducked, then feinted with his left. With his right hand he seized her breast and squeezed hard. Grace gasped and was about to cry. Instead, after a wavering hesitation, searching his face she swung to him, her eyes unfocused, grinning. When they kissed she bit his lip. George rapped her between the legs with his fist. Grace came close again with a quiet moan. He began to pull off her robe but she caught his hands, then shut the door.

"Not here."

"Put on a dress and meet me downstairs."

She came down in a green dress, nothing underneath but her bruises. Grace followed him into the bus. "I love you," she said.

George handed her his belt and said she could hit him a few whacks but not too hard.

Buffy had been reading in bed. She said come in when he knocked, but seeing who it was, drew up her legs and asked him not to since it was late and she had to go to work in the morning. George offered her one of the joints he had got from Grace but she said to cool it. He asked her if she would mind talking for a few minutes, then he would go. Buffy said she honestly would. George told her he was leaving for the war in the morning.

She asked him, after a while, if he wanted to go, and George said no.

"Then why don't you refuse to serve?"

He said he had been a coward most of his life and it was time he faced up to something. She called it an unjust war but George said you only die once. He offered her a joint again and she lit up. Buffy smoked for a few minutes, then said it wasn't turning her on.

"Nor me either." George admitted. "Why don't you get dressed and come out for a walk? It's a nice night."

When she asked him hadn't he got enough walking with Connie and Grace, he told her she was the one who had really roused him.

"Before I left I wanted to tell you."

"I must be five years older than you."

"That doesn't change my feelings."

"What malarkey," she said.

George then said goodbye. He thanked her for supper and for talking to him. "See you after the war."

"Connie said you were staying the night?"

He said he was sleeping in his bus downstairs. He had to be at Fort Dix at seven, and before that had to deliver the car to a friend who would drive it to Jersey, then keep it for him while he was away. He was leaving at 5:00 A.M., and no sense waking up everyone in the house.

"Are you afraid of death?" Buffy asked him.

"Of course, why shouldn't I be?"

He shut her door and went downstairs. In the bus George, removing his shirt, wondered if he ought to shave now or in the morning. Then there was a tap on the door. It was Buffy in skirt and sweater, ready for a walk. Her hair, in a coil at the neck, fell over her right breast. She wore a gold bracelet high up on her left arm.

When they returned it was still a warm breezy night. After talking quietly awhile they entered the Microbus. George plowed her three times, and the third time, towards morning, she came at last.

As they lay on the mattress, smoking, she asked him whether he had also had Connie and Grace that night, and George admitted he had.

"Ah," said Fogel, his bad leg trembling a little. He got up and lowered the shade, then stepped into slippers. He had forgotten there was

no liquor and felt angered at the empty bourbon bottle. He drank an unsatisfactory glass of water and went back to sit in the rocker.

Gary had finished strong and was at the edge of the couch in his tennis socks, his feet turned inward. He was watching his feet, occasionally casting furtive glances at Fogel.

"You like?" he finally had to ask. "I don't mind if you slog it to me, Mr. Fogel, so long as you tell the truth."

"Would George have all that sexual energy?"

"That's no particular problem," Gary said. "I don't see why not."

"I guess Connie is right in characterizing him as a shit. That's the sort you meant to portray?"

"Well, an antihero is an antihero," Gary said defensively. "That's what he's supposed to be—in answer to your question. What the story means is that's how the crow flies or words to that effect. In other words, c'est la vie. But how do you like it is what I want to know?"

"Have you noticed how, sooner or later, the writer confronts himself in his fiction? It has of course happened to me."

"Look, Mr. Fogel," Gary said, "are you hinting George is me?"

"That occurred to me," Fogel said.

Gary laced up his shoes with a glaze of annoyance in his eyes.

"If so, that's your hangup, not mine. Other people have imagination, too, you're not the only one. An idea for a story is an idea for a story no matter where it comes from. It doesn't have to have some kind of pedigree. And so whether George is me or not is actually none of your business, I'm sure you will admit. It has nothing to do with the quality of the story."

"I think you're right, Gary," Fogel admitted. "Fiction is by definition not biography or autobiography when the writer means it not to be. The biographical fact is dissolved in the sauce of invention but how successfully depends on the writer's talent. Flaubert said, 'Everything the artist invents is true.' We come back to art."

"I agree with you on that."

"So here's the way I feel about your story. I think it's an effective piece in its way. The narrative is cleverly constructed. The characters are real enough, whether I am enamored of George or not. All in all, the story is an improvement on your last two."

"Well, that's a lot better," George said, in a happier frame of mind.

"As for recommending you to the MacDowell Colony," the writer went on, "that's another question. Though your story shows an advance it isn't exceptional although you may improve it in the rewriting. However, I would advise you not to send in an application just yet but to do another year's work as best you can. I'll read what you have done, next spring, and you can apply then. If most of your work is of a high level I'll recommend you strongly."

Gary rose with both arms in the air in anguish.

"Jesus, Mr. Fogel, give me a break. What am I going to live on for another year? I have no father who left me a trust fund of five thousand bucks a year as you told me your father did."

"Ah, you have me there," sighed Fogel. "Well," he said, getting up from the rocker, "we'll have to hash this out further, Gary, but first I must have a drink. I was on my way to the liquor store when you drove up."

Gary courteously offered to go for him but Fogel wouldn't hear of it.

The writer limped down the stairs in his slippers. At the curb stood the green VW bus. Despite himself the sight of it incensed Fogel. He went to the corner and on an impulse returned to try the door handle. The door was open. The back seats of the bus had been removed and on the floor lay a worn thin striped gray mattress.

Those poor girls, thought Fogel. That son-of-a-bitch. He's an opportunist and writes out of fear that he can't write.

In the liquor store he bought a fifth of bourbon. After a minute of reflection he ordered a pint of cheap whiskey. Returning to the house, the writer climbed the stoop and deposited the bourbon in the vestibule. He descended the stairs with the pint bottle in his pocket. Stepping into the bus Fogel pulled the door shut. The curtains were drawn; he did not flick on the light.

What he was about to do surprised Fogel yet did not. I have the better imagination, he thought.

Opening a small silver penknife he used to sharpen pencils, the writer, on his knees in the dark, methodically slashed the mattress across its length and breadth and then poured whiskey over it. He lit the soaked cotton stuffing with several matches. It stank as it burned with a blue flame. Fogel left cautiously by the doors on the street side. He went up the stoop and recovered the bottle of bourbon.

After the firemen had put out the blaze and Gary had driven off in his burnt-out bus, the writer took the youth's letters out of the folder and tore them up.

Fogel got one last letter from Gary, saying, "Honi soit qui mal y pense."

He enclosed a few leaves of poison ivy.

Harper's Magazine, December 1968

Martin Mayer

THE LADY AS PUBLISHER

Kay Graham rules her communications empire and commands the loyalty of her (all-male) court by being feminine, direct, and invincibly knowledgeable.

One of the great American dreams of glory is the ownership of a metropolitan newspaper. From the days of Greeley and Raymond (let alone Pulitzer and Hearst), the newspaper proprietor has been a figure of American fable, half lion, half rat. "Power of the press" was already a cliché when the word *power* was most likely to be associated with the word *horse* or *candle*. "I just sit here quietly," John Eastman of the Chicago *Journal* told the late Bob Casey, "with a bouquet of roses in one hand and a sockful of night soil in the other. And my friends and my enemies pass under my window."

Today the most important of these legendary creatures is a woman—or, more accurately, a lady: Katharine Meyer Graham, a trim, fiftyish yet girlish grandmother who owns a majority of the voting stock of the Washington Post Company, publisher of the monopoly morning paper in the nation's capital, probably the only paper the President of the United States really reads. Among the company's other holdings are *Newsweek*, *Art News*, a Washington radio station, and two television stations, WJXT in Jacksonville, and WTOP, the leading TV broadcaster in Washington. Like most privately held corporations, the *Post* publishes no figures, but qualified observers would be surprised if the consolidated accounts show a before-tax profit much less than $10 million a year.

Both of Mrs. Graham's family names are significant, because she came to her present position as the daughter of one great publisher (Eugene Meyer) and the widow of another (Philip L. Graham). The words daughter and widow are necessary, too, to explain her style, for Mrs. Graham is surely the most feminine (if perhaps not the most female) of the nation's leading career women. The career itself began less than five years ago, after father and husband were dead, and the mode is still one of responding to men. At the story conferences of both the Washington *Post* and *Newsweek* and at the management meetings of the corporation, Mrs. Graham is the only woman in a group of a dozen or so men—sometimes, at advertising sales conventions of the magazine, in a group of 125 men. Like the loyal lady of any house, Mrs. Graham accepts her responsibilities much more often than she asserts her authority.

To the extent that the joy of owning a paper is in the imposition of personal opinion on newsprint, Mrs. Graham has denied herself the pleasure. "The fact is," says Benjamin Bradlee, the *Post*'s lean and sharp editor, "I don't know what Katharine's views are on Vietnam." Philip Geyelin, a former *Wall Street Journal* diplomatic correspondent who now heads the *Post*'s editorial page, says that he does know Mrs. Graham's Vietnam views "in general" (they had a long day's exploration of *Geyelin*'s views on all subjects before he was given his job in the fall of 1967), "but not in detail." The *Post* was what Bradlee calls "stalwart" in support of the Johnson policy in Southeast Asia; but *Newsweek*'s news reports were critical to the point where the South Vietnamese government, over what were generally believed to have been mild protests by the U. S. Embassy, threw the magazine's bureau chief out of the country. Mrs. Graham's ability not to insist on her own views on this subject was remarkable, because she thought about it all the time: her oldest son, Donald, recently president of the *Harvard Crimson* and distinctly heir apparent, was with the First Air Cavalry in Vietnam.

In editorial meetings, Mrs. Graham typically sits at the back of the room, out of the cross fire. Her opinions are neither requested nor volunteered. When she doesn't like something she

hears, or feels that something has been left out or dropped too soon, she asks a question. Early this year, for example, the senior men at *Newsweek* were sketching plans for their cover story for an issue two weeks off, and had decided on a big feature on Khe Sanh, then under fire and widely heralded as America's Dienbienphu. "What do we do," Mrs. Graham asked from the back of the room, "if the President moves to call up fifty or a hundred thousand troops, and asks economic measures, price and wage controls?" Editor Osborn Elliott, not wishing to carry yet another picture of Lyndon Johnson on his cover (particularly on one of the issues for which newsstand sales are metered by the Audit Bureau of Circulation), suggested that any Presidential activities related to the war could still be expressed by a Khe Sanh cover. "Well," said Mrs. Graham, "is that right? If the story is here . . . ?" Elliott and managing editor Kermit Lansner nodded to each other, and the matter was taken under advisement for more serious consideration.

On the other hand, *Newsweek* junked a cover on the Riot Commission Report and substituted a picture of Richard Nixon as the correct item to feature for the week in which George Romney retired from the Presidential contest. Mrs. Graham was at *Newsweek*'s New York headquarters that day, but did not participate in the meeting which reached this decision; she was merely "informed" after the machinery had been put in motion. As a matter of personal policy, Mrs. Graham would certainly have preferred to highlight in any way she could the report of the Riot Commission (and so, no doubt, would the editors, who last fall proposed "*Newsweek*'s 12-point Program for Action" to deal with the race problem). The decision that more Americans would be interested in Nixon's triumph was, however, the considered judgment of the editors, and Mrs. Graham would not dream of interfering.

The essence of Mrs. Graham's questioning is that she is not persistent. People who pay no attention at all to what she says will probably at some point find themselves working for another publisher, but much of the time a statement like No, we don't think so, will be enough of an answer. Story conferences on daily papers and at weekly newsmagazines are essentially tension-releasing ceremonies at which spirits are high and the air sparkles with flying bits of gag, insult, irreverence, and irrelevency; and Mrs. Graham enjoys their militant male democracy too much to wish to disrupt them. "We all tease her a little," says Howard Simons, assistant managing editor of the *Post*. "She likes that. She knows she tends to get a little too serious."

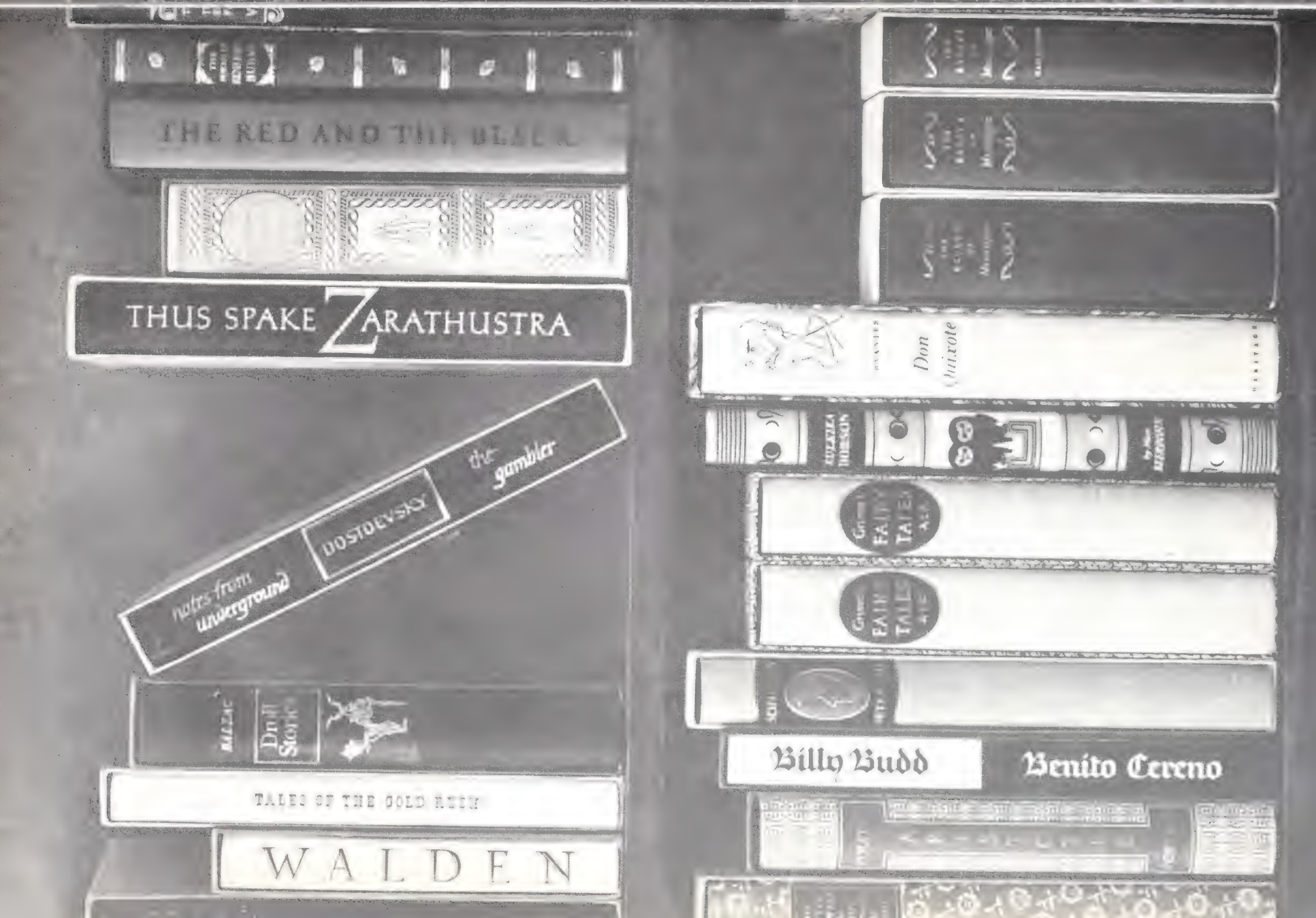
What always surprises newcomers is that Mrs. Graham does not attempt to influence the handling of personalities in either publication. "The people we're writing about and implicitly making judgments about," says *Newsweek*'s executive editor Lester Bernstein, "are people she's dining with that night; but we never bear the brunt of it." When *Newsweek* reported that President Johnson and the Pope had exchanged harsh words in Rome during the President's Christmastime swing around the world last year, Mrs. Graham was the recipient of a long telephone call on the story from no less a figure than Dean Rusk; the *Newsweek* editors first learned about the call from their State Department sources, not from their boss. "*We* knew," says managing editor Lansner, "that she was very close to Bob McNamara—but the guys who were writing the stories didn't, or at least they didn't think about it." Mrs. Graham says calmly, "The first tenet of this business is that you stick up for your editors."

Post editor Bradlee can remember only one occasion when Mrs. Graham chewed him out for the way he had handled one of her friends—and then it was not for something the newspaper said, but for its failure to say anything. At the request of the *Post*'s advertising manager, Mrs. Graham had invited Vice President Hubert Humphrey to give an address to a convention of admen, and had introduced him herself. She had alerted Bradlee to this occasion, and was somewhat surprised the next morning to receive an aggrieved call from her ad manager, complaining that the paper had not carried a line on the speech. Mrs. Graham, in turn, called Bradlee. "Gee, kid," she said, "thanks a *lot*. That was a real favor. . . ."

On the business end, too, Mrs. Graham's role is something she invented herself, guided mostly by Frederick S. Beebe, once her father's and husband's Wall Street lawyer and now chairman of the board of the Washington Post Company; and by William P. Rogers, once Eisenhower's Attorney General, now the company's lawyer and, except for Dr. Eugene Meyer III, the only member of its board who is not also an employee. At both

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Martin Mayer, author of "The Schools" and other influential works, has this year produced a report for the Twentieth Century Fund called "Diploma" on international schools and universities, and a book on Emory R. Buckner. His next will be a collection of his articles, "All You Know Is Fact" (Harper & Row, January).


THE RED AND THE BLACK
THUS SPAKE ZARATHUSTRA
notes from underground
DOSTOEVSKY
the gambler
Don Quixote
Billy Budd
Benito Cereno
TALES OF THE GOLD RUSH
WALDEN

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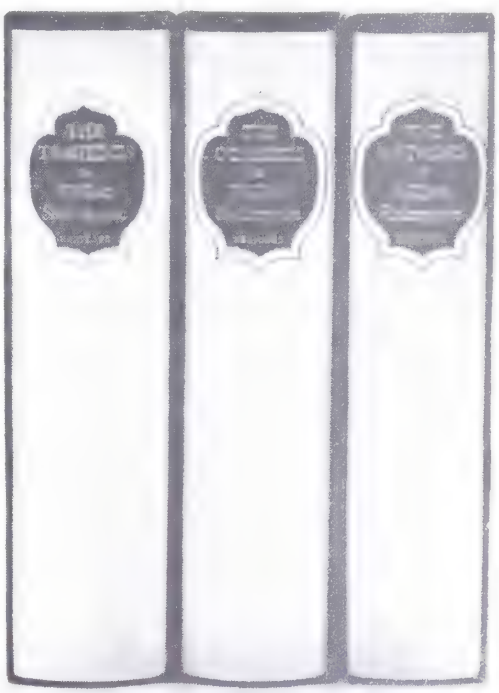
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The Heritage Club

the *Post* and *Newsweek*, to a degree extraordinary even in the publishing business, everybody's doors are open to everybody else; but even if there were a meaningful table of organization it would be hard to locate Mrs. Graham on it. Fritz Beebe is chief business officer of the company, fully empowered to make all decisions, and he supervises the day-to-day operations at *Newsweek* in New York. In Washington John W. Sweeterman has all the authority over the *Post* that any publisher has over any newspaper. Mrs. Graham's corporate title of president, which she assumed at Beebe's and Rogers' insistence at a meeting of the company's board before her husband's funeral, carries with it no specific duties.

"It's hard to say who has the final voice," says Beebe, a courteous, quiet, handsome man in tweeds, who has remained the widow's lawyer as well as the chairman of her company. "There have never been showdowns—all judgments have in fact been collective." For Russell Wiggins, who was editor of the *Post* for twenty-one years before he took over from George Ball as U. S. Ambassador to the U. N. in September, talk about who makes decisions seemed fundamentally misleading: "Things happen imperceptibly. Everything is talked over for a long time, and when the time comes for a *decision*, you find you've already made it." Still, Mrs. Graham controls the company; and she comes to work, in Washington or New York, every day.

Not Quite an Ugly Duckling

In some ways, Mrs. Graham was better equipped for her role on the *Post* than either her father or her husband had been when they first took control. As an adolescent, a new A.B., and a working wife she had held jobs on the paper, while both Eugene Meyer and Phil Graham had started their publishing careers at the top. The Meyer saga, indeed, is primarily a story of the financial market and government service. It starts when the first Eugene, a Jewish immigrant from France, found his way across this continent and became the California partner of Lazard Frères. His son, Eugene, Jr., attended California public schools and the University of California, then went back East to Yale, whence he graduated in 1895, at the age of twenty. He automatically went to work on Wall Street for Lazard, and six years later bought himself a seat on the New York Stock Exchange and formed his own company.

Between 1901 and 1917 Meyer made himself a fortune in the tens of millions as an investment banker. His closest allies were Lazard and Bernard Baruch; his key insights were into the future of the chemicals and automobile industries (he helped William Durant put together General Motors). When war came, he sold out his business and joined Baruch in Washington as a dollar-a-year man. In the 1920s he held assorted upper-middle-level public-service jobs in Washington and attended to his investments from his home in the New York exurb of Mt. Kisco. He got out of the market in time, which convinced his fellow Republicans that he was really clever, and in 1930 Hoover made him a governor of the Federal Reserve Board. Meyer drafted the legislation for the original Reconstruction Finance Corporation and served as its chairman for the warm-up period. When Roosevelt took office, Meyer, who did not much like him, resigned and returned to private life.

In 1929, Meyer had tried to buy the Washington *Post*, then a trivial gossip sheet in the 'twenties tradition, but the asking price of $3 million had struck him as outrageous; in 1933 he picked it up at a bankruptcy sale for $825,000. For the next fifteen years he was a working publisher, at the paper every day—contemporary documents say he even learned to shoot craps with the reporters in the city room, though it is very difficult to visualize a man who wore a pince-nez shooting craps. The *Post*'s vice president for circulation, Harry Gladstein, remembers that shortly after he assumed that job Meyer called and asked how the circulation was doing. "I said, 'It's pretty good, sir,' and he said, 'I don't want adjectives—what are the figures?' "

In the interstices between patronizing the arts, translating Thomas Mann, and sponsoring social causes, Meyer's bluestocking wife Agnes raised him five children, of whom only Katharine ever took much interest in the newspaper. "I'd been on my high-school paper," Mrs. Graham said recently, "even before father bought the *Post*." Young Kay went to Vassar and transferred to the University of Chicago, which was where the action was supposed to be in the 1930s. During the summers, while the rest of the family went to Europe or stayed at Mt. Kisco, she was in Washington with her father, working on the paper. She was determined to get her first real job without her father's help, and her favorite professor at Chicago, later Senator Paul Douglas, arranged a cub reporter's desk for her on the Chicago *Times*. But the summer after her graduation in 1938, her father took her on a trip to San Francisco and she fell in love with that

city, and he found her a job on the local Scripps-Howard paper, where she covered, among other things, news from Harry Bridges' longshoremen's union.

"The next year," Mrs. Graham recalls, "my father came out to get me and bring me back to Washington." Shortly after her return, Kay Meyer met Phil Graham, a tall and very thin young man from Florida who had been president of the *Harvard Law Review* and was clerking for Justice Stanley Reed at the Supreme Court. They were married promptly. Graham was an extraordinary man, a combination of brilliance and high energy which *Newsweek*'s Osborn Elliott, for one, considers unique: "Anybody who never knew Phil Graham," Elliott said recently, "that's a big gap in his life."

The Grahams were intellectuals and their life brought only a relatively marginal contact with what was usually considered high society. Mrs. Graham had never been much for social life anyway ("Has she given you," a friend asked with just a touch of feline emphasis, "the ugly duckling bit?"), and it is only in recent years that she has become any kind of catch. She was, of course, the guest of honor in that trumpeted Party of the Century which Truman Capote, playing Ward McAllister, gave over a year ago in a hotel ballroom. Though she dines out a great deal, it is, when possible, with only one or two couples. She and Graham rarely entertained.

At the time of her marriage, Mrs. Graham was eager to "learn how to cook and run a house; I didn't know how to order a tomato on the telephone"—but her husband was unhappy about the idea of living off a rich father-in-law, and she continued to work as a reporter for the *Post*. After a further term as a Supreme Court clerk—this one for his mentor, Felix Frankfurter—Graham became counsel for various Washington war-born agencies, then enlisted as a private, went off the top of the Army General Classification Test, and passed through basic training and Officers Candidate School with his wife in tow just off the base. When he went to the Pacific she returned to Washington and the *Post*, but no longer as a potential career woman. She took a lowly job on the complaint desk and there acquired, she says today, "a telephone-answering technique that proved to be very useful later on."

Shortly before Major Graham returned from the wars, Meyer, who was almost seventy, began to speculate in speeches about turning over the *Post* to his favorite daughter and her husband. Graham was of two minds about it—he planned to return to Florida, practice law, and run for office (his father, a mining engineer turned farmer and politico, had once come in second in a Florida gubernatorial election). Kay Graham added no inputs to his deliberations: "Men have to do what they want to do," she said recently. "It's hopeless if wives begin saying, 'Do this for me.'" Washington hands finally convinced Graham that control of a newspaper was no mean entry to political influence, and in January 1946, at the age of thirty-one, he became assistant publisher of the *Post*. Six months later, Meyer was elected first president of the new World Bank, and Graham assumed the title of publisher.

In 1948, Meyer reorganized the corporation, and for one dollar and other good and valuable considerations sold all the voting stock to the Grahams. He hedged their control in only one respect—having put his heart's blood and six or seven million dollars into the attempt to create a first-rate independent paper in the capital, he did not wish to see it sold off later for mere money. By the terms of the initial transaction, the Grahams were forbidden to sell any of their voting stock without the approval of a distinguished committee, which is now chaired by Chief Justice Warren and includes Harvard's former president, James Bryant Conant. The committee has no other function, and has never met.

Years for Holding the Breath

A more serious hitch was the fact that the *Post* in 1948 was not viable. The profits of the war years had turned into renewed deficits, and evidence was mounting that Washington was not large enough to support two ambitious morning papers at postwar salary scales. Both the *Post* and the *Times-Herald* suffered in advertising sales by comparison with the afternoon *Star*. Between 1946 and 1953, the *Star* went from 26 million to 43 million in total advertising linage; the *Post* went from 21 million to 25 million. On that financial base, the *Post* could not be much more than a serious provincial paper, taking its out-of-town coverage from wire services and syndicates. At about the time Graham came aboard, Meyer hired Ferdinand Kuhn from the New York *Times* to be his first foreign news reporter. Chalmer Roberts, who succeeded Kuhn in that capacity in 1953, recalls that Kuhn passed on a Washington *Post* motto: "We will cover any international conference, provided it occurs within the first taxi zone."

Graham decided, with Meyer's rather nervous concurrence, that broadcasting properties would

have to be brought in to generate income; and piece by piece, at bargain prices, he acquired what became WTOP-TV and, in 1952, a Jacksonville station. But there could be no solution while two papers were in competition for the morning advertiser's dollar. Meyer's first attempt to buy the *Times-Herald*, after Cissy Patterson's death in 1948, had foundered, probably, the Grahams thought, because the Patterson estate included some shares in the Chicago *Tribune*, and her cousin Colonel Robert McCormick feared that these Easterners would muscle in on him; he outbid Meyer and took control himself. After a few years of wrestling with the *Times-Herald* deficits, however, the Colonel wanted out. Kent Cooper of the Associated Press arranged a meeting in Palm Beach at which the Colonel decided that Meyer and Graham were not so bad, after all. Still, he made no promises. He was going off on a cruise, he said; he'd think about it for sixty days, and let the Washington *Post* people know. "We held our breath," Mrs. Graham recalls; "our whole future hinged on that decision."

McCormick checked in from his cruise and let Graham know he was prepared to sell. Formal negotiations, driven forward by F. S. Beebe, were completed over a single weekend in March 1954. The *Times-Herald* brought the *Post* new circulation, new advertising, new staff, and new features, nearly all of which Graham kept in the merged paper. (The *Post* carries four almost full pages of funnies every day: "One of the smartest things Phil ever did," says Harry Gladstein, "was to keep all the *Times-Herald* comics.") The financial situation turned around immediately, and the *Post* began a course of quite spectacular growth. Circulation rose from less than a quarter of a million in 1953 to almost half a million today; ad linage grew from 25 million a year to 70 million in 1967 (making the *Post* the third largest American newspaper in lines carried, trailing only the Los Angeles *Times* and the New York *Times*, though the nation has ten cities larger than Washington). The editorial budget, which was not much more than $1 million in 1953, crossed the $6-million mark this year.

From this expanding base, with help from the growing profits of WTOP, Graham could seek new worlds to conquer. Most of his plans seem to have been in the newspaper area. In collaboration with Otis Chandler of the Los Angeles *Times*, he put together a world wide news service that now has 210 subscribing newspapers, ninety of them outside the United States, and he became the proprietor of the syndicated columns of Louis Harris, Walter Lippmann, and Joseph Alsop. But his most significant purchase turned out to be in the magazine field, after Vincent Astor's death had left *Newsweek* in the hands of a foundation which felt most uncomfortable publishing it. Again, Beebe handled the negotiations, and he and the *Newsweek* staff, to say the least, have done well—*Newsweek*'s domestic circulation rose from 1.5 million in 1961 to 2.1 million today, its gross revenues from about $23 million in 1961 to about $45 million last year. And the international edition (printed simultaneously in London, Tokyo, and Sydney) has done even better.

After 1961, in any event, Graham was no longer in shape to run anything on a day-to-day basis. He had suffered a nervous collapse as early as 1957, and by 1961 he was slipping into the grip of a manic-depressive psychosis, a condition concealed from others as well as from himself by his extreme brilliance and practical competence in the manic phase. Starting in the summer of 1961, his depressed states grew deeper and longer; and his escape from the last of them in August 1963 was suicide.

Emphasis on Hard News

Graham was by instinct and training a politician and a lawyer, not a newspaperman. He led the *Post* into battles against Senator Joseph McCarthy and for integration, both dangerous issues in the scented air of Washington in the 1950s, and in the process he gave the paper a national reputation which on purely technical terms it did not deserve. At *Newsweek*, too, Graham's ownership changed attitudes more than procedure. He was by no means a radical (the only Presidential candidate the *Post* has endorsed since 1932 was Eisenhower in 1952; and when Graham pushed a candidate for the Democratic nomination in 1960 his man was Lyndon Johnson); but he was way to the left of *Newsweek*. The magazine's "Bible-belt advertisers," as Beebe described them, were especially offended by a cover feature called "Thunder on the Right," an early exposé of the kooks in the Birch Society and the Minute Men, among other organizations. Graham liked the idea of *Newsweek* as a newsmaker, and the advertising approach which describes the magazine as the world's "most quoted" periodical.

Mostly, however, Graham's plans for his publications were more and better rather than different—more features, better writing, more personality, more expertise. In the war between the reporter and the correspondent, Graham's instincts brought him down on the side of the correspond-

ent. "There was an awful lot of software in this paper," says a *Post* staffer. "We were analyzing stories we'd never reported."

Since Graham's death, *Newsweek* has come to stress an alleged separation of unsigned "fact" and signed "opinion;" and the *Post* has jumped the quantity of its hard news—simple reports of what happened yesterday which might be of general public interest. Analyzing one day's output of the New York, Baltimore, and Washington papers which circulate in the capital, Ben Bagdikian wrote in the *Columbia Journalism Review* (fall, 1967) that the *Post* led all the others in quantity of hard news—62,000 words as against 53,000 for the runner-up New York *Times*.

It is tempting to credit these changes to Mrs. Graham's background as a reporter. She reacts like a fire filly hearing a bell to the tale of her Jacksonville television station's exposure of municipal malfeasance; and every so often after a dinner with the mighty she will, in her words, play "Brenda Starr, girl reporter" and call her editors with a story. Moreover, the key step in building the *Post*'s emphasis on hard news—the recruitment of Ben Bradlee from his job as Washington bureau chief of *Newsweek* to be managing editor of the *Post*—was very much Mrs. Graham's project. It cannot have been easy, because Alfred Friendly, Sr., whom Bradlee displaced (he became a vice president of the *Post* and roving correspondent), had been the prime mover in building the paper over the ten years after the *Times-Herald* purchase—and had been a strong support to Kay Graham in her troubles. Nevertheless, Mrs. Graham moved firmly, to the point where she personally stopped all hiring and promotions in the news department of the *Post* from the day early in 1965 when Bradlee privately agreed to come over until the day in November when he assumed his new title. She wanted to make sure there would be vacancies for Bradlee to fill with his own people without his poisoning the air by creating them.

But Mrs. Graham seems to have signed Bradlee less for his news philosophy (which they did not discuss) than for his "ability as a talent finder—because I essentially think this is what any business is about." She has given her managing editor a remarkably free hand, complete to a budget which rose by a third in two years. "She never interferes," Bradlee says in his gravel voice. "She's an absolutely flawless employer." Mrs. Graham's pleasure with what Bradlee has done with his authority was demonstrated on Wiggins' departure, when Bradlee became a vice president of the company and the *Post*'s editor.

Bradlee has dropped some syndicated features and added week-long five-part series on subjects ranging from the arms race in the suburbs to the devaluation of the pound. (He has retained the columnists in his women's pages, with their special Washington quasi-political gossip.) He has been gradually reorganizing the news room to break down the division between the national desk and the local desks, producing a single team to work on, say, all education stories, whether they focus on the U.S. Commissioner or on a teacher in Prince George County. Among the innovations Mrs. Graham particularly likes, because it is one of the few examples of cross-fertilization from the magazine to the newspaper, is Bradlee's original approach to Congressional hearings, by which a reporter attends daily but produces a single coherent story of the week's testimony rather than five daily snippets.

The quality of a newspaper is in large part a function of the quantity of stuff it can process, absorb, or discard in each day's headlong rush to the presses: information channels, to use the jargon, improve with redundancy. Governments and businesses manage news so easily mostly because the news-gathering organizations have no reportorial and critical energy left over after they have reacted to all the announcements. With a staff of two hundred and a complete collection of wire services, Bradlee can free people for long-shot stories, encourage them to initiate their own projects, and send them back to the scene of previously striking stories to see what has happened since.

Pulling the City Together

The *Post* is not a newspaper of record, like the New York *Times*, but it covers the waterfront, and its stories are long enough to include substantial quotes from significant statements. As almost nine-tenths of the circulation is home-delivered, the front page can safely be restrained in makeup, and it is. Standards of copyreading are about what they are in the newspaper business, except on the editorial page, which is exceedingly well-written. Bradlee has added distinguished correspondents to national and foreign desks, including Anatol Shub in Eastern Europe and Stanley Karnow in Hong Kong, and he has expanded the *Post*'s coverage of science and culture. Recently, Bradlee's emphasis has been on beefing up the local and suburban news coverage, which absorbs more than 60 per cent of the editorial staff. "I'm old-fashioned enough," he

says, "to get upset if the *Star* has a story we don't have about some liquor-store holdup on K Street."

In his article for the *Columbia Journalism Review*, Bagdikian criticized the *Post*'s judgment on the relative importance of stories, complaining in effect that local and regional news (TRANSIT LACKS 100 BUSES, etc.) pushed too many national and foreign stories off the *Post* front page. "The primary morning monopoly paper," he wrote, "and certainly one striving for greatness, cannot regularly indulge in idiosyncrasies in so important a matter as telling its readers which are the most important stories of the day." But there is a sense in which the *Post* cannot be compared to the nation's other ambitious papers. Where the New York *Times* reaches perhaps one household in six in the New York metropolitan area, the *Post* reaches three households in five in the ghetto and in the suburbs. It is an almost uniquely pervasive paper; in proportion to the area's population, its circulation is greater than that of the New York *Daily News*.

Unlike other newspapers that reach into the suburbs, moreover, the *Post* prints the same paper for delivery everywhere. "Our theory," says publisher John Sweeterman, "is that Virginia people will be interested in what's happening to Maryland people because they both work in the same office, for the government." The *Post* is the only institution working to pull together the wildly disparate parts of the Washington area, and in the process it also involves the Members of Congress with affairs of their hosts.

This contribution to the cohesion of the community is surely more important than second-guessing Walter Cronkite's judgment as to the day's column-eight story. Indeed, it is the main function of a newspaper, historically—and the success or failure of today's press in fulfilling it will be no minor factor in the capacity of our cities to weather the gathering storms. The *Post* has half-a-dozen Negro reporters, including a columnist, William Raspberry, whose column covers District news at large, including the Negro neighborhoods. Mrs. Graham, who did volunteer work for the Welfare Department while a housewife, is especially anxious to see the slum covered as well as the glitter. While the *Post* probably does not meet the Riot Commission's prescriptions for the urban newspaper (which are pretty confused, anyway the Commission resolutely called for the papers to cover Negro weddings and PTA meetings to show white people how wretched life is in the ghetto), it probably does more than any other white newspaper in reporting the non-pathological aspects of Negro life in the city.

Newsweek is a separate and perhaps less interesting problem, because it represents a kind of art form—news as entertainment. The formulas for presenting "fact" in a daily paper—the ritual of who, what, where, when, and why—make possible a reasonable simulacrum of reality from which readers can choose their own points of relevance. But the newsmagazine as invented by Henry Luce is the proprietor of the inside story, almost always a homunculus, and thereby insists on defining the reader's understanding.

Mrs. Graham has come to regard *Newsweek* as highly important because so many college kids rely on newsmagazines for their information—"and I remember," she says, "how much the newsmagazines meant to Phil and myself when we were stuck in South Dakota during the war." And *Newsweek* tries. Some immensely able people—most notably, perhaps, Yale's Henry Wallich and MIT's Paul Samuelson in economics—have been persuaded to contribute signed columns. If the advertised separation of "fact" from opinion conceals the narrow frames of reference of the reportage in the front of the magazine, the decision to sign the reviews and specialized reports in the back of the book eliminates the old *ex cathedra* pronouncements on matters of taste, and gives the reader a much better sense of where he stands. The science section is ambitious and hard-working—and as the beneficiary of favorable reviews, this reporter is also impressed with the perspicacity of the book section.

The continuing improvement of both publications has become Mrs. Graham's calling. Behind her natural shyness and deliberate self-effacement ("I pick the wool off the blankets") lies a bright core of pride; and the combination permits a wee penumbra of healthy vanity. By being intelligent and generous and when necessary tough, Mrs. Graham will make the proprietor's contribution. But there is a further, unique contribution which she makes by being a lady and a rather lonely widow and by temperament dependent on men. In the upper echelons of both major publications, ambitious executives who might otherwise rub on each other achieve unusual institutional loyalty through a common and deeply felt affection for her.

This idea was proposed to Mrs. Graham recently, and she frowned at it a while. Then her smile irradiated her face. "You know," she said, "I hope that's true. I like that. That's *very* nice." And so it is.

Harper's Magazine, December 1968

Robert Craft

STRAVINSKY AND SOME WRITERS

Informal exchanges with W. H. Auden, Evelyn Waugh, Aldous Huxley, and Christopher Isherwood. The subjects: among others, literature, music, religion, undertakers, and whiskey.

March 31, 1948. Washington, D.C. Arriving at the Raleigh Hotel for my appointment with Stravinsky this morning I find Auden pacing the lobby. "The night train from Pittsburgh was late," he says, "and the 'Stravs' aren't receiving yet." In that case would he care for a second breakfast, I ask? But no, he wouldn't because "there are no hard rolls in America." He fidgets and chain-smokes instead, and begins to lay-analyze "the old boy." ("Now obviously in his case the mother-figure is money.") Then remembering *The Rake's Progress** he delves into a battered attaché case and brings forth the typescript wrapped in the New York *Times*. Probably counting on no more than a short delay from the "Stravs," he opens the libretto to the final scene saying, as he hands it to me, "This *might* interest you." And while I read he turns the *Times* to the obituary page, registering disappointment, and to the book page, emitting a groan, thereafter watching me at a tangent. I note but do not mention the borrowing of "I am exceeding weary" from *Henry IV*, Part 2; nor do I say, as I think, that the *Epilogue* would be more suited to an entertainment on the level of *Naughty Marietta*. But I do tell him, and fully believe, that the Bedlam scene contains some of the most beautiful verse ever intended for an opera; to which he reacts by granting me ten additional minutes for the remainder of the book, or approximately the time it would have taken *him* to read it. I hardly finish the first scene (noting another borrowing, "Restore [the] age of gold," from Dryden's version of Book VI of the *Aeneid*) when he jumps up exclaiming, "Surely the old boy must be ready by now," and fire-chases back to ring the apartment.

"The Lily Pons Suite," sees the brass nameplate, but we are admitted by the tall, queenly beautiful Mrs. S., in blue turban and white piqué housecoat. Mr. S., in a *robe de boudoir*, waits behind her; and he continues to hide behind and to depend upon her, like a small pet mouse with a large friendly cat, throughout the meeting. They greet me warmly, and smother Auden, whom they have not seen since the scenario-planning in Hollywood last November, with Russian-style kisses. But Auden, lovable, even kissable though he may be, is a Public School Englishman, and such open expressions of affection plainly horrify him. He winces and quickly poses a number of deflecting questions about the S.s' health, house, lovebirds, parrots, cats. Then, yes, too, dear me, we are forgetting the opera. Whereupon the manuscript is again delved for, and handed in like a schoolboy returning an exam. But Mr. S. receives it solemnly, even superstitiously, asking Mrs. S. ("Verusha" this time, at other times "Verotchka") to

Stravinsky's opera, with libretto by W. H. Auden and Chester Kallmann, later opened in Venice (September 11, 1951).

bring whiskey (not Auden's drink, but he takes it), four tooth-glass tumblers of which are sunk in toasts to the opera. (I feel less nervous afterward, if also a little too well-oiled, but why have I not been more nervous in the first place? Is it because I.S., from his music, as well as from the many rehearsals and concerts at which I have watched him, sometimes even hitchhiking to Washington, Philadelphia, and Boston to do so, seems like someone I know very well already?)

Mr. S. talks about his new *String Concerto*, the "Basiliensis" as he calls it, and his performance of it in Mexico City a few weeks ago. Whereas all exchanges with Mrs. S. are in Russian (a long one in which I think they are trying to decide what to do about me at luncheon seating strategy), the language of this narrative is an assortment of handy French, German, and English phrases. But his pursuit of verbal exactness and continual interruptions of himself to demand English equivalents for foreign expressions is exasperating. At one point he seeks edification on the difference between a cad and a bounder, words encountered last night in a detective story, but apart from the distinction that one of the terms applies chiefly to moral, the other chiefly to social behavior, I do not catch Auden's would-have-been-immortal answer, being obliged at that instant to open the door for the waiter.

According to prevalent popular concepts of the changing evolutionary design of human physique, Mr. S. is something of a throwback. He is physically so extraordinary, in any case, that nothing less than a life-size statue (not merely a head or bust) or scaled-to-life-size drawing (the seated portrait by Picasso is misleading) could convey his uniqueness: the pygmy height, bandy legs, fleshlessness, football player's shoulders, large hands and wide knuckles, tiny head and recessive frontal bone, sandy hair (black in photographs), smooth red neck, and high Woody Woodpecker hairline. He is so absorbing to look at, in fact, that an effort is required to concentrate on what he says. But as soon as that predicament has been overcome, a much greater arises in knowing how to respond. Many of his utterances are so sweeping, absolute, exclusive, as well as so exaggerated and *parti pris*, that the listener cannot be certain his leg is not being pulled. Add to this the difficulty that agreement is obviously expected for no matter what he says; and that the composer in person frequently seem to be saying the opposite of the composer in his autobiography, at any rate so far as some of his colleagues are concerned. Mention of the *Symphonies of Wind Instruments*, for example—my forthcoming performance of this work in New York* being the subject of our business today—provokes a tirade against Ansermet and his recent broadcast of it with the NBC Symphony.

Still, respond one must. We do so easily to a joke about "Hollywood composers who farm out their orchestrations and whose scores should be marked 'coloring added' like the labels on food cans." But we have no idea how to react to a verbal thumbs-down on the Beethoven *Violin Concerto* because, "That D-sharp in the first movement is such an ugly note"; or to a Nietzschean argument denying the German-ness in German music, "Because, you see, Bach was a Saxon, Beethoven was Flemish, Haydn was a Croat, Mozart was an Austrian, Mendelssohn was a Jew." I do not quarrel with these demographic attributions, or propose other candidates, but then neither does Auden, and he cannot have thought the statements less preposterous than I do.

We pair off for a moment, Auden and Mr. S. to look at the libretto, Mrs. S. and myself. "Tell me, please," she asks, slowly fluttering her eyelashes, "do you agree that women are more appreciative of flowers than men, and that intellectual men hardly notice them, and are rarely able to identify them, except for carnations and roses? Auden not only failed to sniff or admire our bouquets, but actually deposited his coat on a cluster of gardenias still lying in its box. 'Eager' loves flowers," she goes on, leaving me no time to consider the relationship between floral indifference and male intellect, "and there is always a bouquet in his room while he works. He cuts and waters them himself, too, and gardens every day if he has the time." But "Eager's" delectation of the bouquets was less remarkable to me than his compulsive folding up and tidy tucking away of the wrapping paper and ribbons.

Lunch is welcome not so much gustatorily as for the relief it brings from the tonnage of Mr. S.'s *tête-à-tête* attention. But we get smashed; I do anyway, and my head begins to turn like a pinwheel halfway through the third bottle of Bordeaux; at which time Auden, unbowed, begins to discourse on linguistic science as a key to thought structure, and on the "British 'nanny' as the true source of Philosophy in the Empiric Isles." He further devalues Philosophy with the statement that "It can be no more than a game anyway, for St. Paul's reason that 'We are part of what we know.' " Otherwise I remember only a marvelous remark of

* Mr. Craft founded the Chamber Art Society in New York in 1948 and had asked Stravinsky for orchestra parts of the *Symphonies of Wind Instruments*. This conference in Washington was their first meeting.



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What will the English think of next

Mr. S.'s, that "Music is the best means we have of digesting time," and his fuss about a wobble in the table, his annoyance with a butterfingered waiter, and his obsession with scraping up crumbs and rubbing out spots on the tablecloth (what guilt is he apologizing for?), and some talk of his about words, which involves a great deal of slow-fishing translation and of which, probably because of its non-logicality, I retain only the information that the Russian for "ladybug" is "little cow." After several demi-cups of *espresso* I leave with Auden while Mr. S. retires for, as he says, a catnap, though Mrs. S. predicts it will last until dinner.

February 4, 1949. New York. Dinner with the Evelyn Waughs, who come in evening dress—for a "late party at the Astors," they explain—the glaring perfection of which seems to exaggerate the crumples of our own everyday togs. Mrs. W. is fair and lovely, Mr. W. pudgy, ruddy, smooth-skinned, rather ramrod and poker-faced. He offers favorable comment on the temperature of our hotel rooms (at the Ambassador), complaining that he is obliged to keep the windows of his own rooms (at the Plaza) all the way open or suffocate, a statement that may help to account both for his icy exterior and his inner heat. I.S. replies to this in French, attempting to excuse the language switch by complimenting Mr. W. on the French dialogue in *Scott-King's Modern Europe*; but Mr. W. quickly disclaims a conversational command of the tongue, and when Mrs. W. contradicts him—"That's silly, darling, your French is very good"—reprimands her in wounded *tu-quoque* tones.

We refer to Mr. W.'s lecture on [Graham Greene's] *The Heart of the Matter* in Town Hall last week, the coolest performance of the sort I have ever seen, even though he disparages it. Unencumbered by a text or notes, the novelist was able to study the audience (he says), and even to turn the tables on it (I say), judging from the ruthlessly observed details in his descriptions of people who walked out. But Mr. W. prefers to talk about the Undertaking Industry* and the ban it has imposed against burying him should he, as the Industry fervently hopes, expire in the United States. He is keenly interested in our own burial plans, too, and eager to know whether we (our *beaux restes*) are destined for family vaults. But this down-to-earth talk makes I.S. very uneasy.

A crisis occurs when the W.s refuse the S.s' whiskey and caviar, not because of the refusal but because the S.s unthinkingly exchange some words in Russian, a pardonable recourse for them in many instances but not now. The W.'s are not taken in by V.'s pretence of referring to the cigarettes she rummages for in her handbag, and they naturally deduce that the subject of the exchange is themselves. At long last I.S. brings the abstemious and uncomfortable half-hour to a close proposing that we go to dinner.

Mr. W.'s spirits take an upward turn during the freezing—and in his case coatless—block-and-half walk to "Maria's"; and the sight of the Funeral Home at the corner of Lexington and 52nd Street restores his *joie de vivre* to the extent that for a moment we fear he may actually take leave of us to explore the Service Entrance. "Maria's," dark, crowded, is the wrong restaurant: the W.s look too swank here; but the starchiness and verbal sparring that the I.S.s think of as the natural English method of making acquaintance vanish with the Valpolicella (which the temperature-sensitive Mr. W. mulls). It seems to me, too, that the eminent author is succumbing to V.'s charm—he has begun to behave gallantly to her, in any case—and that the suspicion in the glowering looks he directs at intervals to I.S., has diminished.

With the *fettucine*, talk turns—no apparent connection—to the Church. Here I.S. shines, showing himself to be at least as ultramontanist as Mr. W., at least as well-read in Chesterton and Péguy, and at least as prone to believe in the miraculous emulsification of Saint Januarius' blood. From his remarks I would guess that the novelist supposes the composer to be a Jew converted by Maritain, which is a common and, so far as the Maritain influence is concerned, partly truthful supposition.

Another crisis looms when V. mentions the forthcoming New York premiere of her husband's *Mass* and invites the W.s to attend. Mrs. W. replies, regretting that they have "already booked passage home," but lest the conversation continue in this dangerous direction, Mr. W. adds, with a bluntness which seems to show that the threat of I.S.'s cacophonous art has been lacerating him all evening: "All music is positively painful to me." The statement can only be ignored, and V. does so, superbly, with a compliment to Mr. W. about *his* art, and a comparison between his *Decline and Fall* and Sade's *Justine*. When at length Mr. W. realizes that the S.s have read and admired everything he has written, a new character emerges in

*Waugh's satire on a funeral park, *The Loved One*, was published in 1948.

Robert Craft is the first American to have conducted both "Wozzeck" and "Lulu." He collaborated with Stravinsky on several books of conversations and wrote the text for Arnold Newman's book of photographs, "Bravo Stravinsky."

him, as magnanimous and amusing as the old one was unbending and priggishly precise. Whether or not he brooks the talk of literary types, he certainly seems to savor it from outsiders like (though no one is quite like) the I.S.s; and even from semi-insiders like (there are many like) me, for I admire Mr. W.'s fictions, too, and no longer object, as I once did, that chance plays too important a role in them.

We seek to draw him out on other writers but are rewarded with only one acidulated reference to fellow lecture-touring literati, and the commendation, in which the last two adjectives are wickedly emphasized, of Christopher Isherwood as "a good *young American* novelist."

The meal concluded, Mr. W. asks permission to smoke a cigar. Then choosing one from a breast-pocket case, he holds it under his nose where it looks like a grenadier's moustache, circumcizes the sucking end with a small blade, passes a match flame under the other end as though candling a pony of precious cognac, avidly stokes and consumes it. (Holy Smoke!)

August 10, 1949. Hollywood. Lunch at the Farmer's Market with Christopher Isherwood and the Aldous Huxleys, the latter cooing at each other today like newlyweds, or oldlyweds after a domestic spat. Owing to its extensive variety of salads, seeds, nuts, health foods, exotic fruit (Milton: "The savoury pulp they chew, and in the rind"), the restaurant is a Huxleyan haunt. The other tables are held down by drugstore cowboys, movie stars, Central European refugees, and—judging from awed glances in our direction—Aldine and Igorian disciples. All, for the nonce, are vegetarians, and all nibble at their greens like pasturing cows.

Virginia Woolf's likening Isherwood to a jockey is perfect. Not the clothes, of course, though they are less conspicuously suited to Hollywood (or Hawaii) than those of Aldous or I.S., the sense of the dapper in the older men having run to seed (both have much too resonant neckwear today) at such a remove from the centers of discriminating haberdashery; but the stature, bantam weight, somewhat too short legs, and (contrarily but not compensatorily) disproportionately, even simianly long arms, a comparison forced on the attention because of their frequent employment for descriptive and other metrical purposes. But one easily sees him, or sees how Mrs. Woolf saw him, against the furlong post, or as an ornament of the track, or the turf.

His manner is casual, vagabondish, lovelorn, and one does not readily imagine him violently angry, or acting precipitately, or enduring extended states of great commotion. At times he seems to be thinking of things beyond and remote, from which the conversation brusquely summons him back to earth. But he is a listener and an observer—he has the observer's habit of staring—rather than a propounder or an expatiator, and his trance-like eyes will see more deeply through and record more essential matter about us than this verbosity of mine is doing about him. At the same time, his sense of humor is very ready. He maintains a chronic or semi-permanent smile (a network of small creases about the mouth), supplementing it with giggles and an occasional full-throttle laugh during which the tongue lolls. But he is not at ease in spite of drollery. Underneath—for he is as multilayered as a *mille* (which in practice is rarely more than a *huit* or a *dix*) *feuille*—are fears, the uppermost of which could well be of a musical conversation, or high general conversation about The Arts. But I may be miles off. Perhaps he is merely suffering from the prohibition rule of the Farmer's Market, in which case the contents of I.S.'s thermos bottles will come as an agreeable surprise.

Isherwood conveys a greeting to All-deuce, as he pronounces it, from a Swami. The voice is somewhat too high, both in pitch and volume, and the words are too deliberated. Aldous, replying, digresses to make room for a slightly ribald story, which Isherwood follows like an eager schoolboy, even rubbing his knees in anticipation of the outcome.

But how do the two men regard each other, apart from their very evident mutual affection? Isherwood cannot match the softly orating Huxleyan delivery or the Huxleyan intellectual ammunition (a stunning aside today on the "haecceities of the later Persian mystics," an apt quote from the *Biathanatos*, and some new information about the amino acids and cellular differentiation); but, then, the younger man has made his name partly because of his wariness of fluency at supernal intellectual altitudes. Is he, then, gently tweaking the sage's nose a bit, or mildly baiting him, by that overly credulous way of asking those further questions about the marvelous, the horrendous, the barely believable that loom so large in Aldous's talk? And does he regard him as ever so slightly unbalanced from too much book learning? Not, of course, really deranged, like Don Quixote, but a bit "off" nevertheless?

And am I wrong in detecting on the Huxley side just the faintest tinge of doubt as to the hundred-percent impregnability of his younger colleague's spiritual dedication and final severing from The

"Recently, I have come to feel that the conditions of our cities have made all people second-class citizens, in some respects." Mrs. Mary Pegram

(Note: Mrs. Mary Pegram is a social worker in a large metropolitan area, with an intimate knowledge of the problems of the central city. Her views concerning the ways in which urban decay affects all of us follow:)

"As a social worker, and a black woman, I feel the agonies of second-class citizenship very deeply. Recently, I have come to feel that the conditions of our cities have made all people second-class citizens, in some respects.

"I visit cities and walk through their streets, breathing air that's not fit for anyone to breathe; I hear the constant rumble of traffic and feel its vibrations in the soles of my feet; I see the grime caked on windows, walls, sidewalks, and parked cars and shudder as I realize that this dirt is going into our lungs; then I think that life in today's cities is no picnic . . . for anyone . . . black or white. You're a second-class citizen when you live like this.

"Passing any corner where people wait for public transportation, you can see crowds. And they're not all black.

"And I know that everybody is afraid to walk the streets after dark.

"I drive along the roads near rivers and see all the stuff that floats on the water and smell the sickening odor. It's everybody's river and it flows by luxury apartment buildings as well as slum dwellings.

"There's nothing first class about any of it, for any of us.

"If we can make our cities free of filth, free of the overwhelming problems that affect everyone, I believe we'd find a new spirit of pride and optimism in this country. And with that spirit, we'll all become first-class citizens, in every respect."



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World? Is there in his tone just the hint of a suspicion that one last unburned boat may still be hidden somewhere in the reeds? We naturally suppose, in any case—it is the I.S.s' impression as well as my own—that the younger man is obliged to apply himself to those spiritual exercises which the older can master merely by turning his mind to them. But while the Huxley universe is the larger of the two, the author of it does not sit more conspicuously in its center than the author of the Isherwood books does in the center of the Isherwood universe; and partly for this reason it is more of an encounter to meet Isherwood than to meet Aldous, though another and larger reason is simply that most people are little more than enchanted audiences to Aldous, though not, of course, for his reasons, if any, but for theirs. Finally, whatever the truth of these speculations, how improbable a team the two of them make to represent Vedanta in the Wild West!

I.S., as I know him, is even less comfortable than Isherwood. He dislikes being outnumbered by Englishmen speaking their language, and these particular Englishmen seem to him too freely, however richly, verbal: in I.S.'s book the important things must never be, cannot be, said. But I.S. presents an almost exaggerated contrast in other ways as well: in his deep diapason (*versus* their duet of flute-stops); and in his concreteness (the Englishmen's talk about religion seems abstract to him, but, then, he believes in the physical existence of the Devil, as people once believed in centaurs and mermaids); and in the autocracy and absoluteness of his views, though these frequently seem more extreme than they are because of his imperfect command of the fluty language's syntactic qualifying paraphernalia.

I would exchange some (but rather less than half) of my kingdom for a peek at the picture these two very clever observers draw of I.S. Will they discover that the barricade of epigrams, paradoxes, bon mots, conceals nothing at all in their line, the line of "intellect"? Or will they conclude that the treasures have been kept to the deeps today merely out of reticence, to be surfaced again on other, more favored days? Whatever the answer, the polite side of I.S., that Bellona's armor of will in the man and style in the music ("music may symbolize, but it cannot express"), is the only side anyone except V. ever sees.

Why, then, have so many people mistaken I.S. for an "intellectual"? Primarily, I think, because it is his own image of himself. He is vain of his "factual knowledge" (as I am of my own, which is why I remark the fault in him), and would like to be regarded as the *summa* of erudition and wielder of the ultimate gavel of sophisticated judgment. Nor will he tolerate such words as instinct and genius in relation to himself, pretending instead that "brains" and "technique," meaning mastery of means and perfection of the ear, constitute the composer's complete equipment. "Emotions," I hardly need add, are scarcely allowed to be an ingredient, and in fact he seems to think of the affective functions as physiologically zoned, like the separation of emotion and intelligence in Comte's *tableau cérébral.*

I.S.'s intellectual world apart from music, little that it may matter, has been formed to an unusual extent by his intimates. He is radically susceptible to personal influence, in fact, which I say because I can see certain reactive effects I have had on him myself. (V. claims that I am the first and only person in his adult life to have disagreed with him directly and to have survived, which is a dubious distinction both as conduct and consequence.) For my own part and though it hardly needs saying, I entertain few, if any, fixed views capable of withstanding "rigorous intellectual investigation" (I am a "feeler" rather than a "thinker," myself) and I certainly want no part of the responsibility of any of them, musical or otherwise, settling on such a man. The point is not *whose* views, however, but I.S.'s susceptibility.

The chief influencers were Diaghilev (V. cites certain aesthetic attitudes as virtually parroted from him); Arthur Lourié (proselytizing for Maritain); Suvchinsky (a philosophy compiled from Rozanov, Shestov, Berdyaev, and the great nineteenth-century Russians); C. F. Ramuz and C. A. Cingria (preaching a *homo faber* philosophy and the ideal of the village virtues, meaning the moral superiority of simple things: *les vins honnêtes*, for instance, which, unfortunately, often means Grade B as well). Certainly these men and the few others who knew I.S. intimately (although V. insists that "before old age and America changed his character he opened his heart only to Diaghilev," and that Diaghilev's criticisms were the only ones he ever heeded) must have realized that uncanny as his artistic intelligence is, and acute and varied as are the palettes of his sense perceptions, his critical range outside of music is peculiarly limited. What he offers are judgments without trials in a no-man's-land of likes and dislikes. But at a time when no-man's-lands quickly become so much real estate crossed by so many beaten paths, the danger of this to himself hardly requires spelling out. "Taste," as we grow older, may easily become a narrowing tyranny.

Harper's Magazine, December 1968

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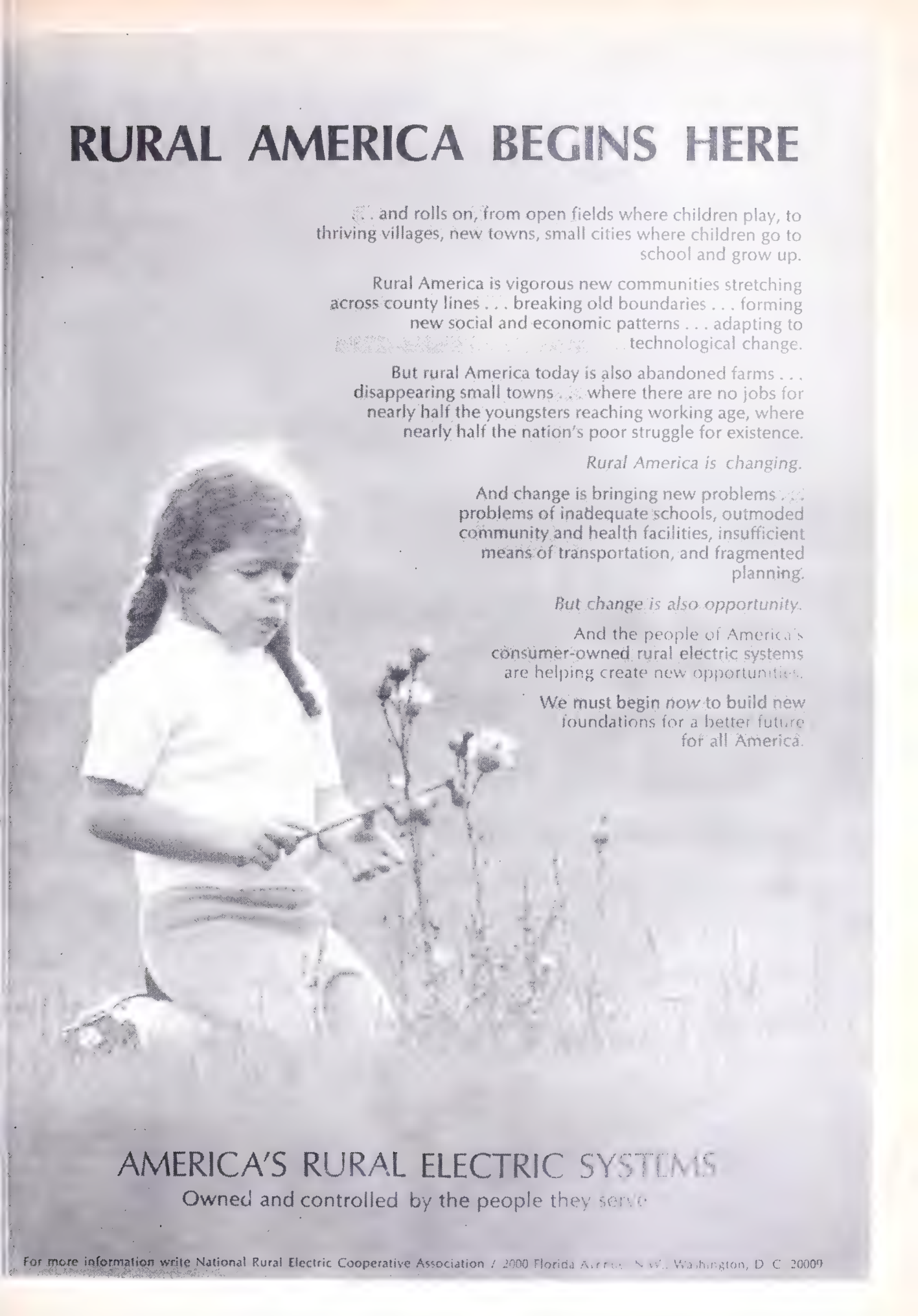
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The Writer and the City

by Alfred Kazin

In the fall of 1966 an exhibition, largely photographs, opened at the Jewish Museum in New York: "The Lower East Side, Portal to American Life (1870-1924)." One saw great crowds of prosperous, well-dressed, extremely sophisticated people—the usual museum crowd—standing in front of enormously blown-up pictures of their parents and grandparents waiting on Ellis Island benches, or standing behind push-carts on Hester Street while children got some relief at open hydrants from August in New York. The most extraordinary photograph, taken by Jacob Riis, showed a bearded Jew preparing for Sabbath eve in a coal cellar on Ludlow Street. It is 1900, he lives in a coal cellar, but there is a Sabbath loaf on the grimy table in front of him, he will not die in a Polish ditch for the greater glory of the master race, and in the 1960s his grandchildren will walk out of that museum, down Fifth Avenue, not even having to say to themselves that the city has been their savior, that it was once a frontier exciting in anticipation and fact. They have come to these photographs looking for their ancestors, their old selves, their hidden selves. The city is no longer their frontier, and usually they are afraid of it as well as ashamed of it. The city that saved them and raised them has by now worn out their expectations of it: "It is impossible to live in New York." That is the first and last thing New Yorkers now say about New York: *it is impossible.* Like the technological society, the big city has overreached itself.

But to a writer the city is still a fundamental principle of society. Above all, it is a focus for his imagination. Some of the people staring at those photographs who came looking for their past are so steeped in the city that they can no longer respond freshly to it. But those without this personal experience of New York, who came out of curiosity, represent older stocks for whom, until recently, the city was an abstraction rather than an intimate, emotional fact. And it is these people, in some basic sense still strangers to the big-city experience, who remind us that, until recently, the writers most sensitive to the city were indeed strangers to it, found it as strange as the immigrants once did. On a museum wall there was a description of the Lower East Side in 1895 by William Dean Howells:

> I suppose there are and have been worse conditions of life, but if I stopped short of savage life I found it hard to imagine them. I did not exaggerate to myself the squalor that I saw, and I do not exaggerate it to the reader. . . . It was a squalor of a kind which, it seemed to me, it could not be possible to outrival anywhere in the life one commonly calls civilized. It is true that the Indians who formerly inhabited this island were no more comfortably lodged in their wigwams of bark and skins than these poor New Yorkers in their tenements. But the wild men pay no rent, and if they are crowded together upon terms that equally forbid decency and comfort in their shelter, they have the freedom of the forest and the prairie about them; they have the illimitable sky and the whole light of day and the four winds to breathe when they issue into the open air. . . . The New York tenement dwellers, even when they leave their lairs, are still pent in their high-walled streets, and inhale a thousand stenches of their own and others' making.

Despite Howells's kindliness (or because of it), he describes the immigrant quarter as if he belonged to another species. This was the way Herman Melville, himself a New Yorker, had described the bohemian quarters where impoverished writers like the hero of *Pierre* (1852) lived in [illegible] middle of the nineteenth century. [illegible] intense was Howells's discomfort [illegible] the East Side that he thought th[illegible] was no social or economic hope [illegible] the tenement dwellers and their [illegible] scendants—a typical piece of end [illegible] the-century American social prc[illegible] ecy. The same remoteness, with[illegible] any kindliness, is found in He[illegible] James's icy disapproval of the E[illegible] Side in his account of a native's [illegible] turn, *The American Scene* (19[illegible] James was born and grew up in N[illegible] York; he was, in memory, so attac[illegible] to the city that as an expatriate[illegible] ordered the collected edition of [illegible] novels to be called "The New Y[illegible] Edition." James was most at hom[illegible] great European cities, and wr[illegible] some of his most beautiful pa[illegible] about London in *The Princess Ca*[illegible] *massima* (1886), Venice in [illegible] *Golden Bowl* (1904), Paris in [illegible] *Ambassadors* (1903). Unlike H[illegible] ells, he was not a small-town [illegible] from Ohio; unlike Emerson, Thore[illegible] and Hawthorne, who all lived in C[illegible] cord, James thought it was [illegible] poverishing and narrowing to [illegible] outside the great European cent[illegible] of civilization. Yet though Jar[illegible] often relished picturesque poverty [illegible] London, Paris, Rome, he found [illegible] poverty of the newest arrivals [illegible] New York simply disgusting. Th[illegible] was nothing romantic for him he[illegible]

Why did James not find the Lov[illegible] East Side at the turn of the centu[illegible] as picturesque as Lincoln Steffe[illegible] then a police reporter, was findi[illegible] it? Why were the European quart[illegible] of New York not "interesting" [illegible] Henry James—who managed to fi[illegible] "interesting" everything his write[illegible] eye looked at? It is because the i[illegible] migrant quarters seemed to Jam[illegible] a particular example of powerle[illegible] ness, culturelessness, of the degrad[illegible]

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and nondescript. James had always been irritated with Boston, especially with the old reformers whom he caricatured in *The Bostonians* (1886). They no longer counted for anything positive after the Civil War; Boston was no longer a creative center. James was Balzacian in his instinct for power and influence—he naturally gravitated to a great capital. He described brilliantly in *The American Scene* the excitement represented by the New York skyline; he detected with all his marvelous antennae the economic and social thrust of the city; he regretted that he was too old to be the Balzac of this new America of finance capital. Nevertheless he felt distaste for the powerlessness of the immigrants just as he had felt scorn for the provincialism of Concord. James had fled America because, in his terms, it was not rich enough in social institutions to set in motion a novelist with his ambition. In 1907, according to *The American Scene*, there was still no American city rich enough in human possibility, rich enough as a focus and center of power, to enlist James's affection. The city to which he responded most was Richmond—the capital of the defeated South and the symbol of an outworn social system.

James could not take American cities as seriously as he took Rome, Paris, and especially London, for he still believed, in the old American way, that cities in America were not as significant as a few great men could be. This is what all the older American writers believed—whether in the South, where there were no great cities anyway, or in the North, where transcendentalists and other pure spirits believed that cities even the size of Boston were artificial and morally damaging. Emerson in his journal for 1840 described meeting with a few friends to discuss plans for Brook Farm. Even this much association depressed him, for it "was not the cave of persecution which is the palace of spiritual power, but only a room in the Astor House hired for the transcendentalists. . . . So to do were to dodge the problem I am set to solve, and to hide my impotency in the thick of a crowd. . . . I should not find myself more than now,—no, not so much, in that select, but not by me selected, fraternity. Moreover, to join this body would be to traverse all my long trumpeted theory, and the instinct which spoke from it, that one man is a counterpoise to a city,—that a man is stronger than a city, that his solitude is more prevalent and beneficent than the concert of crowds."

This was the old American faith: power is in the individual, not in numbers; in spirit, not in material or cultural conglomeration. Culture, as Jefferson might have said, produces power; not power, culture. The reason that there is no very great literature of the city in America before the end of the nineteenth century is that the best American minds did not identify significant achievement with *American* cities. This was the thinking of Boston aristocrats like Parkman as well as of Concord transcendentalists, of New Yorkers like the author of *Moby Dick* as well as literary hacks of genius like Poe, who depended on magazines, but for whom the real center of the world was the private and even secret imagination, never the Boston in which he was born and the Baltimore in which he was to die. For the same reason that Lincoln's mind has been acclaimed as a countryman's mind, some of the most original American writing until the middle of the twentieth century was to come from small towns in the Middle West and the South. In the nineteenth century, certainly, the profoundest moralists and poets, and most of the good novelists, felt unrelated to great American cities.

Yet there was already one exception in the nineteenth century who was to be prophetic: both of the importance of New York as a world capital of many races and peoples, and of the importance of poetry in shaping twentieth-century epics of the big city. Uniquely among gifted American writers of his time and place, Whitman found himself as man and artist by identifying with New York. None of the talented writers born and bred in New Yor —not Melville or James or Edit Wharton—was to make of New Yor such an instrument of personal lib eration, such a living glowing fabl of democratic possibility. Old pa trician New York still speaks i Melville's poem "The House-Top, written July 1863, in his rag against the largely immigrant mob who were burning and looting in th streets below in their protest agains the draft. Melville speaks of the ric as "the Atheist roar of riot," an complains bitterly that "The Tow is taken by its rats—ship-rats/ An rats of the wharves." But Whitman his exact contemporary, did not ye despair of the identification of de mocracy with the masses that th modern city revealed to him. H found himself by finding the city t be the great human stage. Onl through participation by the masses he felt, would America fulfill th sacred purpose manifest in wha even the conservative Tocqueville ha felt to be the miracle of God's keep ing the New World in reserve fo man. The masses, already visible i New York's population of over million, were the evidence Whitman needed to ground his intuitive an radical gospel. Walt Whitman, poet formerly a schoolteacher, formerly printer, formerly a newspaperman formerly a carpenter, a failure a many occupations born into a family of failures and psychic cripples, fel that he had come out of the big anonymous city crowd, with its un spoken griefs and hopes, to speak fo it: *"One's self I sing, a simple separate person./ Yet utter the word Democratic, the word En-Masse. . . . Of Life immense in passion, pulse and power,/ Cheerful, for freest action form'd under the laws divine,/ The Modern Man I sing."*

Whitman, it can be said, found the model and form of his book, the one book he wrote all his life, in the city, its volume and mass, its mobility, excitement, danger. Years ago I lived just across from the corner in Brooklyn Heights where Whitman himself first printed *Leaves of Grass*. Every Sunday, by way of Brooklyn Bridge, I walked over the East River that was for him the most significant waterway in the world. I realized then how much Whitman's long single lines, each a complete journey

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Mr. Kazin is the author of "Starting Out in the Thirties" and other books. He is Distinguished Professor of English at the State University of New York at Stony Brook. This fall Harcourt, Brace & World reissued his "A Walker in the City," originally published in 1951.

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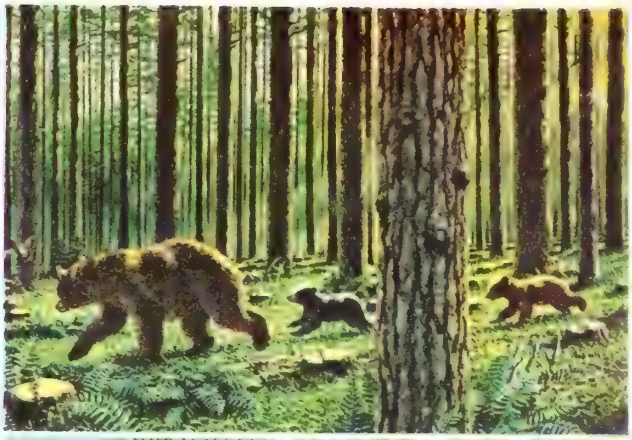


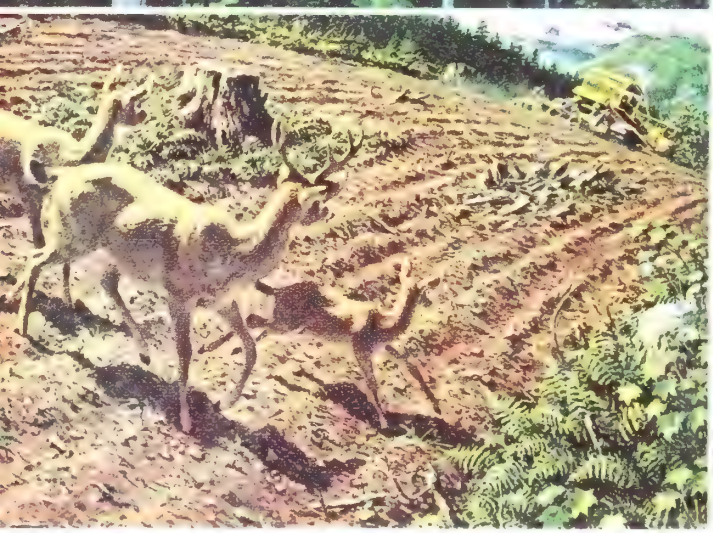
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in itself, was formed on his ferry journeys back and across that estuary. Equally, Whitman's idea of his book as a dense, numerous world, that would express "the pending action of this Time & Land we swim in, with all their large fluctuations of despair and hope," found in New York all the sanction he needed for trying to put everything into his book and also for seeking to make his book everything to all men. His instinct in composition was to enter into such free association with himself that every thought, every image, might be a link to everything else.

This is a modern city aesthetic, born of the extraordinary number of stimuli and the constant irritable or exciting proximity of so many people and spectacles in the modern city. Joyce was to use this principle in *Ulysses*, Eliot in *The Waste Land*, Lorca in *The Poet in New York*, Hart Crane in *The Bridge*, Dos Passos in *Manhattan Transfer*. The modern city has created new imperatives of literary form as well as of social thinking—and it has often been the form of poetic thinking, of the unity of man with the city-world he has created. A recent analyst of city life, Joseph Hudnut, says that modern man is a city dweller not essentially from economic necessity or for metropolitan pleasures, "but by a hunger which transcends both practical and sensuous experience, a hunger seldom revealed by appearances, seldom acknowledged in our consciousness. We are held in the city by our need of a collective life; by our need of belonging and sharing; by our need of that direction and frame which our individual lives gain from a larger life lived together. . . . There are city habits and city thoughts, city moralities and loyalties, city harmonies of valuation which surround us with an authority and system which, whatever may be the turmoil in which they exist, are yet friendly to the human spirit and essential to its well-being."

Whitman, I think, was the first American writer of genius to seize on these realities. The great collectivity that is the city is still not adequately realized in contemporary literature, which tends to celebrate the alienated individual just as sentimentally as Soviet literature promotes the collective. Whitman was a true prophet of the coming interrelations between the individual spirit and the social body. His image of the city is free from despair and hatred; he is not a determinist; for him the city is still a voluntary community created by vital people choosing to live in the same space; the individual is still in touch with nature, which is God; with his *own* nature, where God is revealed. Whitman's New York is a city of joys and possibilities, of easy afternoons riding next to the drivers of the great omnibuses tearing down Broadway, of ecstatic walks on empty ocean beaches at Coney Island. It is a city rich in sexual excitement—a city for lovers. Yet at the same time it is the city of young men from the crowd awakening to their possibilities as observers, thinkers, writers. Cities, as people still have to be told, are among the greatest inventions of man; are creative deeds and peculiarly centers of creativity. Whitman's best poem of New York, *Crossing Brooklyn Ferry*, identifies the glowing, creative consciousness of the poet with the energy of the crowd at the rush hour and the primal energies of the universe vibrating along the river. It is this feeling for the constant movement of modern life, as it culminates in the unending stir of city life, that makes *Leaves of Grass* anticipate so many twentieth-century social novels equally founded on the human richness of city life.

Yet when you compare New York in Whitman's work with his image of Washington in his diaries and poems of the Civil War, you realize what New York misses in not being a capital. Only when Whitman went down to Washington, became a volunteer in the hospitals and identified himself with Lincoln, did he begin to think from a central point of view. Then he was the poet in the capital, where all the responsibilities and privileges of power collect. During the Civil War, besieged Washington at last acquired the moral authority that eighteenth-century minds like John Quincy Adams had conceived for the nation's capital. Whitman described exhausted soldiers lying in the streets; the wounded being put up in the Government Patent Office, next to the glass cases showing models of new inventions; Lincoln with his guard riding back to the White

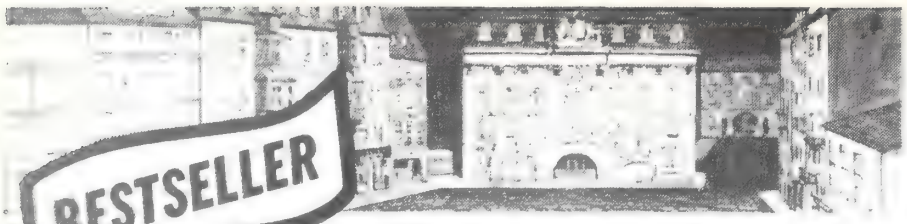


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But deeper than family experience was Adams's feeling, as an historian, for the center of power. He often recalled the passage in Gibbon's autobiography—"It was at Rome, on the 15th of October, 1764, as I sat musing amid the ruins of the Capitol, while the barefooted friars were singing vespers in the temple of Jupiter, that the idea of writing the decline and fall of the city first started to my mind." Adams describes himself often returning to that spot, for to Henry the power that his forebears had directed had become the power invested in the *imagination* of history. He wanted not to run the government but to hobnob with statesmen, to look into forbidden archives, to understand better than anyone else how government worked and what gave it authority. He had the feeling for social power that only the great gossips at the court of kings, like Saint-Simon or Horace Walpole, have possessed. The chapters on

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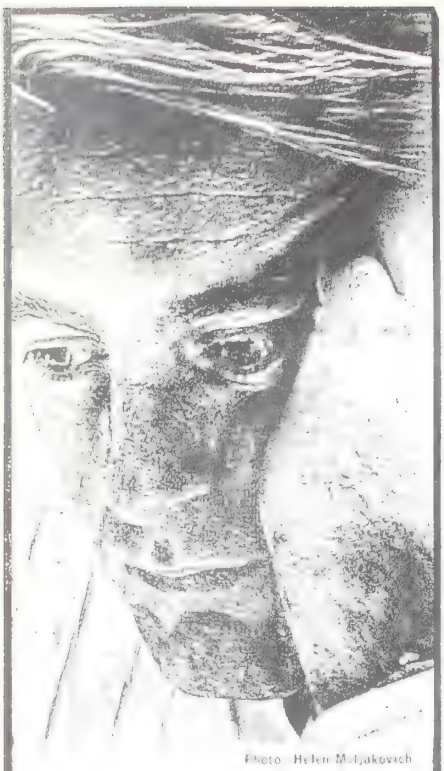
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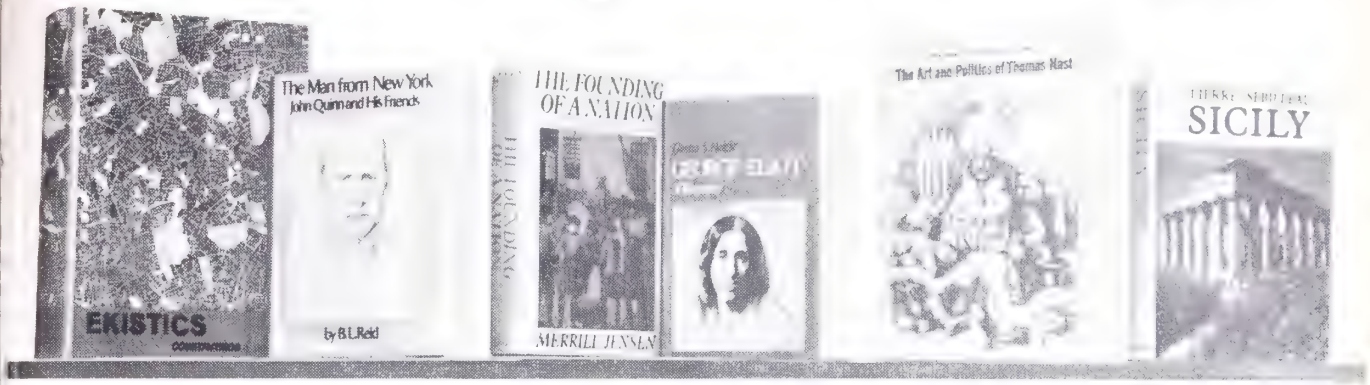
Washington and on politicians in the *Education*, the delightful malice with which he describes the Washington scene in his novel, *Democracy*, are rare and incisive in our literature. No other first-class literary imagination was ever again to do justice to Washington—not even during the New Deal, when, as people said, it became the capital again.

But of course Adams's Washington could not become a focus for the new realistic writers who found their great subject in Chicago and New York. Adams wrote as an intellectual patrician whose sense of power lay in all the tradition he possessed. But imaginatively speaking, the city came into its own in our literature only when the masses found *their* first sense of power in the modern American city. The fable behind all these famous twentieth-century novels—from *Maggie*, *Sister Carrie*, *McTeague*, up to *An American Tragedy*, *U.S.A.*, *Studs Lonigan*—is the price of ambition, the dream of success, the taste of defeat. These novels are always about winners and losers. The sudden vision of success that the city gives provincials, rustics, outsiders who come to it from afar, is a vision that the city usually destroys; but not before it has summoned up, perhaps uniquely in modern industrial civilization, the romantic vision. So whatever the cost they pay for the city's heartlessness, anonymity, coldness, the key figures in our urban novels—Carrie Meeber, Hurstwood, Jay Gatsby, Nick Carraway, Danny O'Neill, Miss Lonelyhearts, Augie March, Ralph Ellison's "Invisible Man"—have been given moral stature by the hopes aroused in them by the city. They find tragic stature by their defeat as living, struggling, hoping men.

A great city is a vision. It is an extraordinary collective creation, a masterwork in space and time. This, at the outset of the nineteenth-century epic of the city, is what Balzac saw in it: Paris stupendous. At the end of *Père Goriot*, the young hero, Eugène de Rastignac, looks out from the highest point in Père Lachaise Cemetery "on Paris winding its length along the two banks of the Seine, in which its lights were beginning to be reflected. His eyes were fixed almost avidly on the area between the column in the Place Vendôme and the dome of the Invalides, the region of that high society in which he had sought to make his way. Upon this humming hive he cast a look which seemed already to suck the honey from it, and he gave utterance to these portentous words: 'Between us the battle is joined henceforward.'" It may seem a far cry from this heroic note to the photographs and statistics collected by Jacob Riis for *How the Other Half Lives* (1890) or even Stephen Crane's newspaper sketches of the Bowery, where he describes men in a storm "wearing a sudden and singular meekness, as if they saw the world's progress marching from them." But Balzac was a great dreamer and visionary in the Napoleonic style; he found in Paris the greatest possible stage for men's ambitions, dreams, and visions. And it is the extent to which American writers beginning in the twentieth century caught the new sense of scale involved even in moving to a city that we can understand why so many of the best novels and poems were written by Midwesterners like Dreiser, Anderson, Cather, Lindsay, Fitzgerald, Lewis, Dos Passos, Hemingway. It was only the dream of the big city, by those relatively new to it—all America was still new to it at the birth of the twentieth century—that could create the solidly original imagery for so many unexpected experiences.

This is where American writing came of age, into the real world of men. Auden speaks in a poem of "Eros, builder of cities"; without the city, we should have had no literature of man-and-woman. (John Jay Chapman said that you could learn more about life from an Italian opera than from Emerson; in an Italian opera there were two sexes.) Dreiser's Sister Carrie starts out timidly for Chicago, but on the train she finds a protector who will lead her to still another. In Stephen Crane's *Maggie* (1893) we see from the first the connection in the city between poverty and sexuality. And though Crane never put the flesh into his books as graphically as he did the color of war, he suggested the particular atmosphere of expectancy and promiscuity, the peculiar loneliness inherent in city living. Frank Nor-

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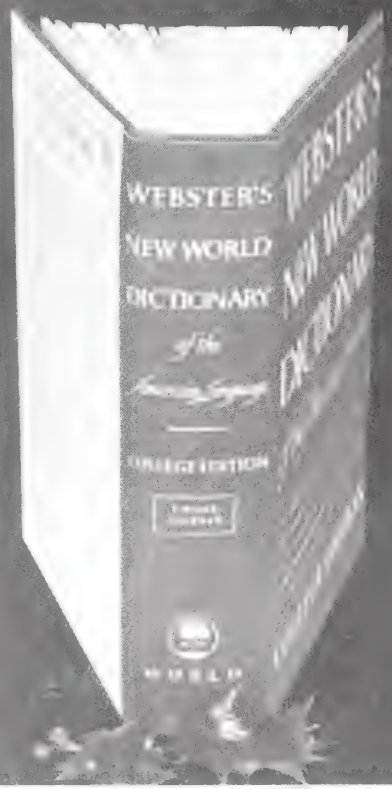
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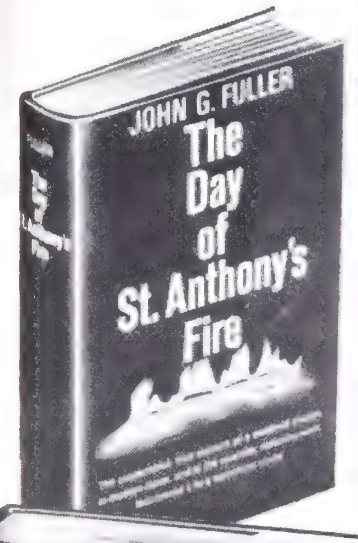
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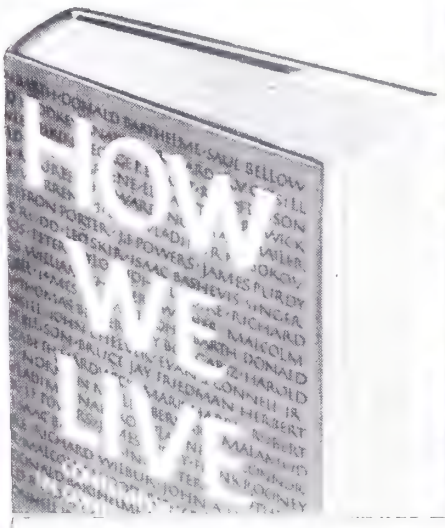
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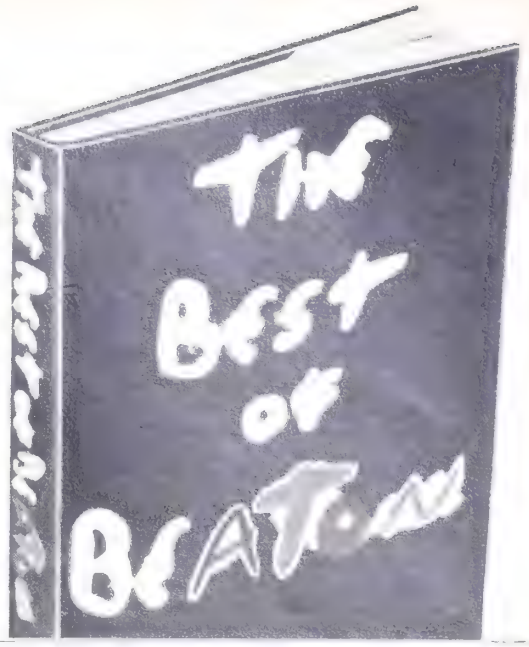
ris, in his best novel, *McTeag* (1899), melodramatized the conne tion that San Francisco made to h mind between greed for money ar sexuality. Norris unfortunately w still mired in moralistic symbol Trina lies down in a a bed strew with money. But McTeague settlir down in his dentist's chair with schooner of "steam beer," blissful sipping as he breathes in the moi warm air, is one of many touche by which Norris creates the phys cality of the city—the marvelou compound of streets, clothes, smell sounds, temptations, hurry, vertig strangeness.

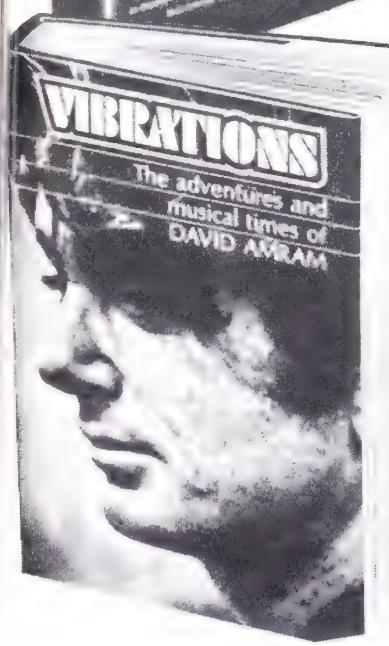
No one else has yet rendered th physical experience in such hauntin detail, with so much feeling brough up from the depths of our commo nature, as did Theodore Dreise Dreiser's images of the city have lasting hold on many readers be cause he wrote about the most fami iar objects in a great city as if the were absolutely strange to him. H had an eerie way of describing com monplace things as if no one ha ever told him about them, as if h were constantly being surprised b material things. So he gave th reader an impression of the moder city in which each single object ha been stamped on his brain, in whic everything was singular, hallucina tory, painfully distinct with tha first impression of an utterly nev world. Sister Carrie comes to Chi cago to live with her sister, find herself unwelcome, and walks about looking for work. Chicago was re built after the great fire of 1871 an much of it was still being built u for the first time. Dreiser caught th rawness and bleakness of the land scape as he caught the stupor an loneliness in Carrie's heart. Chicag fascinated the new writers becaus it had been conquered from the prairie all around them, had beer built, said Henry Blake Fuller, ex clusively for the purpose of making money. It was America halfway be tween the wilderness and the stock exchange. Everything aggressive and human was closer to the writer's eye. This was why it caught the imagina tions of Midwestern writers, has seemed to many of them—from Dreiser, Anderson, Lindsay, Sand burg up to Algren and Bellow—*their* particular subject. It was powerful

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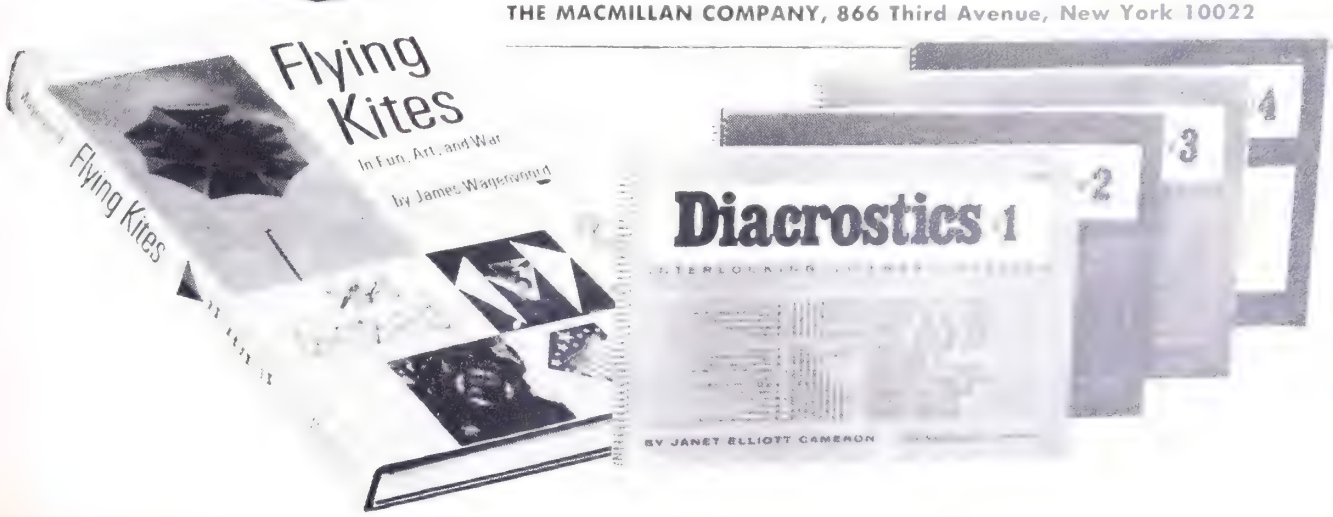
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but accessible enough to become wholly a subject of social criticism on the part of realistic novelists like Fuller and Robert Herrick, of scholars and poets at the new University of Chicago. It is significant that much of Veblen's *The Theory of the Leisure Class* was documented from Chicago, that the new science of sociology found so many brilliant exponents at the University. The radical, sardonic criticism of American wealth and American manners that was to preside over the coming literature found its material in the savageries of Chicago money-makers and the ostentation of their wives.

Chicago, indeed, became the favorite subject of the new American literature. It was, as a subject, easier to get hold of than New York, was present to the writer's eye all at once; the transformation from the old farm life to the magnificent views from Lake Shore Drive was the work of one short, violent gesture in history. Chicago was thus the very embodiment of the great change that so many young men and women from small towns were making in their own lives. And Dreiser, in the very quality of his talent, embodied all the rawness and powerful feeling of those years. His most casual images of Chicago in *Sister Carrie* catch the poignancy of so many American beginnings. "The city had laid miles and miles of streets and sewers through regions where, perhaps, one solitary house stood out alone—a pioneer of the populous ways to be. There were regions open to the sweeping winds and rain, which were yet lighted throughout the night with long, blinking lines of gas-lamps, fluttering in the wind. Narrow board walks extended out, passing here a house, and there a store, at far intervals eventually ending on the open prairie."

Still, those writers who made so much of Chicago were usually from the immigant milieu or laboring class. Those Midwesterners who were socially more privileged and thus had greater scope, like Scott Fitzgerald from St. Paul, naturally gravitated to New York. To this day Fitzgerald remains the only poet of New York's luxurious upper-class landmarks, like the Plaza Hotel. New York was a dreamland to Fitzgerald. It represented his imagination of what is forever charming, touche by the glamour of money, romar tically tender and gay. No write born to New York's constant pres sure can ever associate so muc beauty with it—can ever think c New York as the Plaza Hotel. Fitz gerald felt about New York what man might feel about an adore woman too exciting to be truste New York was the pleasure capita the fulfillment of all possible dream in St. Paul—New York was muc more beautiful to Fitzgerald tha was Paris. But by the same token was unreal, a mirage, and distinctl treacherous. At the end of *The Grea Gatsby*, when the tragic tale of Gat by's foolish hopes of recapturin Daisy has all been told, Fitzgeral suddenly, heartbreakingly, begins great litany over the Middle West a the source of American innocenc and hope. Nick Garraway, the nar rator, is gripped by the realizatio that New York—the East incarnate has spoiled and ruined all his Mid western friends. He remembers him self as a student at prep school, the at college, going home at Christma joyfully greeting his friends in th old Union Station at Chicago. "Whe we pulled out into the winter nigh and the real snow, our snow bega to stretch out beside us and twinkl against the windows, and the dir lights of small Wisconsin station moved by, a sharp wild brace cam suddenly into the air. . . . That's m Middle West—not the wheat or th prairies or the lost Swede towns, bu the thrilling returning trains of m youth, and the street lamps an sleigh bells in the frosty dark an the shadows of holly wreaths throw by lighted windows on the snow."

This memory was the only mora anchor that held Fitzgerald at all i the years that made him a specialis in the pleasures and desperations o New York, the Riviera, Hollywood But he never wrote very much abou St. Paul, and certainly he neve wrote about it as brilliantly as he di about New York and Long Island i *The Great Gatsby*. He had the feel ing for the textures and lights of th great metropolitan glitter that th enraptured guest gets at the grea New York feast. No wonder that h speaks of "the enchanted metropolita twilight," of "forms leaning togethe in taxis," of New York on summe

afternoons as "overripe, as if all sorts of funny fruits were going to fall into your hands," of Negroes in cream-colored limousines being driven by white chauffeurs across Queensboro Bridge. For Fitzgerald all paradoxes then were spectacles. The name of the American dream was New York.

By the mid-'twenties a great part of American writing was urban in feeling. Faulkner, Frost, Hemingway were perhaps still country boys at heart, but many of the interesting new writers were not, and the power centers of American life—the idols of our tribe—were such universally recognized symbols as Wall Street, Madison Avenue, Broadway, Michigan Boulevard, Hollywood, Detroit, Reno, Pittsburgh, Miami. The distinctly "provincial" perspective from which a few sensitive eyes had first described big-city life was becoming blurred. Looking back now on the mountains of realistic novels about New York, Chicago, Boston, Hollywood, one seems to see nothing but the words *Kilroy Lived Here*. Always the same forces forever beating the protagonist down into anonymity and sameness; always the same anger, the same sentimentality, the same loveless population on the bed that Tiresias observed in *The Waste Land*. Eliot in London, crying "Unreal City" in his greatest poem, warning against *"Falling towers Jerusalem Athens Alexandria Vienna London Unreal,"* was the last and perhaps the greatest of the American patricians—from Henry James to Edith Wharton—who have seen the modern mass city as a nightmare, a spiritual atrocity. Eliot distinctly heard ancestral voices prophesying war—the war against tradition—and in *The Waste Land* he described with faultless precision and stunning emotional impact the joylessness and terror of a wholly secular civilization.

This has become our truth. Modern urban realism is full of mighty forces that the authors no longer seem to *see*. Perhaps these stimuli have been described too often by too many people in the same words; the language of the modern city novel has been worn down by the pressures of bigness, by the torpor of the lonely crowd, by the banality of vi-

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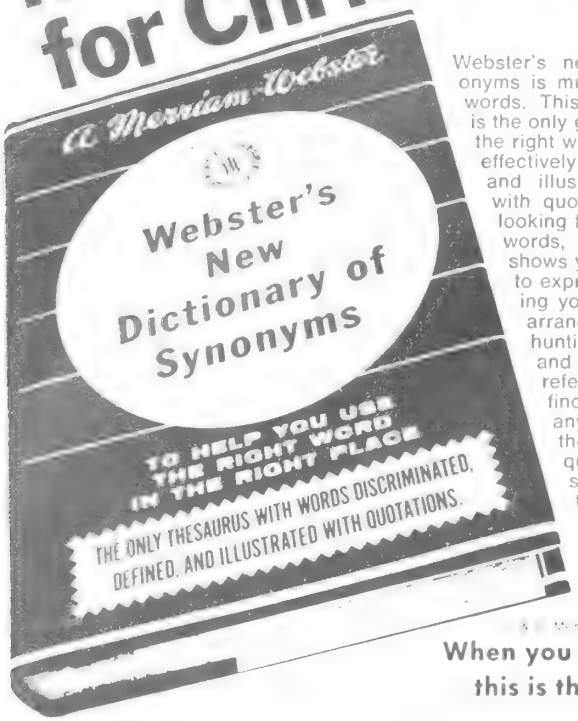
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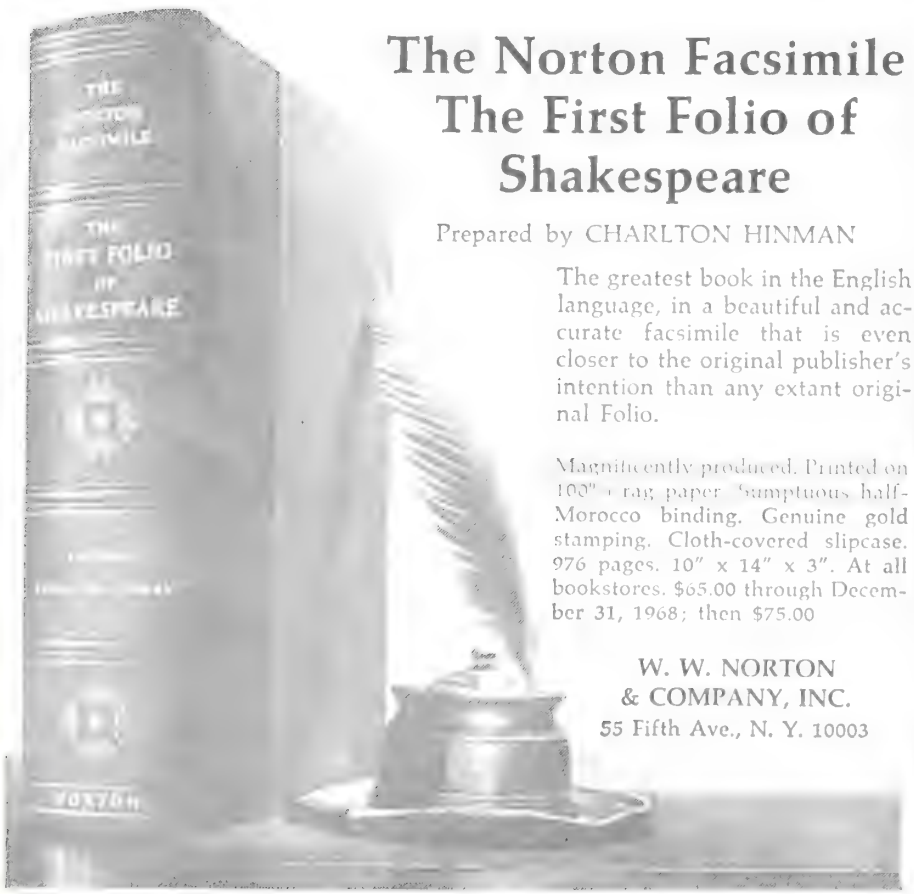
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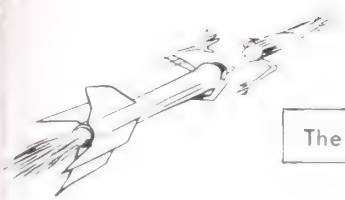
olence. When one remembers th masses of Jews, Italians, Negroes Puerto Ricans who have found op portunity only in the big cities, it i interesting how few really distin guished works of imagination hav come out of their lives. Only a hand ful of writers of the last thirty year have really done justice to the mas experience in the big city. It is very small library—this of Richard Wright's *Native Son*, Saul Bellow's *The Victim*, James Baldwin's *Note of a Native Son*, Clifford Odets *Awake and Sing*, Ralph Ellison's *In visible Man*, Henry Roth's *Call I Sleep*, Bernard Malamud's *The As sistant*, Claude Brown's *Man-Child in the Promised Land*. Of course names could be added to this list- but perhaps not very many. Most o these books are intensely persona and often plainly autobiographical The problem of the writer who comes from a submerged, often illiterate home is that he will usually write directly out of this experience. If he is talented, he sees life for himself and not simply through the eyes of his race, clan, or group, no matter how emotionally attached he is to them. But this effort to see for himself, to make an imaginative world out of grim reality, represents such a struggle that he cannot make the kind of career, the many books and the easy success, that are represented by many middle-class writers, who articulate blandly the social information learned in their group. Indeed, such brilliant and accomplished novelists as Ralph Ellison and Saul Bellow write so explicitly from their lives, against these difficulties, that one recalls Proust's saying that the writer must deliberately use an injured muscle.

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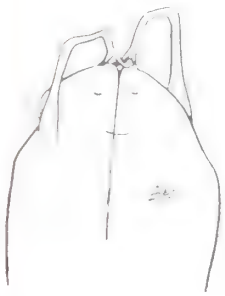


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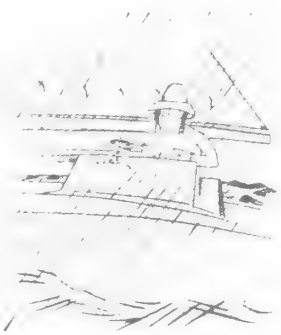


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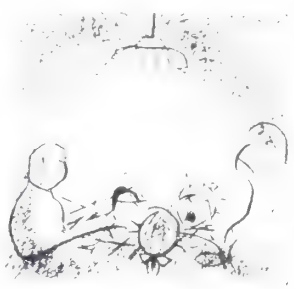


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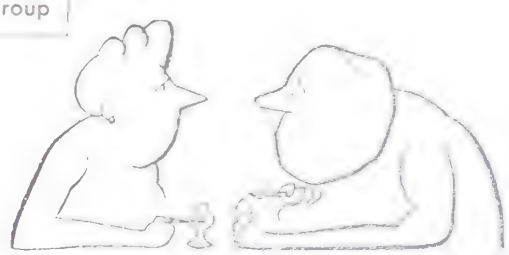


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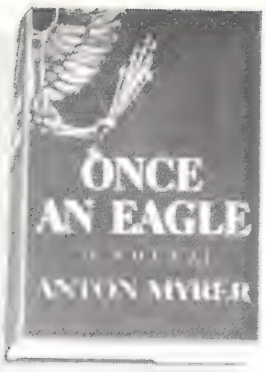
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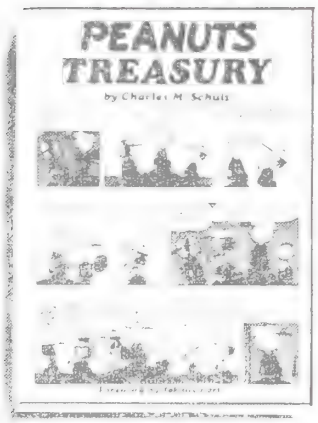
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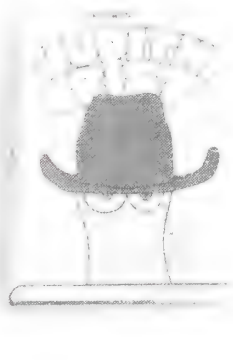
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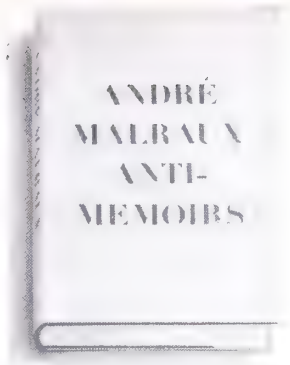
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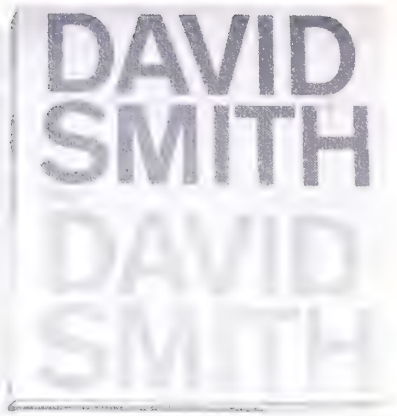
man. The best books, whatever the may come from in experience, ar made by writers who know then selves to be individualists and aristo crats of the creative life. *Invisibl Man,* which begins in a cellar in Har lem, is an allegory of our America journey from country innocence t city experience. And though it begin and ends on the desperate, comicall extreme self-entrapment of the Ne gro protagonist, who has opted ou of a system that he understandabl feels has been created to ignore him but if he protests will crush and mis use him, his fantasies, his humor above all the mental resources show in his capacity for resistance, are al finally projected on Harlem to mak the whole scene literally glow wit the fires of his imagination.

Invisible Man is a triumph of ar over humiliation, of creative wit ove the peculiar ugliness and degrada tion that so many great American cities now represent for those who are pushed out of sight. One Negro pilgrim's life journey comes alive fo us not only as Negro experience, but as a burning, sulphurous fable of the sense of unreality that prolonged in-humanity finally creates—an inhu-manity that now is most vividly represented by the overcrowded city. And in Bellow's *The Victim,* which is really a fable of the Jew's anxiety in the moral climate created by Hitler, the protagonist's uncertainties, his human ignorance, his extraordi-nary passivity and fumbling, come through to us as the heat, damp-ness, shiftiness of the awful New York summer. "On some nights New York is as hot as Bangkok. The whole continent seems to have moved from its place and slid nearer the equator, the bitter gray Atlantic to have become green and tropical, and the people, thronging the streets, barbaric fellaheen among the stupen-dous monuments of their mystery, the lights of which, in dazzling pro-fusion, climb upward endlessly into the heat of the sky." The Jew is ac-cused of persecuting a non-Jew. Brought up on the unconscious guilt of the Jews for not being like every-body else, he befriends his accuser, takes him into his own house, revolts only when he is exploited beyond en-durance. But at the end he still betrays his fundamental innocence, passivity, all the moral virtues that

most made him an accomplice in s own destruction, when he asks his rmentor—"Wait a minute, what's ur idea of who runs things?"

Bellow's fable is written from a mplexity and subtlety that no other erary artist has brought to this rrifying subject. That is why the tail of New York streets, subways, ie Staten Island ferry, and the New ork summer, do indeed terrify us; ey penetrate right to the soul, they ake us realize what an intolerable eight of guilt we now all bear in ie city, how uneasy we are with rselves, how easy it is to accuse us. or there is so much humanity packed p in these streets, so much friction, much hatred, that we are haunted y the screams we hear in the night the screams against which we close r windows, our ears, our minds. oo much we say, it is all too much: hy should *we* have to confront all ie injustice of our time just beause we live in a big city? But the atred of the anti-Semite for the ew, of the white man for the Negro, f the *nouveaux riches* for the poor, oes pose in the city the fascinating xcessiveness of human nature. In a reat modern city everything is exessive: human nature seems more rritable, more demanding, more natrally unsatisfiable, more bent on iolence. How is the writer to do ustice to this extraordinary rage in uman beings, to this endless clamor n the human heart—especially when he city arouses us with the same orces by which it defeats us? How s the writer who is naturally part of his city scene, who oftener than not as grown up with this—how is he to reserve his creative identity, his noral distance? How, in this atmosphere of excessive stimulation when verything feeds our anger and our ruelty—how is serious writing to void being submerged in its too owerful environment? In a few enerations, we have lived through the rise and decay of the city system. But our own saturation in the ity makes it more and more difficult for the writer to stand outside this experience, to gain the perspective on it that writers once had. This is important, because only literature has in the past done justice to the human community, has shown us the ity not as a problem to be discussed but as an experience to be shared. [ ]





for the Holidays



ANTI-MEMOIRS by André Malraux. In one of the publishing events of the decade, André Malraux presents his personal record of the world-shaping events (the Chinese Revolution, World War II and the French Resistance), people (Mao Tse-tung, Ho Chi Minh, Nehru, Charles de Gaulle), and artistic achievements (*Man's Fate, The Royal Way, Voices of Silence*) of his extraordinary life. A 20th-century classic for all time — and all people. $8.95

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

Fiction

Green Corn Moon, by George Lanning.

This is the continually and cheerfully surprising story of a young American in his thirties about to marry a girl of the same age. The wedding is to be in August (under a green corn moon) and they have bought a large tumbledown house in a small town, Clayton's Mill (New England? Ohio?), where he has been hired as a co-ghost writer for a popular lady author now deceased, longtime resident and benefactor of the town. He becomes literally haunted by his chief character in his novel, he and his fiancée become involved in and almost break up over the dedication of a local parish house and no one can believe, just by being told, how riotous the individual scenes manage to be—some loudly, some simply with quiet unexpectedness. In any case, Mr. Lanning, editor of *The Kenyon Review* and author of two other novels, seems to have an absolute mastery of the subtle malapropism and a rare gift for making even minor characters memorable—as the penny-pinching landlady who brews her winter chocolate by melting down Easter rabbits which she buys in large batches each year at reduced rates when the Easter season is over. . . . It is an odd and not pejorative footnote that though the large houses and tree-shaded streets and their inhabitants are as American as that now stale apple pie, I kept feeling I was in rural England—bishops and parish-house dedications and garden parties. . . . And for all the social functions and hilarity this is a very serious novel—about the problems of being a writer and of a not-so-young man suddenly growing up.

Viking, $5.95

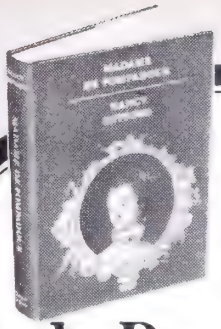
A Small Town in Germany, by John Le Carré.

As one would expect from the author of *The Spy Who Came In From the Cold* this is a political story of disappearance and search inside the British Embassy in Bonn of what might well be the immediate future. As one might also guess, it is anything but a simple tale freighted—perhaps overfraught—with ideas and philosophies for our times. We have the revolution of the young; a man driven by an old memory to a painful destiny; a man pursuing his quarry with whom in the end, in true Hemingway fashion, he becomes identified; we have various kinds of relationships between men and women and enough conflicting political ideas to keep the mind in a whirl. But the author assists the reader with a simple and convincing outline of the imaginary political moment, in a preface—a device other writers of espionage tales might take up. And he handles the strings of his complicated story like a master puppeteer, keeping story lines straight and logical, though mystifying to the end. Occasionally a remark of one of the characters challenges the imagination and stops the show for a moment: "Democracy was only possible under a class system. . . . It was an indulgence granted by the privileged." And: "The opposite of love isn't hate. It's lethargy." And one description of a political rally in Mr. Le Carré's "small town"—Bonn—though obviously written before the fact, raises gooseflesh with its overtones of the Chicago convention. "Police were everywhere. Seldom could a seat of democracy have been so well protected from its democrats." Coward-McCann, $6.95

Variety for Christmas

Landmarks of Mapmaking: An Illustrated Survey of Maps and Mapmakers. Maps chosen and displayed by R. V. Tooley. Text by Charles Bricker. Preface by Gerald Roe Crone.

This is no casual gift book, so be very sure of the recipient's taste—nay, passion—for maps. Then the price is no matter. It is huge and typographically very beautiful and contains pictures, charts, and maps (many colored ones) so amusing and gay and full of information that even



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1913

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DODD, MEAD

the amateur can pleasurably study them for hours. For cartographers it will be a feast.

Elsevier Press. Distributed by the New York Graphic Society, $32.50

The Work of Andrew Wyeth. Text by Richard Meryman.

You need only hold this wide book in your lap (it is $17\frac{1}{2}$ inches by $13\frac{1}{4}$ and heavy and handsome) and turn its 175 pages to know there is a story behind its making. There is indeed. In the first place, Mr. Meryman, a staff writer for *Life* who wrote an article about Mr. Wyeth in 1964, was specially commissioned by the artist to write the text. The elaborate process by which the reproductions of the paintings (almost the entire body of his major work) were made and the binding completed (special machinery was set up) is too complicated to go into here, but each photograph of the paintings "was proofed, corrected, and proofed again until it satisfied the artist." Anyone who knows the technical perfection of Mr. Wyeth's work should be satisfied by that guarantee. They are *echt* Wyeth.

Houghton Mifflin and American Heritage, $55 until December 31st; $75 thereafter

The Best of Beaton. Introduction by Truman Capote.

Beaton, is, of course, Cecil Beaton, and "the best" is the best of his photographs—not, as Mr. Capote points out in his introduction, the best of his costumes, his stage designs, sketches, paintings, nor journals. But what a superlative display it is. I can't imagine anyone—well, anyone over thirty—who wouldn't love it. It is a seductive book. You can't stop looking—the eye, the mind, the heart, are all engaged. It is history, nostalgia, and above all fashion in its most subtle and enduring sense. The photographs need neither introduction nor explanation but are the richer for Mr. Capote's introductory remarks and the photographer's own *explications de texte*. An absolute delight. Macmillan, $17.95

Man's Rise to Civilization, by Peter Farb.

This book—the November selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club—has as its subtitle: "As Shown by the Indians of North America from Primeval Times to the Coming of the Industrial State" and it establishes illuminating connections between American Indian societies and our own. Mr. Farb is a Fellow of the American Association for the Advancement of Science and other scientific societies as well as a consultant to the Smithsonian Institution in Washington. He is also Curator of American Indian Cultures at the Riverside Museum in New York. None of these distinguished titles indicates how well he writes, which is superbly. The book is illustrated by many maps, charts, and photographs.

Dutton, $8.95

V. Sackville West's Garden Book.

A wholly enchanting reading book for gardeners, composed of a selection of the weekly columns which the author wrote from experiences in her own garden at Sissinghurst for the London *Observer* from 1947 to 1961. (She was the wife of Sir Harold Nicolson.) For an American reader there will be some occasional confusion about names and seasons but that doesn't seem to matter. One reads on and on for it is full of ideas, vistas, and advice: "Always exaggerate rather than stint. Masses are more effective than mingies"—which is perfectly clear even if you don't know what "mingie" means. It is, as her daughter-in-law says in the preface, a "horticultural autobiography" which "gives pleasure because it describes pleasure." This any gardener will understand, especially when her advice is interspersed with such endearing comments as, "I wish only that I could practise in my own garden the principles which I so complacently preach, week after week, in this column." Black and white photographs.

Atheneum, $5

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BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Thanksgiving Visitor, by Truman Capote.

A bit of holiday nostalgia for those who were moved by Mr. Capote's *A Christmas Memory* of last year. The same cast of characters—the seven-year-old Mr. Capote, his "friend," the elderly spinster who brought him up, the rest of her family, and the disturbing "visitor." This, too, will be a one-hour color special over the American Broadcasting System, with Geraldine Page.

Random, $3.95

The Salzburg Connection, by Helen MacInnes.

For all MacInnes fans and for all those not yet addicted who like their thrillers to have, besides real thrills, a real theme, a real if exotic background, and real flesh-and-blood characters, some of whom, no matter what hair-raising predicaments beset them, are always good-looking and gay.

Harcourt, Brace, $5.95

What's Your Name? by Edna Eicke.

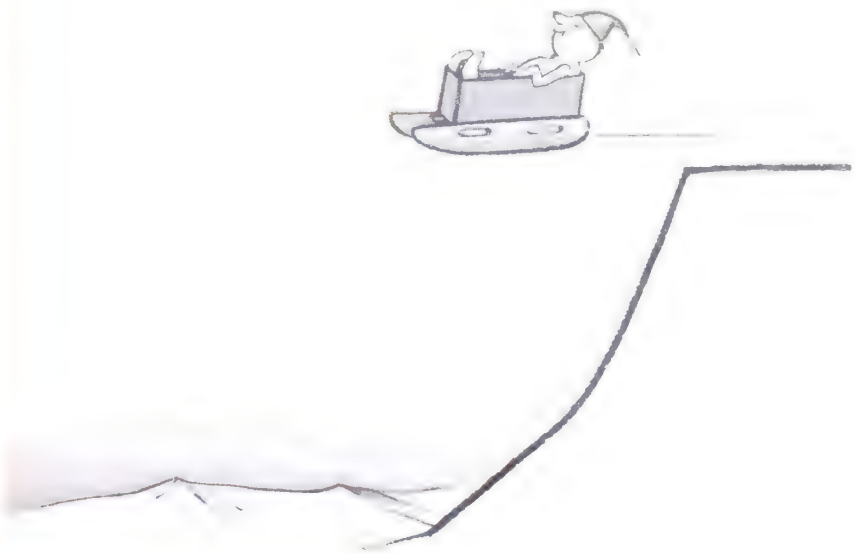
Maybe it's the season, or maybe it's that the world seems to be changing faster than you can turn around, but "nostalgic" is a word that keeps cropping up to describe the affectionate feeling certain books seem to generate this fall. These reproductions of *New Yorker* covers—"my happiest memories of times and places of my childhood," says the artist—make a wonderful book for all ages, picturing as they do suburban houses on shady streets, or sometimes New York residential areas, where children seem always at Halloween or birthday parties, or coming in from snowy coasting or watching new people move in next door. Whatever else happens, most people *do* seem to have had a childhood.

Windmill Books. Distributed by Harper & Row, $7.95

An Exaltation of Larks, by James Lipton.

How good are your collective nouns? My guess is that they'll be a lot better in the new year if this book gets on as many Christmas lists as I think it will. Everybody knows of a pride of lions, a host of angels, or a covey of quail. The old familiar ones are here—all most engagingly illustrated with engravings—but whoever heard of a wince of dentists, an escheat of lawyers, a fifth of Scots, a lurch of busses? 128 pages of very satisfying fun and handsome bookmaking.

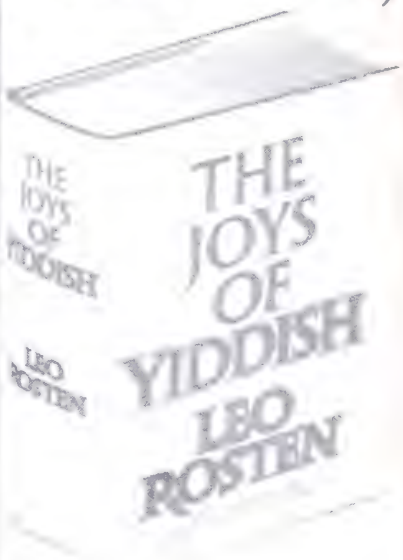
Grossman, $4.50



Mankind thinks he'll make it through . . .

From **Mankind may never make it!**
by Robert Osborn
New York Graphic Society, $2.50 [ ]

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charming and burgeoning with humor as well as erudition, will give you hours of pleasure and enough stories to entertain your friends during the next twenty dinner parties . . . no matter what you are, or who." HERBERT R. MAYES, "Trade Winds," *Saturday Review*

"This reviewer, a *shaygets*, wishes that the book and author live 120 years. Also, he wishes 120,000,000 readers for so wise, so witty, and so wonderful a text and commentary." *Book Week*

In THE JOYS OF YIDDISH, Leo Rosten, the creator of H Y M A N K*A*P*L*A N, defines the "vocabulary of insight" of a language that has been steeped in dozens of different cultural streams—and yet has never lost its identity. For everyone who loves language here are the pleasures and delights of that marvelous, tangy tongue that has become an irrepressible part of basic English.

THE JOYS OF YIDDISH
Leo Rosten

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McGRAW-HILL

Performing Arts: The State of Jazz

by Eric Larrabee

HOUSE OF THE SURPRISING SUN

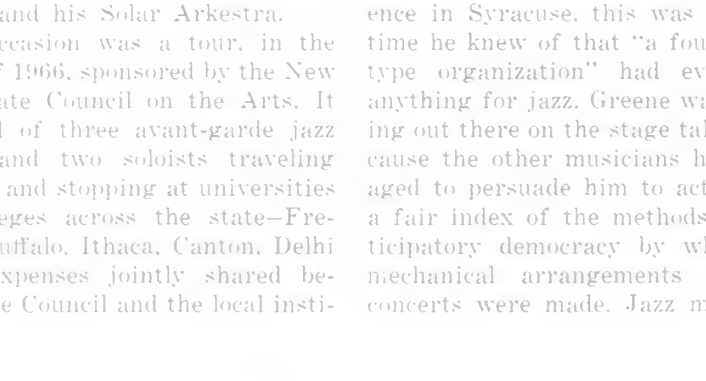
Crouse College of Syracuse University is a venerable red-sandstone pile on a hilltop, built in 1887-89 to the Gothic-Romanesque-Victorian design of an architect named Archimedes Russell. The roof of its interior hall is framed with open-timber, hammer-beam trusses, and at the far end is a tall blue nave filled with the tubular, pewter-toned innards of a vast pipe organ. The setting is a memorable one for a jazz concert, and is made doubly memorable for me by being the place where I first heard Sun Ra and his Solar Arkestra.

The occasion was a tour, in the spring of 1966, sponsored by the New York State Council on the Arts. It consisted of three avant-garde jazz groups and two soloists traveling together and stopping at universities and colleges across the state—Fredonia, Buffalo, Ithaca, Canton, Delhi—with expenses jointly shared between the Council and the local institution. There had been concern about the trip. For several years the Arts Council had been considering various ways of supporting jazz music, and finally the somewhat daring decision had been reached to go for the furthest of the far-out, to authorize Bernard Stollman, the impresario of ESP-Disk, to put together a package of artists who record for his label.

The risks were considerable. In the first place, nothing like this had ever been tried before. As the pianist Burton Greene remarked to the audience in Syracuse, this was the first time he knew of that "a foundation-type organization" had ever done anything for jazz. Greene was standing out there on the stage talking because the other musicians had managed to persuade him to act as MC, a fair index of the methods of participatory democracy by which the mechanical arrangements for the concerts were made. Jazz musicians have not always made a virtue o punctuality and other such neuroti bourgeois affectations. Moreover, th kind of music for which ESP-Dis performers are noted is characte ized by loudness and inaccessibilit No one knew how the upstate colleg communities were going to take it

As it happened, the fears prove groundless. They usually do. In th half-dozen years of its existence, th New York State Arts Council ha learned to mistrust the missionar impulse, the idea of the metropol in its superior sophistication di pensing culture to the provinces, an indeed the Council staff had satirize this sort of pretentiousness at it Christmas party one year in a son which went something like: "O Batavia, we're going to save-ya, be cause we gave-ya, so much gravy-a. The fact is that upstate doesn't nee saving so much as it needs suste nance, and the Council's experienc has amply reinforced the propositio that a larger and more open-minde audience exists than has hithert been served by cultural laissez-faire

But jazz is always a special case and the ESP-Disk combination o talents—Sun Ra and the Arkestra the Burton Greene Trio, the Giusepp Logan Quintet with Patti Waters and the pianist Ran Blake—was no to be assimilated easily. All are ex ponents of the "free music," extem porization liberated from harmonic and rhythmical restraints, and as Greene said (in his case after the concert), "We like a lot of sound." What he meant was that his idea of music might well resemble somebody else's idea of pure noise. It was always conceivable that the Council's enthusiasm for experiment would



"He said you picked up Christmas Diamonds, right?"

ackfire, losing more friends for jazz han it made, and as a Council mem- er I thought I ought to catch the ct in its progress, which is how I ame to be in Crouse College.

The pianist Ran Blake has been raised in this magazine before, for is Ivesian adaptations of aural bits nd pieces from many sources, and of ogan's Quintet and Patti Waters I an best quote a Syracuse music pro- essor who said he was glad to see hat jazz had finally caught up with lban Berg's *Lulu*. Miss Waters is n advocate of that vocalism which lings closest to its primitive origins n the human cry, whether of an- uish or ecstasy, though she herself eems to incline on the side of an- uish. Burton Greene's trio was for ne the most rewarding of the roups, deeply serious and intelli- ent, but the whole program was pparently enjoyed by the audience. 'his was generally the reaction. The nusic director of one college later vrote the Council: "It was one of he most exciting musical events of he past several years." And Howard 'aubman began a relatively favor- ble review for the New York *Times* vith the at-least ambiguous sen- ence: "Praise the New York State Council on the Arts and pass the armuffs."

The most extraordinary single mo- nent was provided by Sun Ra. He s a man of dignity and great ability, amouflaged though it is by the de- iberate and calculated absurdity of is public posture. In the 1940s he vas a pianist with Fletcher Hender- on, when he was known as Le Sony'r Ra; his original, or "slave," ame he has successfully obscured. His self-identification with an Egyp- ian diety is perfectly of a piece vith the defenses he has developed o fend off a white world antipa- hetic to him and his music just as his nusic is a carefully planned tactic o defeat that world's efforts to imi- ate, exploit, or humiliate him. He as managed to gather good musi- ians around him and keep them here by the force of his talent and onvictions, and by concocting a

---

Mr. Larrabee, who used to be an edi- or of "Harper's" and is still its jazz ritic, is Provost of the Faculty of Arts and Letters at the State Uni- ersity of New York at Buffalo.



WE NEVER HAVE TO GO TOO FAR to get our Christmas tree. The woods around Jack Daniel's Hollow are filled with them. We hope that you won't have to go to too much trouble getting ready for the holidays either. So you can sit back and truly enjoy this happiest of all seasons.



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highly original and derisive mystique. "At football games they holler my name—Ra, Ra, Ra—because they want victory," *Newsweek* once quoted him as saying. Very funny. Who is laughing at whom?

His calling card reads, "Myth Scientist," and his albums have titles like *Other Planes of There*. He comes on stage in a West African cap and a half-length gold gown, and his colleagues wear similarly idiosyncratic attire. There is a posed quality to all this, in addition to a quality both aggressive and ambivalent. Not long after the Arkestra was set up to begin in Syracuse—with their complement of rattles, cowbells, and gongs—they broke into a childish singsong: "Sun Ra, and his Men, from Outer Space, are here to entertain you now," Uncle-Tomming with a snarl and a hidden barb, converting a contemptuous self-parody into camp, the classic put-on. There could not have been a more effective way of underscoring the ironic contrast between the demonic, angry, sense-assaulting music they were about to play and any idea of "entertainment."

There was a moment in Sun Ra's concert in Syracuse, however, when all this deadly clowning came to a climax, and reduced itself to irrelevance. The leader had been seated at the piano, playing it and also a kind of portable electronic harmonium at his side, while the Arkestra was providing its regular demonstration of individual self-expression pursued to a communal extreme. There was a lot of sound, as I'm sure Mr. Greene would have agreed. Suddenly Sun Ra rose, left the piano, and moved over to a bench at the base of the blue, pipe-filled nave. He flipped some switches (it was shortly to be apparent that he knew which switches to flip) and then—in the midst of that barrage of instrumental violence—his hands descended to the keyboard of the organ.

I don't know how to describe the next few minutes except to say that they are among the most musically overpowering I can remember. The sounds were still free, unbridled, but there was a feeling of every note being put in place, no accidents, no smudging, the player achieving his precise purposes. Yet it was also an accumulation of everything which had gone before, a topping off with

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION

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Daniel J. Brooks, *Publisher*

yet still another top beyond. The pipe organ has a certain irrefutable majesty when fully deployed, and deployed it now was. This was the major voice moving in, as it does at that point in the second movement of the Saint-Saens Organ Symphony when there is a pause in the orchestral agitations, the strings come fluttering to rest, and—in a single, full-throated chord—the king of instruments speaks.

But there is a tragedy in Sun Ra's achievement. He has broken free of black self-depreciation at the price of his own freedom to be self-sufficient as an artist, to be recognized for his music rather than his *persona*. Brooks Johnson, a black member of the Governmental Affairs Institute who used to produce jazz concerts in the 1950s and has known Sun Ra for years, wrote a piece for *Downbeat* defending him as a "serious, dedicated artist" but adding, ". . . all this does not alter the fact that Sun Ra is Tomming. He's helping and encouraging the very thing he abhors, the closed clique of power that controls his musical life. . . . [I]n attempting to alienate from his work the white man, [he] stunts his own growth and potential. In short he Toms away part of his contribution to jazz." No doubt it is easier for me and Mr. Johnson to say this than to do what Sun Ra has succeeded in doing, but there is no way to express —*without* saying it—one's hunger for the day to come when such solutions will be superfluous.

Sun Ra will survive. During the past year he was even able both to find a club outlet (Monday nights at Slug's, a bar in Manhattan's East Village) and to play a concert in Carnegie Hall, an unprecedented combination for music so uncompromising. But there is still a long way to go. No man who has accomplished what Sun Ra has should have to wear funny hats, whatever the rationale for them, in order to be heard.

The Heliocentric Worlds of Sun Ra. Vol. I. ESP-Disk 1014. Vol. II. ESP-Disk 1017. **Planet Earth.** Saturn Records (P.O. Box 7124, Chicago, Illinois 60607) 9956-11-A. **The Magic City.** Saturn B-711-A. **Other Planes of There.** Saturn KH-98766. (There are numerous other Sun Ra recordings on the Saturn label.) [ ]

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Music in the Round *by Discus*

WILL THE REAL RICHARD WAGNER PLEASE SING OUT?

Herbert von Karajan brings a new style in Wagner conducting—with some startling differences from the last Solti recording.

Just as there seems to be a neo-Bayreuth style in staging the Wagner operas, there seems to be a neo-Bayreuth style in conducting them. In the neo-Bayreuth stagings, as brought to fruition after the war by the Wagner brothers at the Festspielhaus, the old-fashioned Wagner gives way to Jungian archetypes. Everything is myth, darkness, suggestion, symbolism. Is there to be a *Ring* cycle? Then tilt a turntable on the stage. A turntable is round, hence a ring. A ring also suggests a continuous cycle without beginning and end. *Und so weiter.* . . . Wagner himself would have been appalled; but, then again, Wagner is not alive today, and his operas have to be subjected to new, modern imperatives. Anyway, who says Wagner would have been appalled except a few crabby traditionalists? Wagner would have *loved* the new treatment by the Wagner brothers. We have this on no less authority than the Wagner brothers. (Now that Wieland Wagner has died, Wolfgang will have to carry on alone.)

The new style in Wagner conducting comes from Herbert von Karajan, whose new recording of **Das Rheingold** is now available. Several years ago Karajan, a one-man musical trust, dreamed up the idea of an international *Ring* cycle. He would cast all four operas, stage them and produce them himself, conduct them of course, and bring them intact to various opera houses. There were problems, especially when it came to the recording part of the deal. Deutsche Grammophon Gesellschaft was going to do the recording, but many great Wagner singers, including the greatest of all, Birgit Nilsson, were under contract to other recording companies. The story goes that when Karajan and Rudolf Bing were discussing Metropolitan Opera performances of the *Ring*, Karajan suggested one of his pet sopranos as Brünnhilde. Bing laughed and told Karajan not to be funny. He said that the New York public would either (a) tear down the Metropolitan Opera or (b) boycott the house if Nilsson did not appear. So, last season, when Karajan brought "his" *Walküre* to New York, the great Miss Nilsson indeed was the Brünnhilde. But on the recording, the Brünnhilde was Regine Crespin, not a bad soprano at all, but without the glory and stamina that is Nilsson.

Karajan's *Walküre* at the Met (and also his recording of the opera) created a lot of talk. It was the most unusual performance ever given there, in that it was so completely untraditional. Traditional Wagner means rich sound, great voices blasting over the orchestra, surge and color. Karajan worked differently. His reasoning seemed to go something as follows: we have no great voices today; if we conduct Wagner the old-fashioned way, the voices will not be heard; therefore bring the orchestra down so that the less than heroic voices of today's operatic stage can be heard. Thus Karajan in effect led a chamber-music *Walküre*. It was refined, it was even exquisite, it was full of detail, and its finish had the shine of a nose cone in a projectile. But, many asked, was it Wagner?

The same question will be asked about the new *Rheingold* (Deutsche Grammophon 139226/28, 3 discs). In the cast are Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau (Wotan), Gerhard Stolze (Loge), Zoltan Kelemen (Alberich), Erwin Wohlfahrt (Mime), Martti Talvela (Fasolt), Karl Ridderbusch (Fafner) and Josephine Veasey (Fricka). Karajan leads the Berlin Philharmonic, literally his orchestra. (He was named conductor for life.)

A comparison of the Karajan *Rheingold* and the recording by Georg Solti that was released by London Records in 1959 is startling. It is almost as though two different operas are being played, and differ-



"Buttermilk! — You've been jogging again!"

ences extend to recording techniques. The London set takes advantage of every modern device, and is frankly a *recording*—that is, a medium unto itself. The DGG set is probably more honest, in that it is a closer representation of the opera as one would hear it under live conditions. It has none of the gimmicks of the London set. To give one example. Toward the end of the opera, Wotan summons Donner, the god of thunder, to build a bridge to Valhalla. In the London album, Solti whips the orchestra to a louder and louder crescendo, and it is climaxed by one of the loudest sounds ever put on records as Donner swings his hammer against metal. For this, the Decca engineers went out and located a piece of railroad track. It is not in Wagner's orchestration, but what an effect! In the Deutsche Grammophon set, Karajan holds the orchestra firmly to the beat, does not accelerate; the crescendo is nowhere near as imposing as Solti's, and at the great moment, the hammer crash of Donner, there is only a tinkle. Truer to the score, yes; but, I am afraid, less effective. (This, I know, is a hell of a thing to say. Normally I am a purist who detests gimmicks, and nobody's halo is more firmly cemented than mine. But laws are made to be amended, and the big smash is clearly what Wagner *meant*. The trouble is that once having heard this in the recording, the listener is going to expect it in the opera house, and he's not ever going to get it unless a conductor tinkers with the score. It's a complicated subject.)

But forget about effects peculiar to the recording process. The difference between Solti's and Karajan's approach is that of a traditionalist and that of a complete individualist. Solti's views are in the direct line of Bruno Walter, Karl Muck, and so back to the original Bayreuth conductors. It is an approach that revels in color and bigness, in flexibility, in wide dynamic extremes in the long line, in the romanticism of the score. Karajan next to this is a classicist. He painstakingly observes every direction in the score, everything is refined and exquisitely played (in the Berlin Philharmonic he has an orchestra of a type not normally encountered in an opera pit), and the music sounds unusually graceful. His approach, in short, is classic rather than heroic. And since, as in the *Walküre* set, he holds the orchestra down so that the singers can come through without straining, the sound is more classic than romantic. If nothing else, Karajan avoids the ponderousness with which so many conductors approach Wagner. This is the *lightest* Wagner you will ever hear.

But, the question remains, is it Wagner? Certainly it will not be everybody's Wagner, just as some of the casting will raise eyebrows. But the casting is integral to the state of singing today. Nowhere in the world—*in the world*—is there a baritone who can give us a great Wotan, just as nowhere in the world is there a tenor capable of singing Siegfried (fortunately there is no Heldentenor role in *Rheingold*). Karajan has called upon Fischer-Dieskau to sing Wotan. Since Fischer-Dieskau already has recorded more than any singer in history, everything from Renaissance music to the operas of Hans Werner Henze, there was no reason why he should not add this album to his collection. Already there have been critical attacks against his singing in this role. And it is true that he is not going to erase memories of Friedrich Schorr or of Ludwig Hofmann. But who is there around who could do better than Fischer-Dieskau? At least there is intelligence to his singing, and enough voice to lift him over the major hurdles. The other singers are capable, though in at least one instance not up to the counterpart in the London set. Gustav Neidlinger, in the latter, is a much stronger singer than Kelemen, and his characterization much more convincing.

But in *Das Rheingold* it all comes down to the conductor. Karajan may be one of the greatest—perhaps the greatest—orchestral technicians active today. But his clear, rather emotionless conducting makes *Rheingold* sound pallid against Solti's fiery, rhythmically flexible, exciting work. It also should be pointed out that *Das Rheingold* is a great opera that can stand any one of several kinds of treatment, and a more disciplined sort of mind than mine could easily find the Karajan version more satisfactory than the Solti. [ ]



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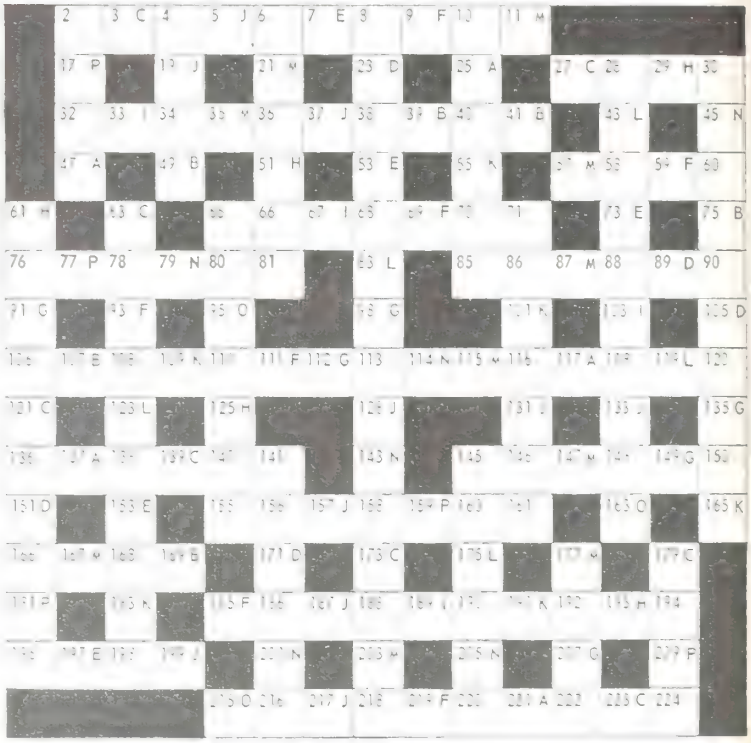
by Henry Allen

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(Solution to Harper's Puzzle No. 5 will appear in the January issue. For solution to last month's Puzzle No. 4, consult Table of Contents.)

DIRECTIONS

(1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
(2) When an answer consists of two or more words, numbers in parentheses following the clue indicate each word's length.
(3) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
(4) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.



$\overline{221}$ $\overline{25}$ $\overline{117}$ $\overline{137}$ $\overline{47}$ "I asked a _____ lady to lie her down: . Holy and meek she cries." William Blake, "Untitled Poem."

$\overline{75}$ $\overline{107}$ $\overline{41}$ $\overline{49}$ $\overline{39}$ $\overline{169}$ A main railroad station in London.

$\overline{63}$ $\overline{179}$ $\overline{173}$ $\overline{139}$ $\overline{121}$ $\overline{27}$ $\overline{223}$ $\overline{3}$ Well known Western policy toward China of yesteryear (4,4).

$\overline{171}$ $\overline{23}$ $\overline{151}$ $\overline{105}$ $\overline{89}$ A kind of slip knot.

$\overline{53}$ $\overline{73}$ $\overline{197}$ $\overline{153}$ [illegible] Presidential family.

$\overline{9}$ $\overline{59}$ $\overline{93}$ $\overline{219}$ $\overline{69}$ $\overline{111}$ $\overline{185}$ Tawdry, gaudy.

[illegible] Indian robber band.

$\overline{61}$ $\overline{51}$ $\overline{193}$ $\overline{125}$ $\overline{29}$ One of the freshwater sunfishes.

$\overline{103}$ $\overline{67}$ $\overline{189}$ $\overline{33}$ "An_____ and a light unto eternity!" Shelley, "Adonais."

$\overline{133}$ $\overline{128}$ $\overline{19}$ $\overline{37}$ $\overline{5}$ $\overline{131}$ $\overline{157}$ $\overline{187}$ $\overline{217}$ $\overline{199}$ What a strongly freshening wind may do (5,1,4).

$\overline{191}$ $\overline{109}$ $\overline{183}$ $\overline{101}$ $\overline{55}$ $\overline{165}$ U.S. legislator and statesman (1861-1944).

$\overline{175}$ $\overline{83}$ $\overline{119}$ $\overline{43}$ $\overline{123}$ Strange, untranslatable word found at the end of some Psalms.

$\overline{87}$ $\overline{147}$ $\overline{21}$ $\overline{203}$ $\overline{11}$ $\overline{177}$ $\overline{57}$ $\overline{115}$ $\overline{167}$ $\overline{35}$ One of several scenes of the Acrostician's activity.

$\overline{79}$ $\overline{45}$ $\overline{205}$ $\overline{114}$ $\overline{143}$ $\overline{201}$ Mythological girl who became the mother of Minos

$\overline{215}$ $\overline{163}$ $\overline{95}$ Japanese battleship of World War II, converted partially to aircraft carrier.

$\overline{17}$ $\overline{159}$ $\overline{209}$ $\overline{181}$ $\overline{77}$ In the Bible, the mother-in-law of Ruth.

ACROSS

2. With 32 across: The Acrostician is a leader among these (10,10).
27. Resistances or Cockney residences, they say.
32. See 2 across.
57. Enclose and behead and it sounds too genial
65. Kind of order for chickens?
76. If criminals breck rifles, they may become these. (Slang.)
85. Reap the rag, anyway.
106. Gossip about the yarn during recess? (3-2-6,4).
136. Point of origin that's mostly a question of time.
145. If a game ends this way, it's a knotty problem (2,1,3).
155. Country that's a glen and a forest, perhaps.
166. Favorite color of Nora?
185. Is this savage ultra-forgetful?
196 Kind of drink found in Odessa key clubs.
215 A man not likely to succumb to overwork in a long poem, I hear (4,6)

DOWN

2. The frequency of a cone.
4. Slang I'm unable to use.
6. Hardens when an alternate form of 145 down is mixed.
8. Go on the wagon with a solemn promise (2,4,3,6).
10. An outing or a ventilating.
28. Cruel ones on a difficult bridge bid? (4,6).
30. Ed's Perseus is muddled and replaces all others
61. Bait that may be quite sanguinary.
63. Wide of the Second Gospeller? (3,3,4).
65. Use a free cap with such a preliminary statement.
71. Wreath for La Grande, lacking a point.
141. Anne and Ed make up nine, strangely enough.
145. A ruse in time to take precautions.
177. Others beloved of footnote writers; thereby hangs a tale (2,2) (abbr.).
179. A ship stem will make a soft [illegible]